

LES
PSEAUMES
DE
DAVID
MIS EN VERS,

Nouvelle Édition, revue & approuvée, où la Muſique eſt très-exactement corrigée.

A JERSEY,
Chez Ph. MOURANT, Imp. du Soleil.

M. DCC. XCIV.

PRINCIPES,



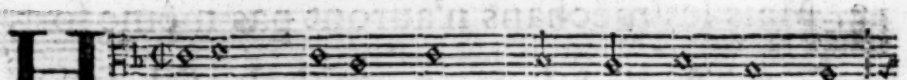
PSEAUMES qui ſont ſur le même chant.

Le 5. & 64.
Le 14. & 53.
Le 17. 63. & 70.
Le 18. & 144.
Le 24. 62. 95. & 111.
Le 28. & 109.
Le 30. 76. & 139.
Le 31. & 71.
Le 33. & 67.
Le 36. & 68.
Le 46. & 82.
Le 51. & 69.
Le 60. & 108.
Le 65. & 72.
Le 66. 98. & 118.
Le 74. & 116,
Le 77. & 86.
Le 78. & 90.
Le 100. 131. & 142.
Le 117, & 127.
Le 140. & les Commandemens.

BODLEIAN
P
21 NOV 1961
LIBRARY

LES PSEAUMES
DE DAVID.

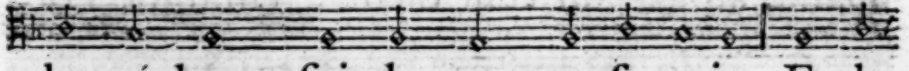
PSEAUME I.



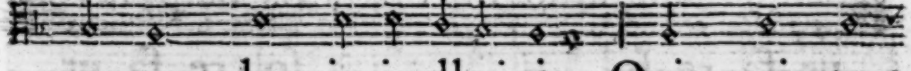
HEureux celui qui, dès ſes jeunes ans,



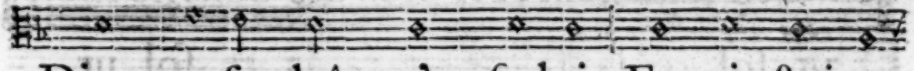
S'eſt tenu loin du conſeil des méchans, Qui



des pécheurs fuit la trompeuſe voie, Et des



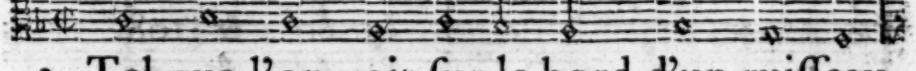
moqueurs la criminelle joie; Qui, craignant



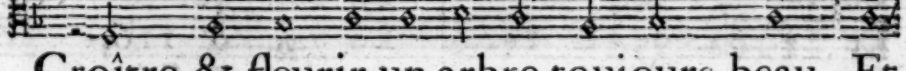
Dieu, ne ſe plaît qu'en ſa loi, Et nuit & jour



la médite avec foi.



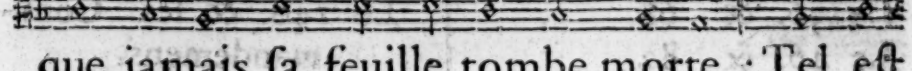
2. Tel que l'on voit ſur le bord d'un ruiſſeau,



Croître & fleurir un arbre toujours beau, Et



qui ſes fruits en leur ſaiſon rapporte, Sans



que jamais ſa feuille tombe morte; Tel eſt



le juſte, & tout ce qu'il fera, Béni d'en haut



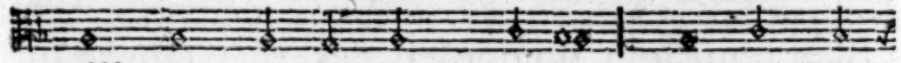
toujours proſpérera



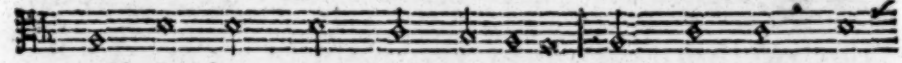
3. Mais les méchans n'auront pas même ſort,



On les verra diſſipés ſans effort, Comme la



paille au gré du vent chaſſée: Malgré l'or-



gueil de leur ame inſenſée, Ils ne pourront



tenir en jugement, Ni près des bons ſe mon-



trer ſeulement.



4. Dieu, qui des Cieux veille ſur les humains,



Connoît leurs cœurs, voit l'œuvre de leurs



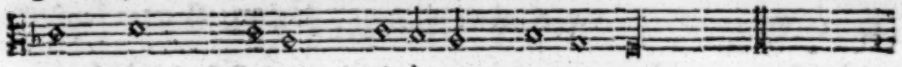
mains, Et donne au juſte un bonheur ſans me-



ſure: Mais des méchans Dieu hait la voie im-

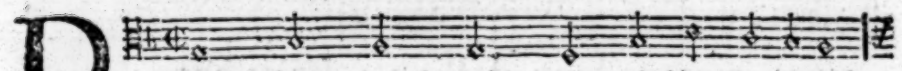


pure; Ils ſe verront tôt ou tard malheureux,

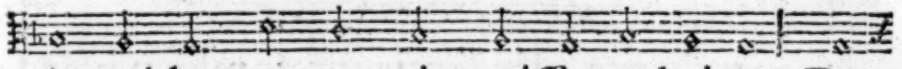


Et leurs projets périront avec eux.

PSEAUME II.



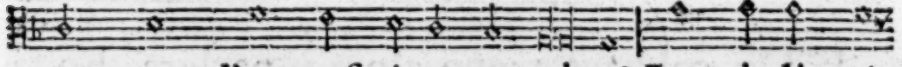
D'Où vient ce bruit parmi les nations?



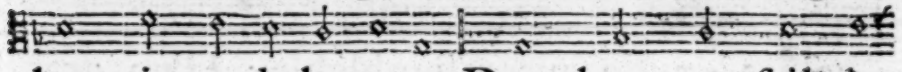
Aquoi les porte une impuiſſante haine? Peu-



ples, pourquoi dans vos illuſions, Vous fla-



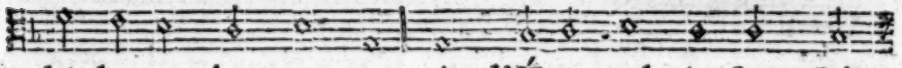
tez-vous d'une eſpérance vaine? Je vois ligués



les princes de la terre; Dans leurs conſeils les



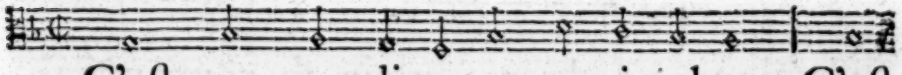
grands ont préſumé, D'être aſſez forts pour



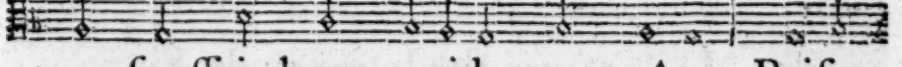
déclarer la guerre, A l'Éternel, à ſon Oint



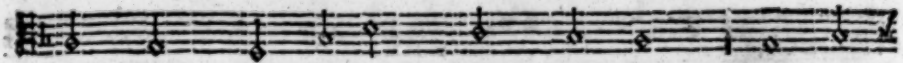
bien aimé.



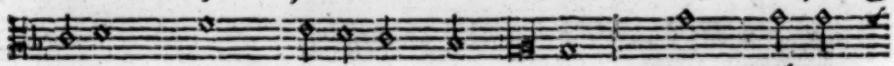
2. C'eſt trop, ont dit ces ennemis jaloux; C'eſt



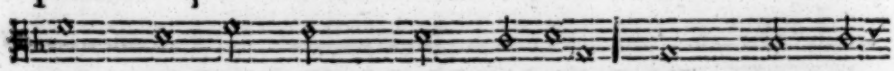
trop ſouffrir leurs rapides conquêtes; Briſons



nos fers, & jettons loin de nous, Le joug



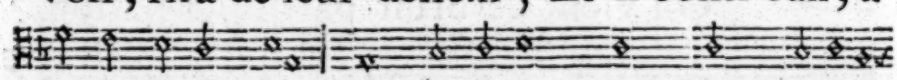
peſant qui menace nos têtes. Mais l'Éter-



nel, qui les hauts cieux habite, Sans s'émou-



voir, rira de leur deſſein ; Et ſi contr'eux, à



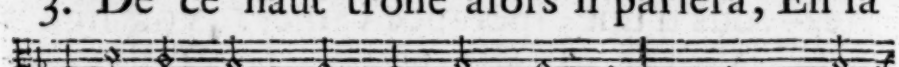
la fin il s'irrite, Ils ſentiront combien pèſe ſa



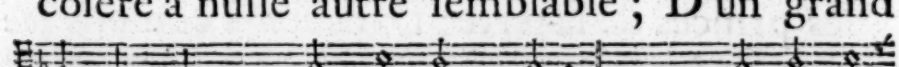
main.



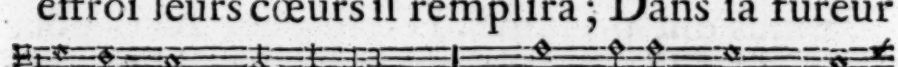
3. De ce haut trône alors il parlera, En ſa



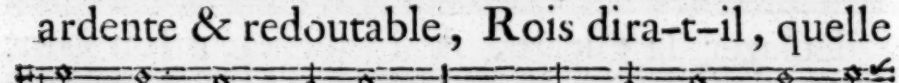
colère à nulle autre ſemblable ; D'un grand



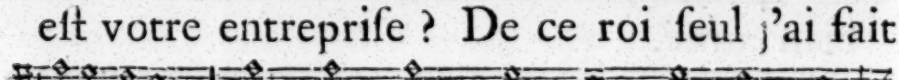
effroi leurs cœurs il remplira ; Dans ſa fureur



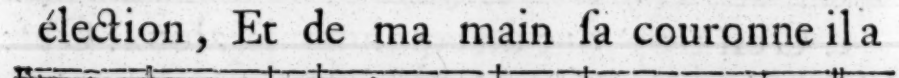
ardente & redoutable, Rois dira-t-il, quelle



eſt votre entrepriſe ? De ce roi ſeul j'ai fait



élection, Et de ma main ſa couronne il a



priſe ; Je l'ai ſacré ſur le mont de Sion.

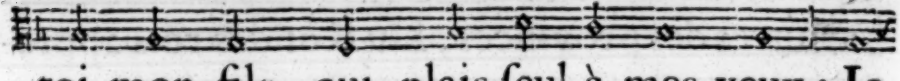
PAUSE.



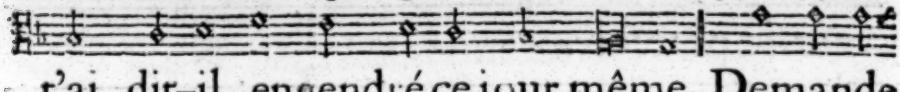
4. Et moi, ſon oint, je publie en tous lieux,



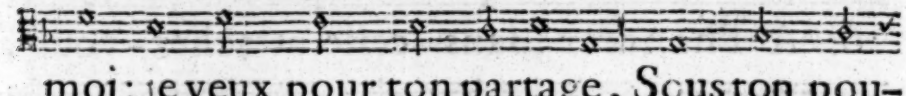
Le ſaint décret du Monarque ſuprême: C'eſt



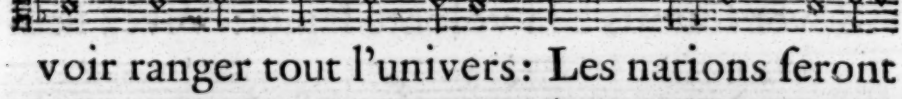
toi mon fils, qui plais ſeul à mes yeux; Je



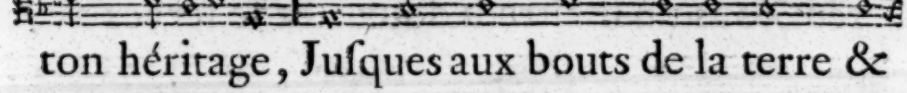
t'ai, dit-il, engendré ce jour même. Demande



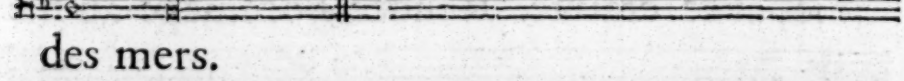
moi; je veux pour ton partage, Sous ton pou-



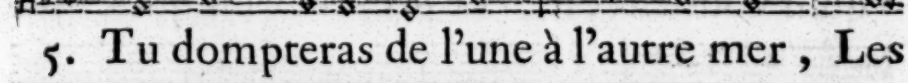
voir ranger tout l'univers: Les nations ſeront



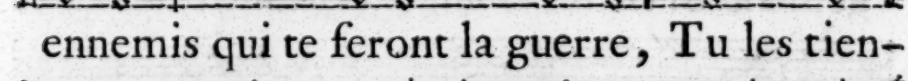
ton héritage, Juſques aux bouts de la terre &



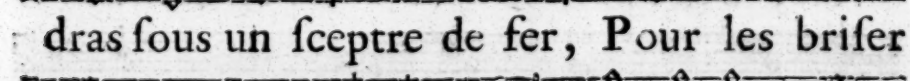
des mers.



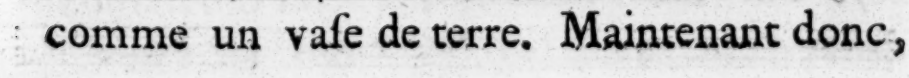
5. Tu dompteras de l'une à l'autre mer, Les



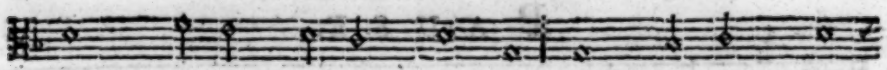
ennemis qui te feront la guerre, Tu les tien-



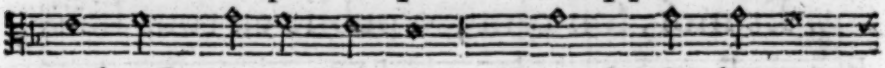
dras ſous un ſceptre de fer, Pour les briſer



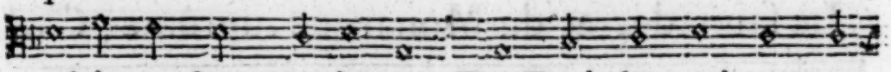
comme un vaſe de terre. Maintenant donc,



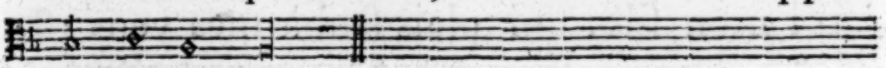
vous monarques & princes, Apprenez mieux



quel eſt votre devoir : Grands de la terre,



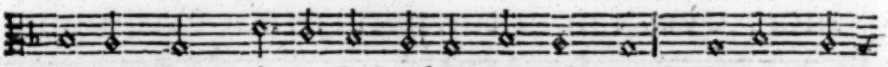
arbitres des provinces, Du Roi des rois appre-



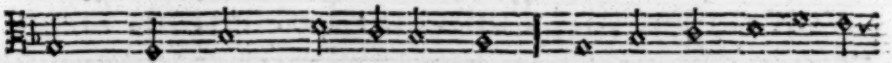
nez le pouvoir.



6. A l'honorer, ſans ceſſe attachez-vous,



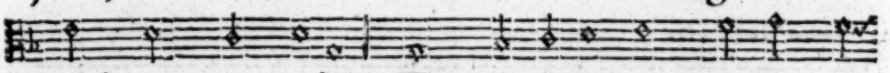
Soyez ſoumis à ſa volonté ſainte: Vivez heu-



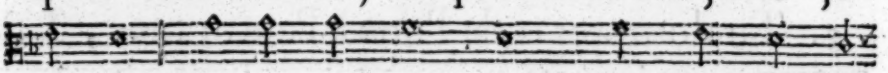
reux ſous un maître ſi doux : Et le ſervez avec



joie, avec crainte. Rendez hommage au fils



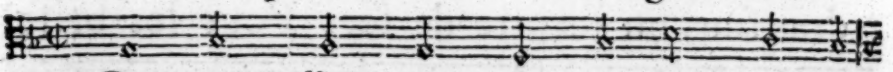
qu'il vous envoie ; Et prévenez un juſte ju-



gement: Si votre erreur vous montre une autre



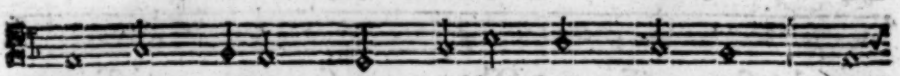
voie, Vous périrez dans votre égarement.



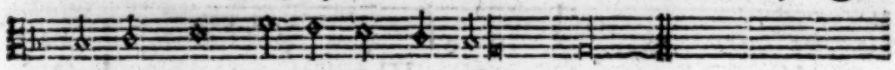
7. Car tout d'un coup ſon couroux rigou-



reux, S'enflammera pour hâter ſa vengeance.



Heureux alors, & mille fois heureux, Qui

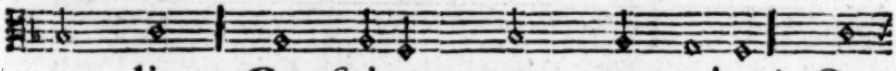


met en lui toute ſa confiance.

PSEAUME III.



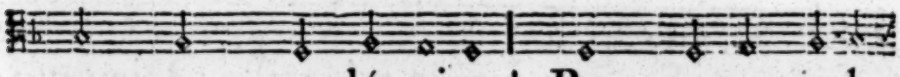
QUe de gens, ô grand Dieu, Soulevés en



tout lieu, Conſpirent pour me nuire ! Que



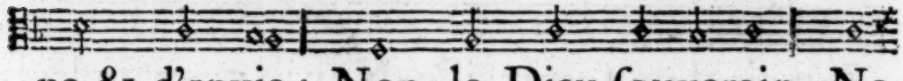
d'ennemis jurés, Contre moi déclarés, S'ar-



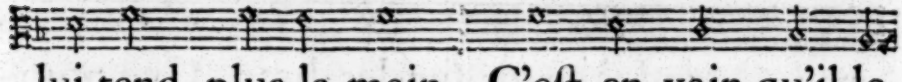
ment pour me détruire ! Par troupes je les



vois, Dire en parlant de moi, Pleins de hai-



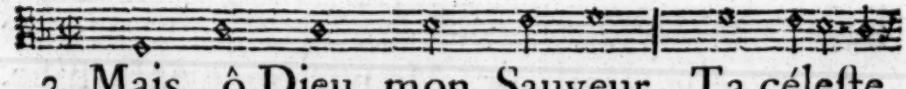
ne & d'envie : Non, le Dieu ſouverain, Ne



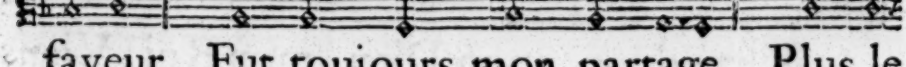
lui tend plus la main, C'eſt en vain qu'il le



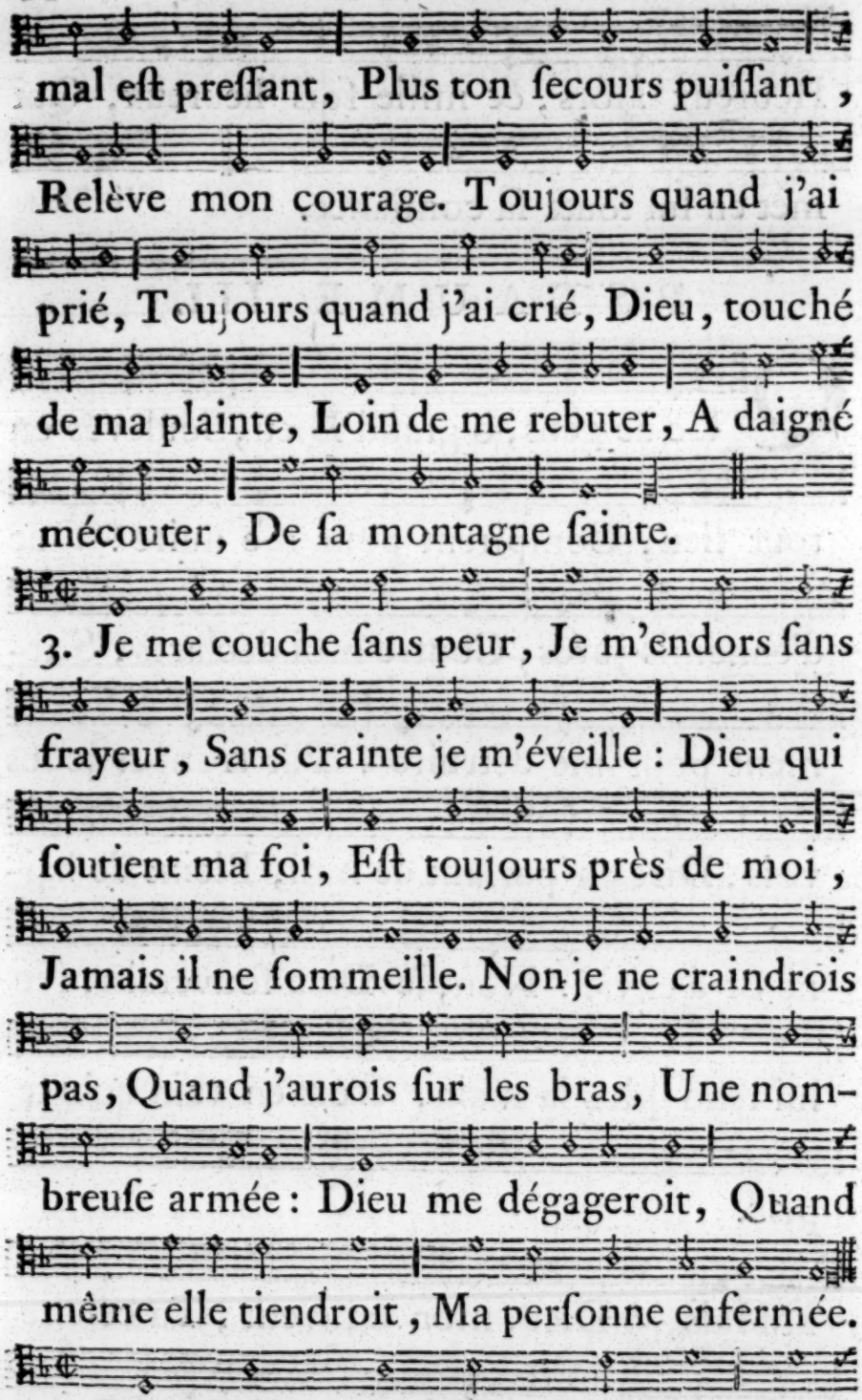
prie.



2. Mais, ô Dieu, mon Sauveur, Ta céleſte



faveur, Fut toujours mon partage, Plus le


mal eſt preſſant, Plus ton ſecours puiſſant,
Relève mon courage. Toujours quand j'ai
prié, Toujours quand j'ai crié, Dieu, touché
de ma plainte, Loin de me rebuter, A daigné
mécouter, De ſa montagne ſainte.
3. Je me couche ſans peur, Je m'endors ſans
frayeur, Sans crainte je m'éveille : Dieu qui
ſoutient ma foi, Eſt toujours près de moi,
Jamais il ne ſommeille. Non je ne craindrois
pas, Quand j'aurois ſur les bras, Une nom-
breuſe armée : Dieu me dégageroit, Quand
même elle tiendroit, Ma perſonne enfermée.
4. Viens donc, mon Dieu, mon Roi, Viens

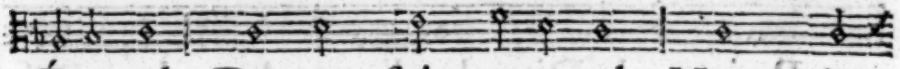


combattre pour moi, Ces troupes ennemies ;

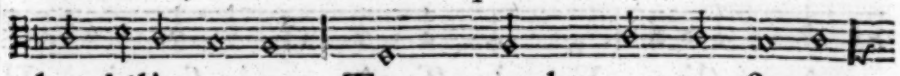
Viens par de rudes coups, Frapper dans ton



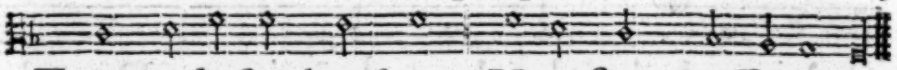
courroux, Détruire ces impies. O Seigneur



Éternel, De ton ſoin paternel, Nous vient

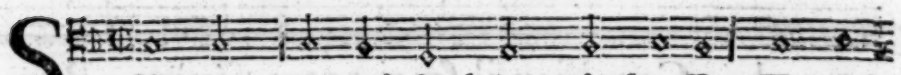


la délivrance : Ton peuple en ta faveur,

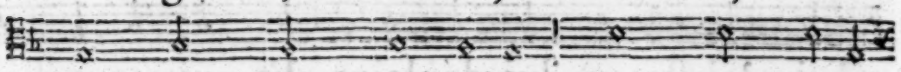


Trouve de ſon bonheur, Une ferme aſſurance.

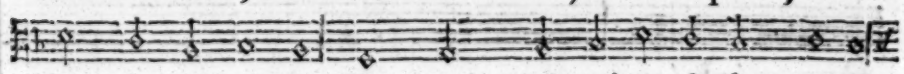
PSEAUME IV.



SEigneur, à toi ſeul je m'adreſſe; Tu ſais



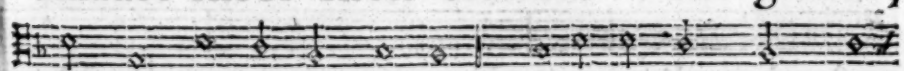
mon droit, fais-moi raiſon; Lors que j'étois



dans la détreſſe, Ta main m'a tiré de la preſſe;



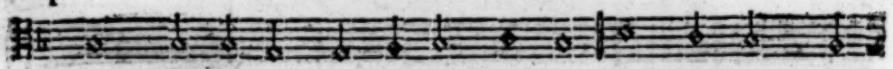
Exauce encor mon oraiſon. Vous grands,



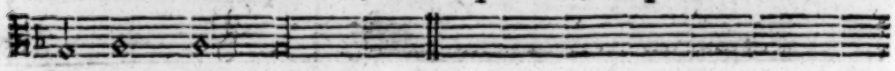
de qui l'injuſte haine, S'élève contre mon



honneur, Faut-il qu'une eſpérance vaine,



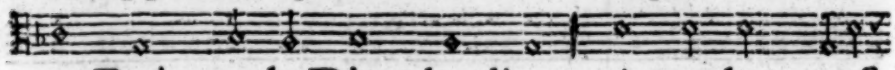
Vous faſſe courir, avec peine, Après un men-



ſonge trompeur ?



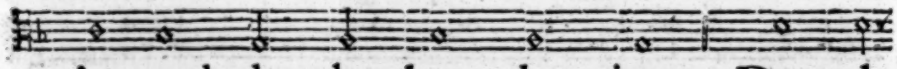
2. Apprenez qu'en vain l'on conſpire, Contre



un Roi, que le Dieu des dieux, A voulu, par ſa



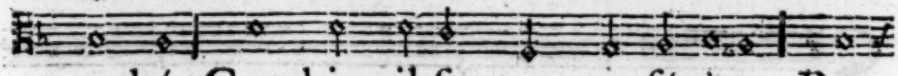
grâce, élire, Et qu'auſſi-tôt que je ſoupire, Il



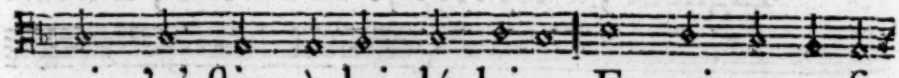
m'entend du plus haut des cieux. Dans la



frayeur de ſa colère, Penſez même en vos lits



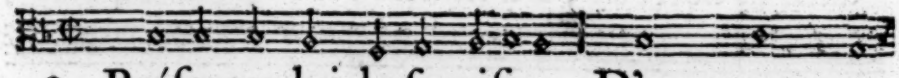
couché, Combien il ſe montre ſévère, Pour



qui s'obſtine à lui déplaire, Et quittez enfin



vos péchés.



3. Préſentez-lui le ſacrifice, D'un cœur pur



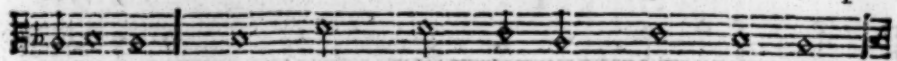
& plein d'équité : Et pour vous rendre Dieu



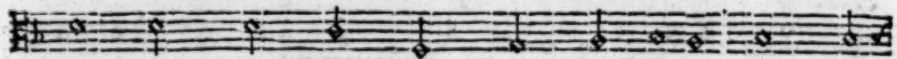
propice, Éloignez-vous de l'injuſtice, Et vous



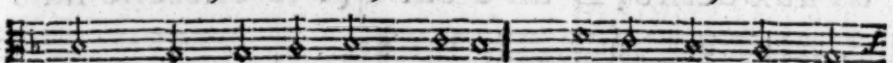
fiez en ſa bonté. Les mondains diſent, qui



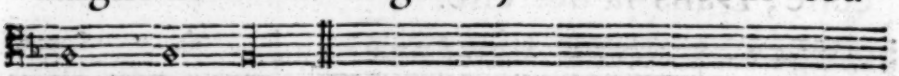
ſera-ce, Qui nous pourra combler de biens ?



Fais luire, ô Dieu, ſur nous ta face, Et nous



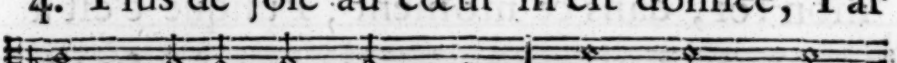
daigne accorder ta grâce, Tu l'accorde tou-



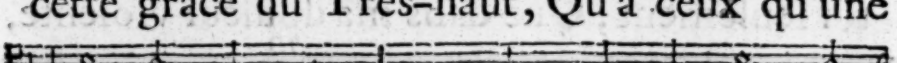
jours aux tiens.



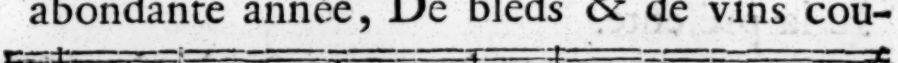
4. Plus de joie au cœur m'eſt donnée, Par



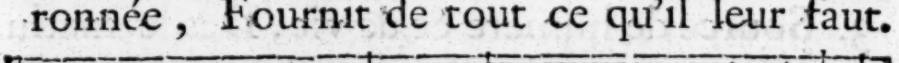
cette grâce du Très-haut, Qu'à ceux qu'une



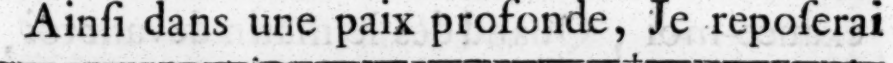
abondante année, De bleds & de vins cou-



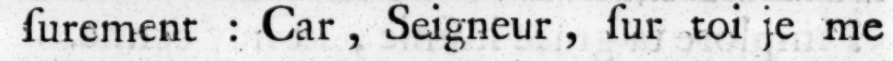
ronnée, Fournit de tout ce qu'il leur faut.



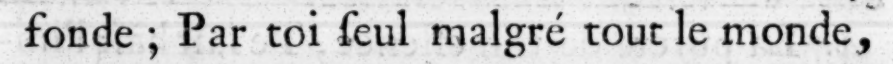
Ainſi dans une paix profonde, Je repoſerai



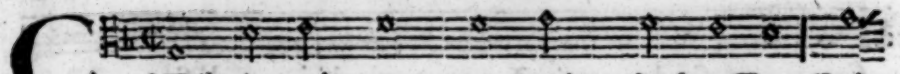
ſurement : Car, Seigneur, ſur toi je me



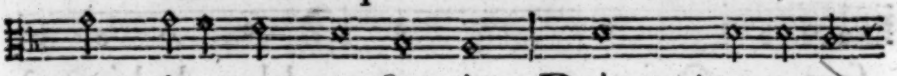
fonde ; Par toi ſeul malgré tout le monde,



Mes jours vont couler doucement.



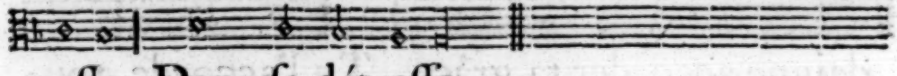
C'Eſt à toi que ma voix s'adreſſe, Sei-



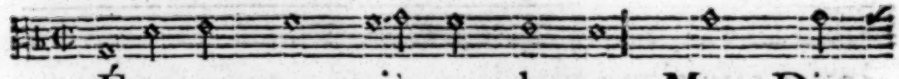
gneur écoute mes ſoupirs: Daigne être atten-



tif aux déſirs, D'un cœur qui te cherche ſans



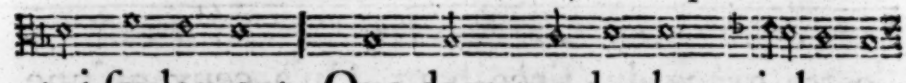
ceſſe, Dans ſa détreſſe.



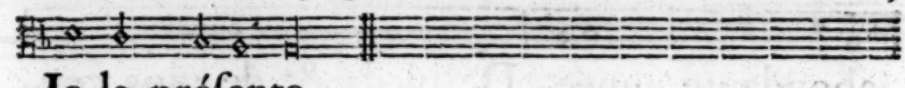
2. Écoute ma prière ardente, Mon Dieu,



mon roi, dans ce moment; Puiſque c'eſt à



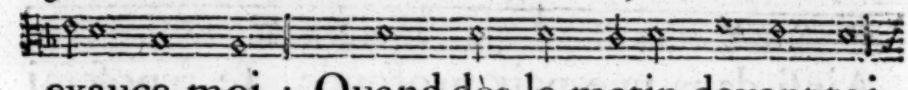
toi ſeulement, Que dans ma douleur violente,



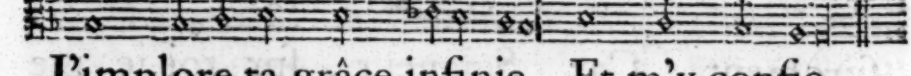
Je la préſente.



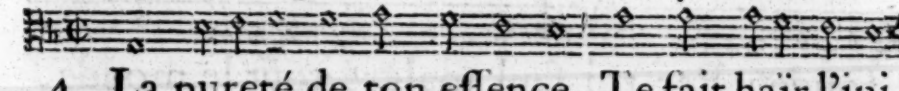
3. Source de lumière & de vie, Dès le matin



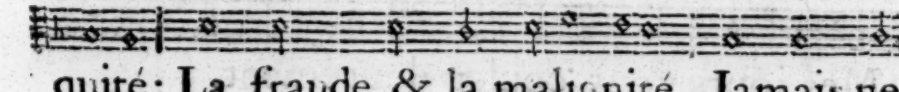
exauce-moi; Quand dès le matin devant toi,



J'implore ta grâce infinie, Et m'y confie.

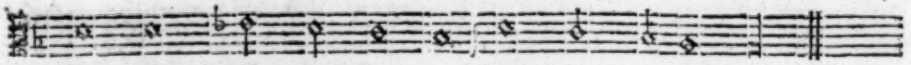


4. La pureté de ton eſſence, Te fait haïr l'ini-

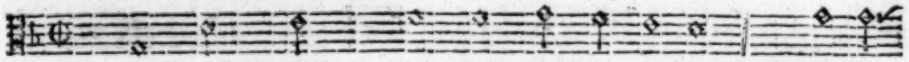


quité: La fraude & la malignité, Jamais ne

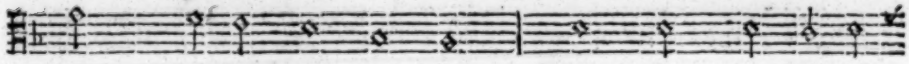
trouvent



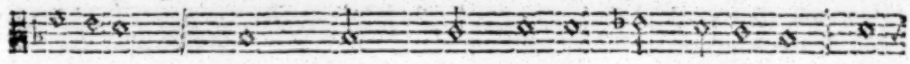
trouvent d'indulgence, En ta préſence.



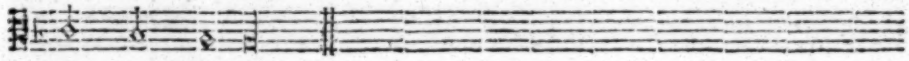
5. L'orgueilleux, ni le téméraire, N'oſe-



roient paroître à tes yeux: Toujours te furent

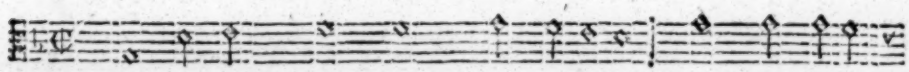


odieux, Ceux dont le métier ordinaire, Eſt

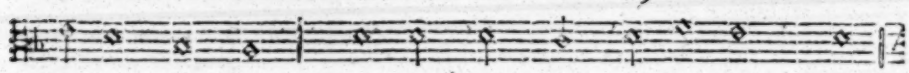


de mal faire.

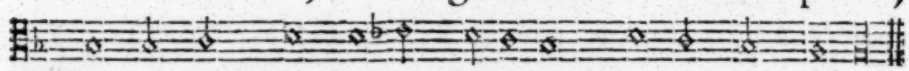
PAUSE.



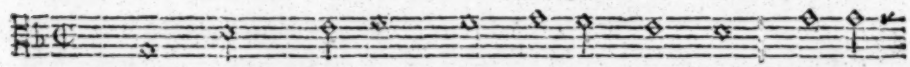
6. Ta fureur confond & ruine, Le médiſant



& le menteur, Le ſanguinaire & le trompeur;



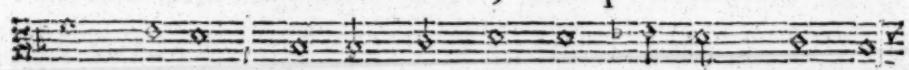
Tôt ou tard ta force divine, Les extermine.



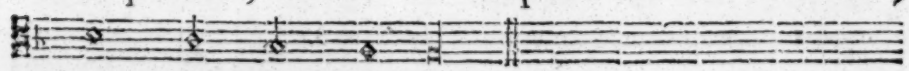
7. Moi qui m'attache à ta loi ſainte, J'irai,



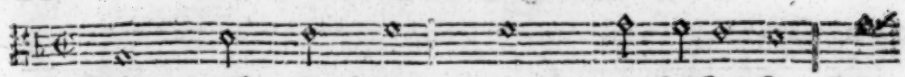
comblé de tes bienfaits, Me proſterner dans



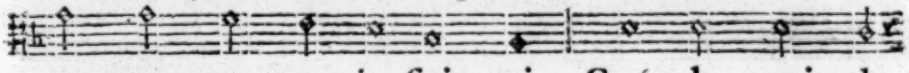
ton palais, Avec le reſpect & la crainte,



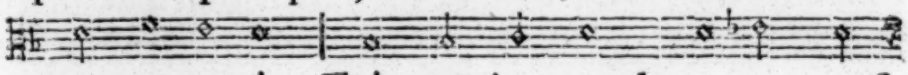
D'un cœur ſans feinte.



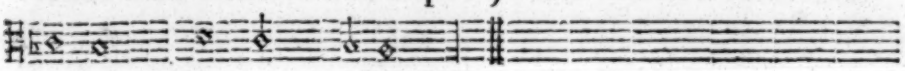
8. Dieu juſte & bon, prend ma défenſe ; Ne



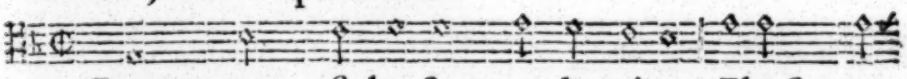
permets pas que je ſois mis, Soús la main de



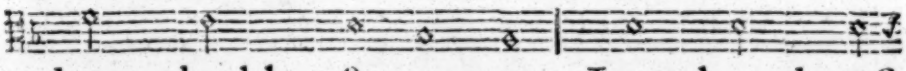
mes ennemis : Fais que je marche avec conſ-



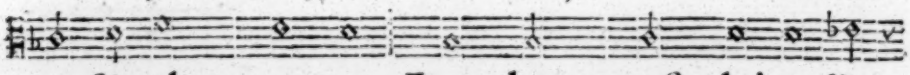
tance, En ta préſence.



9. Leur cœur eſt la ſource du vice, Il eſt mé-



chant, double, & couvert ; Leur bouche eſt



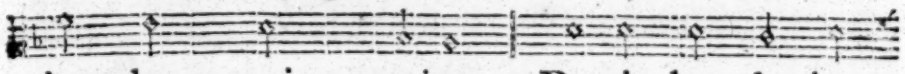
un ſépulcre ouvert ; Leur langue eſt pleine d'ar-



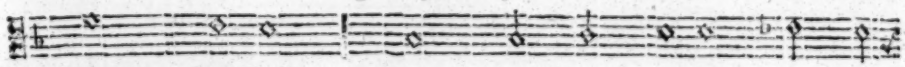
tifice, Et de malice.



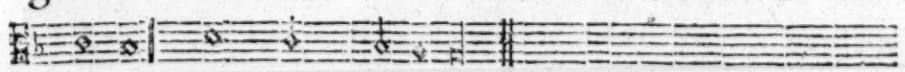
10 Viens les juger en ta colère ; Confonds-les



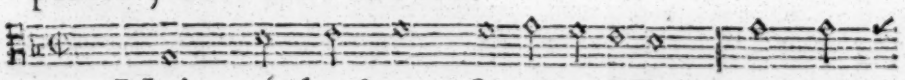
dans leurs vains projets ; Punis-les de leurs



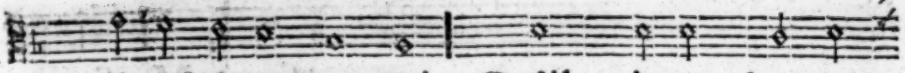
grands forfaits. Ces méchans oſent te dé-



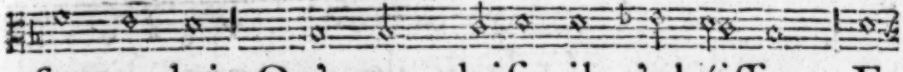
plaire ; Sois leur ſévère.



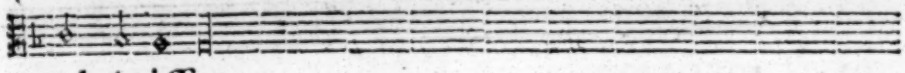
11. Mais que les bons ſe réjouiſſent : Et com-



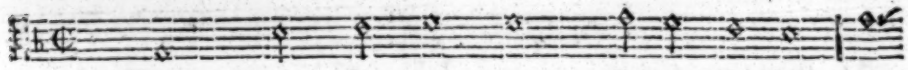
me ils eſpèrent en toi, Qu'ils vivent heureux



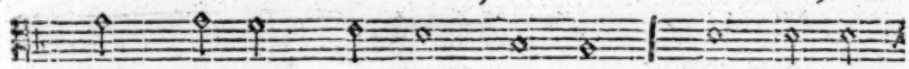
ſous ta loi, Qu'avec plaiſir ils t'obéiſſent, Et



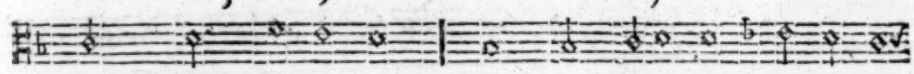
te béniſſent.



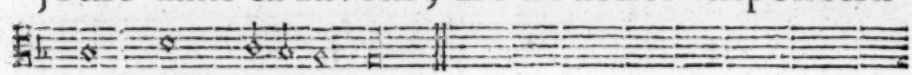
12. Ton bras fut toujours ſecourable, A



l'homme juſte, ô Dieu Sauveur; Tu fus tou-

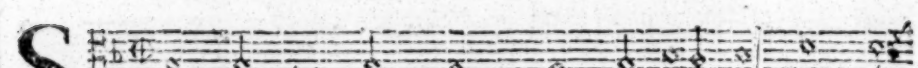


jours dans ta faveur, Le bouclier impénétra-

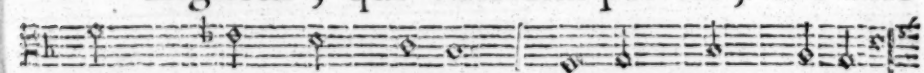


ble, Du miſérable.

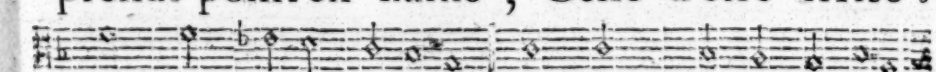
PSEAUME VI.



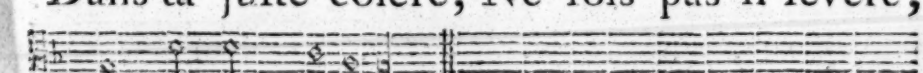
SEigneur, qui vois ma pei-ne, Ne me



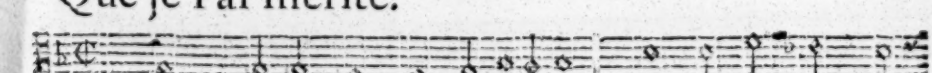
prends point en haine; Ceſſe d'être irrité:



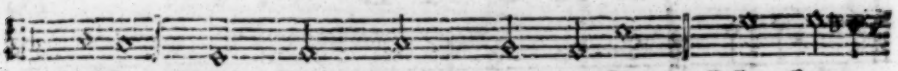
Dans ta juſte colère, Ne ſois pas ſi ſévère,



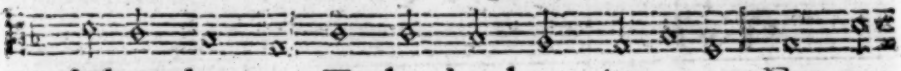
Que je l'ai mérité.



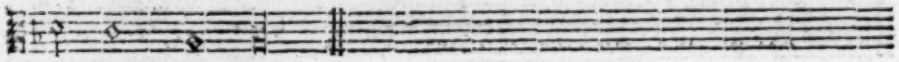
2. Que plutôt ta tendres-ſe, Soulage ma foi-



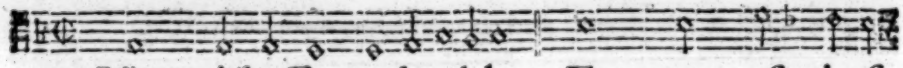
bleſſe, Dans les maux que je ſens. Ma force



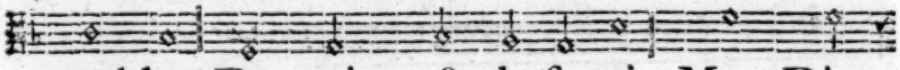
m'abandonne, Et la douleur étonne, Et mes



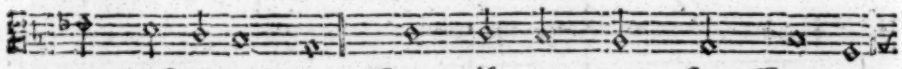
os & mes ſens.



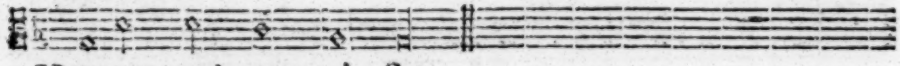
3. Ma triſteſſe redouble, Et mon eſprit ſe



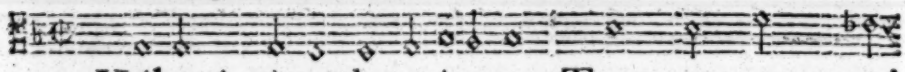
trouble, De crainte & de ſouci, Mon Dieu,



mon eſpérance, Faut-il que ma ſouffrance,



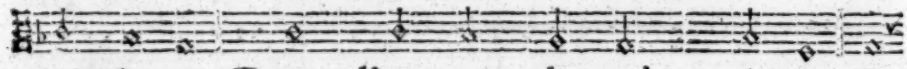
Dure toujours ainſi?



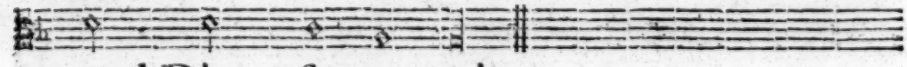
4. Hélas! père de grâ-ce, Tourne vers moi



ta face, Et calme mon effroi: Malgré ma faute



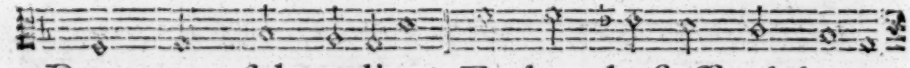
extrême, Pour l'amour de toi-même, O



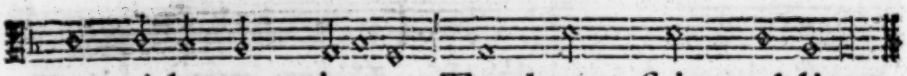
grand Dieu, ſauve moi.



5. Privé de la lumière, Enfermé dans la bière,

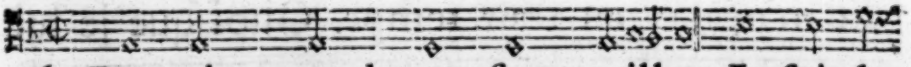


Peut-on pſalmodier? Et dans la foſſe obſcure,

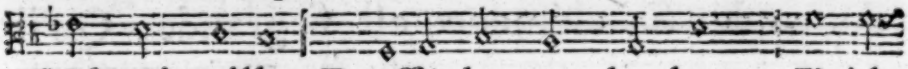


Parmi la pourriture, Tes hauts faits publier?

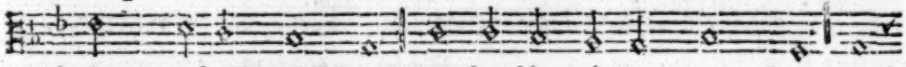
PAUSE.



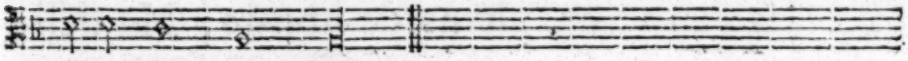
6. La nuit, quand tout ſommeille, Je ſuis le



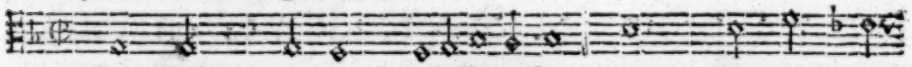
ſeul qui veille: Preſſé de mes douleurs, J'ai la



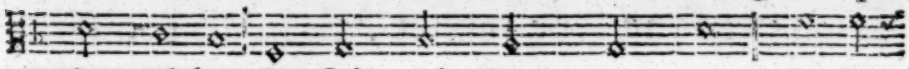
plainte à la bouche, Et le lit où je couche, Eſt



noyé de mes pleurs.



7. Je ſuis méconnoiſſa-ble: Le chagrin qui



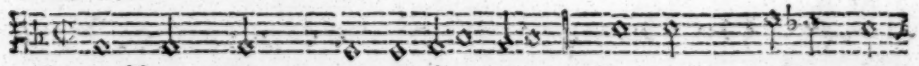
m'accable, Se fait voir dans mes yeux, Je ſens



croître ma peine, Par la joie inhumaine,



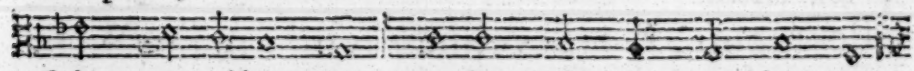
Qu'en ont mes envieux.



8. Allez, hommes ini-ques, Fuyez, peſtes pu-



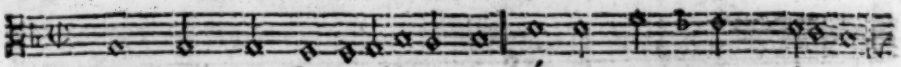
bliques, Abandonnez ces lieux: Mon Dieu



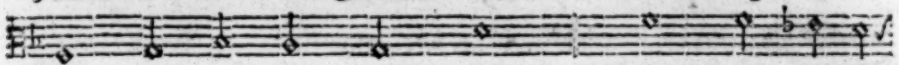
ſait mes allarmes, Et la voix de mes larmes,



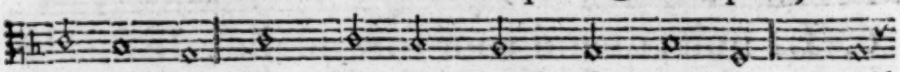
A pénétré les cieux.



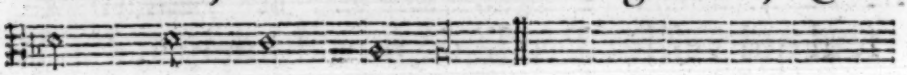
9. Sa bonté ſinguliè-re, Écoute ma prière,



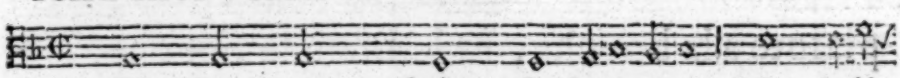
Et m'exauce en tout temps. Quoi que je lui



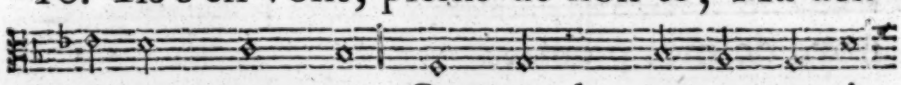
demande, Sa clémence eſt ſi grande, Qu'il



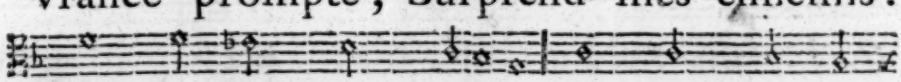
rend mes vœux contens.



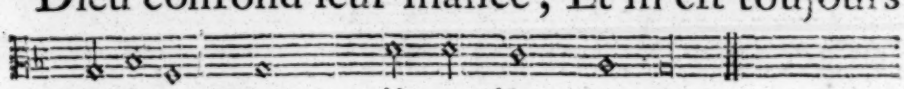
10. Ils s'en vont, pleins de hon-te; Ma déli-



vrance prompte, Surprend mes ennemis:

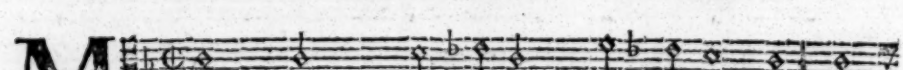


Dieu confond leur malice, Et m'eſt toujours

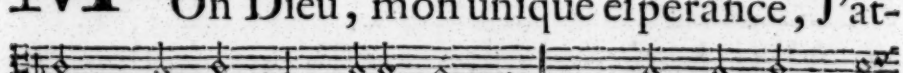


propice, Comme il me l'a promis.

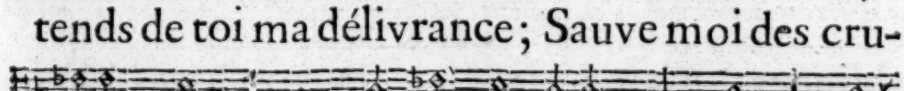
PSEAUME VII.



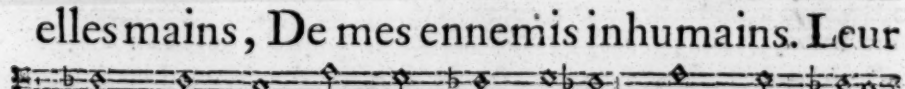
MOn Dieu, mon unique eſpérance, J'at-



tends de toi ma délivrance; Sauve moi des cru-



elles mains, De mes ennemis inhumains. Leur



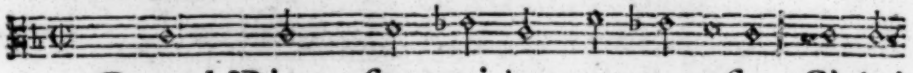
chef, connoiſſant ma foibleſſe, Tel qu'un lion



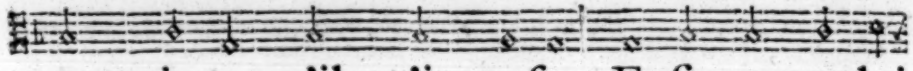
que la faim preſſe, Me pourſuit pour me dé-



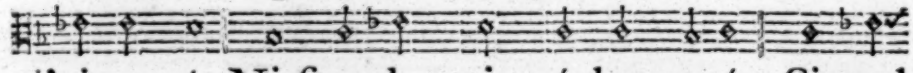
vorer, M'atteint, & me va déchirer.



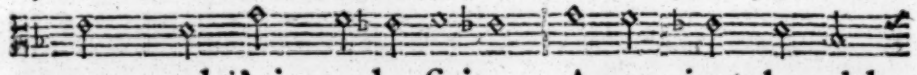
2. Grand Dieu, ſur qui je me repoſe, Si jai



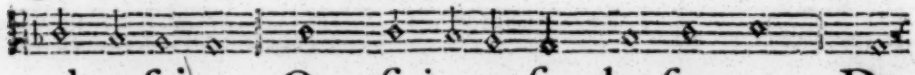
commis ce qu'il m'impoſe; Et ſi contre lui



j'ai tenté, Ni fraude, ni méchanceté; Si mal



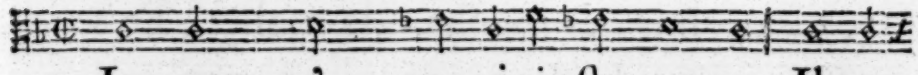
pour mal j'ai voulu faire, A cet implacable



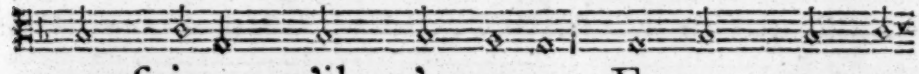
adverſaire; Ou, ſi je ne fus le ſupport, De



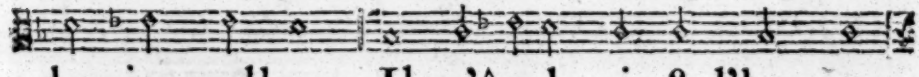
celui qui me haït à tort.



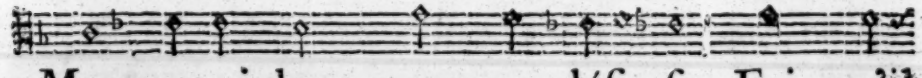
3. Je veux qu'en cette injuſte guerre, Il me



pourſuive, qu'il m'atterre; Et que, par un



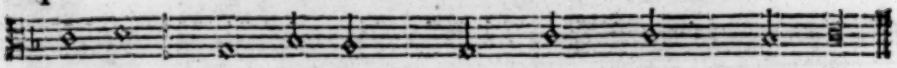
dernier malheur, Il m'ôte la vie & l'honneur.



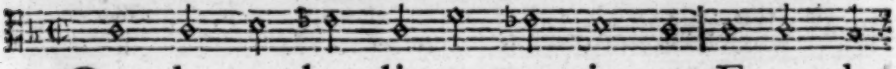
Montre-toi donc pour ma défenſe: Fais qu'il



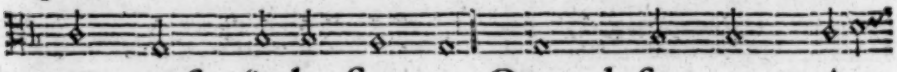
éprouve ta vengeance, Oppoſe à mes fiers en-



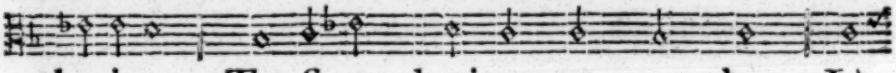
nemis, Le ſecours que tu m'as promis.



4 Que de tous les climats on vienne, Entendre



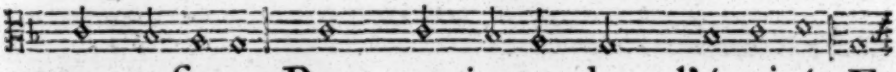
ma cauſe & la ſienne, Quand ſur ton trône



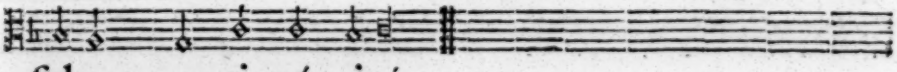
glorieux, Tu feras droit entre nous deux. Là,



des peuples ſouverain Juge, O Dieu, tu ſeras

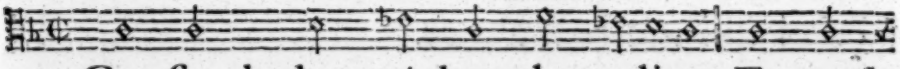


mon refuge, Pour me juger dans l'équité, Et

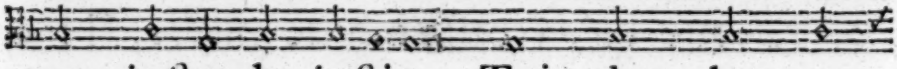


ſelon mon intégrité.

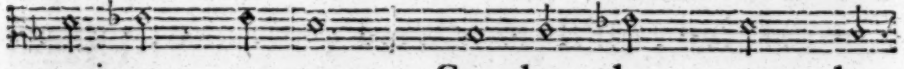
PAUSE.



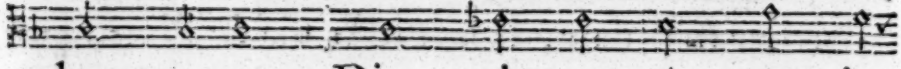
5. Confonds des méchans la malice, Et rends



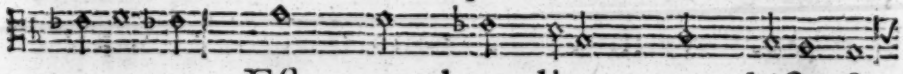
aux juſtes la juſtice, Toi, dont les yeux,



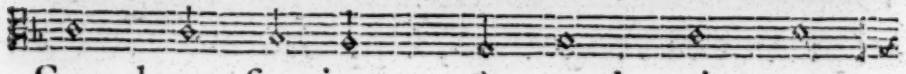
toujours ouverts, Sondent les cœurs les



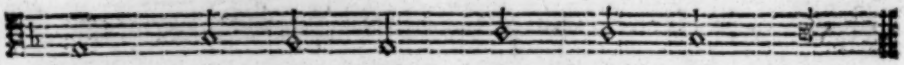
plus couverts. Dieu qui connoît mon in-



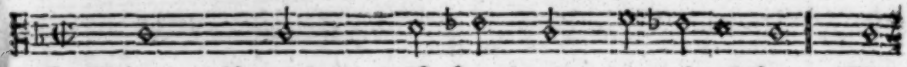
nocence, Eſt mon bouclier, ma défenſe:



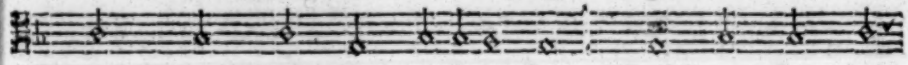
Son bras ſoutient, & rend vainqueur,



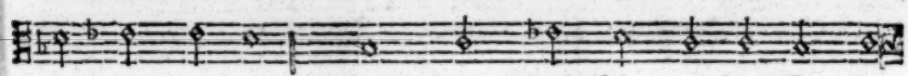
Tout homme juſte, & droit de cœur.



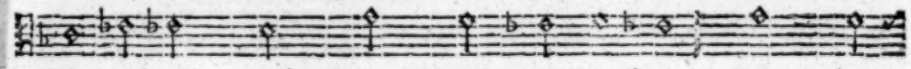
6. Dieu, dis-je, eſt le juge équitable, De



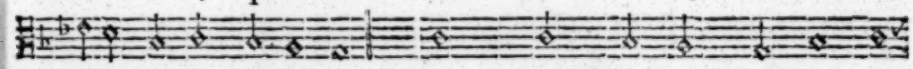
l'homme droit & véritable: Mais on le voit



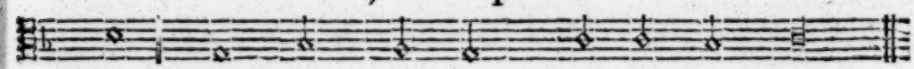
ſe couroucer, Quand on s'obſtine à l'offenſer.



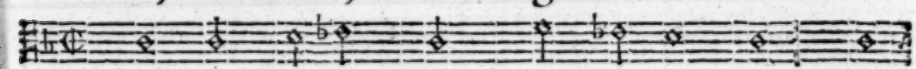
Si celui, qui cherche à me nuire, Ne vient



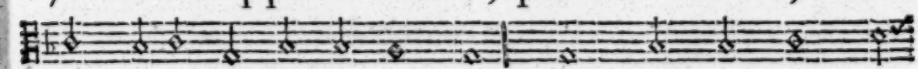
enfin à ſe réduire; Dieu prendra contre ce mé-



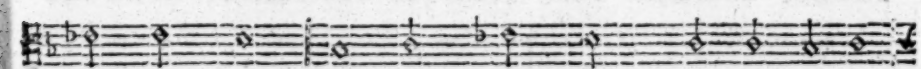
chant, Son arc, & ſon glaive tranchant.



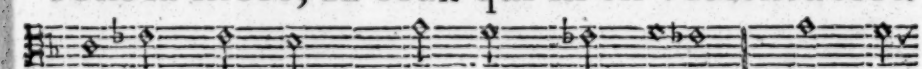
7. S'il n'appaiſe Dieu, par ſes larmes, Dieu



lui fera ſentir ſes armes. Ses flèches donne-



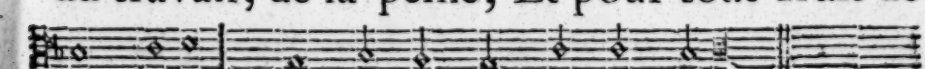
ront la mort, A ceux qui m'en veulent à tort.



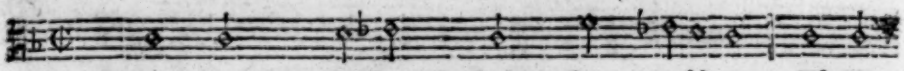
De ce méchant l'humeur hautaine, Conçoit



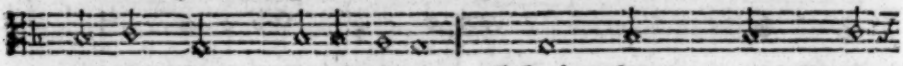
du travail, de la peine, Et pour tout fruit de



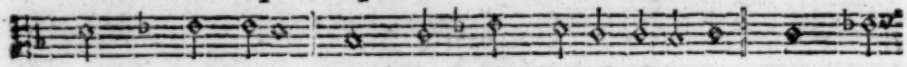
ſon déſir, N'enfante que du déplaiſir.



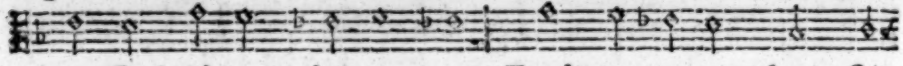
8. Toujours profond dans ſes malices, Il me



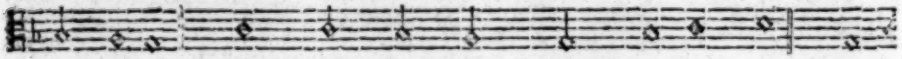
creuſe des précipices : Mais dans tous ceux



qu'il creuſera, Lui ſeul ſe précipitera. Le mal



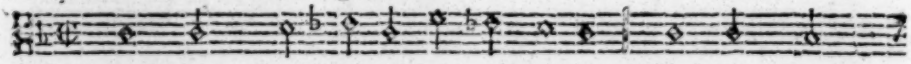
que ſa haine m'apprête, Lui va retomber ſur



la tête ; Du trait que ſa main a lancé, Lui-



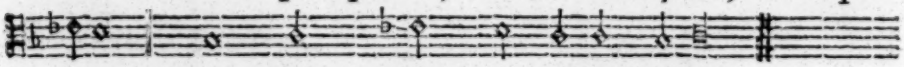
même ſe verra percé.



9. O Dieu, je bénis ta juſtice, Qui ſe montre

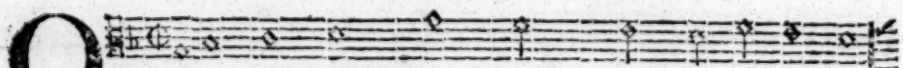


à mes vœux propice ; Et, tant que je reſpi-



rerai, Ton ſaint nom je célébrerai.

PSEAUME VIII.



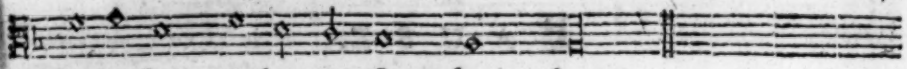
O Notre Dieu tout bon, tout adorable,



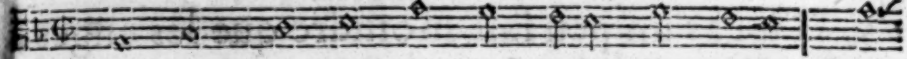
Que ton ſaint nom eſt grand & redoutable !



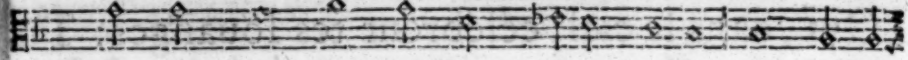
Ta gloire éclate en ces terreſtres lieux, Ta



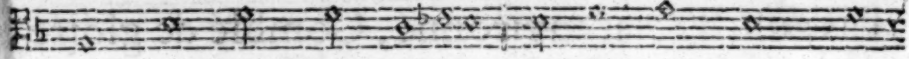
Majeſté s'élève ſur les cieux.



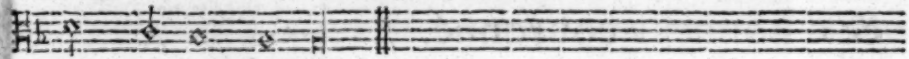
2. Le tendre enfant encore à la mamelle, Prê-



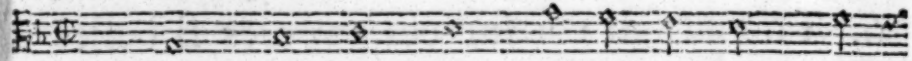
che à nos yeux ta puiſſance éternelle: Sa foible



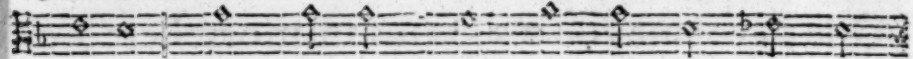
voix confond l'impiété, Et du méchant con-



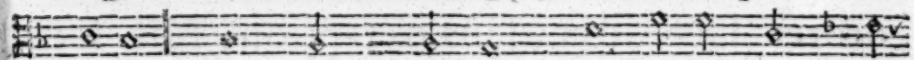
damne la fierté.



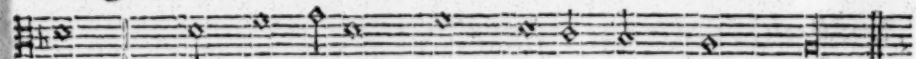
3. Quand loin du bruit, en te rendant hom-



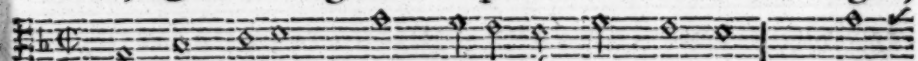
mage, Seul, de tes doigts je contemple l'ou-



vrage, Les cieux, la lune, & les aſtres bril-



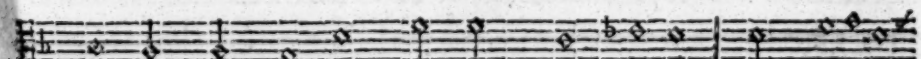
lans, Que ta ſageſſe a placés en leurs rangs;



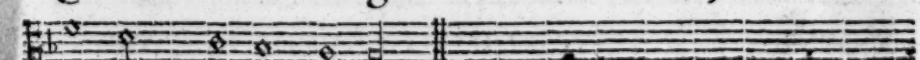
4. Je dis alors, ô Majeſté ſuprême, Qu'eſt



l'homme en ſoi? le fils de l'homme même?

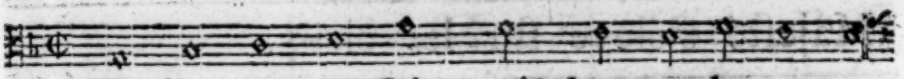


Que ta bonté daigne s'en ſouvenir, Le viſiter



encore & le bénir?

PAUSE.



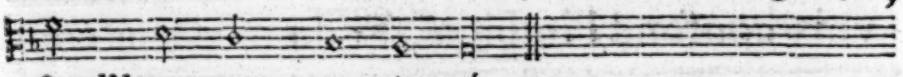
5. Tu l'as un peu fait moindre que les anges,



Qui, dans le ciel, célébrent tes louanges: Tu



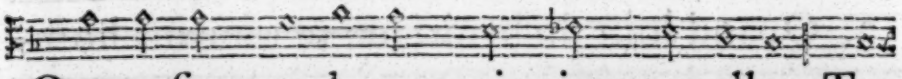
l'as auſſi d'éclat environné, Comblé de gloire,



& d'honneur couronné.



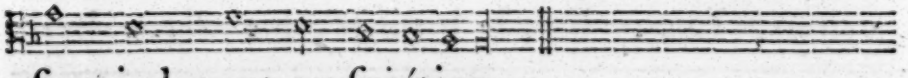
6. Tu l'as fait roi ſur ces œuvres ſi belles,



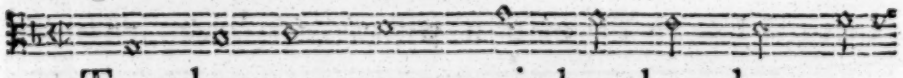
Que tu formas de tes mains immortelles: Tes



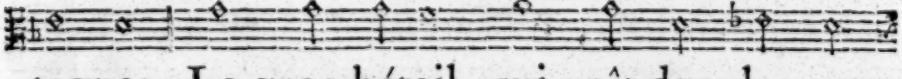
ordres ſaints ont, ſans exception, Mis ſous



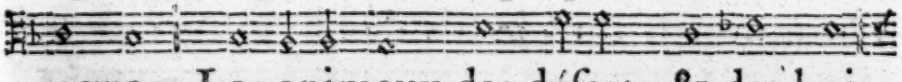
ſes pieds tout en ſujétion.



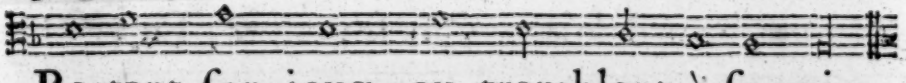
7. Tout les troupeaux, qui cherchent les mon-



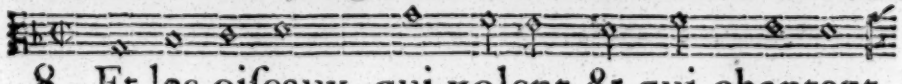
tagnes; Le gros bétail, qui paît dans les cam-



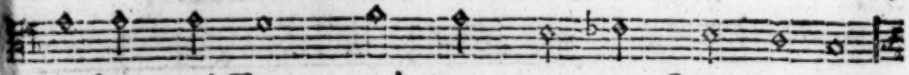
pagnes; Les animaux des déſerts & des bois.



Portent ſon joug, ou tremblent à ſa voix.



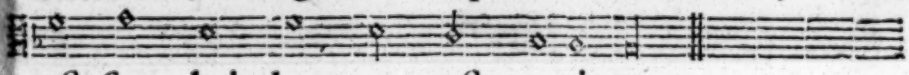
8. Et les oiſeaux, qui volent & qui chantent,



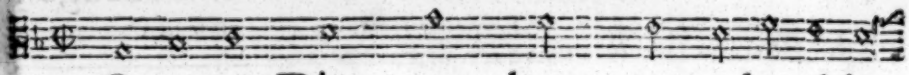
Et les poiſſons, qui par troupes fréquentent,



Fleuves, étangs, & les profondes mers, Tout



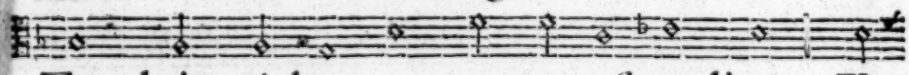
eſt ſous lui dans ce vaſte univers.



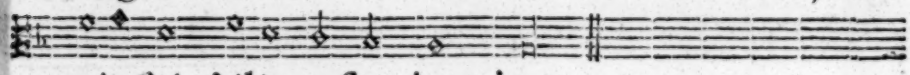
9. O notre Dieu, tout bon, tout adorable,



Que ton ſaint nom eſt grand & redoutable !



Ta gloire éclate en ces terreſtres lieux; Ta

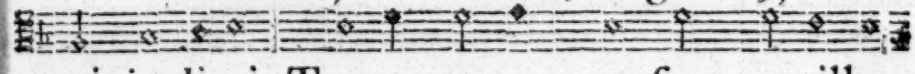


majeſté s'élève ſur les cieux.

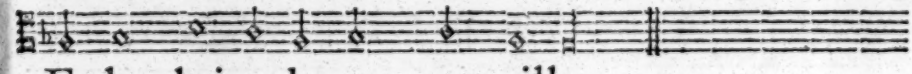
PSEAUME IX.



SAns ceſſe je te bénirai, Seigneur, jour &



nuit je dirai, Toutes tes œuvres ſans pareilles,



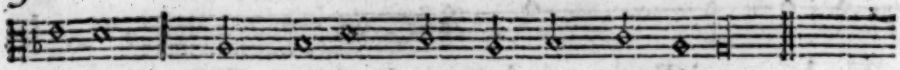
Et la gloire de tes merveilles.



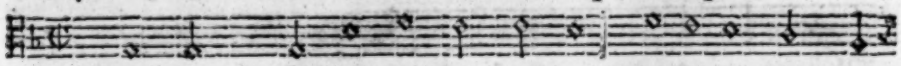
2. En toi je me veux réjouir, Des biens dont



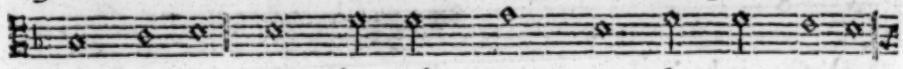
tu me fais jouir : Et je rendrai, par mon can-



tique, Ma reconnoiſſance publique.



3. De ton bras la ſeule vertu, Diſſipa l'enne-



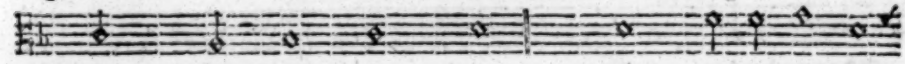
mi battu: On le vit manquer de courage,



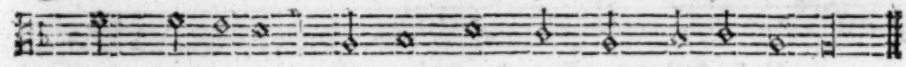
Dès que tu montras ton viſage.



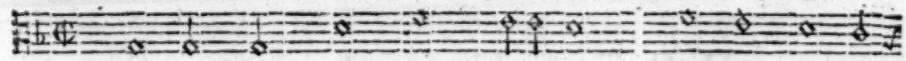
4. Contre ſon effort inhumain, Tu pris, Sei-



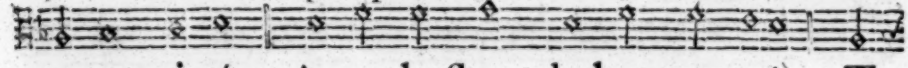
gneur, ma cauſe en main; Ton tribunal fut



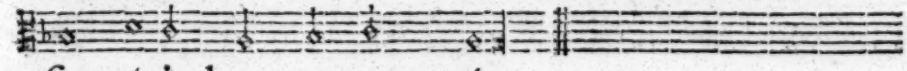
mon réfuge, Où je t'éprouvai juſte juge.



5. J'ai vu les peuples mutinés, Par ta fureur

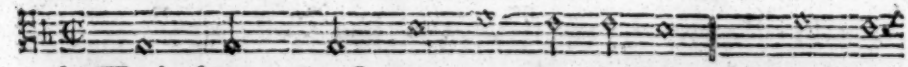


exterminés; Avec la fleur de leur armée, Tu

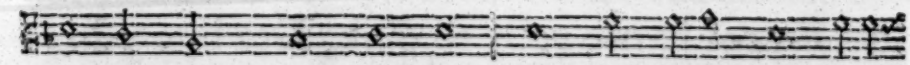


fis périr leur renommée.

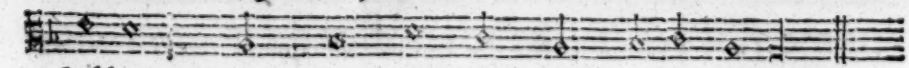
PAUSE,



6. Toi, leur chef, nous as-tu défaits? Nous as-



tu détruits pour jamais? As-tu raſé nos cita-



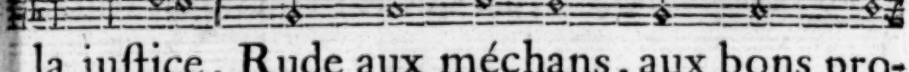
delles? Leur nom eſt-il mort avec elles?



7. Non, non, le monarque des cieux, Et ſur



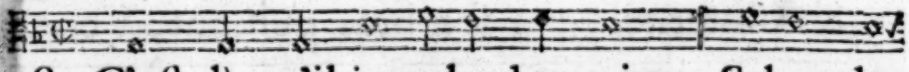
ſon trône glorieux, Pour rendre à chacun



la juſtice, Rude aux méchans, aux bons pro-



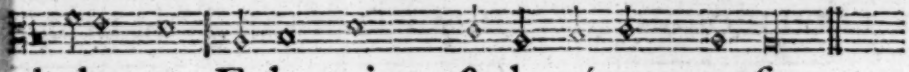
pice.



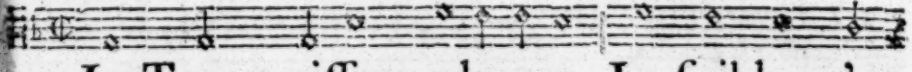
8. C'eſt là qu'il juge les humains, Selon les



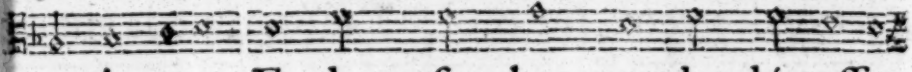
œuvres de leurs mains; Peſant, dans ſa juſte



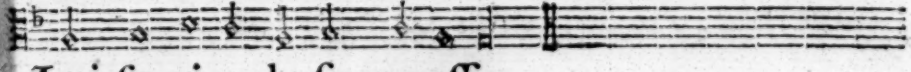
balance, Et la peine, & la récompenſe.



9. Le Tout-puiſſant relevera, Le foible qu'on



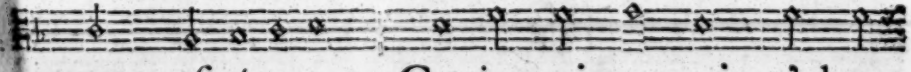
oprimera, Et dans ſa plus grande détreſſe,



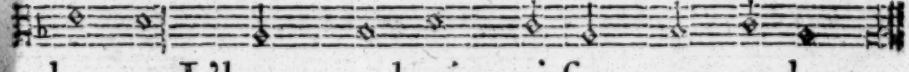
Lui ſervira de fortereſſe.



10. Ainſi ceux qui te connoîtront, En toi, Sei-

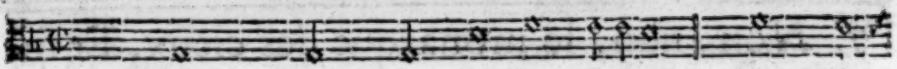


gneur, eſpéreront: Car jamais ta main n'aban-



donne, L'homme droit qui ſon cœur te donne.

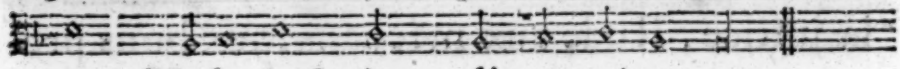
PAUSE. II.



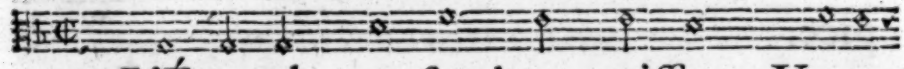
11. Qu'on chante en toute nation, Le Dieu



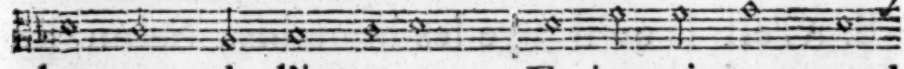
qui réſide en Sion; Et que le bruit de ſes louan-



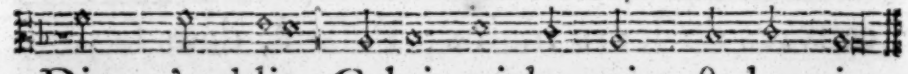
ges, Vole juſqu'aux climats étrangers.



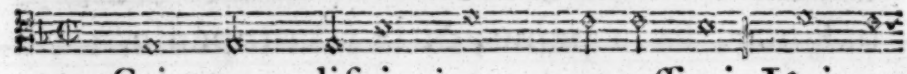
12. L'Éternel, par ſon bras puiſſant, Venge



la mort de l'innocent; Et jamais ce grand



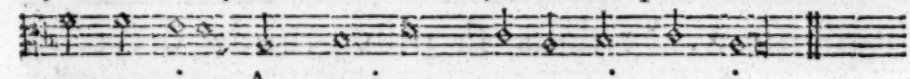
Dieu n'oublie, Celui qui le craint & le prie.



13. Seigneur, diſois-je en mon effroi, Daigne



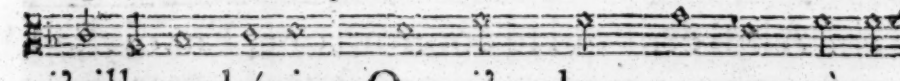
jetter les yeux ſur moi; Toi, qui de la main



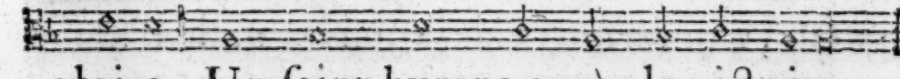
ennemie, As toujours garanti ma vie.



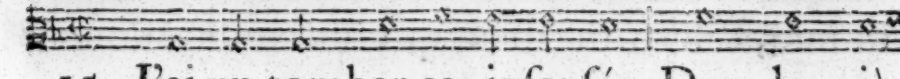
14. Permets qu'encore à l'avenir, En Sion



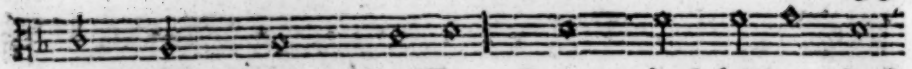
j'aille te bénir; Que j'y chante encore, à ta



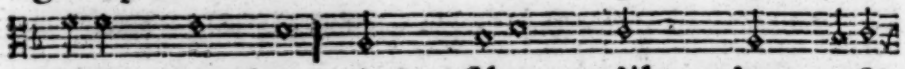
gloire, Un ſaint hymne après la victoire.



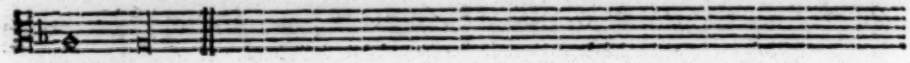
15. J'ai vu tomber ces inſenſés, Dans les piè-



ges qu'ils m'ont dreſſés : Leur pied léger s'eſt

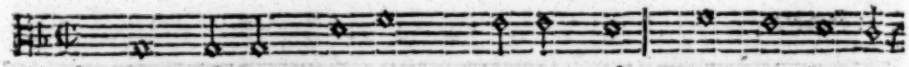


venu prendre, Aux filets qu'ils m'ont oſé

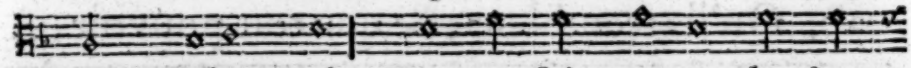


tendre.

PAUSE III.



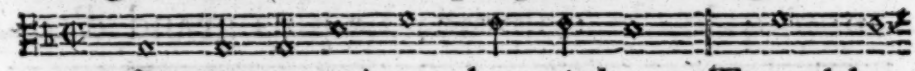
16. Ainſi le Monarque éternel, Par un juge-



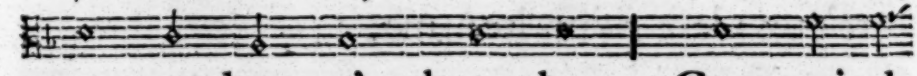
ment ſolemnel, Leur a fait porter le dom-



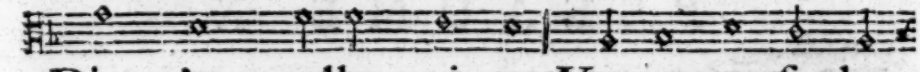
mage, Que m'avoit préparé leur rage.



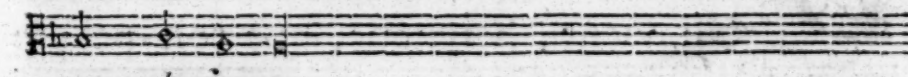
17. On verra toujours le méchant, Trembler,



ne marcher qu'en bronchant ; Ceux qui de



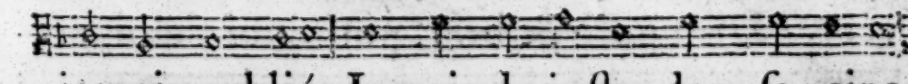
Dieu n'ont nulle crainte, Verront enfin leur



race éteinte.



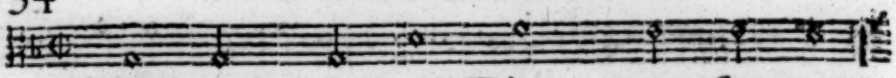
18. Mais le fidelle, humilié, De Dieu n'eſt



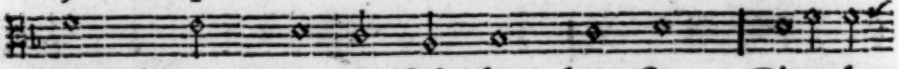
jamais oublié: Jamais du juſte, dans ſa peine,



L'eſpérance ne ſera vaine.



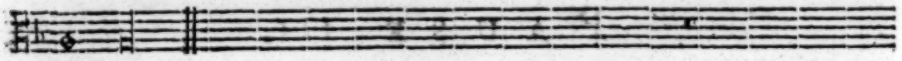
19. Empêche, ô mon Dieu, mon ſupport,



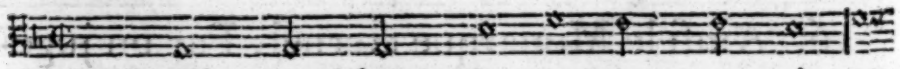
Que l'homme ne ſoit le plus fort: Cite-les



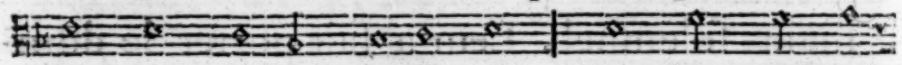
tous en ta préſence, Et leur prononce leur ſen-



tence.



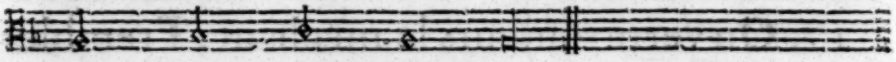
20. Qu'ils tremblent, & que ton pouvoir, A



tous les mortels faſſe voir, Que de quelque

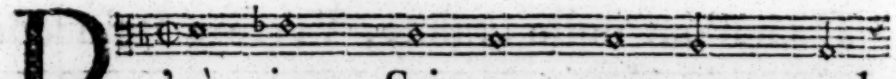


nom qu'on le nomme, Le plus grand d'en-

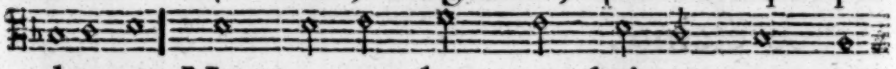


tr'eux n'eſt qu'un homme.

PSEAUME X.



D'où vient, Seigneur, que ton peuple



abattu, Ne trouve plus pour lui tes yeux ou-



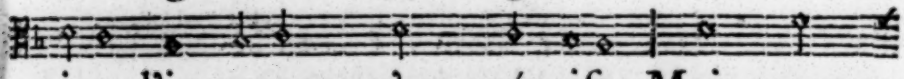
verts? Dieu juſte & bon, pourquoi t'éloignes-



tu, Pendant qu'il ſouffre en ce ſiècle pervers?



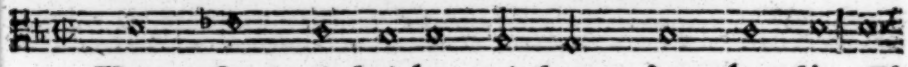
Des orgueilleux les outrages divers, Font ſou-



pirer l'innocent qu'on mépriſe: Mais tourne,



ô Dieu, contre eux leur entrepriſe.



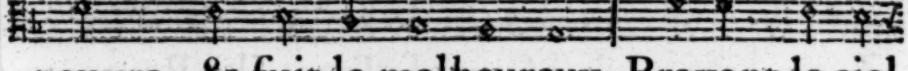
2. Dans ſon péché le méchant s'applaudit; Il



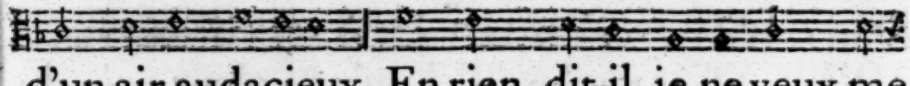
croit que tout doit répondre à ſes vœux; Le



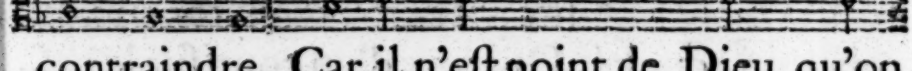
riche inique eſt le ſeul qu'il chérit; Il haït le



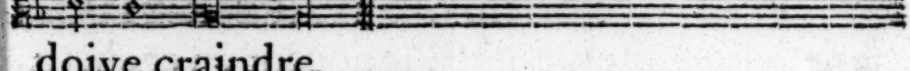
pauvre, & fuit le malheureux. Bravant le ciel



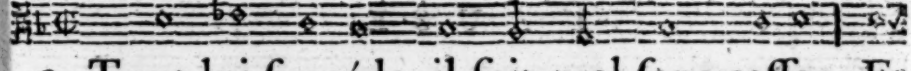
d'un air audacieux, En rien, dit-il, je ne veux me



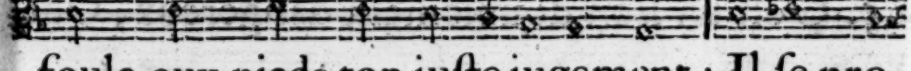
contraindre, Car il n'eſt point de Dieu qu'on



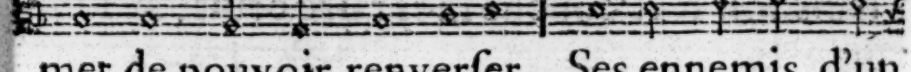
doive craindre.



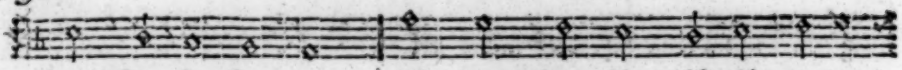
3. Tout lui ſuccéde, il fait mal ſans ceſſer, Et



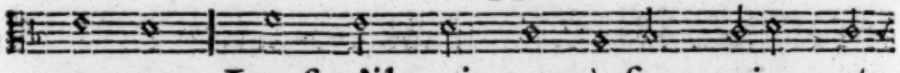
foule aux pieds ton juſte jugement; Il ſe pro-



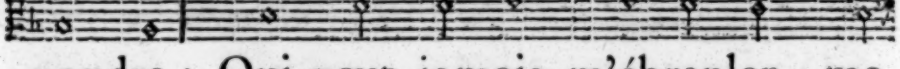
met de pouvoir renverſer, Ses ennemis d'un



ſouffle ſeulement. Il s'applaudit, il dit à tout



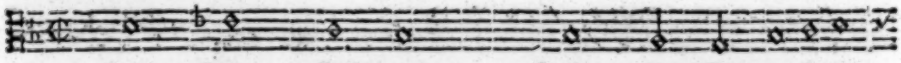
moment, Lorſqu'il voit tout à ſes projets ré-



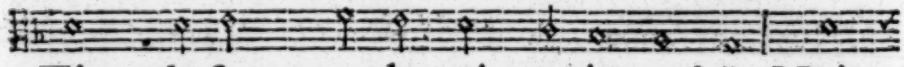
pondre : Qui peut jamais m'ébranler, me



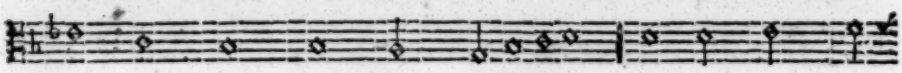
confondre ?



4. Son faux diſcours, plein d'affectation,



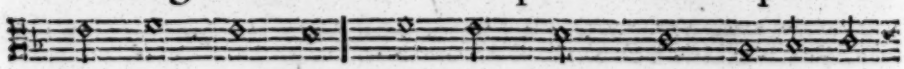
Tient de ſon cœur le noir venin caché : Nuire



& tromper, c'eſt ſa profeſſion ; Il a l'outrage



à la langue attaché : Tel qu'un voleur près du

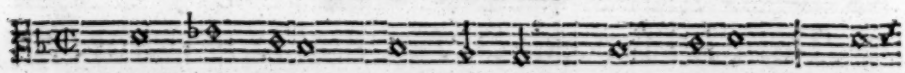


chemin couché, Qui tout d'un coup ſur le paſ-

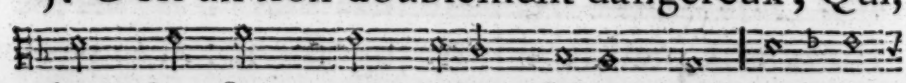


ſant ſe jette, Et tue ainſi l'innocent en cachette.

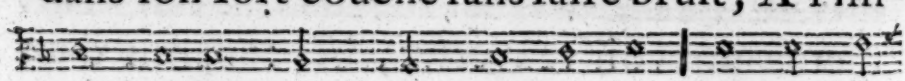
PAUSE.



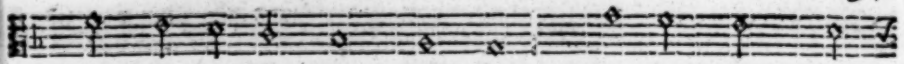
5. C'eſt un lion doublement dangereux, Qui,



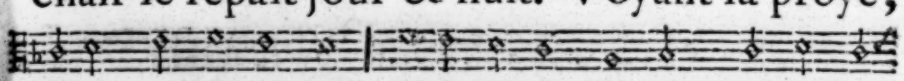
dans ſon fort couché ſans faire bruit, A l'im-



pourvu ſurprend les malheureux, Et de leur



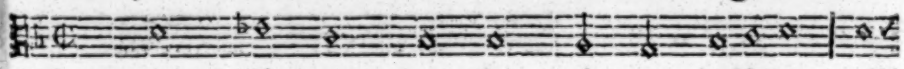
chair ſe repaît jour & nuit. Voyant ſa proye,



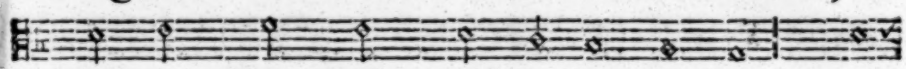
avec ruſe il la ſuit; Il ſe tapit, il rampe contre



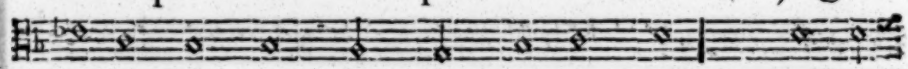
terre, Et ſoudain livre une mortelle guerre.



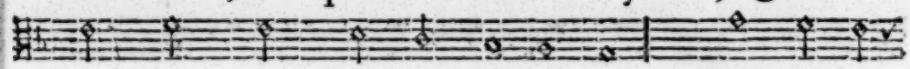
6. Quand il commet ſes crimes odieux, Il



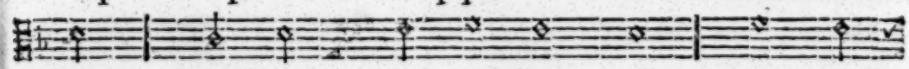
croit que Dieu n'en pourra rien ſavoir; Qu'il



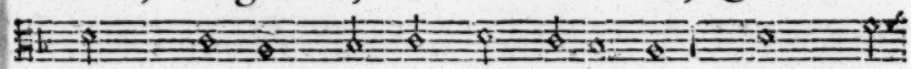
les oublie, ou qu'il ferme les yeux, Qu'il eſt



trop loin pour s'en appercevoir. Montre-toi



donc, Seigneur, & lui fais voir, Que lorſ-



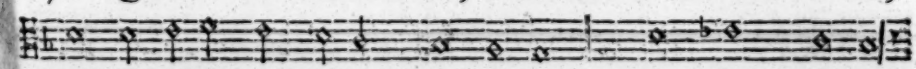
qu'on veut opprimer l'innocence, Ton bras



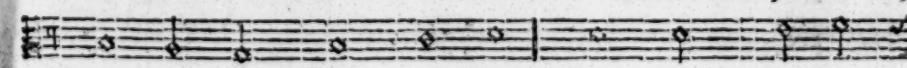
vengeur eſt prêt pour ſa défenſe.



7. Quoi! le méchant, exécrable en ſes faits,



Oſe irriter ainſi le Souverain! De rien, dit-il,



Dieu ne s'enquiert jamais. Tu vois pourtant,



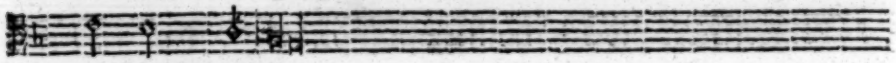
Seigneur, ſon noir deſſein : De l'innocent tu



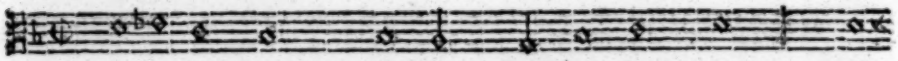
prends la cauſe en main, Tu ſers de père au



malheureux pupille, Qui hors de toi ne peut



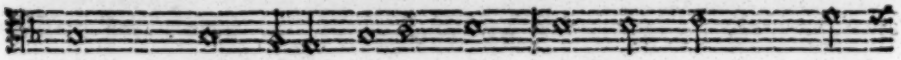
trouver d'aſile.



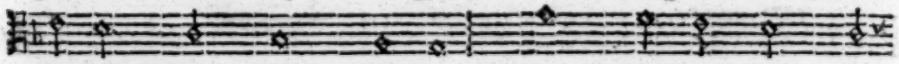
8. Ote la force, & fais faillir le cœur, Aux



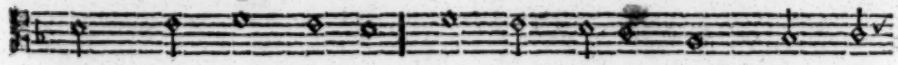
inſolens, dont l'orgueil t'a bravé: En les ju-



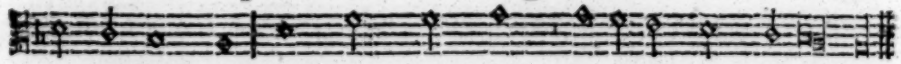
geant, laiſſe agir ta rigueur, Afin qu'au monde



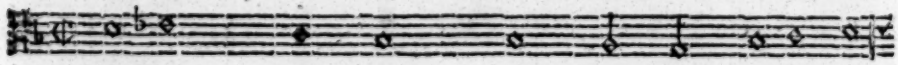
il n'en ſoit plus trouvé. Quand ils auront ton



courroux éprouvé, Tu règneras ſeul dans ta



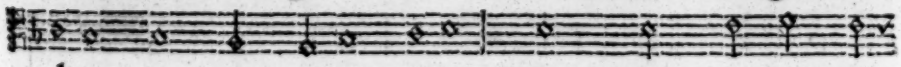
terre ſainte; Et des méchans ſera la race éteinte.



9. Alors, Seigneur, ton peuple revivra,



Voyant changer cette rude ſaiſon: Seigneur,



alors ta grâce exaucera, Nos vœux ardens &

notre humble oraiſon : Ton bras mettant
chacun à la raiſon, L'homme mortel, qui
n'eſt que cendre & terre, A tes enfans ne
fera plus la guerre.

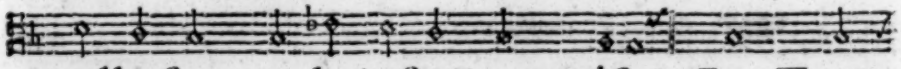
PSEAUME XI.

C'Eſt ſur Dieu ſeul que toujours je m'appuye : Pourquoi vouloir qu'aux monts inhabités, Comme un oiſeau, loin de vous je m'enfuye? Ils tendent l'arc, ces méchans emportés; Et coup ſur coup, par leur flèches cruelles, Ils vont porter en des lieux écartés, Aux cœurs des bons des atteintes mortelles.

2. Mais on verra tomber leur entrepriſe :



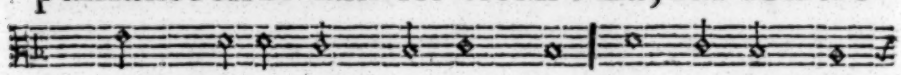
Dieu confondra tous ces audacieux ; Car



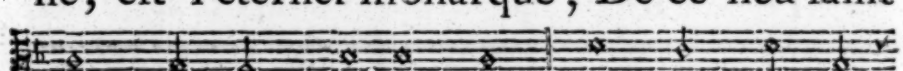
quelle faute a le juſte commiſe ? Le Tout-



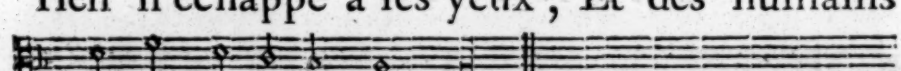
puiſſant réſide dans les cieux : Là, ſur ſon trô-



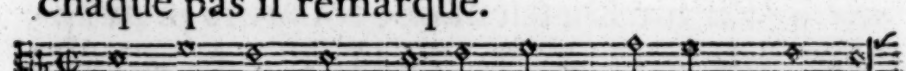
ne, eſt l'éternel monarque ; De ce lieu ſaint



rien n'échappe à ſes yeux ; Et des humains



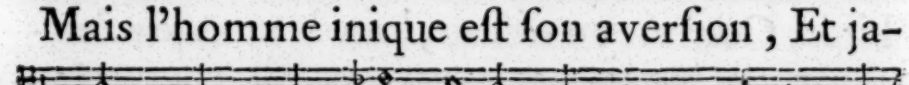
chaque pas il remarque.



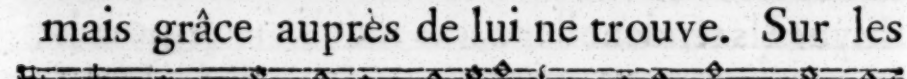
3. Il voit le juſte, il le fonde, il l'approuve ;



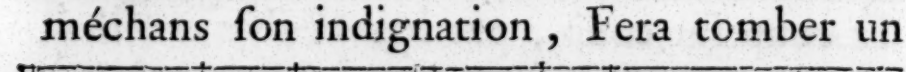
Mais l'homme inique eſt ſon averſion, Et ja-



mais grâce auprès de lui ne trouve. Sur les



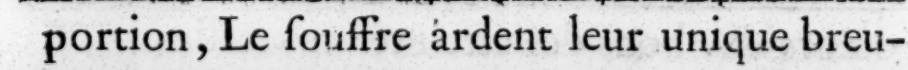
méchans ſon indignation, Fera tomber un



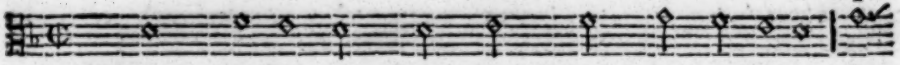
foudroyant orage ; Le feu du ciel ſera leur



portion, Le ſouffre ardent leur unique breu-



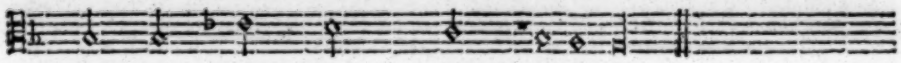
vage.



4. Dieu, juſte, juge à tous rend la juſtice; Et



de ſon cœur la tendre émotion, A l'homme

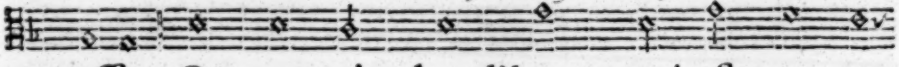


droit en tout temps eſt propice.

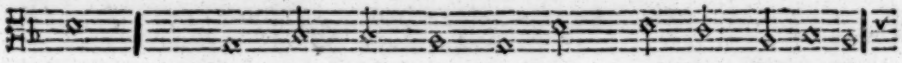
PSEAUME XII.



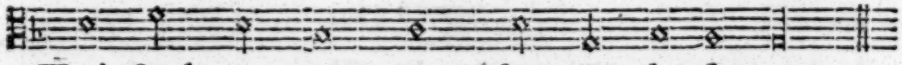
TEnds nous la main, Seigneur, le mal nous



preſſe; On ne voit plus d'homme juſte en nos



jours; Plus de bonté, de foi, ni de ſageſſe:



Toi ſeul, tu peux nous donner du ſecours.



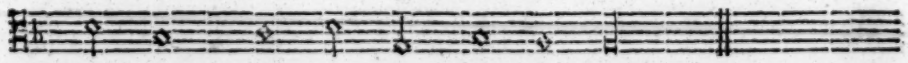
2. Les gens du ſiècle aiment la tromperie, Le



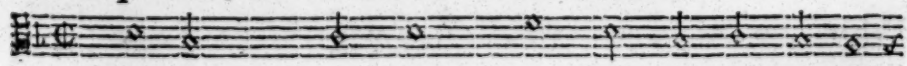
vain menſonge, & le déguiſement; Tous



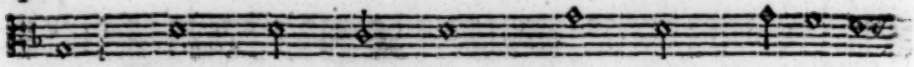
leurs diſcours ſont pleins de flatterie; La bou-



che parle, & le cœur la dément.



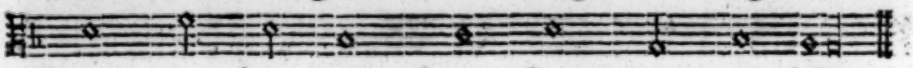
3. Retranche, ô Dieu, ces lettres attrayan-



tes, Dont tous les jours nous ſommes abu-



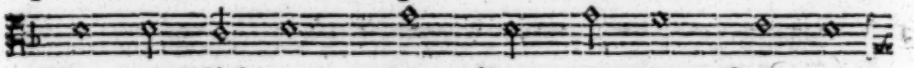
ſés: Perce, Seigneur, ces langues arrogantes,



Dont tous les jours nous ſommes mépriſés.



4. Non, diſent-ils, à quoi bon nous contraindre?



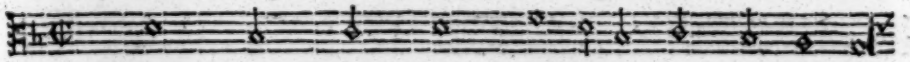
Par nos diſcours nous l'emportons ſur tous:



Flattons, mentons, nous n'avons rien à crain-



dre; Nous le pouvons, nos langues ſont à nous.



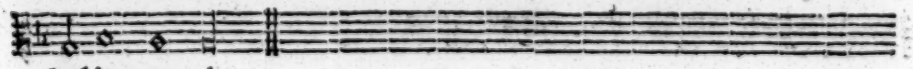
5. Mais mon Dieu dit, l'affligé me réclame,



J'entends ſes cris, & je me leverai; Je ſais qu'à



tort ſon ennemi le blâme; De ſes filets je le



délivrerai.



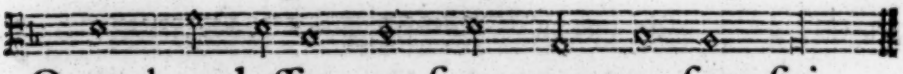
6. De ce grand Dieu la parole ſe trouve,



Conſtamment pure, & pures ſont ſes loix,



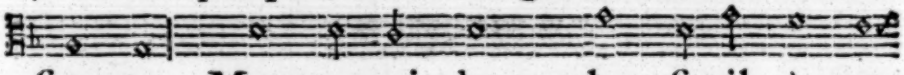
Comme l'argent, lorſque le feu l'éprouve,



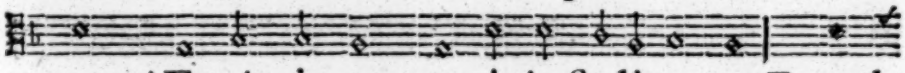
Quand on laffine au fourneau par ſept fois.



7. Ton peuple, ô Dieu, gémit dans la ſouf-



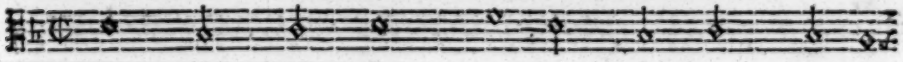
france : Montre-toi donc plus facile à nos



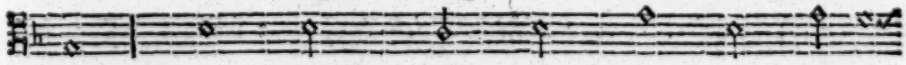
vœux ! Et réprimant une injuſte licence, Prends



ſoin de nous dans ces temps malheureux.



8. Tu vois, Seigneur, que les méchans domi-



nent : Leur nombre eſt grand, la force eſt en



leurs mains ; Les plus abjets contre nous ſe

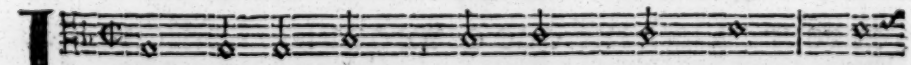


mutinent, Et nous ſervons aux plus vils des

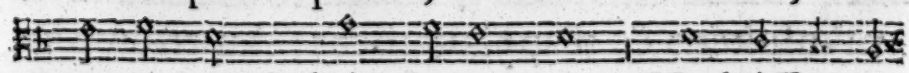


humains.

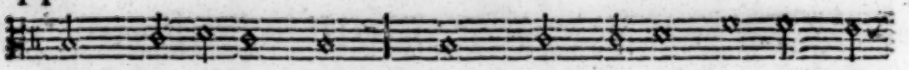
PSEAUME XIII.



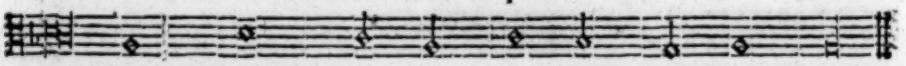
JUſques à quand, ô Dieu des cieux, Juſ-



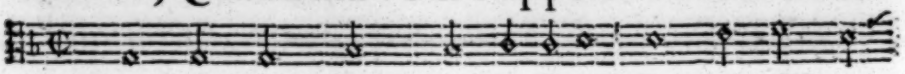
ques à quand, loin de tes yeux, Me laiſſes-tu



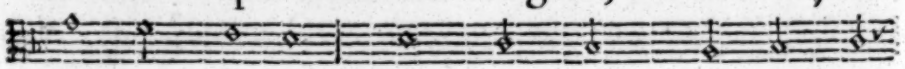
dans ces allarmes ? Pourquoi te cacher à mes



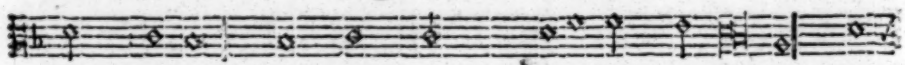
larmes, Quand ma voix t'appelle en tous lieux?



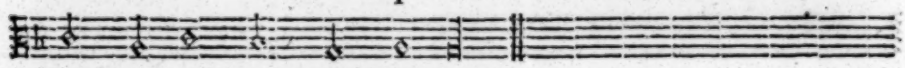
2. Faut-il que mon cœur agité, Et nuit & jour



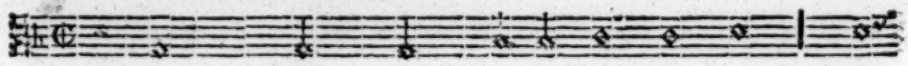
ſoit tourmenté ? Qu'à mes vœux tout ſemble



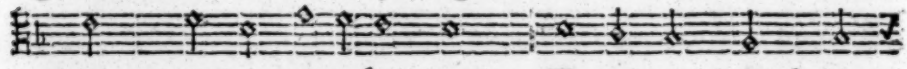
contraire ? Faut-il qu'un cruel adverſaire, S'é-



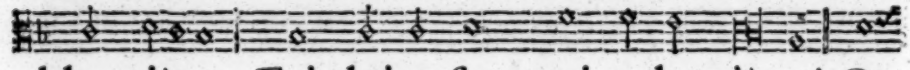
lève avec tant de fierté ?



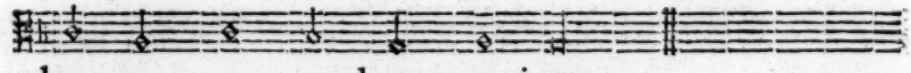
3. Grand Dieu, j'implore ton ſecours ! De



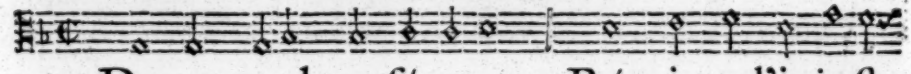
mes maux arrête le cours ; Exauce mon hum-



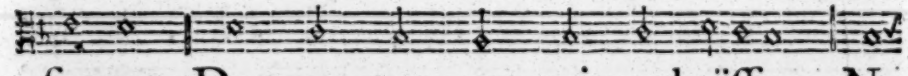
ble prière ; Fais luire ſur moi ta lumière ! Ou



la mort va trancher mes jours.



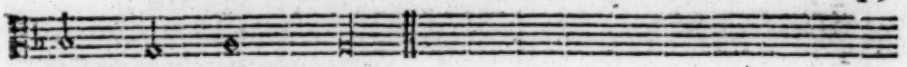
4. De ce cruel perſécuteur, Réprime l'injuſte



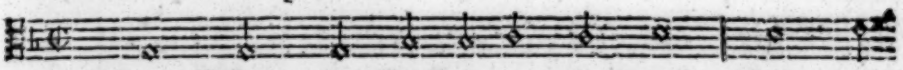
fureur ; De peur que ceux qui me haïſſent, Ne



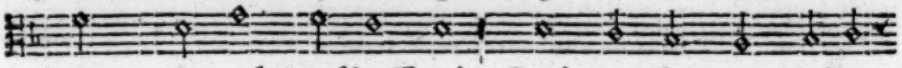
m'inſultent & n'applaudiſſent, Au triomphe



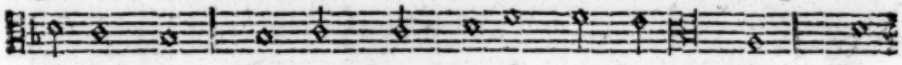
de mon vainqueur.



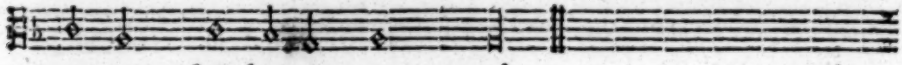
5. Mon Dieu, je n'eſpère qu'en toi : Fais moi



grâce, & calme l'effroi, Qui cauſe mes peines

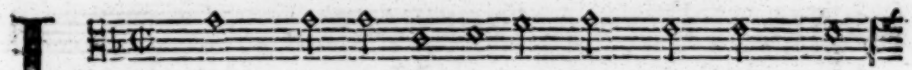


étranges ; Et je chanterai tes louanges, Te

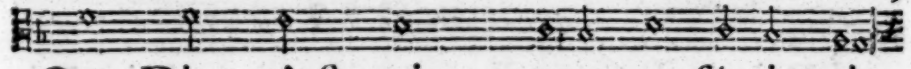


voyant déclaré pour moi.

PSEAUME XIV.



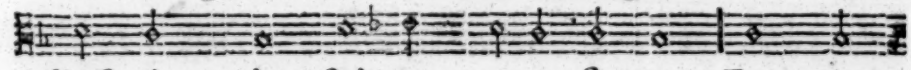
L'Homme inſenſé dit au fond de ſon cœur,



Que Dieu n'eſt point, cette penſée impie,



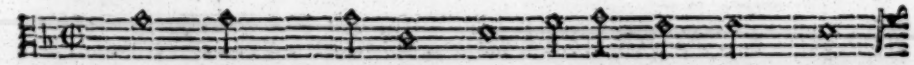
Corrompt ſes mœurs, & dérègle ſa vie. Que



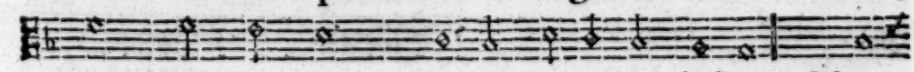
d'eſprits vains ſuivent, avec fureur, La même



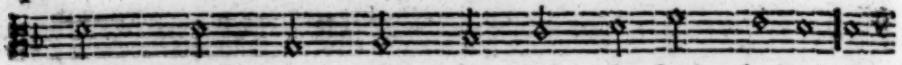
erreur !



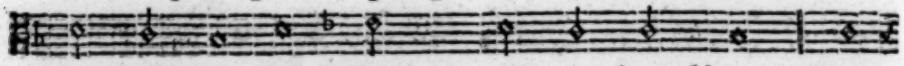
2. Le Tout-puiſſant a regardé des cieux,



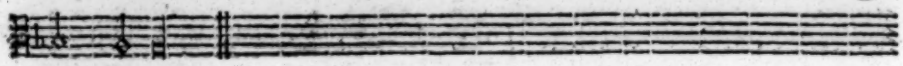
Tous les humains que le ſoleil éclaire, Cher-



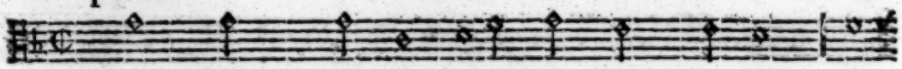
chant quelqu'un qui prît ſoin de lui plaire, Et



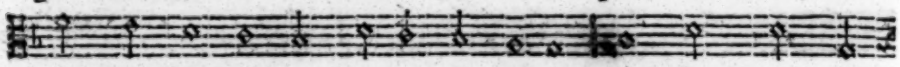
n'a trouvé nul homme, en ces bas lieux, Sage



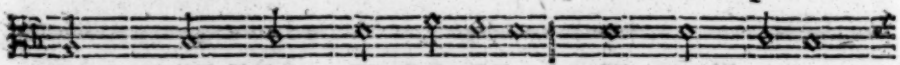
& pieux.



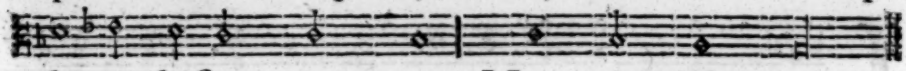
3. Loin d'en trouver, il a vu que chacun, S'é-



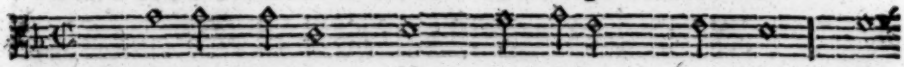
toit ſouillé des ordures du vice: Ce n'eſt par tout



que fraude & qu'injuſtice; Nul n'eſt exempt



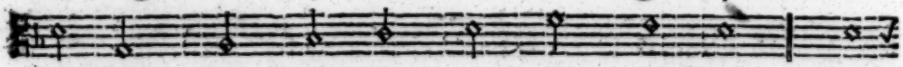
de ce défaut commun, Non pas même un.



4. Privés de ſens, ils mépriſent mes loix, Dit



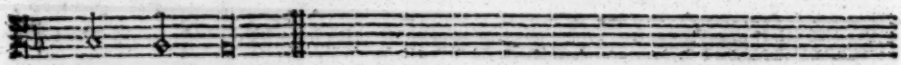
le Seigneur, & jamais ils ne changent; Comme



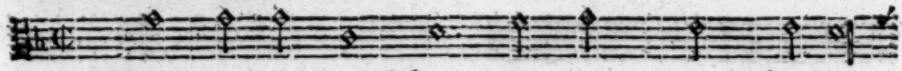
le pain mon pauvre peuple ils mangent, Loin



d'élever & leurs cœurs, & leurs voix, Au



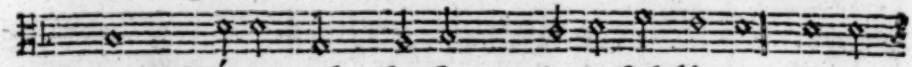
Roi des rois.



5. Mais tôt ou tard les méchans trembleront;



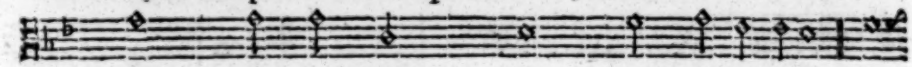
Saiſis, preſſés du remords de leur crimes :



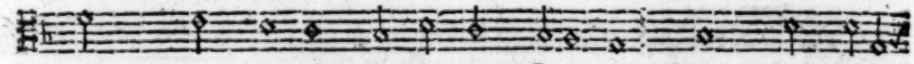
Quand l'Éternel, de ſon trône ſublime, Exau-



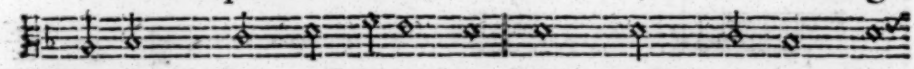
cera ceux qui l'invoqueront, Et l'aimeront.



6. Ah malheureux ! vous vous étudiez, A



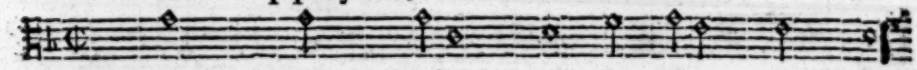
vous moquer de cette confiance, Dont l'affligé



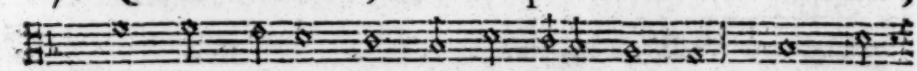
ſoutient ſon eſpérance ; Et nous voyant ſur



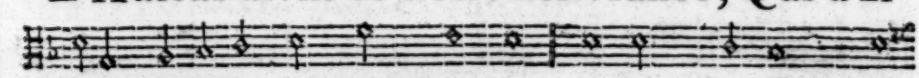
Dieu ſeul appuyés, Vous en riez.



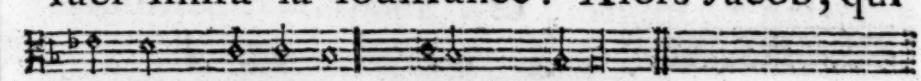
7. Quand eſt-ce, hélas ! que de Sion viendra,



L'Auteur divin de notre délivrance, Qui d'Iſ-

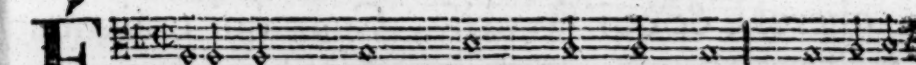


raël finira la ſouffrance ? Alors Jacob, qui

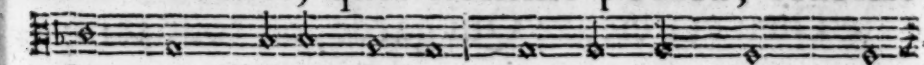


des fers ſortira, Triomphera.

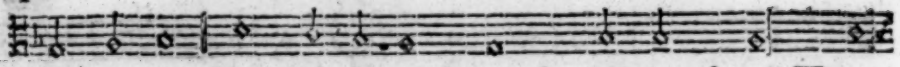
PSEAUME XV.



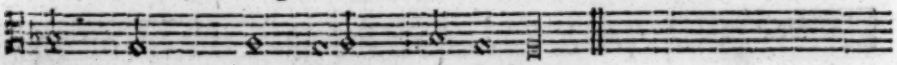
ÉTernel, quel homme pourra, Habiter



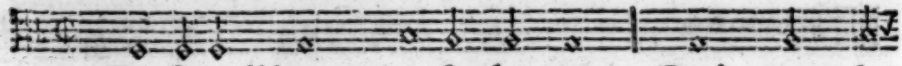
dans tes Tabernacles ? Qui ſur ton ſaint mont



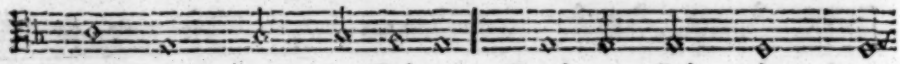
te verra; Et qui de ta bouche entendra, Tous



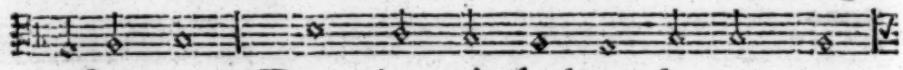
les jours, tes divins oracles?



2. Ce ſera l'homme ſeulement, Qui marche



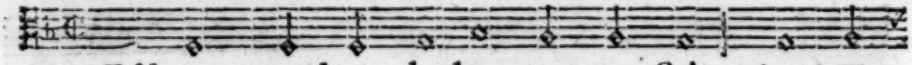
droit en toute affaire; Qui ne fait rien que



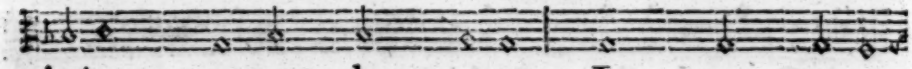
juſtement; Dont jamais la bouche ne ment,



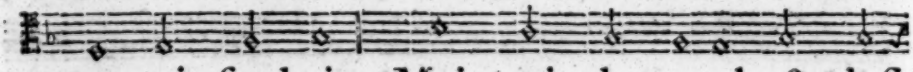
Soit pour ſurprendre, ſoit pour plaire.



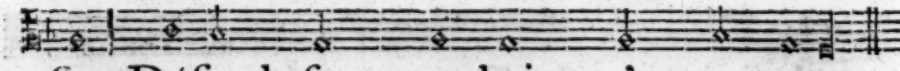
3. L'homme dont la langue ne fait, Aucune



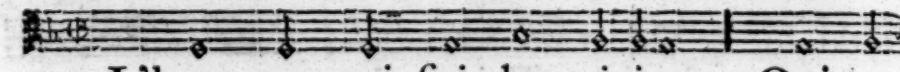
injure, aucun dommage; Le cœur, aucun



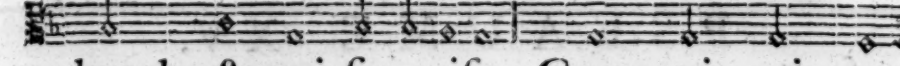
mauvais ſouhait; Mais qui, de parole & def-



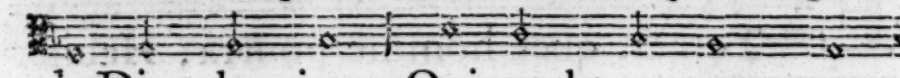
fet, Défend ſon prochain qu'on outrage.



4. L'homme, qui fuit les vicieux; Qui re-

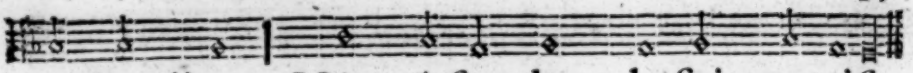


cherche & qui favoriſe, Ceux qui craignent

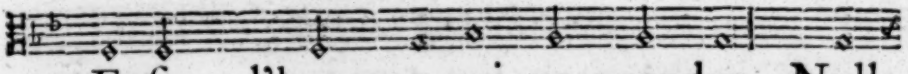


le Dieu des cieux; Qui garde, en tout temps,

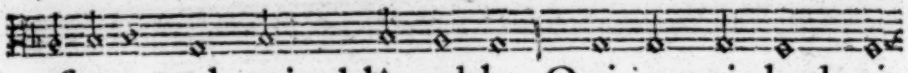
en



en tous lieux, Même à ſon dam, la foi promiſe.



5. Enfin, l'homme qui ne prendra, Nulle



uſure, nul gain blâmable, Qui jamais le droit

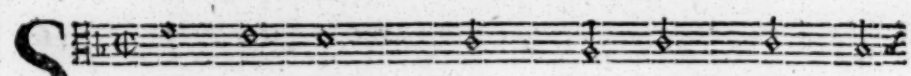


ne vendra. Celui qui ce chemin tiendra, Jouira

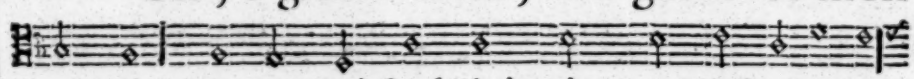


d'un bonheur durable.

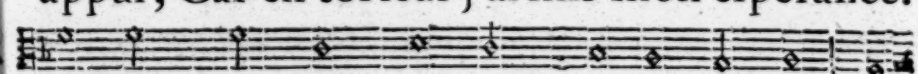
PSEAUME XVI.



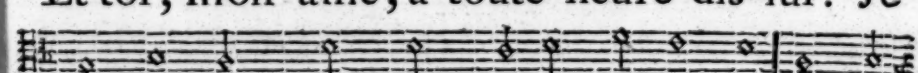
SOis, ô grand Dieu, ma garde & mon



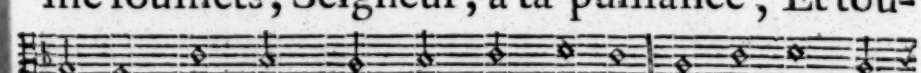
appui, Car en toi ſeul j'ai mis mon eſpérance.



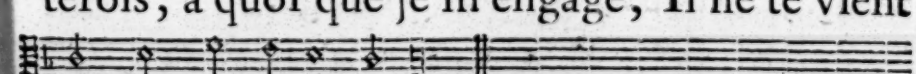
Et toi, mon ame, à toute heure dis-lui: Je



me ſoumets, Seigneur, à ta puiſſance; Et tou-



tefois, à quoi que je m'engage, Il ne te vient



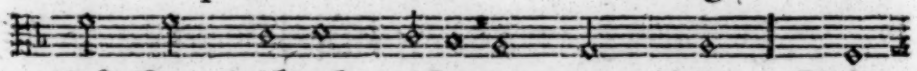
de moi nul avantage.



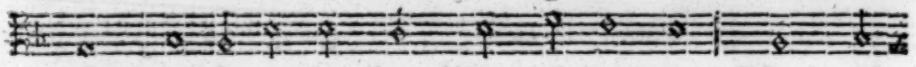
2. J'aïme les ſaints, j'aide les vertueux, Qu'on



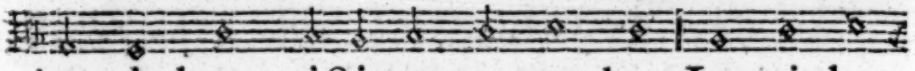
voit ſe plaire à chanter tes louanges : Mais



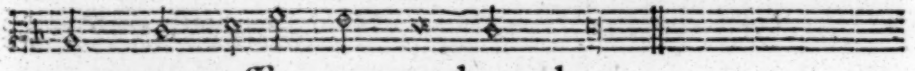
mal ſur mal eſt réſervé pour ceux, Qu'on



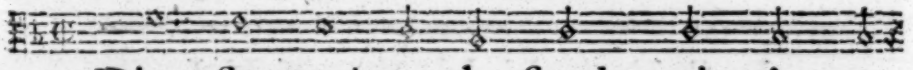
voit courir après les dieux étranges, Ma main



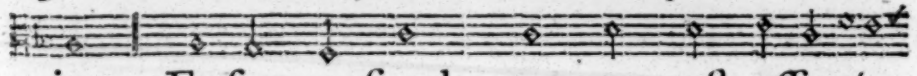
jamais leurs victimes ne touche ; Jamais leur



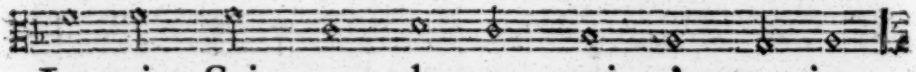
nom ne paſſe par ma bouche.



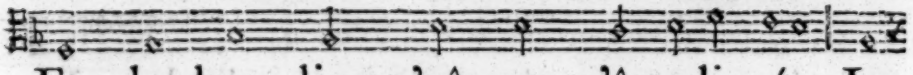
3. Dieu fut toujours le fonds qui m'entre-



tient ; Et ſur ce fonds ma rente eſt aſſurée.



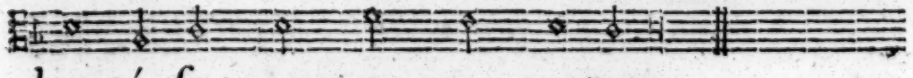
Jamais, Seigneur, la part qui m'appartient,



En plus beau lieu n'eût pu m'être livrée. Le



meilleur lot de ton riche héritage, Par ta

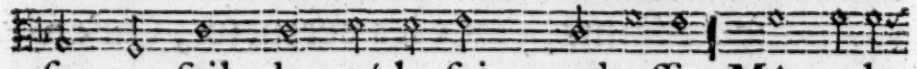


bonté, ſe trouve en mon partage.

PAUSE.



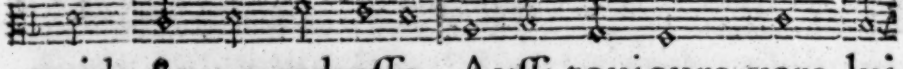
4. Béni ſoit Dieu, qui m'a ſi ſagement, De



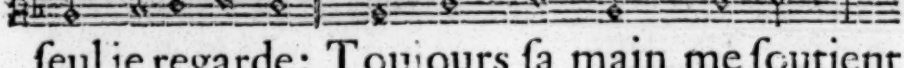
ſes conſeils donné la ſainte adreſſe : Même la



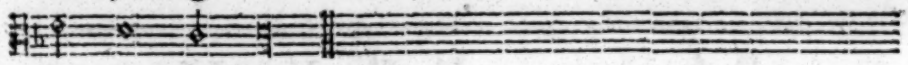
nuit j'y penſe mûrement, Et ſon eſprit me



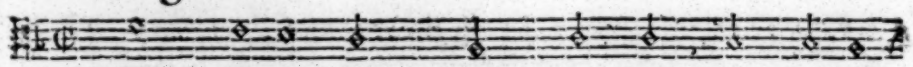
guide & me redreſſe. Auſſi toujours vers lui



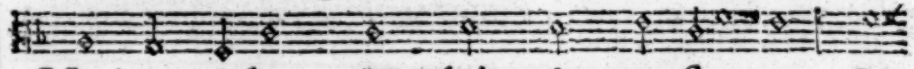
ſeul je regarde: Toujours ſa main me ſoutient



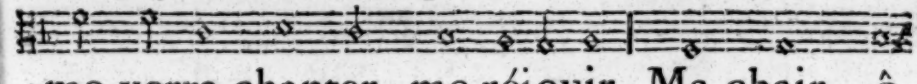
& me garde.



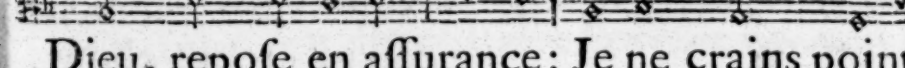
5. Dans cette paix, dont tu me fais jouir,



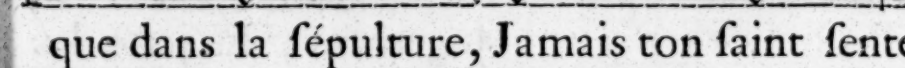
Ma joye éclate, & plein de confiance, On



me verra chanter, me réjouir. Ma chair, ô



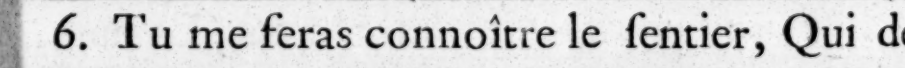
Dieu, repoſe en aſſurance: Je ne crains point



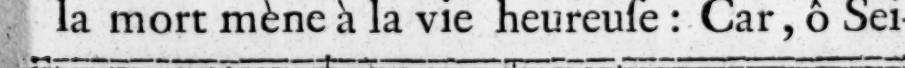
que dans la ſépulture, Jamais ton ſaint ſente



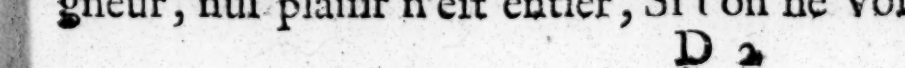
la pourriture.



6. Tu me feras connoître le ſentier, Qui de



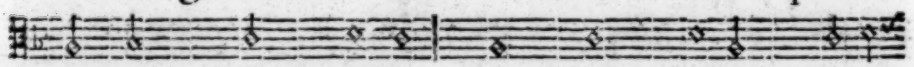
la mort mène à la vie heureuſe: Car, ô Sei-



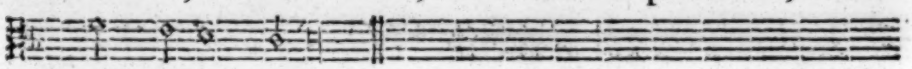
gneur, nul plaiſir n'eſt entier, Si l'on ne voit



ta face glorieuſe : C'eſt dans ta main que ſe

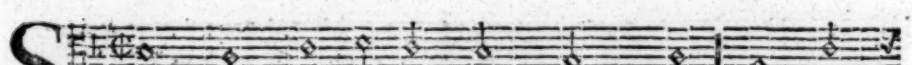


trouvent, ſans ceſſe, Les vrais plaiſirs, & la

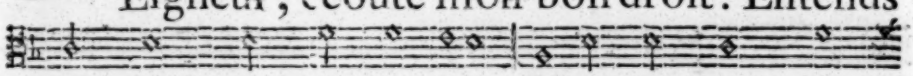


vraie allégreſſe.

PSEAUME XVII.



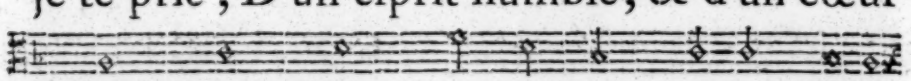
SEigneur, écoute mon bon droit : Entends



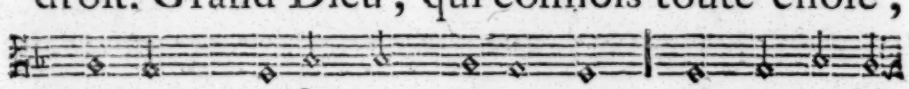
ma voix, lorſque je crie ; Exauce moi, quand



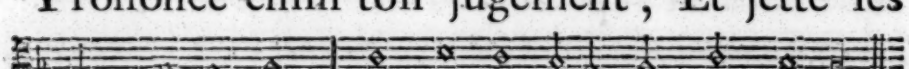
je te prie, D'un eſprit humble, & d'un cœur



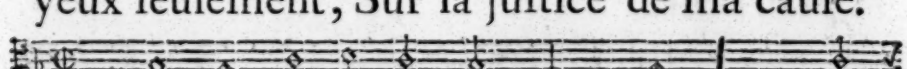
droit. Grand Dieu, qui connois toute choſe,



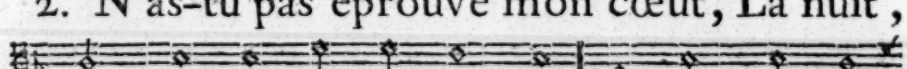
Prononce enfin ton jugement ; Et jette les



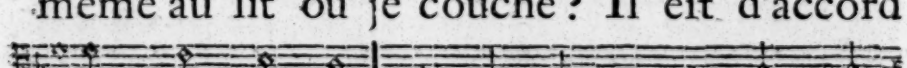
yeux ſeulement, Sur la juſtice de ma cauſe.



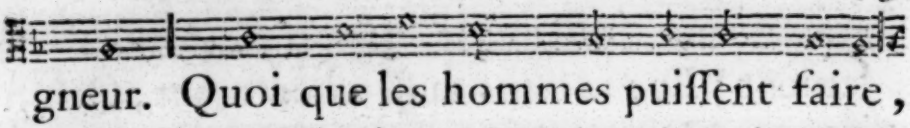
2. N'as-tu pas éprouvé mon cœut, La nuit,



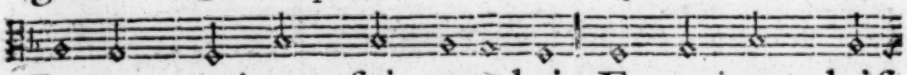
même au lit où je couche ? Il eſt d'accord



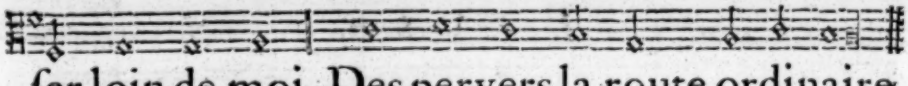
avec ma bouche ; Tu l'as ainſi trouvé, Sei-



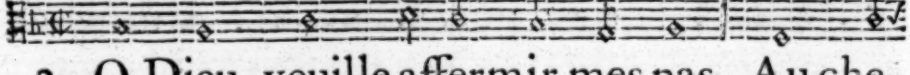
gneur. Quoi que les hommes puiſſent faire,



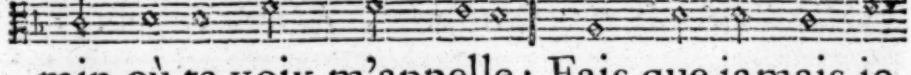
Je veux toujours ſuivre ta loi ; Et toujours laiſ-



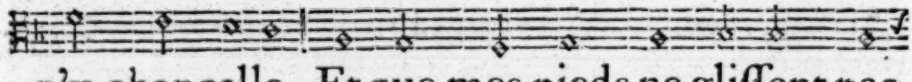
ſer loin de moi, Des pervers la route ordinaire.



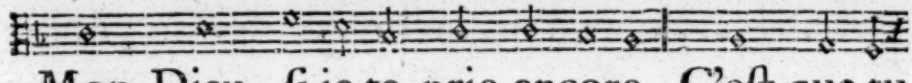
3. O Dieu, veuille affermir mes pas, Au che-



min où ta voix m'appelle ; Fais que jamais je



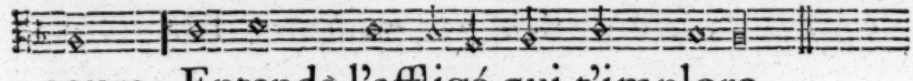
n'y chancelle, Et que mes pieds ne gliſſent pas.



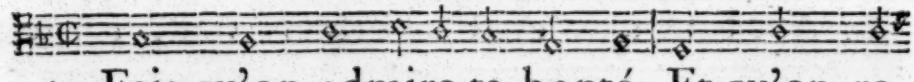
Mon Dieu, ſi je te prie encore, C'eſt que tu



m'exauce toujours: Prête l'oreille à mes diſ-



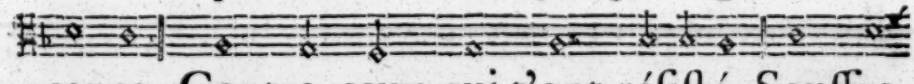
cours ; Entends l'affligé qui t'implore.



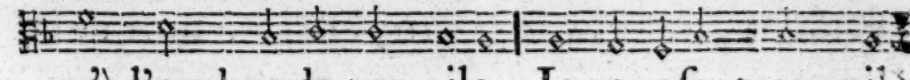
4. Fais qu'on admire ta bonté, Et qu'on re-



doute ta puiſſance : Toi qui protège l'inno-



cence, Contre ceux qui t'ont réſiſté. Souffre



qu'à l'ombre de ton aile, Je repoſe tranquil-

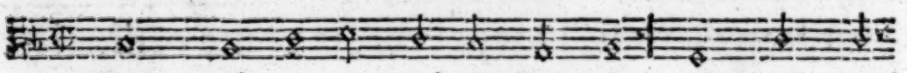


lement ; Et me tiens auſſi chèrement, Qu'on

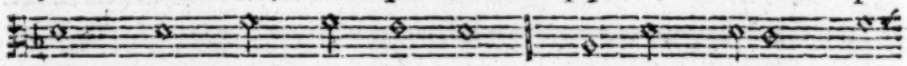


tient de ſon œil la prunelle.

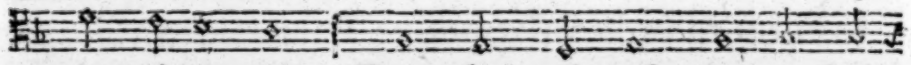
PAUSE.



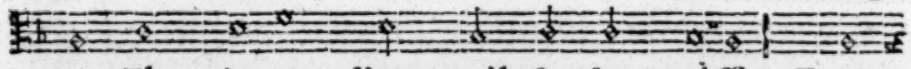
5. Sans toi je ne puis échapper, A ceux qui



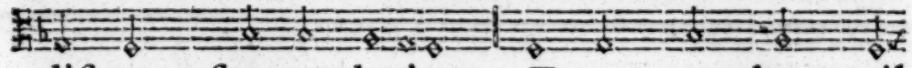
tant d'ennuis me donnent, A ces cruels, qui



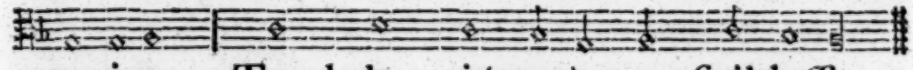
m'environnent, Dont la main eſt prête à frap-



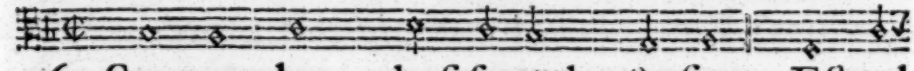
per. Ils crèvent d'orgueil & de graiſſe ; Leurs



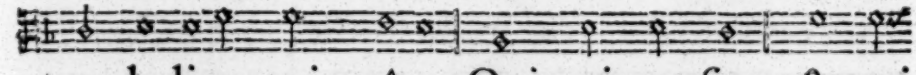
diſcours ſont audacieux, Et par tout leur œil



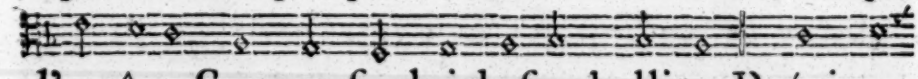
envieux, Tend des piéges à ma foibleſſe.



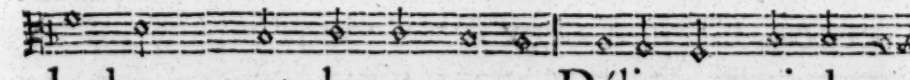
6. Sur tout leur chef ſuperbe & fier, Eſt tel



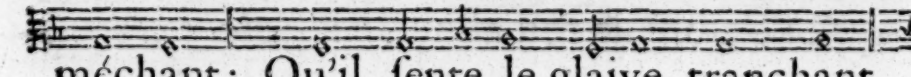
que le lion qui quête, Qui voit un fan, & qui



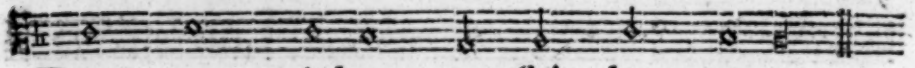
l'arrête, Sortant ſur lui de ſon hallier. Préviens-



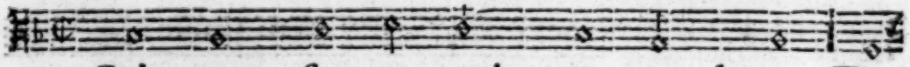
le donc, mets le par terre; Délivre moi de ce



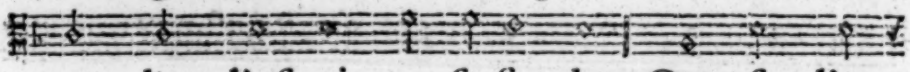
méchant; Qu'il ſente le glaive tranchant,



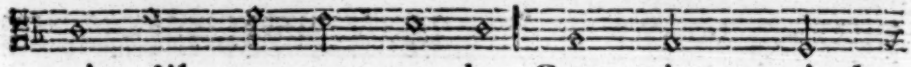
Dont aux méchans tu fais la guerre.



7. Seigneur, ſauve moi, par ton bras, De



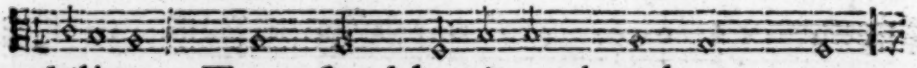
ceux dont l'eſpoir ne ſe fonde, Que ſur l'ap-



pui qu'ils ont au monde, Sans rien craindre



après le trépas. Leurs cœurs nagent dans les



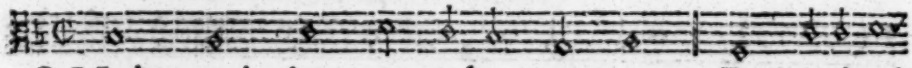
délices ; Tout ſemble répondre à leurs vœux ;



Leurs enfans même ont, après eux, Leur



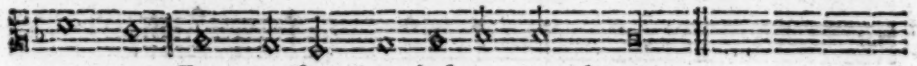
abondance avec leurs vices.



8 Mais moi, dans un éclat nouveau, Je jouirai

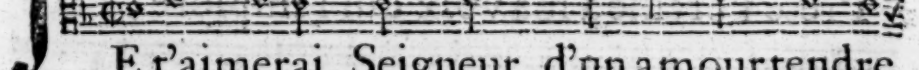


de ta préſence, Quand, paré de mon inno-

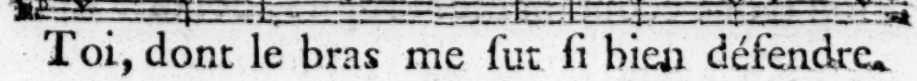


cence, Je me leverai du tombeau.

PSEAUME XVIII.



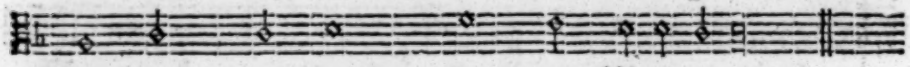
JE t'aimerai, Seigneur, d'un amour tendre.



Toi, dont le bras me ſut ſi bien défendre.



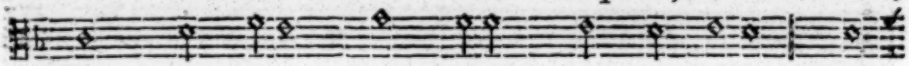
Dieu fut toujours mon fort, mon protecteur,



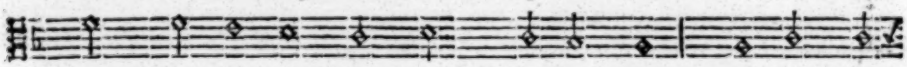
Ma tour, ma roche, & mon libérateur.



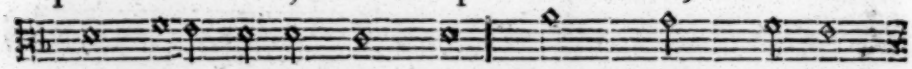
1. Je trouve en lui tout ce que je ſouhaite,



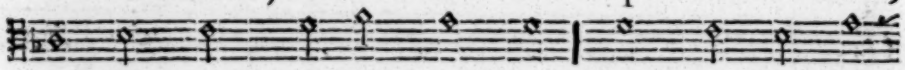
Mon bouclier, mon ſalut, ma retraite : Dès



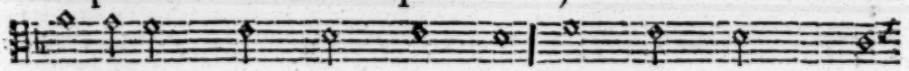
qu'au beſoin je l'invoque avec foi, Des enne-



mis délivré je me vois. Tels qu'un torrent,



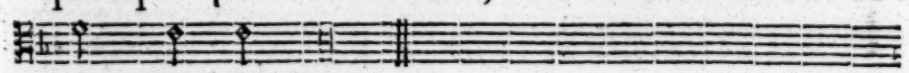
ils penſoient me ſurprendre ; Cent fois la mort



ſes filets me vint tendre ; Et tous les jours,



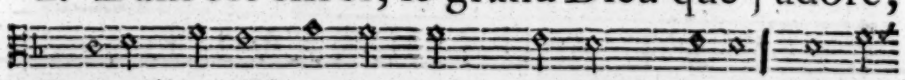
quelque péril nouveau, Me conduiſoit ſur le



bord du tombeau.



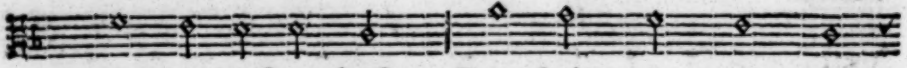
2. Dans cet effroi, le grand Dieu que j'adore,



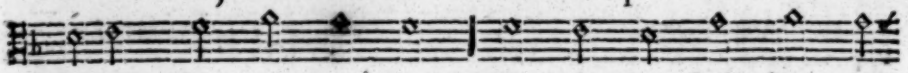
Prête l'oreille à ma voix qui l'implore, Et de



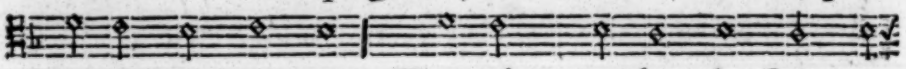
ſon trône écoutant mes ſoupirs, Se laiſſe vain-



cre à mes juſtes déſirs. Soudain par tout trem-



blèrent les campagnes ; On vit ſoudain les plus



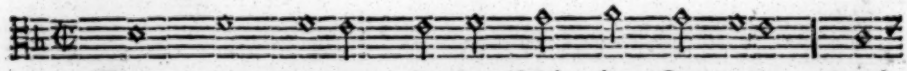
hautes montagnes, Frémir, couler du faîte au



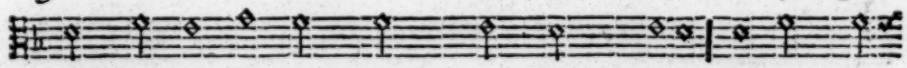
fondement, Tant ſon courroux ſe montra



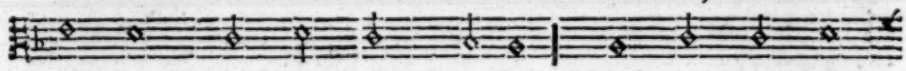
véhément.



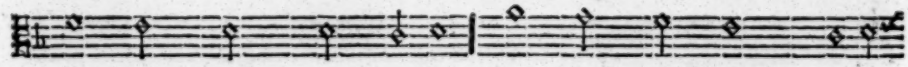
3. De tous côtés s'étendoit la fumée, Qui



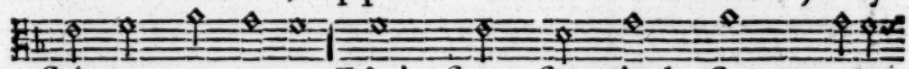
s'exhaloit de ſa bouche enflammée ; Il en ſor-



toit des charbons embraſés, Qui conſumoient



tous les lieux, oppoſés. Le ciel s'abaiſſe ; il y



fait ouverture : L'air ſous ſes pieds forme une



nuit obſcure ; Environné de Chérubins vo-

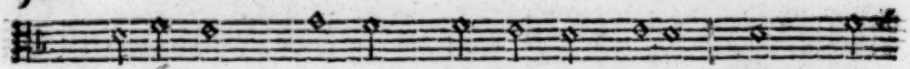


lans, Il eſt porté ſur les ailes des vents.

PAUSE I.



4. Il ſe couvroit des plus épaiſſes nues, Com-



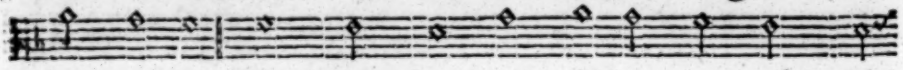
me une tente autour de lui tendues: D'où s'e-



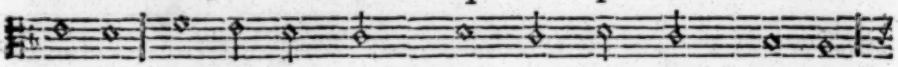
chappoit une vive clarté, Qui devant lui chaſ-



ſoit l'obſcurité. Les feux ardens, la grêle, le



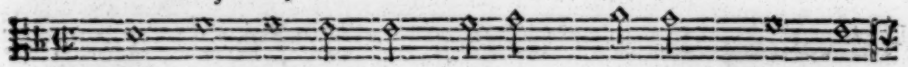
tonnerre, S'entre-choquant épouvantoient la



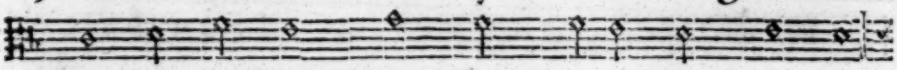
terre: Sa forte voix, qui rouloit dans les airs,



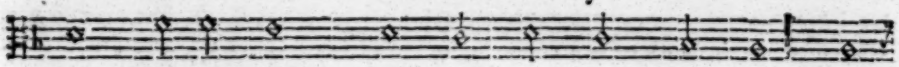
Et devançoit, & ſuivoit les éclairs.



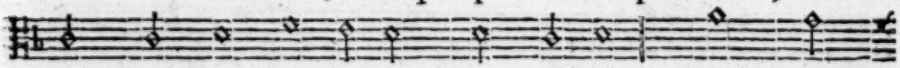
5. Des ennemis les frayeurs furent grandes:



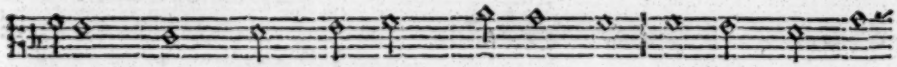
Dans un inſtant Dieu foudroya leurs bandes:



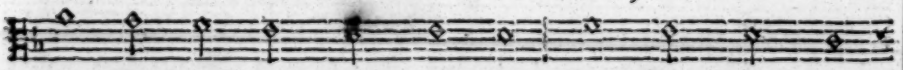
Par mille traits, coup après coup lancé, Tous



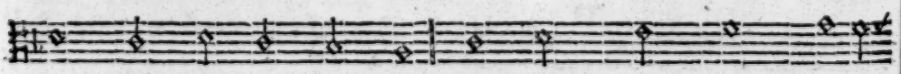
ces méchans ſe virent renverſés. D'un ſouffle



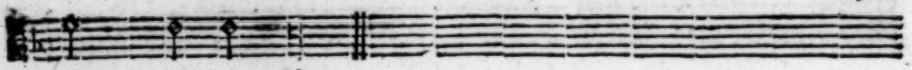
alors ouvrant le ſein de londe, Il découvrit



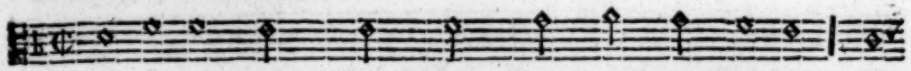
les fondemens du monde. Du haut des cieux



ſa main il me tendit, Et hors des eaux ſur le



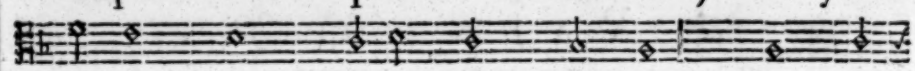
bord me rendit.



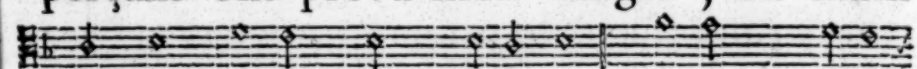
6. Il a détruit mes plus fiers adverſaires, Et



diſſipé tous les partis contraires ; Ses yeux



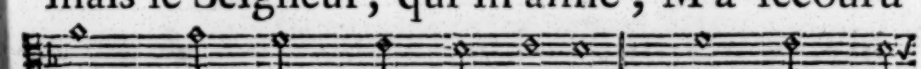
perçans ont prévu mon danger ; Sa main



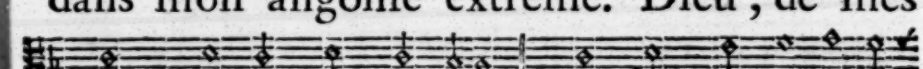
puiſſante a ſû m'en dégager. J'étois preſſé ;



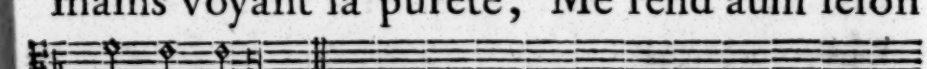
mais le Seigneur, qui m'aime, M'a ſecouru



dans mon angoiſſe extrême. Dieu, de mes



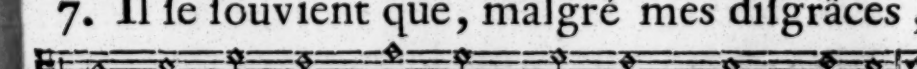
mains voyant la pureté, Me rend auſſi ſelon



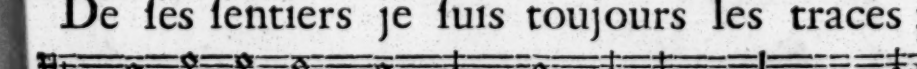
mon équité.



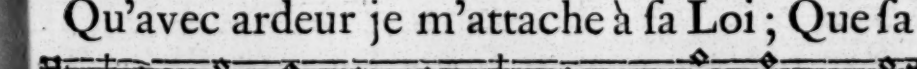
7. Il ſe ſouvient que, malgré mes diſgrâces,



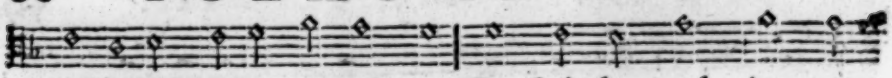
De ſes ſentiers je ſuis toujours les traces ;



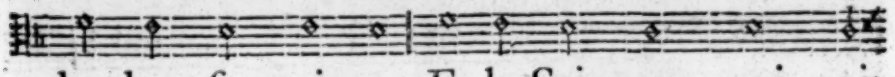
Qu'avec ardeur je m'attache à ſa Loi ; Que ſa



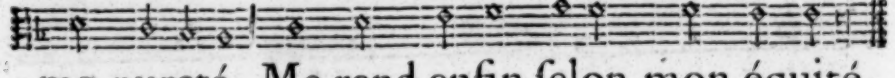
parole eſt l'objet de ma foi. Toujours ſou-



mis à ſa volonté ſainte, Je fuis le mal, je mar-

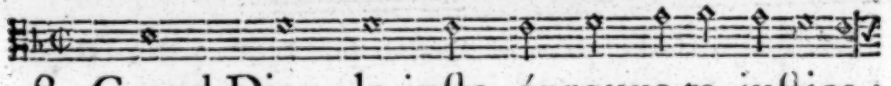


che dans ſa crainte : Et le Seigneur, qui voit

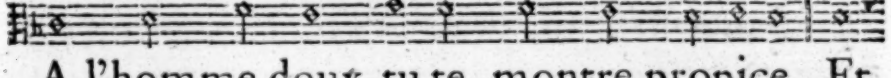


ma pureté, Me rend enfin ſelon mon équité.

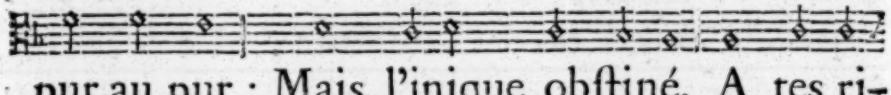
PAUSE II.



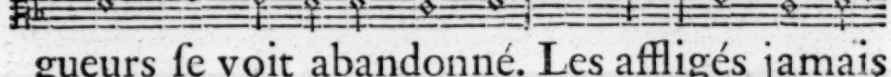
8. Grand Dieu, le juſte éprouve ta juſtice :



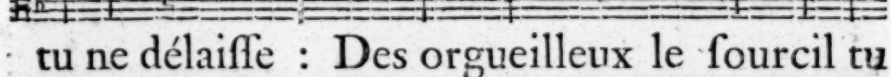
A l'homme doux tu te montre propice, Et



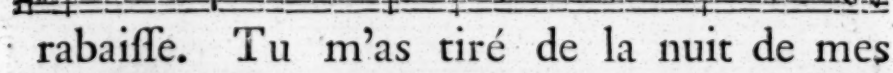
pur au pur ; Mais l'inique obſtiné. A tes ri-



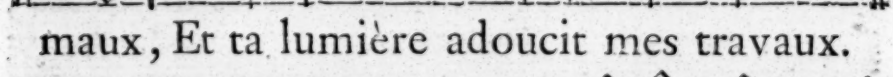
gueurs ſe voit abandonné. Les affligés jamais



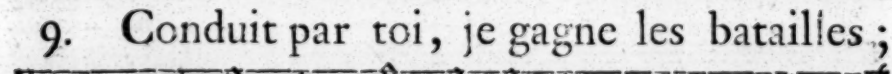
tu ne délaiſſe : Des orgueilleux le ſourcil tu



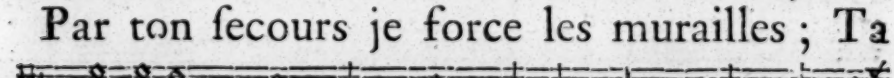
rabaiſſe. Tu m'as tiré de la nuit de mes



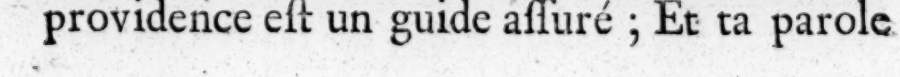
maux, Et ta lumière adoucit mes travaux.



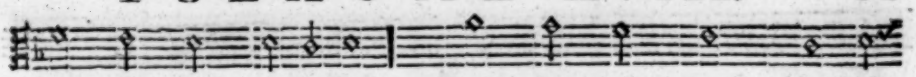
9. Conduit par toi, je gagne les batailles ;



Par ton ſecours je force les murailles ; Ta



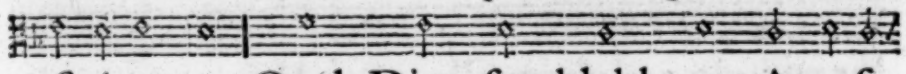
providence eſt un guide aſſuré ; Et ta parole



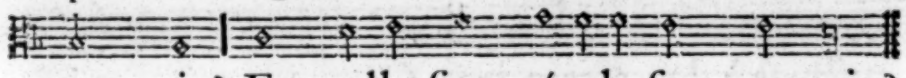
eſt de l'or épuré : C'eſt le rempart, c'eſt la



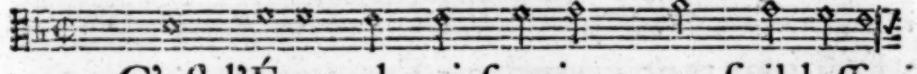
forte défenſe, De ceux qui n'ont qu'en lui leur



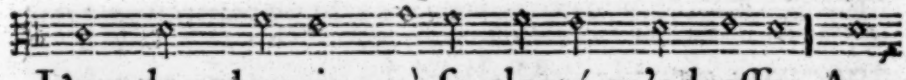
eſpérance. Quel Dieu ſemblable au nôtre ſe



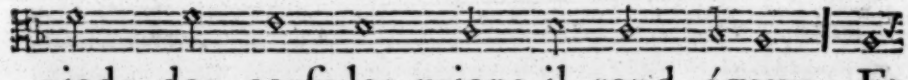
peut voir? Et quelle force égale ſon pouvoir?



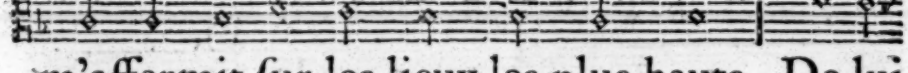
10. C'eſt l'Éternel qui ſoutient ma foibleſſe,



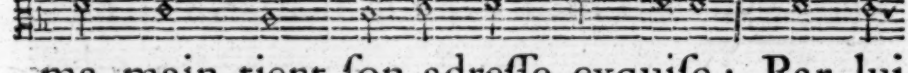
Dans les chemins où ſa clarté m'adreſſe: Aux



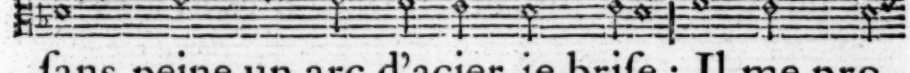
pieds des cerfs les miens il rend égaux, Et



m'affermit ſur les lieux les plus hauts. De lui



ma main tient ſon adreſſe exquiſe ; Par lui



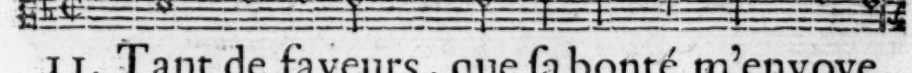
ſans peine un arc d'acier je briſe : Il me pro-



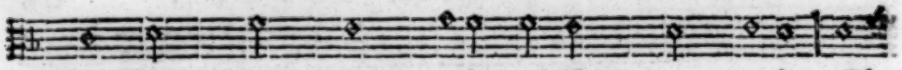
tège en mon adverſité. Il me ſoulage en mon



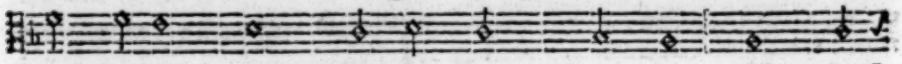
infirmité.



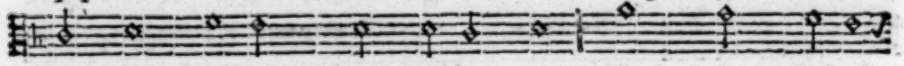
11. Tant de faveurs, que ſa bonté m'envoye,



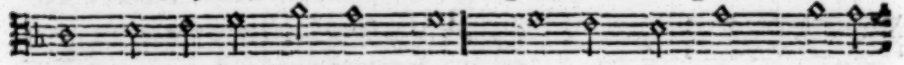
Hauſſant mon rang, élargiſſant ma voie : Il



applanit mon chemin ſous mes pas ; Il m'af-



fermit, je ne chancelle pas. J'ai pourſuivi,



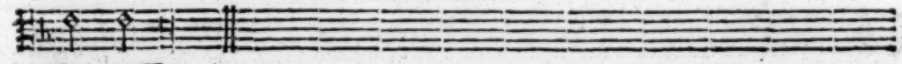
juſques à les atteindre, Ces ennemis, qui ſe



faiſoient tant craindre ; Et par mes coups ces

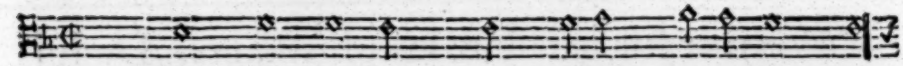


ennemis percés, Malgré leur force, ont été

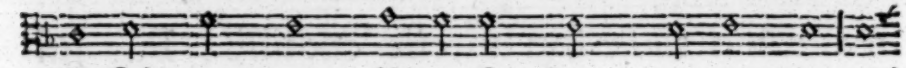


terraſſés.

PAUSE III.



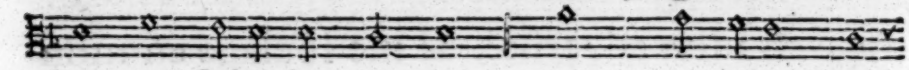
12. Dieu me renforce au milieu des allarmes,



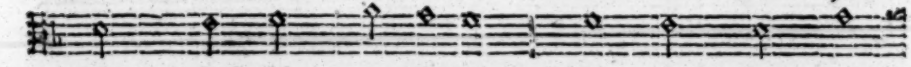
Et fait que tout plie enfin ſous mes armes : Il



me fit voir le dos des ennemis, Quand ſa co-



lère en fuite les eut mis. Leurs cris alors juſ-



qu'au ciel ils pouſſèrent : Le ciel fut ſourd



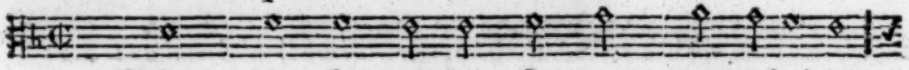
aux cris qu'ils redoublèrent. A grands ruiſ-



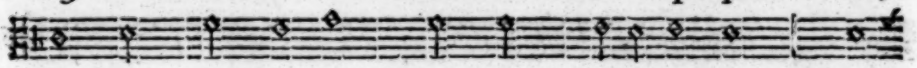
ſeaux par tout leur ſang couloit; Comme



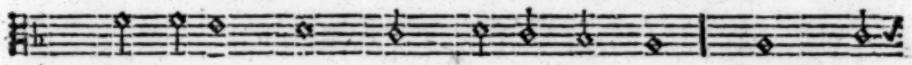
la boue aux pieds on les fouloit.



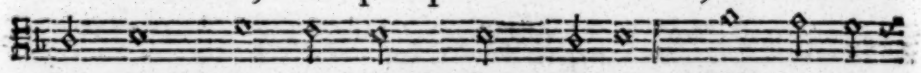
13. Dieu m'a ſauvé des fureurs populaires,



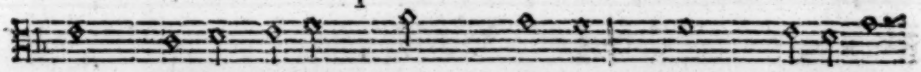
Il m'a rendu les Princes tributaires. Pour



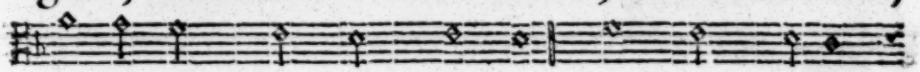
m'honorer, les peuples inconnus, Du bout



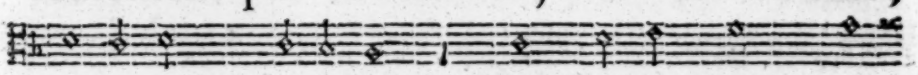
du monde à mes pieds ſont venus. Mille étran-



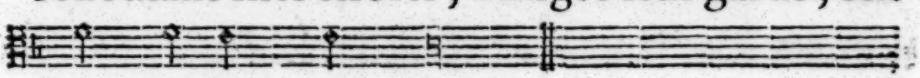
gers, diſſimulant leur crainte, M'ont revéré,



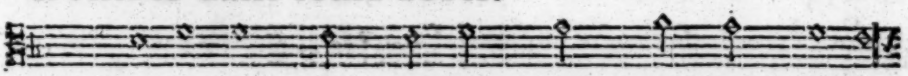
ſeulement par contrainte; Les rois voiſins,



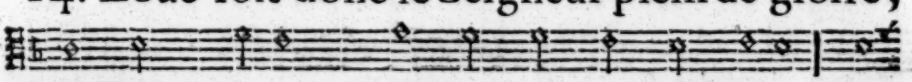
redoutant mes efforts, Malgré leur garde, ont



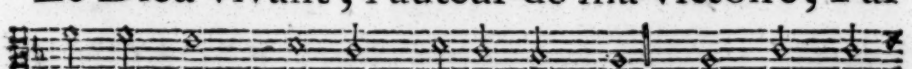
tremblé dans leurs forts.



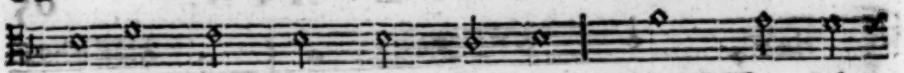
14. Loué ſoit donc le Seigneur plein de gloire,



Le Dieu vivant, l'auteur de ma victoire, Par



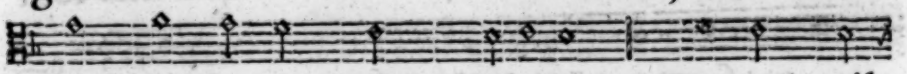
qui je vois mes ouvrages vengés, Par qui ſous



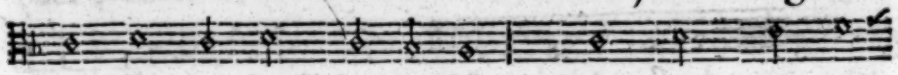
moi les peuples ſont rangés. Quand les plus



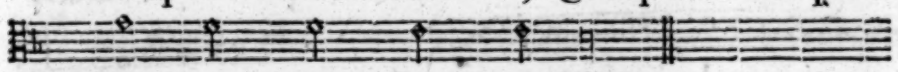
grands contre moi ſe ſoulèvent, Au-deſſus



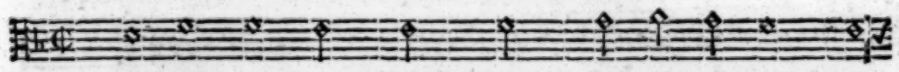
d'eux ſes fortes mains m'élèvent; Des orgueil-



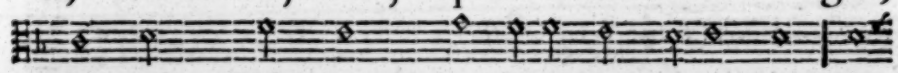
leux il previent le deſſein, Que pour me per-



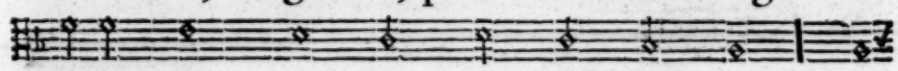
dre ils couvoient dans leur ſein.



15. Auſſi toujours juſqu'aux climats étranges,



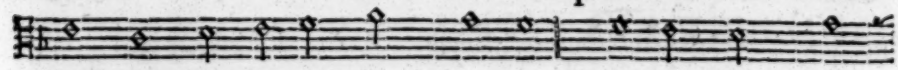
Ma voix, Seigneur, portera tes louanges. Je



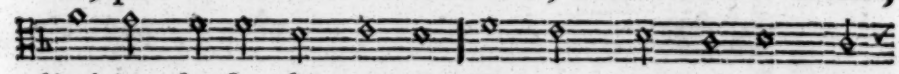
béni Dieu, qui pour ſon roi fait voir, Les



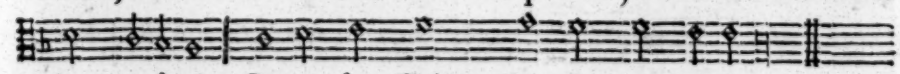
hauts effets d'un merveilleux pouvoir. Il a ſau-



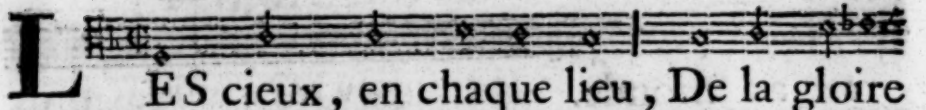
vé, par ſa faveur immenſe, David ſon Oint,



l'objet de ſa clémence: Et pour jamais ce Dieu



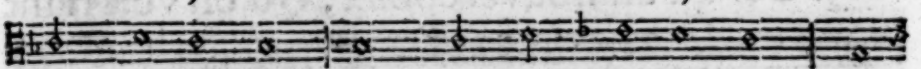
de vérité, Sera le Dieu de ſa poſtérité.



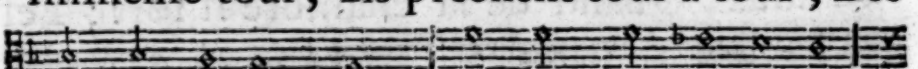
LES cieux, en chaque lieu, De la gloire



de Dieu, Inſtruiſent les humains; Dans leur



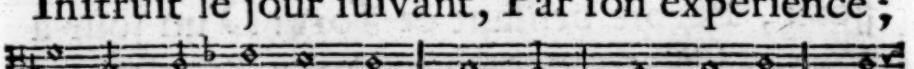
immenſe tour, Ils prêchent tour à tour, Les



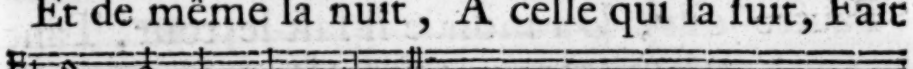
œuvres de ſes mains. Le jour qui va devant,



Inſtruit le jour ſuivant, Par ſon expérience;



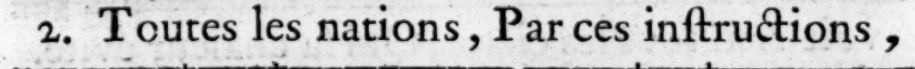
Et de même la nuit, A celle qui la ſuit, Fait



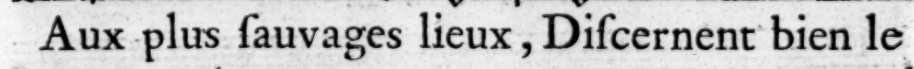
part de ſa ſcience.



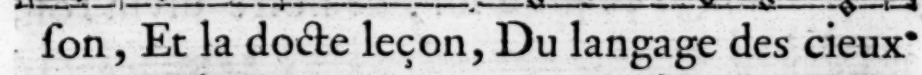
2. Toutes les nations, Par ces inſtructions,



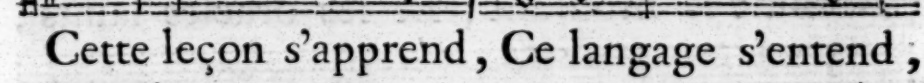
Aux plus ſauvages lieux, Diſcernent bien le



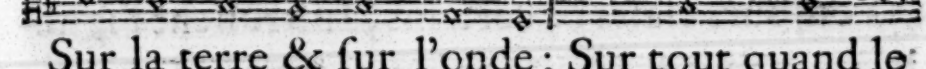
ſon, Et la docte leçon, Du langage des cieux.



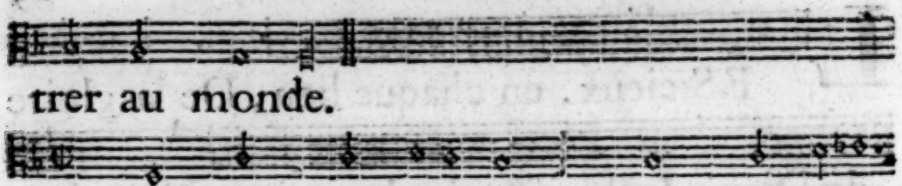
Cette leçon s'apprend, Ce langage s'entend,



Sur la terre & ſur l'onde; Sur tout quand le



ſoleil, Sous ce dais ſans pareil, Vient ſe mon-

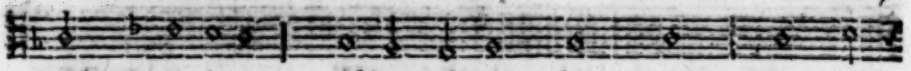


trer au monde.

3. Tel qu'un nouvel époux, Qu'on voit riant & doux, Quand de ſa chambre il ſort ; Tel qu'un Prince fameux, Qui ſur un char pompeux, Paroît brillant & fort : D'un jour à l'autre jour, Du monde il fait le tour, Tant il court juſte & vîte : Cet aſtre glorieux, Ne voit rien ſous les cieux, Qui ſa chaleur évite.

PAUSE.

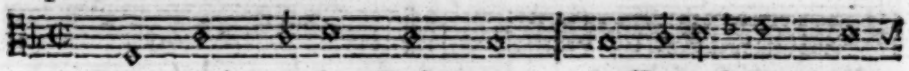
4. La ſage & juſte loi, de notre divin roi, Ranime le mourant ; Et ſes oracles ſaints, Toujours clairs & certains, Inſtruiſent l'ignorant. Que de ce roi des rois, Les réglemens ſont droits ! Le cœur ils réjouiſſent : Ses con-



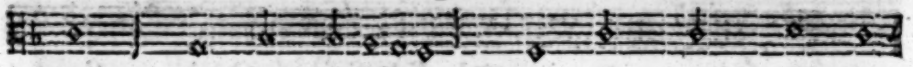
ſeils précieux ; Illuminent les yeux, De ceux



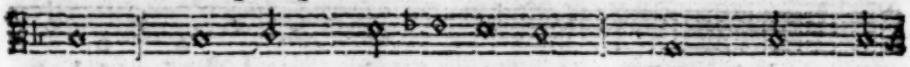
qui les chériſſent.



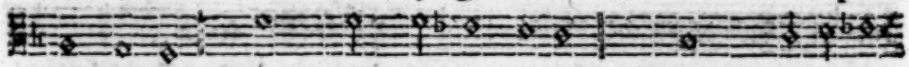
5. La crainte du Seigneur, Aſſure leur bon-



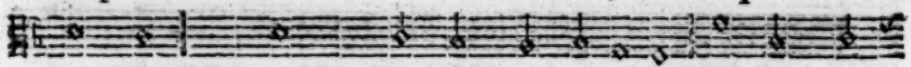
heur, A perpétuité. Tous ſes commande-



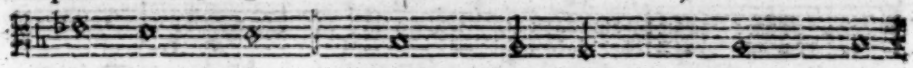
mens, Et tous ſes jugemens, Sont remplis



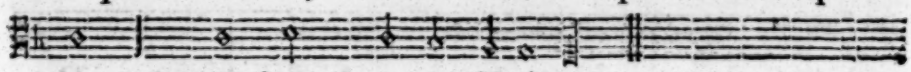
d'équité. C'eſt un riche tréſor, Plus précieux



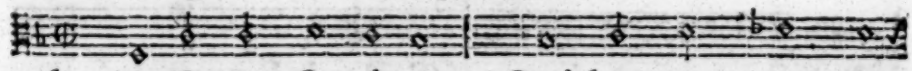
que l'or, Qu'au creuſet on affine; Et le miel



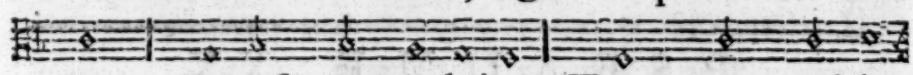
le plus doux, L'eſt beaucoup moins pour



nous, Que leur vertu divine.



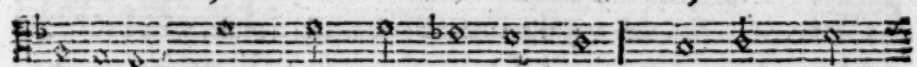
6. Auſſi ton ſerviteur, Qui les porte en ſon



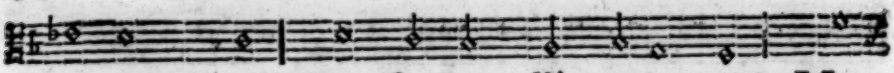
cœur, En eſt tout éclairé. Tous ceux qui les



ſuivront, De ta main recevront, Un ſalaire



aſſuré. Mais qui peut ſe vanter, De connoître,



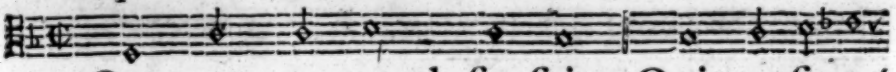
ou compter, Ses fautes d'ignorance? Mon



Dieu, pour ces péchés, A moi-même cachés,



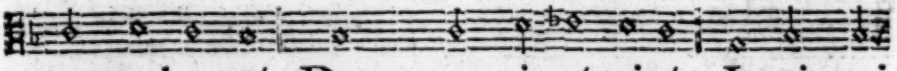
J'implore ta clémence.



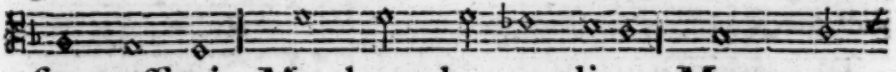
7. Que tous ces grands forfaits, Qui par fierté



ſont faits, Ne règnent point en moi: Alors



par ta bonté, Dans mon intégrité, Je vivrai



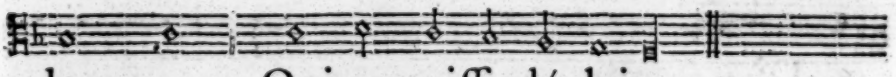
ſans effroi. Ma bouche ne dira, Mon cœur



ne penſera, Ma main ne pourra faire, Rien,



ô Dieu, mon Sauveur, Rien, ô mon Re-

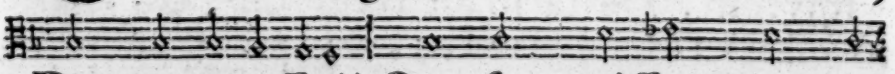


dempteur, Qui te puiſſe déplaire.

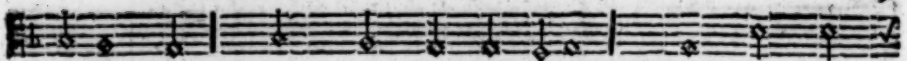
PSEAUME XX.



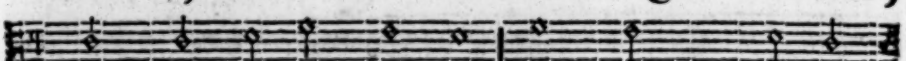
QUe le Seigneur tes vœux entende,



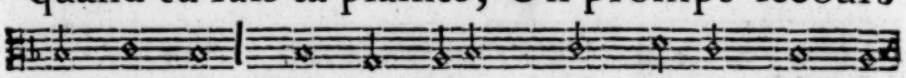
Dans ta néceſſité! Que ſon puiſſant nom te



défende, Dans ton adverſité ! Que du ciel,



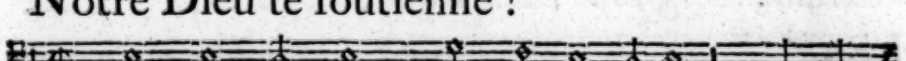
quand tu fais ta plainte, Un prompt ſecours



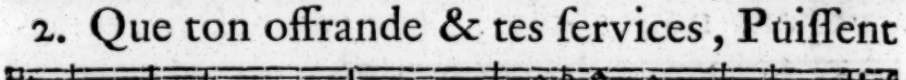
te vienne ! Que de Sion, ſa maiſon ſainte,



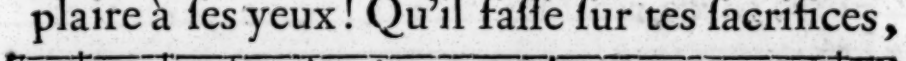
Notre Dieu te ſoutienne !



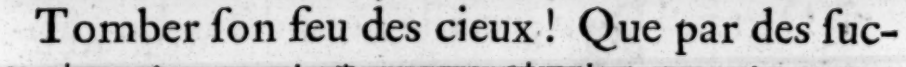
2. Que ton offrande & tes ſervices, Puiſſent



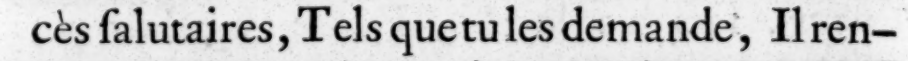
plaire à ſes yeux ! Qu'il faſſe ſur tes ſacrifices,



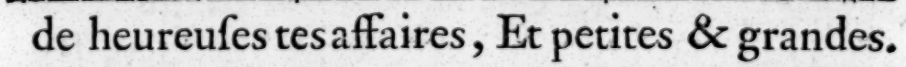
Tomber ſon feu des cieux ! Que par des ſuc-



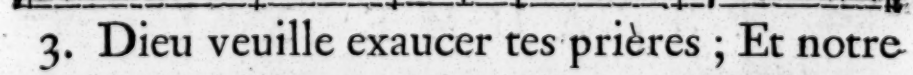
cès ſalutaires, Tels que tu les demande, Il ren-



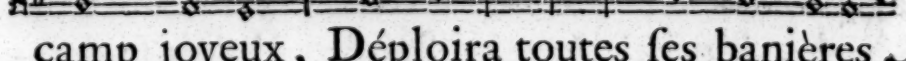
de heureuſes tes affaires, Et petites & grandes.



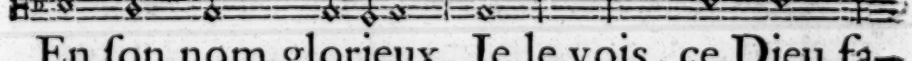
3. Dieu veuille exaucer tes prières ; Et notre



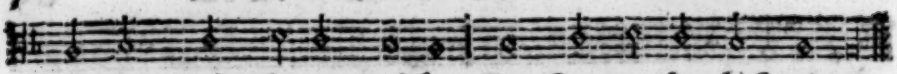
camp joyeux, Déploira toutes ſes banières,



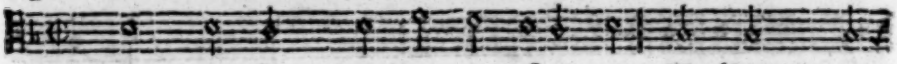
En ſon nom glorieux. Je le vois, ce Dieu fa-



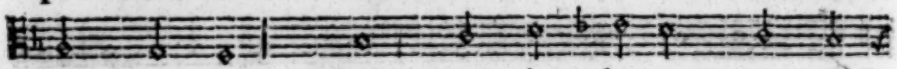
vorable, Qui montre au roi ſa face ; Et qui



par ſa main ſecourable, Le ſauve de diſgrâce.



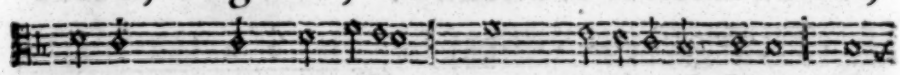
4. L'un en ſes chars a confiance, Et l'autre en



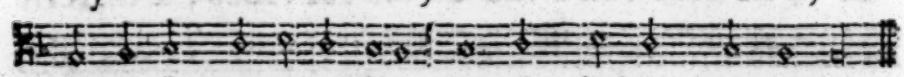
ſes chevaux ; Mais nous implorons ta puiſ-



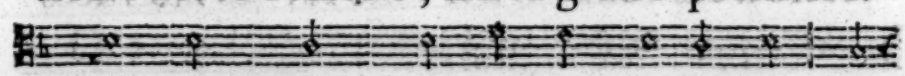
ſance, Seigneur, en tous nos maux. Auſſi,



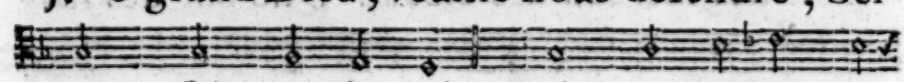
voyons-nous abolie, Leur vanité ſi fière, Et



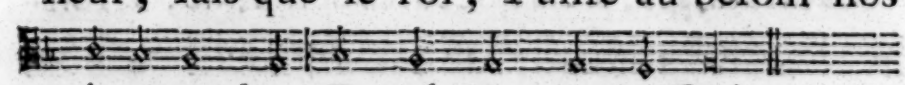
notre force rétablie, En ſa gloire première.



5. O grand Dieu, veuille nous défendre ; Sei-

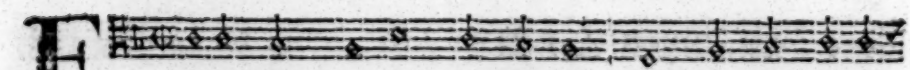


neur, fais que le roi, Puiſſe au beſoin nos

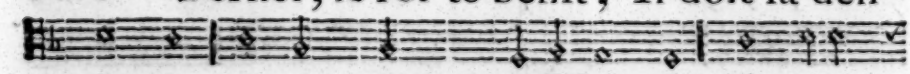


cris entendre, Et calmer notre effroi.

PSEAUME XXI.



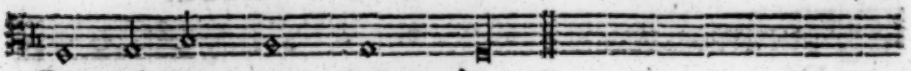
ETernel, le roi te bénit, Il doit ſa déli-



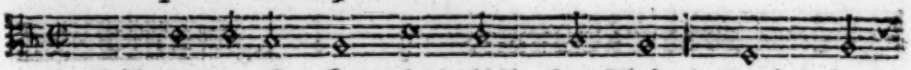
vrance, A ta prompte aſſiſtance : Il triom-



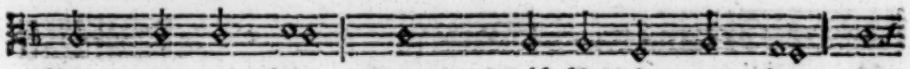
phe, il ſe réjouit, Ton peuple va le voir,



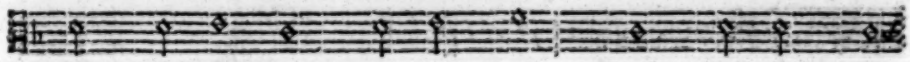
Sauvé par ton pouvoir.



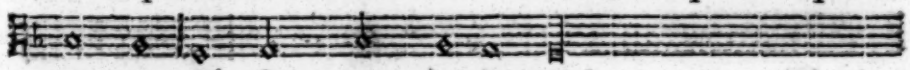
2. L'heureuſe fin de ſon ſouhait, Lui vient



d'être accordée, Comme il l'a demandée ; Et



bien que ſa bouche ne l'ait, Qu'à peine pro-



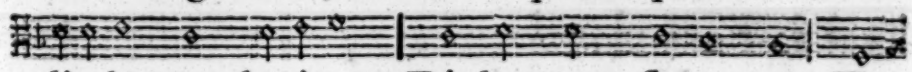
noncé, Il ſe trouve exaucé.



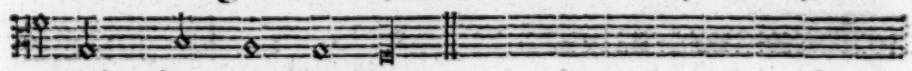
3. Tu le préviens du haut des cieux ; Ta fa-



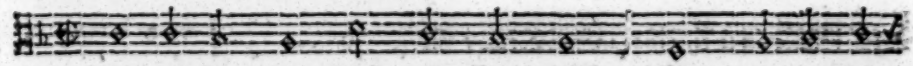
veur ſingulière, N'attend pas ſa prière : D'un



diadême glorieux, Richement façonné, Ta



main l'a couronné.



4. Il te demandoit ſeulement, De garantir



ſa vie, Qu'il voyoit pourſuivie : Et par un



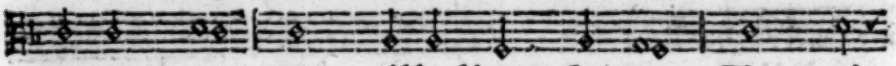
heureux changement, Seigneur, tu lui per-



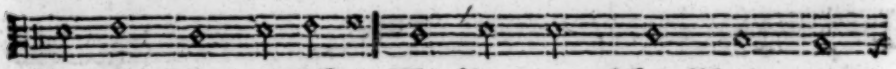
mets, De regner à jamais.



5. Par ta grâce, & par ta bonté, On voit ſa



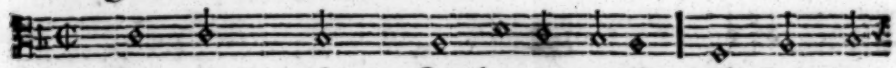
renommée, En mille lieux ſemée : Ta main



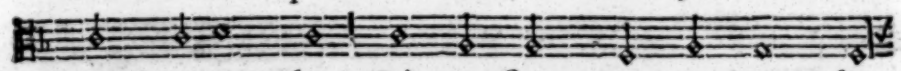
l'a toujours aſſiſté; Tu l'as comblé d'honneur,



De gloire & de bonheur.



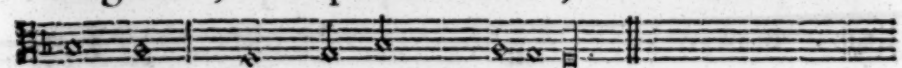
6. Tu veux qu'aux ſiécles à venir, Il ſoit un



grand exemple, Où ta force on contemple :



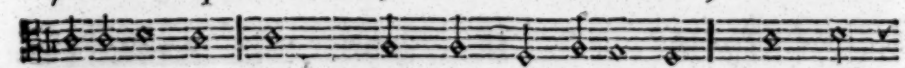
Seigneur, il t'a plu le bénir, Lui donnant de



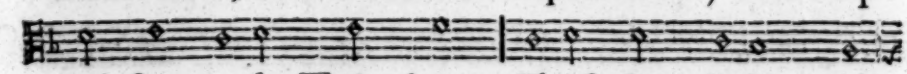
tes yeux, Un regard gracieux.



7. Puiſque le roi, dans tout aſſaut, Met avec



aſſurance, En Dieu ſon eſpérance ; Par l'ap-

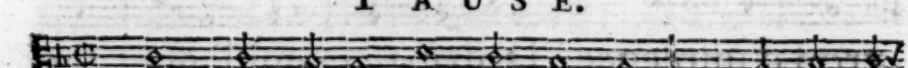


pui ferme du Très-haut, Il eſt ſûr, deſormais,

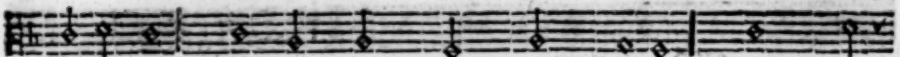


De ne tomber jamais.

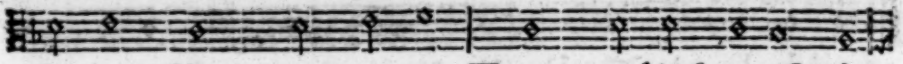
PAUSE.



8. Ton bras, ô roi, ſaura frapper ; On le verra



défaire, Quiconque t'eſt contraire: Ton bras



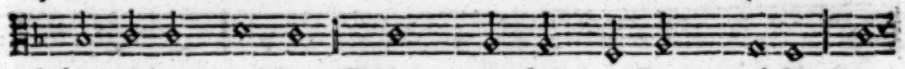
ſaura, dis-je, attraper, Tous ces lâches eſprits,



Et punir leur mépris.



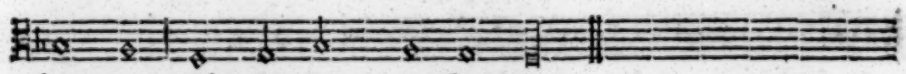
9. Ton brûlant courroux les rendra, Sembla-



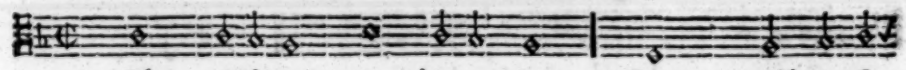
bles à la braiſe, D'une ardente fournaiſe. Le



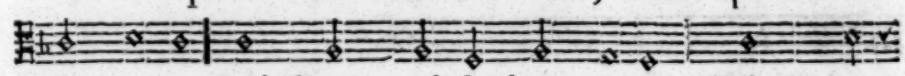
Dieu des cieux les détruira: Par ſes feux al-



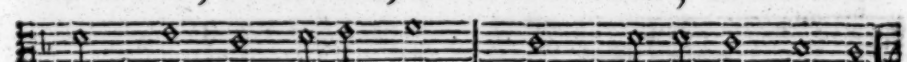
lumés, Ils ſeront conſumés.



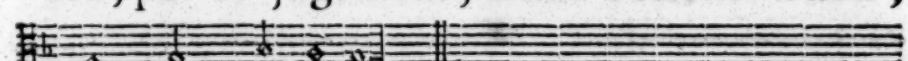
10. Ils périront entièrement, Sans qu'il reſte



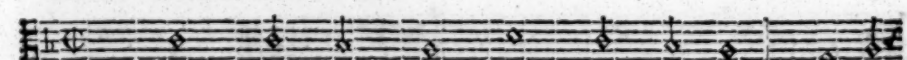
de trace, Ni d'eux, ni de leur race; Dieu tien-



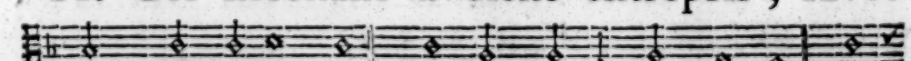
dra, par ce jugement, Dans l'éternel oubli,



Leur nom enſeveli.



11. Ces méchans avoient entrepris, Avec



trop d'inſolence, D'abattre ta puiſſance; En-



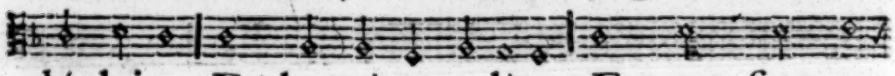
tre eux le conſeil en fut pris ; Mais leur trop



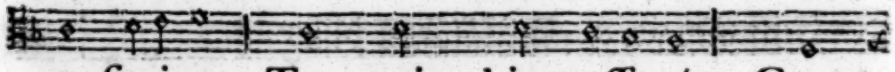
foible bras, Ne l'accomplira pas.



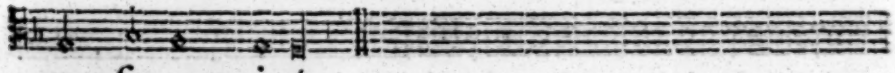
12. On les verra, ces envieux, Qui t'ont oſé



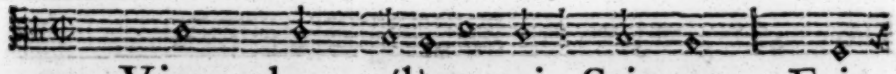
déplaire, En bute à ta colère ; Et pour frapper



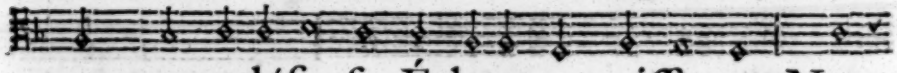
ces furieux, Tes traits bien aſſurés, Contre



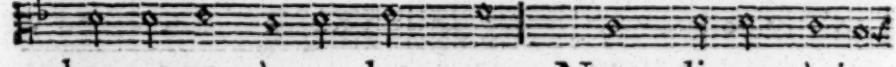
eux ſeront tirés.



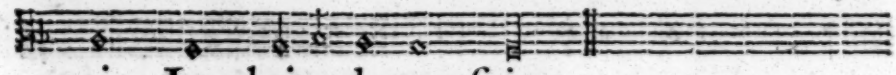
13. Viens donc, élève toi, Seigneur ; Fais,



pour notre défenſe, Éclater ta puiſſance, Nous



chanterons à ton honneur, Nous dirons à ja-



mais, La gloire de tes faits.

PSEAUME XXII.



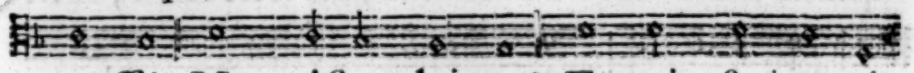
MOn Dieu, mon Dieu, pourquoi m'as



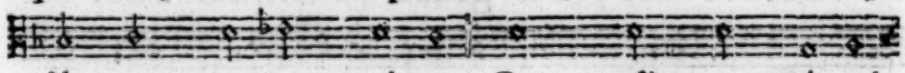
tu laiſſé, Sans nul ſecours, quand de mes



maux preſſé, J'ai vers le ciel amèrement



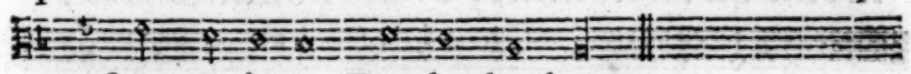
pouſſé, Ma triſte plainte? Et nuit & jour je



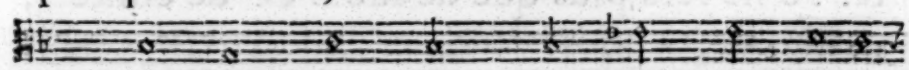
t'invoque avec crainte, Sans qu'à mes cris ré-



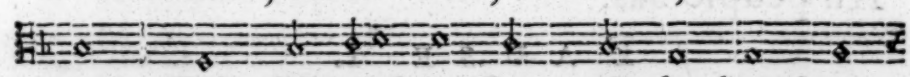
ponde ta voix ſainte : Ma vie enfin eſt déjà



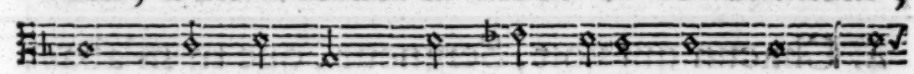
preſque éteinte, Par la douleur.



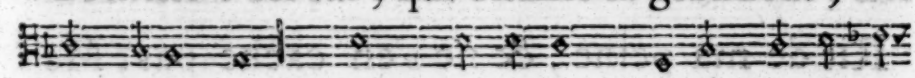
2. C'eſt toi, Dieu ſaint, c'eſt toi, dont la fa-



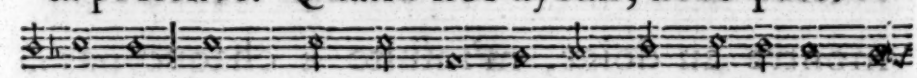
veur, Fait d'Iſraël la force & le bonheur;



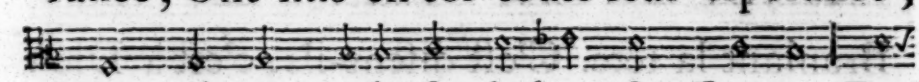
Comme c'eſt lui, qui chante ta grandeur, En



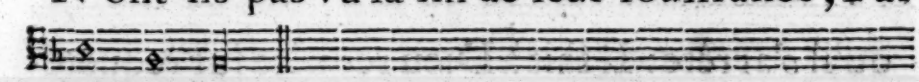
ta préſence. Quand nos ayeux, avec perſéve-



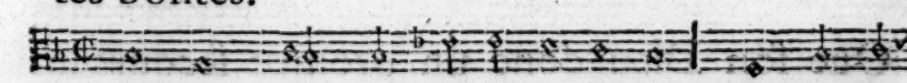
rance, Ont mis en toi toute leur eſpérance,



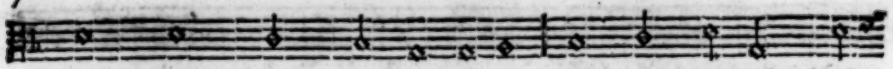
N'ont-ils pas vu la fin de leur ſouffrance, Par



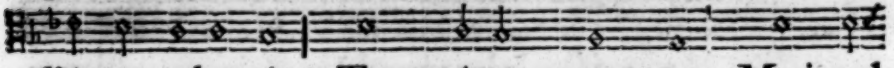
tes bontés.



3. Ils ont crié, tu les as écoutés; Et t'invo-



quant dans leurs adverſités, Ils ont ſenti, loin



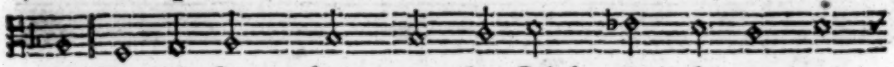
d'être rebutés, Ta grâce prompte. Moi tel



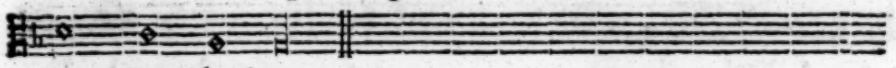
qu'un ver, que pour un rien l'on compte, Bien



moins qu'un homme, & des hommes la hon-



te. Je ne ſers plus que de fable & de conte,



Au peuple bas.

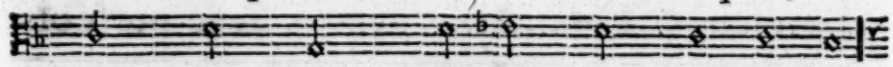
PAUSE I.



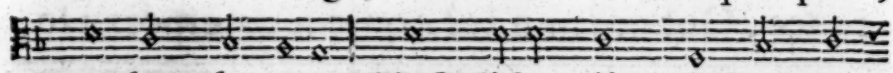
4. Chacun qui voit, Seigneur, que tu m'abas,



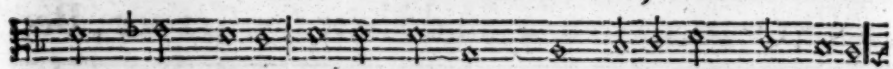
Rit de ma peine, & ne s'en cache pas, Me



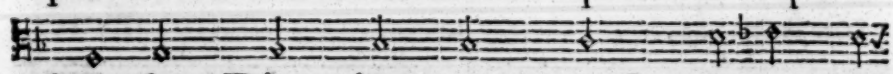
montre au doigt, m'inſulte à chaque pas,



Branlant la tête. C'eſt diſent-ils, c'eſt à Dieu



qu'il s'arrête: Il fait à Dieu requête ſur requête.



Que ſon Dieu donc un prompt ſecours lui



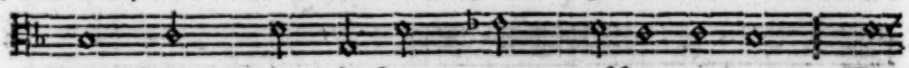
prête, S'il l'aime tant.



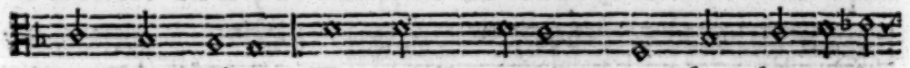
5. C'eſt toi, Seigneur qui m'as formé pour-



tant ; Tu me ſoutiens dès le premier inſtant,



Que l'on me vit les mammelles tettant, De



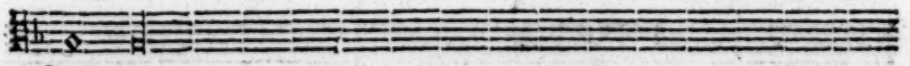
ma nourrice ; Et même avant que la clarté je



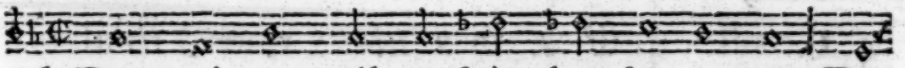
viſſe, Je te fus cher, tu me fus Dieu propice,



Depuis auſſi ta main fut ma tutrice, Quand je



fus né.



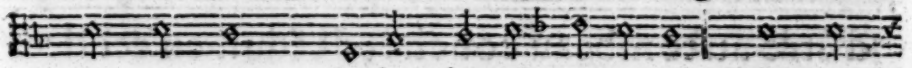
6. De moi ton œil ne ſoit plus détourné : De



mille maux je ſuis environné ; Et je me vois



de tous abandonné, Dans ma diſgrâce. De



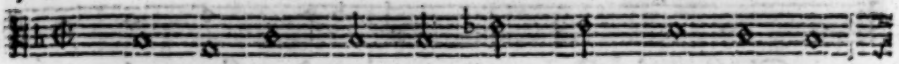
gros taureaux, de la plus forte race, Taureaux



nourris à Baſan, terre graſſe, Viennent ſur moi,



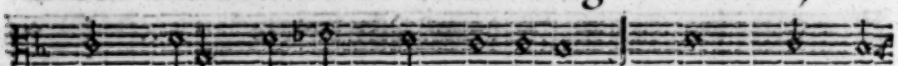
pleins d'une aveugle audace, Me menaçant.



7. L'ennemi, fier de me voir l'anguiſſant,



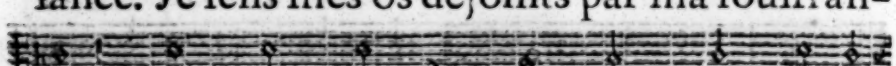
Pour s'abreuver de mon ſang innocent, Tel



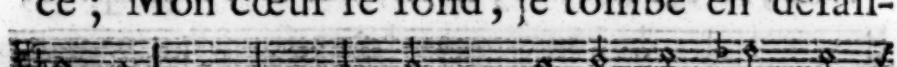
qu'un lion terrible & rugiſſant, Sur moi s'é-



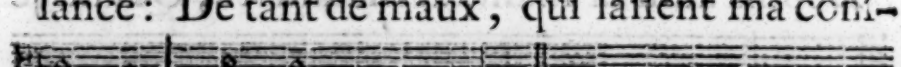
lance. Je ſens mes os déjoints par ma ſouffran-



ce; Mon cœur ſe fond, je tombe en défail-

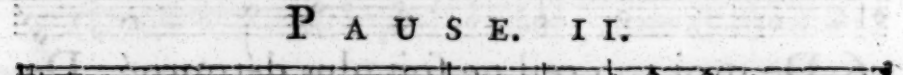


lance: De tant de maux, qui laſſent ma conſ-

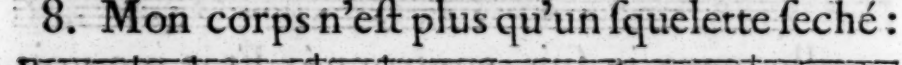


tance, Nul n'eſt touché.

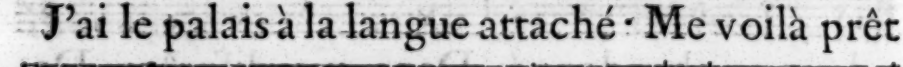
PAUSE. II.



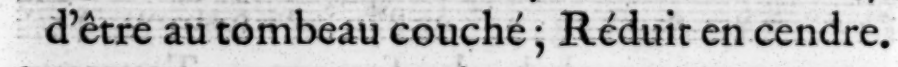
8. Mon corps n'eſt plus qu'un ſquelette ſeché:



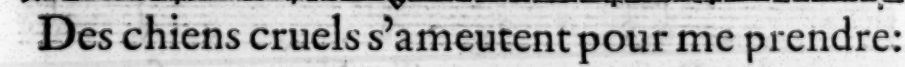
J'ai le palais à la langue attaché: Me voilà prêt



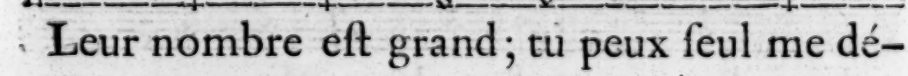
d'être au tombeau couché; Réduit en cendre.



Des chiens cruels s'ameutent pour me prendre:



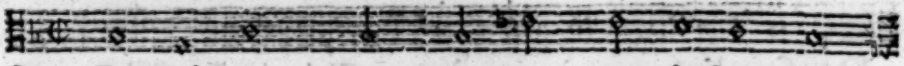
Leur nombre eſt grand; tu peux ſeul me dé-



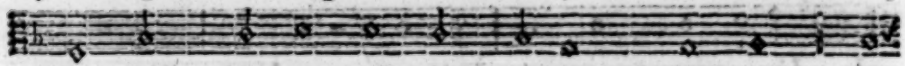
fendre: Ces furieux m'oſent percer & fen-



dre, Et pieds & mains.



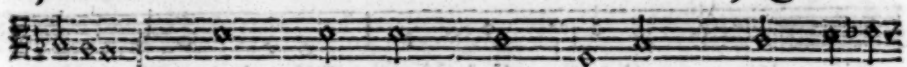
9. Je puis compter mes os ; ces inhumains,



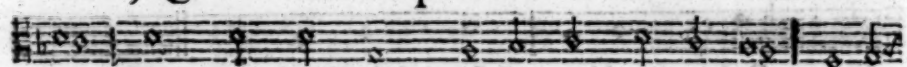
Me font l'objet de leur regard hautain, Et



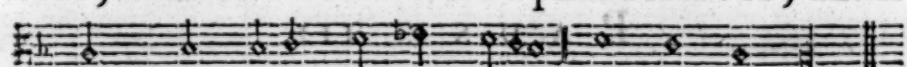
je ne ſers à tous ces hommes vains, Que de



riſée, Quand ma dépouille eſt entre eux divi-



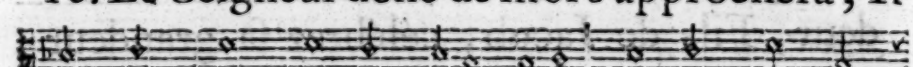
ſée, Ma robe entière eſt à part réſervée, Afin



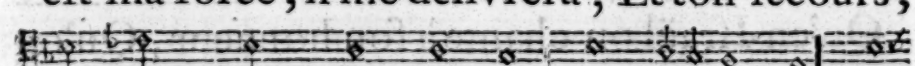
qu'au ſort elle ſoit expoſée, A qui l'aura.



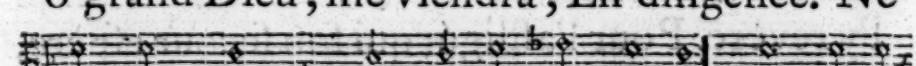
10. Le Seigneur donc de moi s'approchera, Il



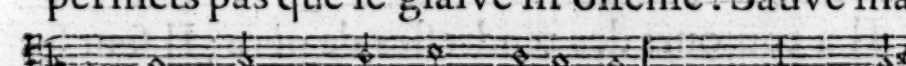
eſt ma force, il me délivrera ; Et ton ſecours,



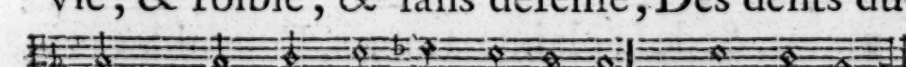
ô grand Dieu, me viendra, En diligence. Ne



permets pas que le glaive m'offenſe : Sauve ma



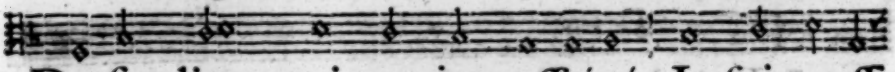
vie, & foible, & ſans défenſe, Des dents du



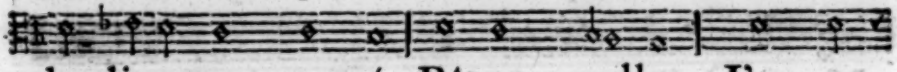
chien, qui contre moi s'avance, Chien enragé.



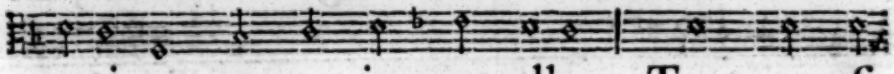
11. Fais par tes ſoins, que bientôt dégagé,



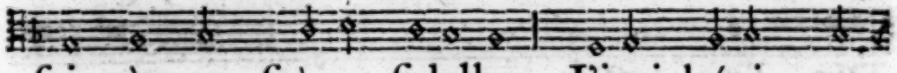
Du fier lion, qui me tient aſſiégé, Je ſois auſſi



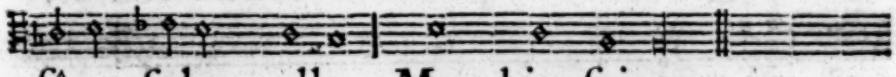
des licornes vengé. Bêtes cruelles. J'annon-



cerai tes vertus immortelles, Ton nom ſi

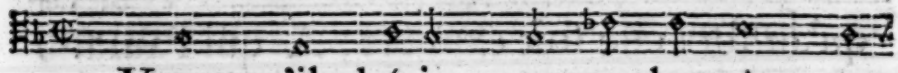


ſaint à mes frères fidelles : J'irai bénir, aux



fêtes ſolemnelles, Mon bienfaiteur.

PAUSE III.



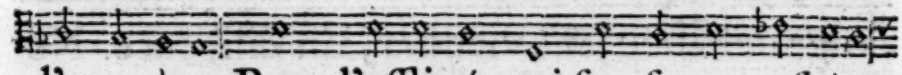
12. Vous qu'il chérit, montrez la même ar-



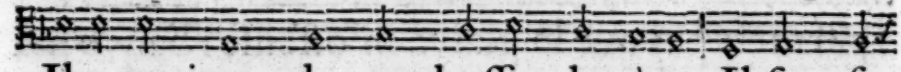
deur, Fils de Jacob, célébrez ſa grandeur ;



Qu'en Iſraël on chante à ſon honneur, Qu'on



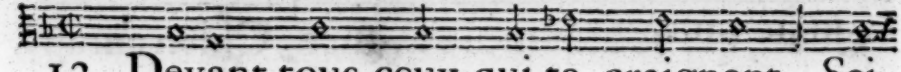
l'y revère. Pour l'affligé; qui ſon ſecour eſpère,



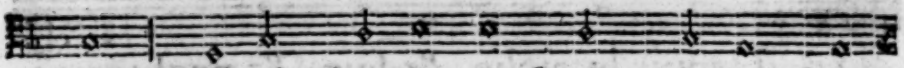
Il a toujours des tendreſſes de père ; Il ſent ſes



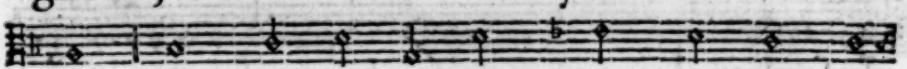
maux, & de ſa plainte amère, Entend les cris.



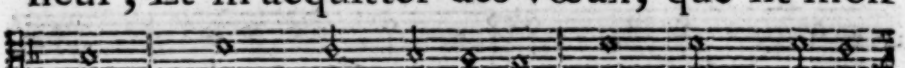
13. Devant tous ceux qui te craignent, Sei-



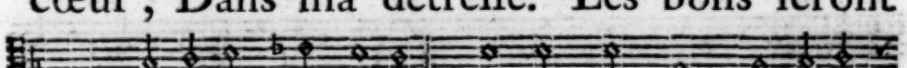
gneur, J'irai chanter un hymne à ton hon-



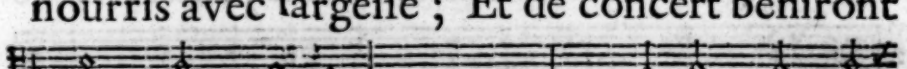
neur, Et m'acquitter des vœux, que fit mon



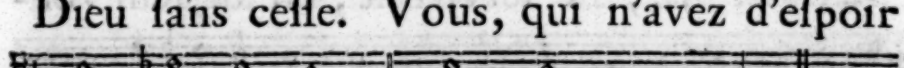
cœur, Dans ma détreſſe. Les bons ſeront



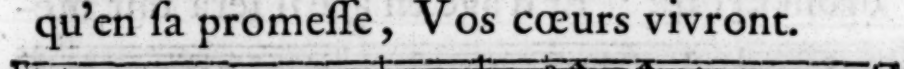
nourris avec largeſſe ; Et de concert béniront



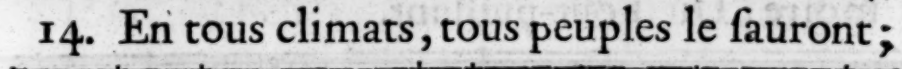
Dieu ſans ceſſe. Vous, qui n'avez d'eſpoir



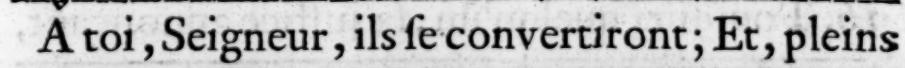
qu'en ſa promeſſe, Vos cœurs vivront.



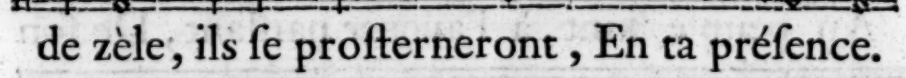
14. En tous climats, tous peuples le ſauront ;



A toi, Seigneur, ils ſe convertiront ; Et, pleins



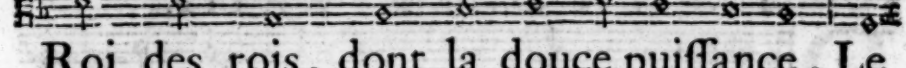
de zèle, ils ſe proſterneront, En ta préſence.



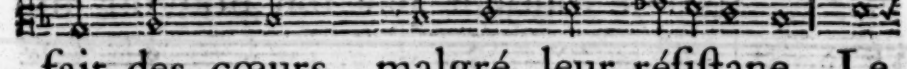
Tous les humains rendront obéiſſance, Au



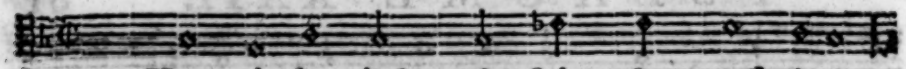
Roi des rois, dont la douce puiſſance, Le



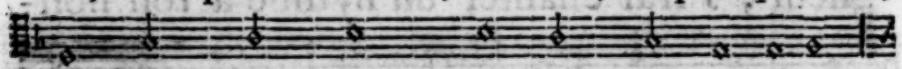
fait des cœurs, malgré leur réſiſtane, Le



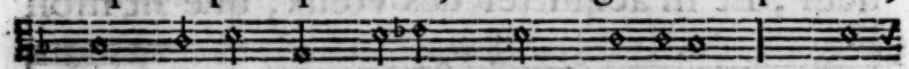
Conquérant.



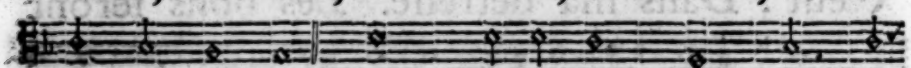
15. Depuis le riche, & ſain, & proſpérant,



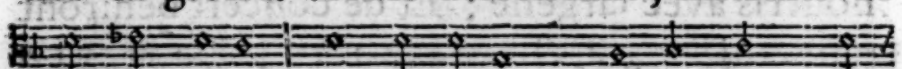
Juſqu'au plus pauvre, en langueur expirant,



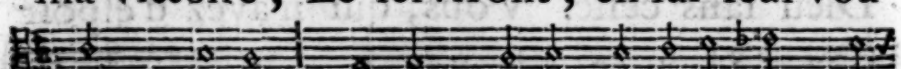
Tous, à l'envie, ſeront vus, l'adorant, Chan-



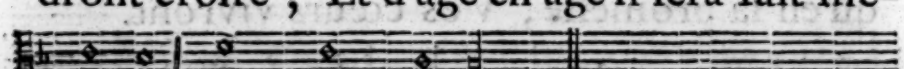
ter ſa gloire. Leurs deſcendans, inſtruits de



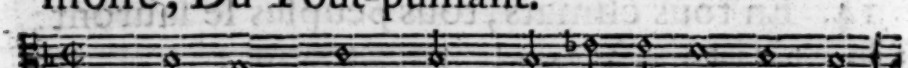
ma victoire, Le ſerviront, en lui ſeul vou-



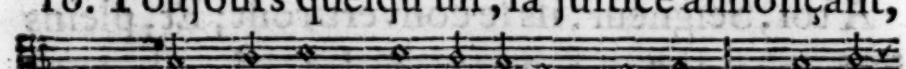
dront croire ; Et d'âge en âge il ſera fait mé-



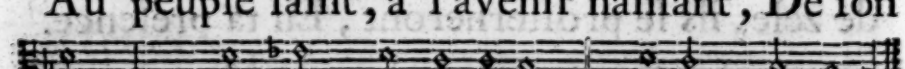
moire, Du Tout-puiſſant.



16. Toujours quelqu'un, ſa juſtice annonçant,



Au peuple ſaint, à l'avenir naiſſant, De ſon

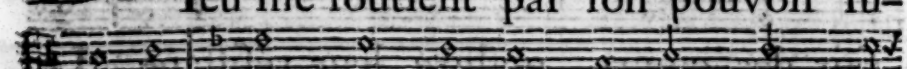


empire heureux & floriſſant, Fera l'hiſtoire.

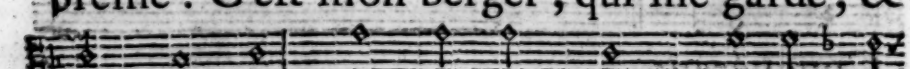
PSEAUME XXIII.



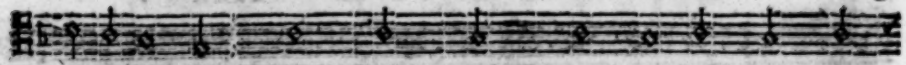
DIeu me ſoutient par ſon pouvoir ſu-



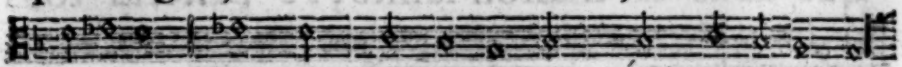
prême : C'eſt mon berger, qui me garde, &



qui m'aime : Rien ne me manque en ſes gras



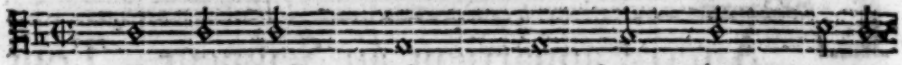
pâturages ; Des clairs ruiſſeaux je ſuis les verts



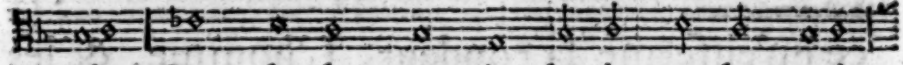
rivages : Et ſous l'abri de ſon nom adorable,



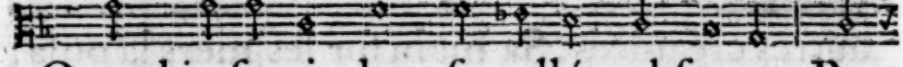
Ma route eſt ſure, & mon repos durable.



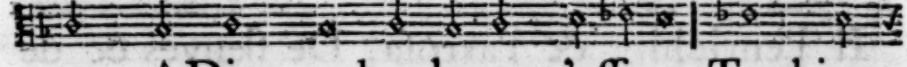
2. Je ne crains point, marchant dans cette



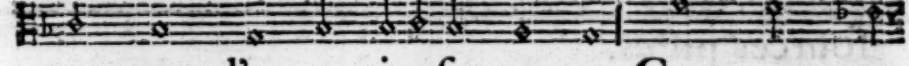
voie, Que de la mort je devienne la proie,



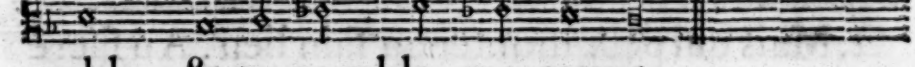
Quand je ſerois dans ſa vallée obſcure ; Par-



tout, ô Dieu, ta houlette m'aſſure. Tes biens,



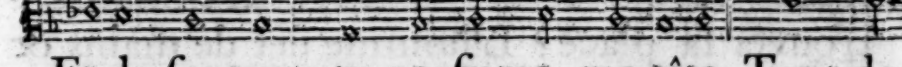
aux yeux d'un envieuſe troupe, Couvrent ma



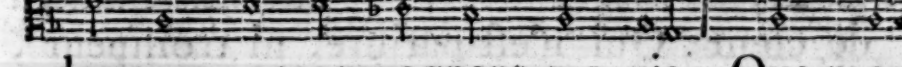
table, & tu comble ma coupe.



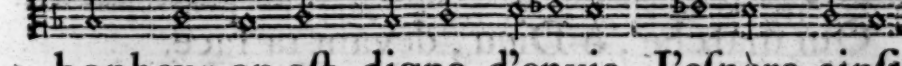
3. De tous mes jours tu fais des jours de fête,



Et de ſenteurs tu parfume ma tête. Tant de



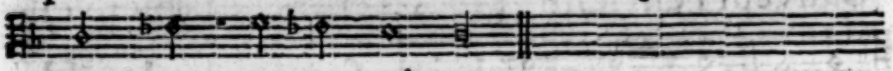
douceurs accompagnent ma vie, Que mon



bonheur en eſt digne d'envie. J'eſpère ainſi

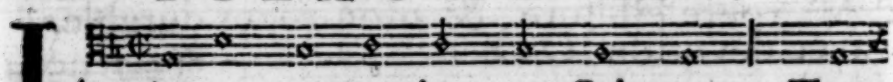


que dans ta maiſon ſainte, Je paſſerai tous



mes jours en ta crainte.

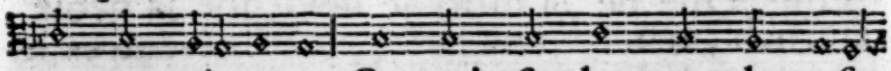
PSEAUME XXIV.



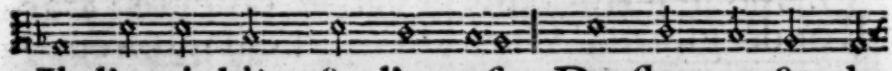
LA terre appartient au Seigneur, Tout



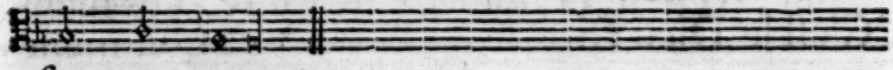
ce qu'enferme ſa rondeur, L'homme, & les



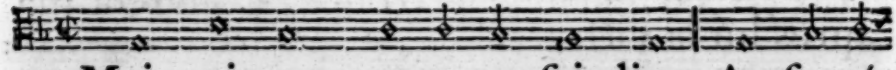
autres créatures, Sa main ſur les mers la poſa;



Il l'enrichit, & l'arroſa, De fleuves & de



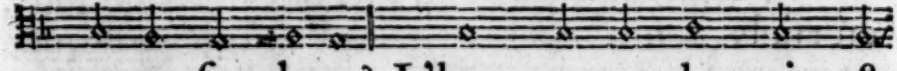
ſources pures.



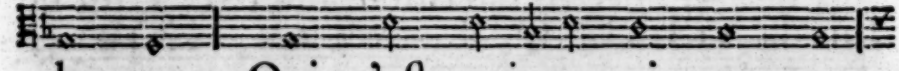
2. Mais qui peut monter au ſain lieu, Au ſacré



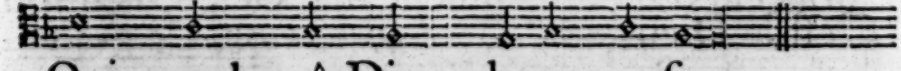
mont, au mont de Dieu, Qui pourroit y



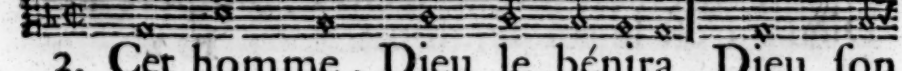
trouver ſa place? L'homme net de mains &



de cœur, Qui n'eſt parjure, ni trompeur,



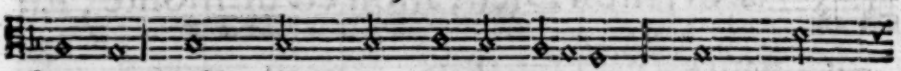
Qui marche, ô Dieu, devant ta face.



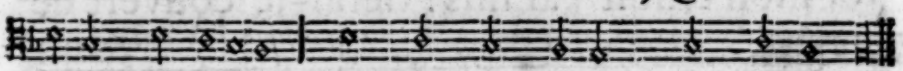
3. Cet homme, Dieu le bénira, Dieu ſon



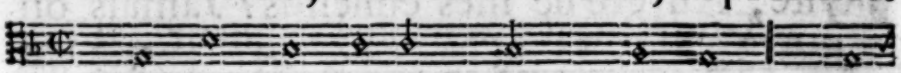
Sauveur l'enrichira, Des tréſors de ſa bienveil-



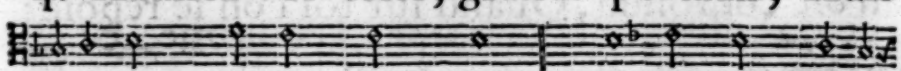
lance. Telle eſt l'heureuſe nation, Qui cherche



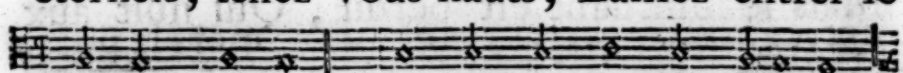
avec dévotion, O Dieu de Jacob, ta préſence.



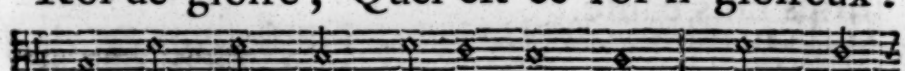
4. Hauſſez vos têtes, grands portaux, Huis



éternels, tenez vous hauts, Laiſſez entrer le



Roi de gloire, Quel eſt ce roi ſi gloireux?



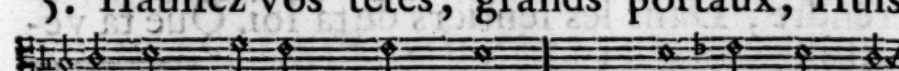
C'eſt le Dieu fort, le roi des cieux, Qui mène



après lui la victoire.



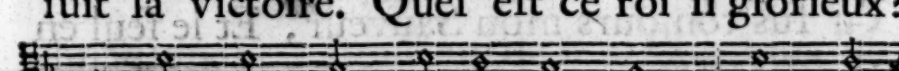
5. Hauſſez vos têtes, grands portaux, Huis



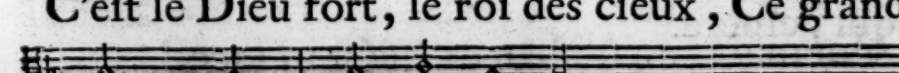
éternels, tenez vous hauts, Pour le roi que



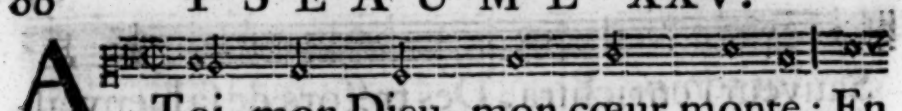
ſuit la victoire. Quel eſt ce roi ſi glorieux?



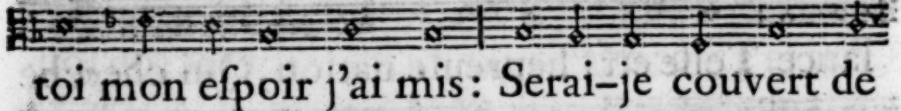
C'eſt le Dieu fort, le roi des cieux, Ce grand



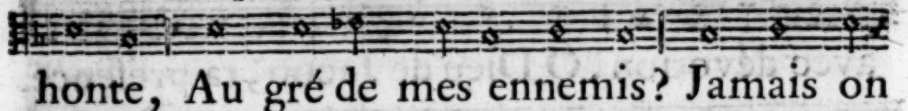
Dieu, c'eſt le roi de gloire.



A Toi, mon Dieu, mon cœur monte ; En



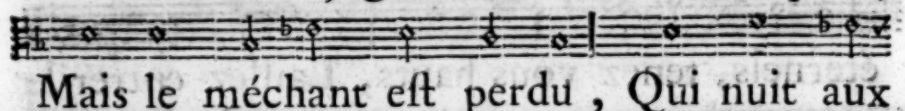
toi mon eſpoir j'ai mis : Serai-je couvert de



honte, Au gré de mes ennemis ? Jamais on



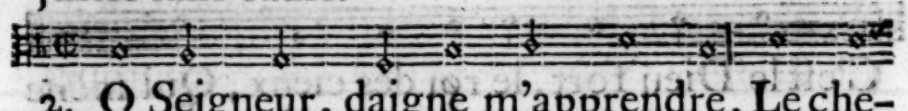
n'eſt confondu, Quand ſur toi l'on ſe repoſe ;



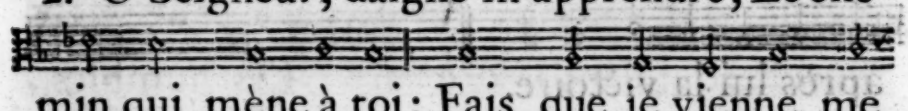
Mais le méchant eſt perdu, Qui nuit aux



juſtes ſans cauſe.



2. O Seigneur, daigne m'apprendre, Le che-



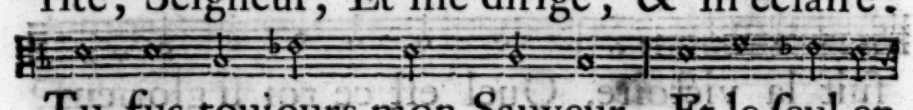
min qui mène à toi : Fais que je vienne me



rendre, Dans les ſentiers de ta loi. Que ta vé-



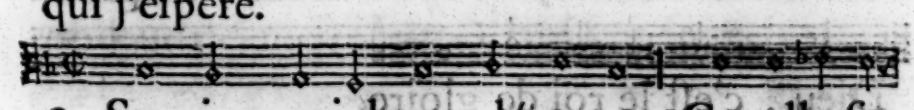
rité, Seigneur, Et me dirige, & m'éclaire :



Tu fus toujours mon Sauveur, Et le ſeul en



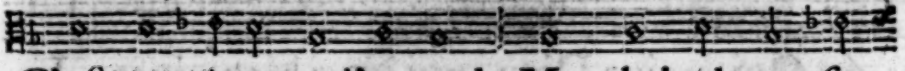
qui j'eſpère.



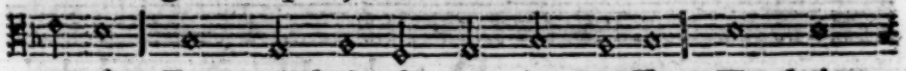
3. Souviens toi de ta clémence, Car elle fut



de tout temps. Prends pitié de ma ſouffrance;



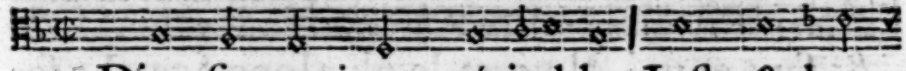
C'eſt ta grâce que j'attends. Mets loin de ton ſou-



venir, Les péchés de ma jeuneſſe; Et daigne



encor me bénir, Seigneur, ſelon ta promeſſe.



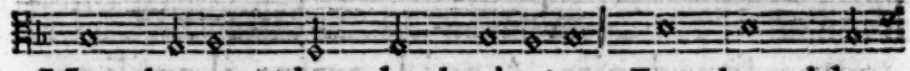
4. Dieu fut toujours véritable, Juſte & bon,



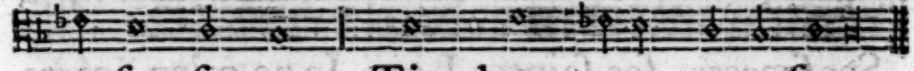
& le ſera; Et du pécheur miſérable, La voie



il redreſſera. Sous ſa main, les bons toujours,

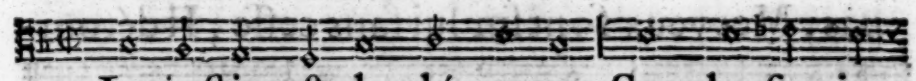


Marcheront dans la droiture; Les humbles,



par ſon ſecours, Tiendront une route ſure.

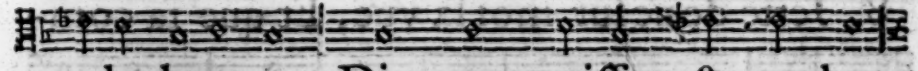
PAUSE.



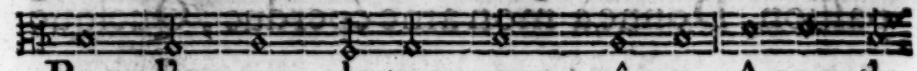
5. La juſtice & la clémence, Sont les ſentiers



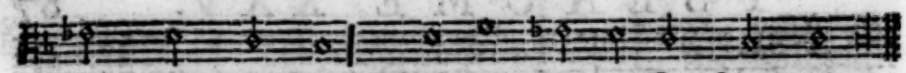
du Seigneur, Pour qui de ſon alliance, A ſû



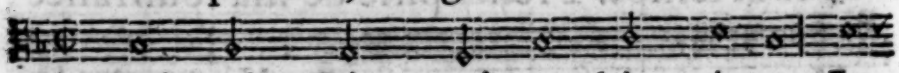
garder la teneur. Dieu tout-puiſſant & tout bon,



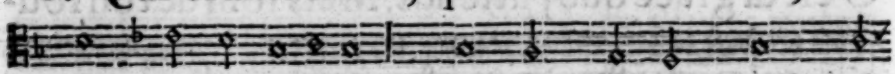
Pour l'amour de ton nom même, Accorde



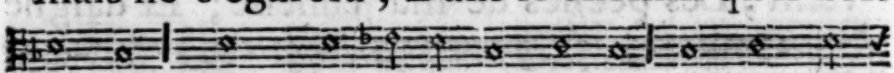
moi mon pardon, Malgré mon offenſe extrême



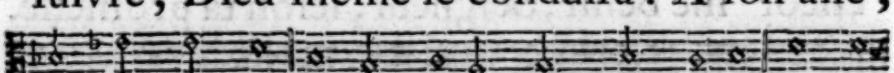
6. Qui craint Dieu, qui veut bien vivre, Ja-



mais ne s'égarera, Dans le chemin qu'il doit



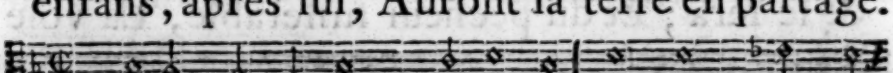
ſuivre, Dieu même le conduira : A ſon aiſe,



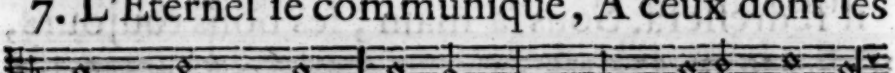
& ſans ennui, Il verra le plus long âge ; Et ſes



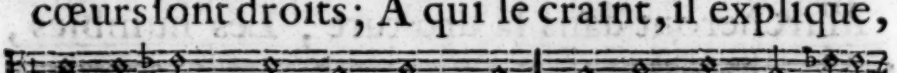
enfans, après lui, Auront la terre en partage.



7. L'Éternel ſe communique, A ceux dont les



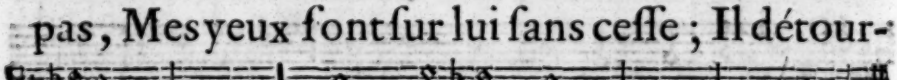
cœurs ſont droits ; A qui le craint, il explique,



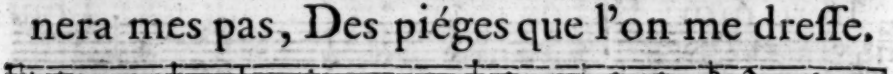
Ses ſecrets, ſes ſaintes Loix. Je ne m'en écarte



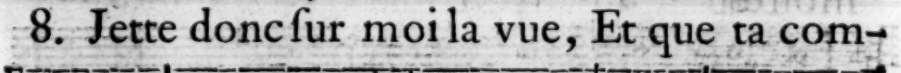
pas, Mes yeux ſont ſur lui ſans ceſſe ; Il détour-



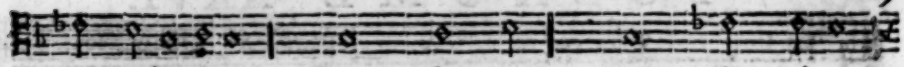
nera mes pas, Des piéges que l'on me dreſſe.



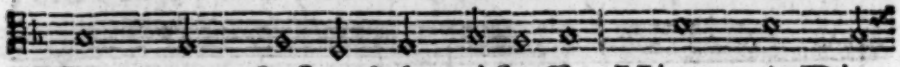
8. Jette donc ſur moi la vue, Et que ta com-



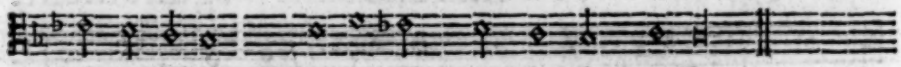
paſſion, Donne à mon ame éperdue, Quelque



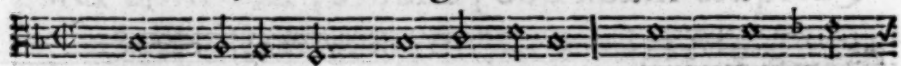
conſolation. Sans ſecours, prêt d'expirer,



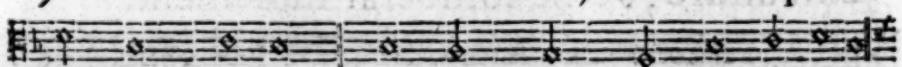
Mon cœur ſe fond de triſteſſe: Viens, ô Dieu



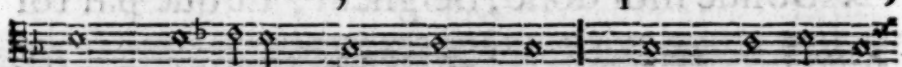
me retirer, D'une ſi grande détreſſe.



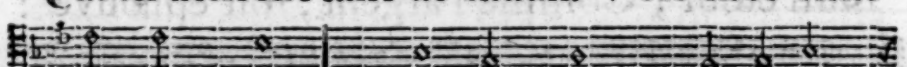
9. Fais luire ſur moi ta face; Vois ma peine



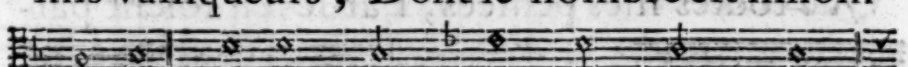
& mes travaux; Et tous mes péchés efface,



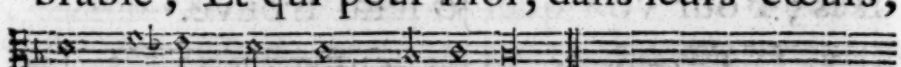
Qui m'attirent tant de maux. Vois mes enne-



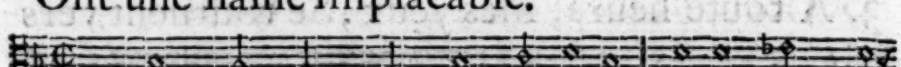
mis vainqueurs, Dont le nombre eſt innom-



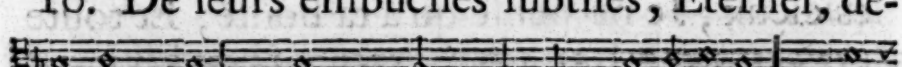
brable, Et qui pour moi, dans leurs cœurs,



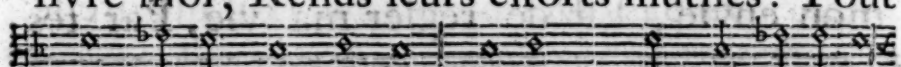
Ont une haine implacable.



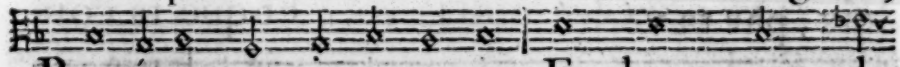
10. De leurs embûches ſubtiles, Éternel, dé-



livre moi; Rends leurs efforts inutiles: Tout



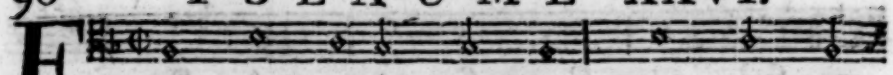
mon eſpoir eſt en toi. Soutiens mon intégrité,



Protége mon innocence; Et dans toute ad-



verſité, Sois d'Iſraël la défenſe.



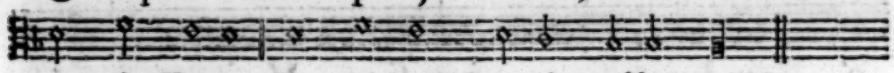
FAis moi juſtice, ô Dieu, Toi, qui vois,



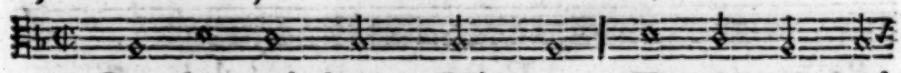
qu'en tout lieu, Je marche ſans déguiſement.



Quelques maux que j'endure, Sur mon Dieu



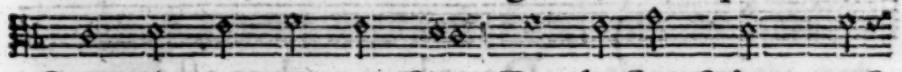
je m'aſſure; Je ne tomberai nullement.



2. Sonde moi donc, Seigneur; Et que par toi



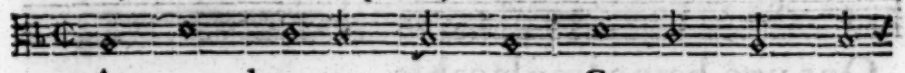
mon cœur, Comme l'argent, ſoit éprouvé:



Que toutes mes penſées, Par le feu ſoient paſ-



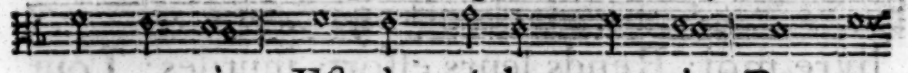
ſées; Pour voir quel je ſerai trouvé.



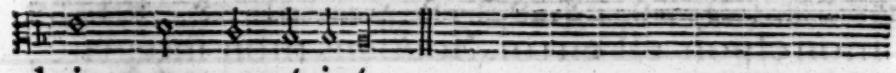
3. A toute heure, mes yeux, Se tournent vers



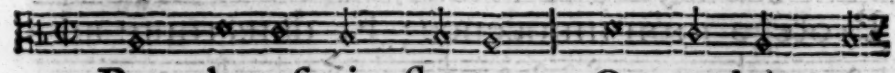
les cieux; Je ne penſe qu'à ta bonté; Et toute



mon envie, Eſt de régler ma vie, Par tes



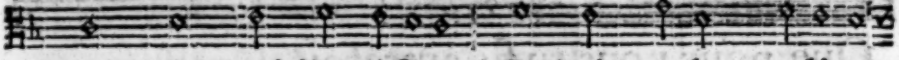
loix, par ta vérité.



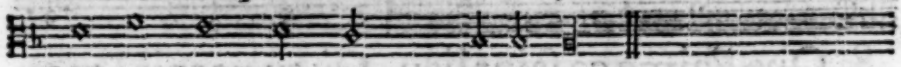
4. Pour les eſprits flatteurs, Ou cachés, ou



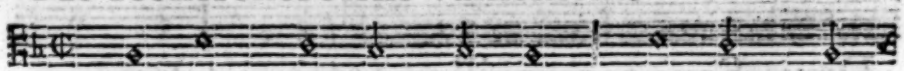
menteurs, J'eus toujours de l'éloignement :



Ceux, en qui l'artifice, Se joint à la malice,



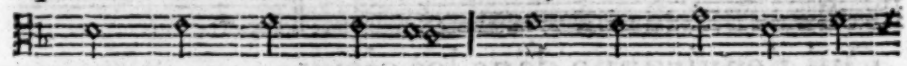
Me rechercheroient vainement.



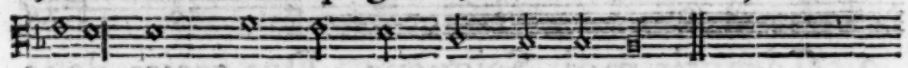
5. De leurs deſſeins couverts, De leurs com-



plots divers, Je me ſuis toujours écarté : Tou-

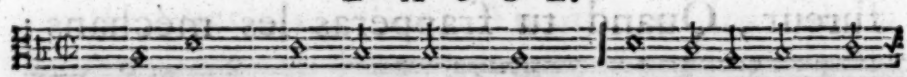


jours leur compagnie, Loin de moi j'ai ban-

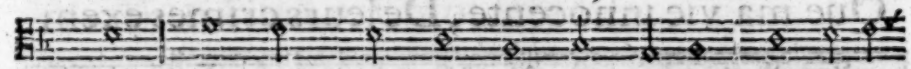


nie, De crainte d'en être infecté.

PAUSE.



6. Suivant tes ordres ſaints, Je laverai mes



mains ; Et puis, autour de ton autel, Je ferai



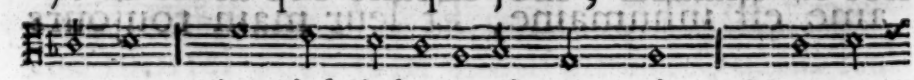
le ſervice, De l'humble ſacrifice, Qu'on offre



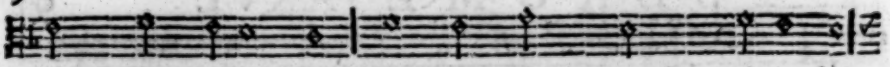
à ton nom immortel.



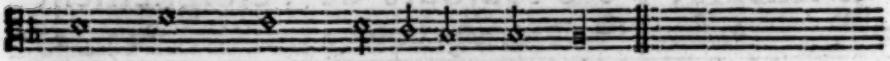
7. C'eſt là que chaque jour, Brûlant de ton



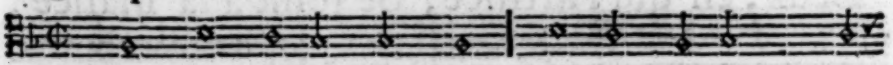
amour, Au ciel j'éleverai ma voix ; Chantant



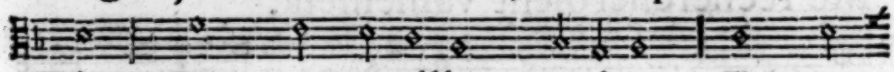
tes ſaints oracles, Et tant de grands miracles,



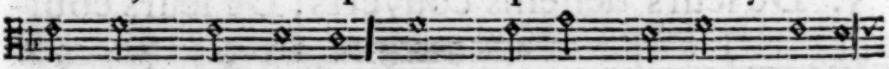
Que pour nous tu fis autrefois.



8. Que j'aime ce ſaint lieu, Où tu parois, mon



Dieu, Sous ton pavillon précieux ! J'y trace



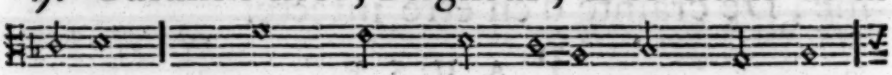
en ma mémoire, Un crayon de la gloire,



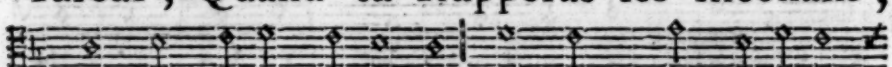
Qui t'environne dans les cieux.



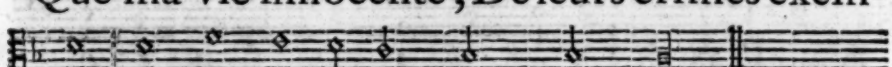
9. Garantis moi, Seigneur, Des traits de ta



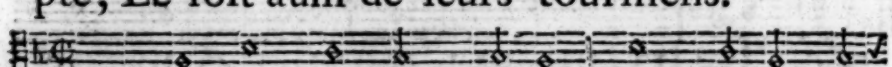
fureur, Quand tu frapperas les méchans;



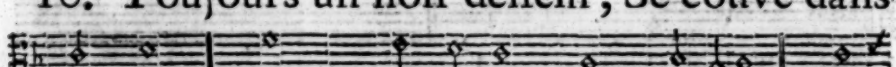
Que ma vie innocente, De leurs crimes exem-



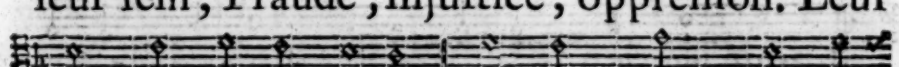
pte, Le ſoit auſſi de leurs tourmens.



10. Toujours un noir deſſein, Se couve dans



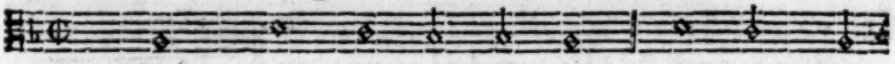
leur ſein, Fraude, injuſtice, oppreſſion. Leur



ame eſt inhumaine, Et leur main toujours



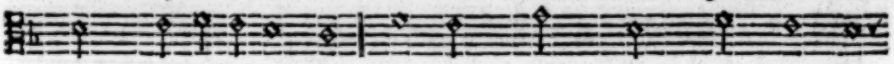
pleine, De rapine & d'extorſion.



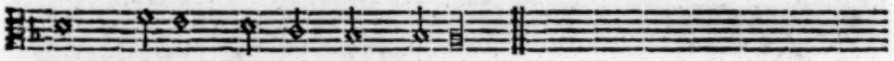
11. Mais moi, par ton ſecours, Je veux ſui-



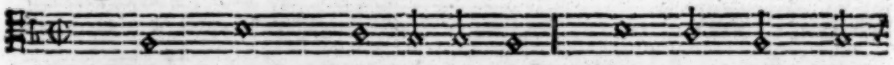
vre toujours, Le droit ſentier de l'équité. Fais



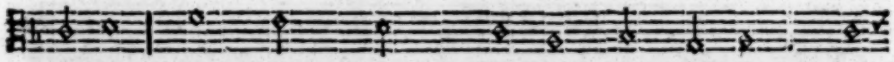
moi miſéricorde, O Seigneur, & m'accorde,



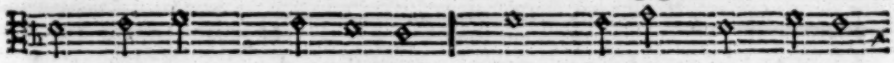
Le grâce d'être racheté.



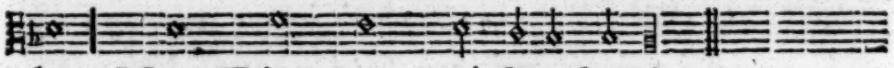
12. Mes vœux ſont exaucés; Mes ennuis ſont



ceſſés: Je vois mon chemin applani. Pour



ces faveurs nouvelles, Au milieu des fidel-

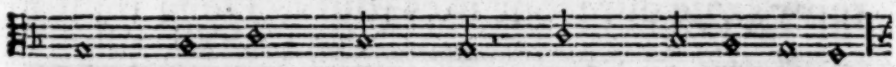


les, Mon Dieu par moi ſera béni.

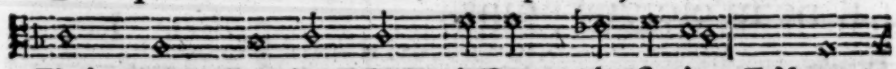
PSEAUME XXVII.



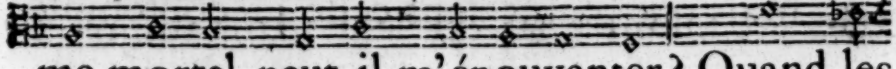
Dieu fut toujours ma lumière & ma vie;



Qui peut me nuire, & qu'ai-je à redouter?



J'ai pour ſoutien ſa puiſſance infinie; L'hom-



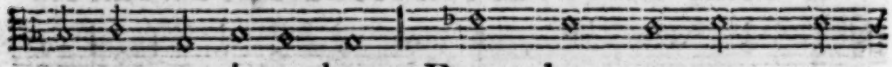
me mortel peut-il m'épouvanter? Quand les



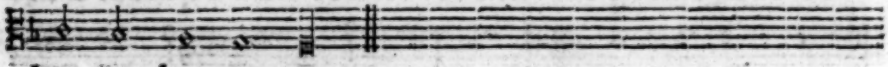
méchans m'ont livré cent combats, Quand ils



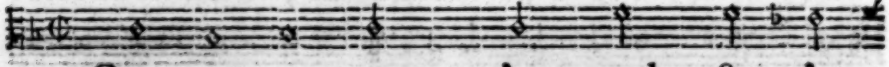
m'ont cru déchirer de leurs dents, Je les ai vu,



ces ennemis ardens, Broncher par tout, tom-



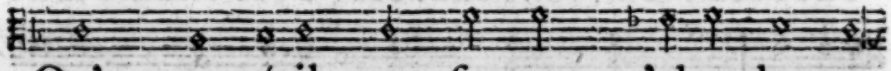
ber à chaque pas.



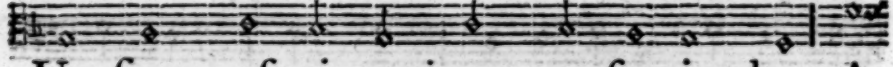
2. Que tout un camp m'approche & m'en-



vironne, Mon cœur jamais ne s'en allarmera:



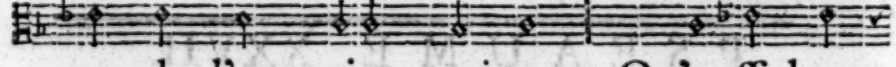
Qu'en ce péril tout ſecours m'abandonne,



Un ferme eſpoir toujours me ſoutiendra, A



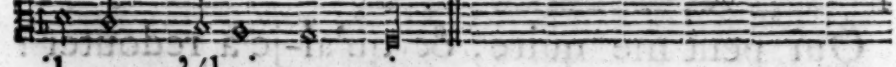
l'Éternel je demande un ſeul point, Et je fais



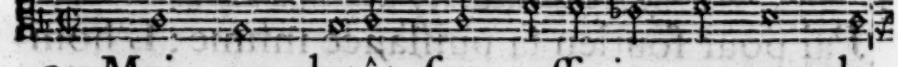
vœu de l'en prier toujours, Qu'auſſi long-



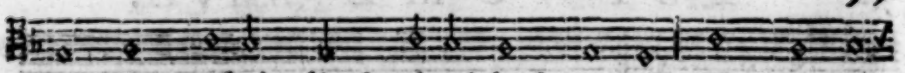
temps que dureront mes jours, De ſa maiſon



il ne m'éloigne point.



3. Mais que plutôt ſans ceſſe je contemple,



De ſon palais l'admirable beauté ; Et que je



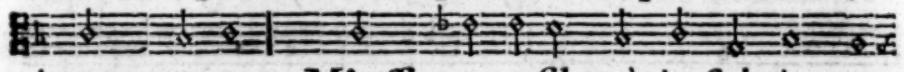
puiſſe, en viſitant ſon temple, Y méditer ſa



gloire & ſa bonté. Au mauvais temps, ſi je



me ſens preſſé, Son pavillon, qui m'eſt tou-

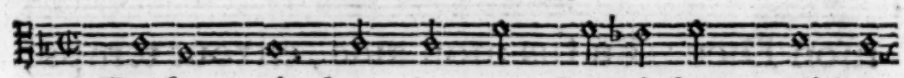


jours ouvert, M'offre un aſile où je ſuis à cou-



vert : Là je me vois au plus haut lieu placé.

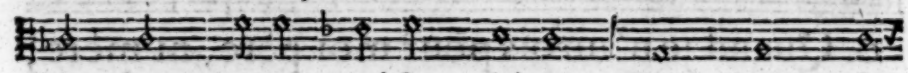
PAUSE.



4. Déſormais donc je marcherai ſans crainte,



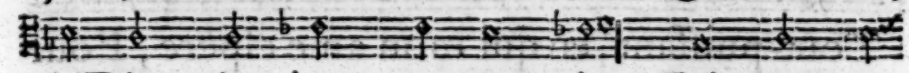
La tête haute, entre mes envieux : J'irai chan-



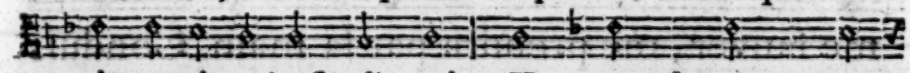
ter dans cette maiſon ſainte, Des chants de



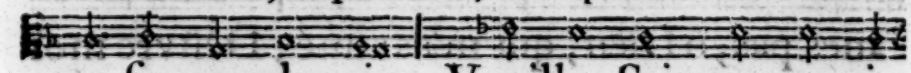
joie, & rendre à Dieu mes vœux. Quand donc,



ô Dieu, je viens pour te prier, Fais que ma



voix arrive juſqu'à toi ; Et quand mes maux



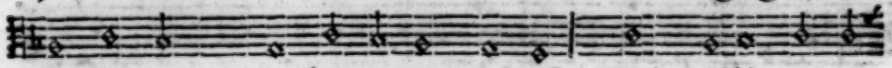
me forcent de crier, Veuille, Seigneur avoir,



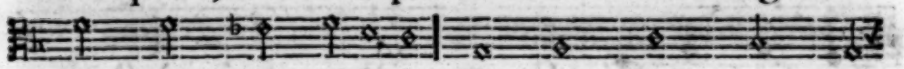
pitié de moi.



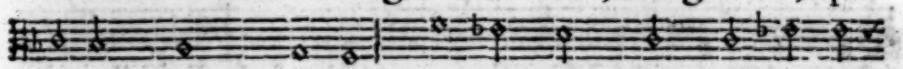
5. Mon cœur entend ton céleſte langage, Et



de ta part, me le repète ainſi : Sois diligent à



chercher mon viſage : Tu vois, Seigneur, que



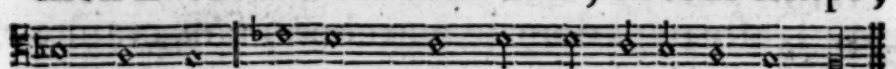
je le cherche auſſi. Que de moi donc il ne ſoit



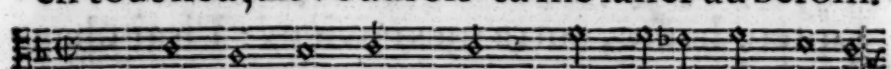
jamais loin ; De ton courroux garanti moi,



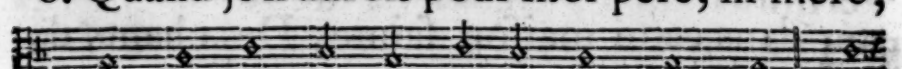
mon Dieu : Tu fus mon aide, en tout temps,



en tout lieu ; Et voudrois-tu me laiſer au beſoin?



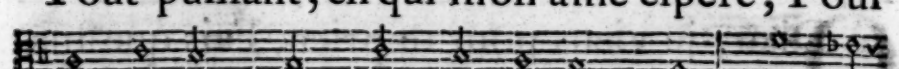
6. Quand je n'aurois pour moi père, ni mère;



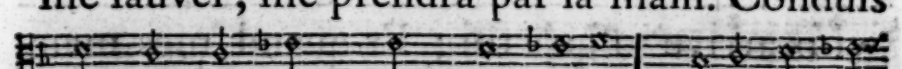
Quand je n'aurois aucun ſecours humain ; Le



Tout-puiſſant, en qui mon ame eſpère, Pour

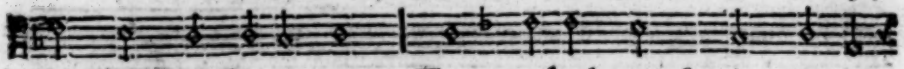


me ſauver, me prendra par la main. Conduis

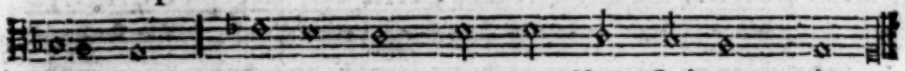


mes pas, ô Dieu, qui m'as aimé, Délivre moi

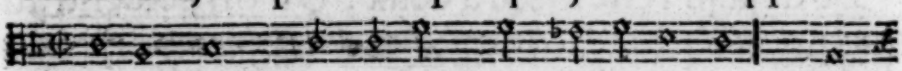
de



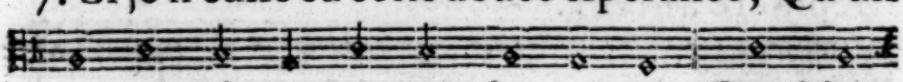
de mes perſécuteurs : Ferme la bouche à mes ac-



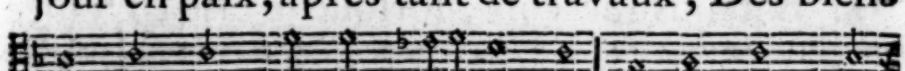
cuſateurs, Ne permets pas que j'en ſois opprimé.



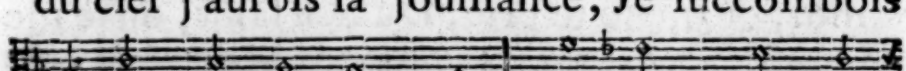
7. Si je n'euſſe eu cette douce eſpérance, Qu'un



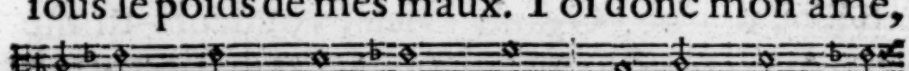
jour en paix, après tant de travaux, Des biens



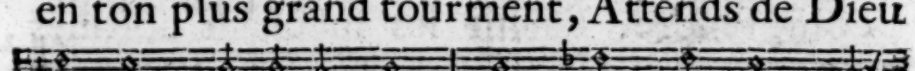
du ciel j'aurois la jouiſſance, Je ſuccombois



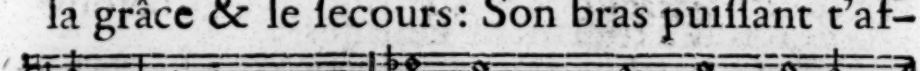
ſous le poids de mes maux. Toi donc mon ame,



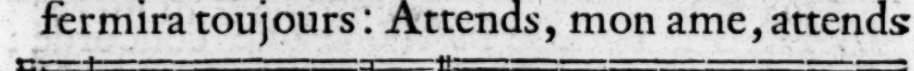
en ton plus grand tourment, Attends de Dieu



la grâce & le ſecours : Son bras puiſſant t'af-

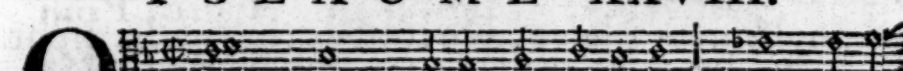


fermira toujours : Attends, mon ame, attends

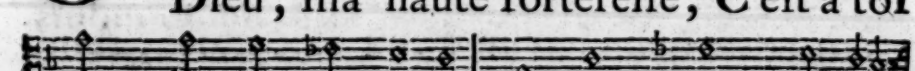


Dieu conſtamment.

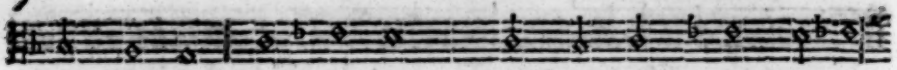
PSEAUME XXVIII.



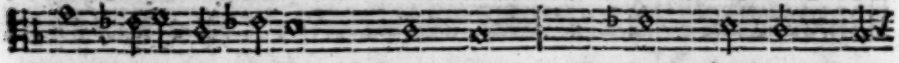
O Dieu, ma haute fortereſſe, C'eſt à toi



que mon cri s'adreſſe. Réponds moi, ſoulage



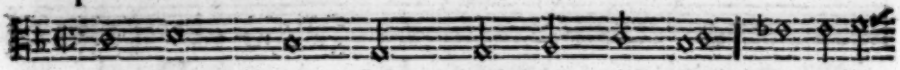
ma peine: Autrement, ma fin eſt prochaine;



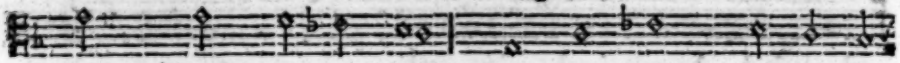
Et déjà je reſſemble à ceux, Qu'on deſcend au



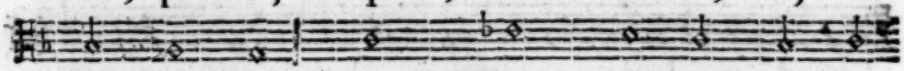
ſépulcre affreux.



2. Entends ma voix, lorſque je crie: Exauce



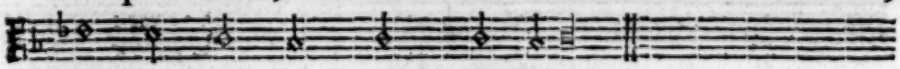
moi, quand je te prie, Du lieu ſaint, où je me



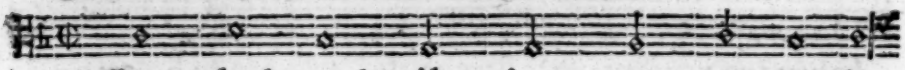
viens rendre. Grand Dieu, voudrois-tu me



comprendre, Parmi les méchans obſtinés,



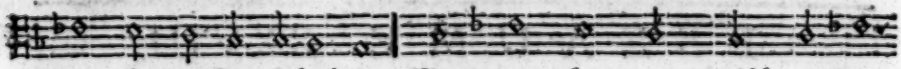
Qui ſont au tourment deſtinés?



3. Dans la bouche ils n'ont que concorde;



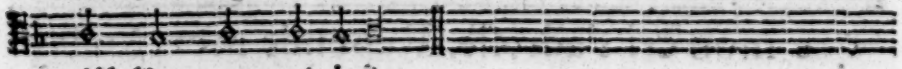
Mais leur cœur à tout mal s'accorde. Donne



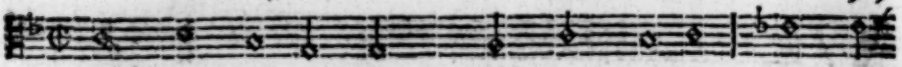
leur le juſte ſalaire, De tout le tort qu'ils oſent



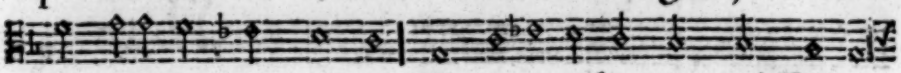
faire; Et que chacun d'eux ſoit traité, Ainſi



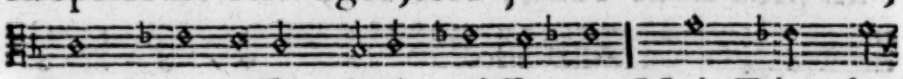
qu'il l'aura mérité.



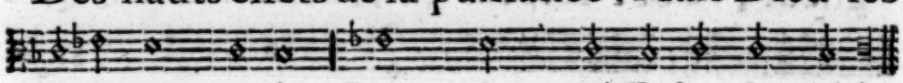
4. Ils ont fait à Dieu mille outrages ; Ils ont



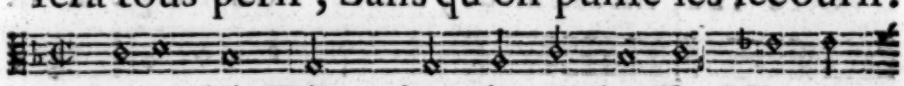
mépriſé ſes ouvrages, Et rejetté la connoiſſance,



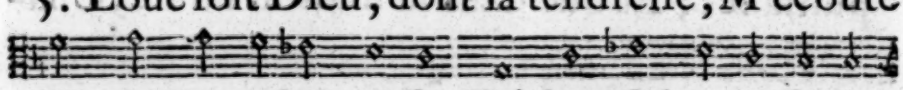
Des hauts effets de ſa puiſſance ; Mais Dieu les



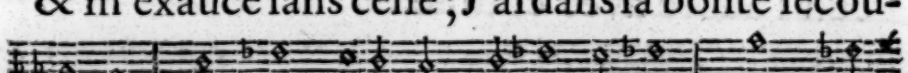
fera tous périr, Sans qu'on puiſſe les ſecourir.



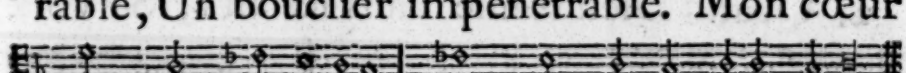
5. Loué ſoit Dieu, dont la tendreſſe, M'écoute



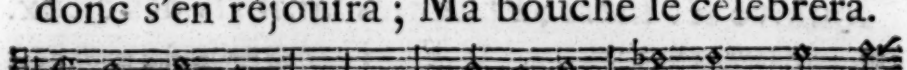
& m'exauce ſans ceſſe ; J'ai dans ſa bonté ſecou-



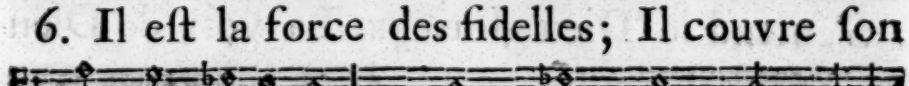
rable, Un bouclier impénétrable. Mon cœur



donc s'en réjouira ; Ma bouche le célébrera.



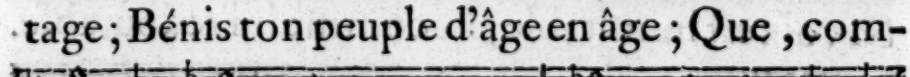
6. Il eſt la force des fidelles ; Il couvre ſon



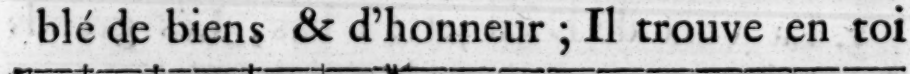
Oint de ſes ailes. Regarde, ô Dieu, ton héri-



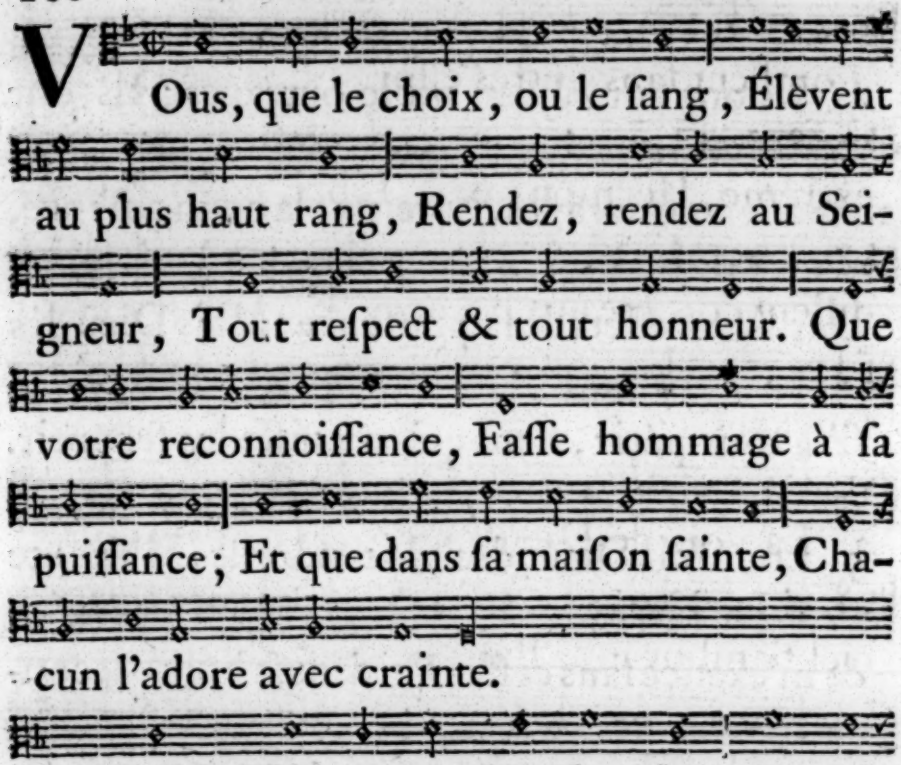
tage ; Bénis ton peuple d'âge en âge ; Que, com-



blé de biens & d'honneur ; Il trouve en toi



tout ſon bonheur.

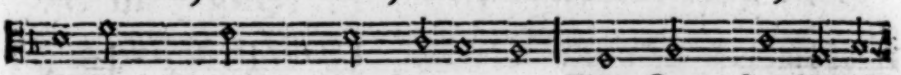

VOus, que le choix, ou le ſang, Élèvent
au plus haut rang, Rendez, rendez au Sei-
gneur, Tout reſpect & tout honneur. Que
votre reconnoiſſance, Faſſe hommage à ſa
puiſſance; Et que dans ſa maiſon ſainte, Cha-
cun l'adore avec crainte.
2. Quand Dieu tonne dans les airs, Sa voix
ſoulève les mers; Et ſur les lambris des cieux.
S'entend le Dieu glorieux. La voix de Dieu
fait connoître, Que du monde il eſt le maître.
Sa voix eſt inimitable, Et comme lui redoutable.
3. La voix de Dieu jette à bas, Les grands
cédres par éclats, Et du Liban les plus forts,



Tombent ſans autres efforts. Par ſa violence



extrême, Hermon, & le Liban même, Bon-



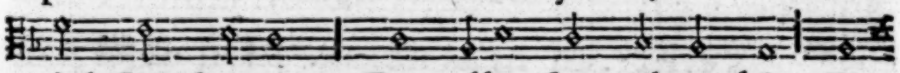
diſſent comme aux bocages, Les fans des bêtes



ſauvages.



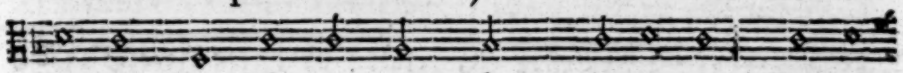
4. La voix de Dieu foudroyant, Fait voir le



ciel flamboyant: Par elle ſont ébranlés, Les



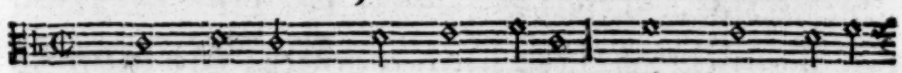
monts les plus reculés; Au ſon d'une voix ſi



forte, La biche tremblante avorte: Par ſes



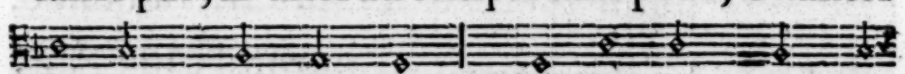
fureurs allumées, Les forêts ſont conſumées.



5. Mais pendant tout ce fracas, Son peuple ne



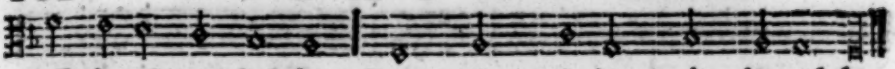
laiſſe pas, D'aller au temple ſans peur, Chanter



cet hymne au Seigneur, Dieu ſur les eaux du



déluge, Préſide en ſouverain juge, Son trône



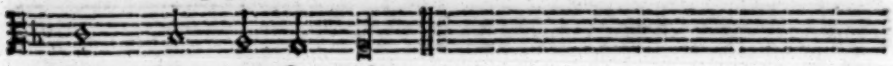
eſt inébranlable, Son régne à jamais durable.



6. Le Roi des cieux, le Dieu fort, Des ſiens

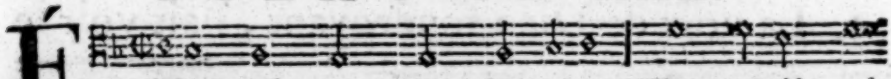


ſera le ſupport: Il nous fera déſormais, Jouir

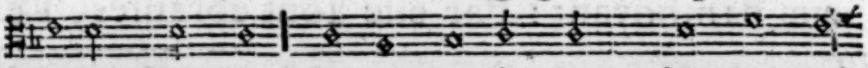


d'une heureuſe paix.

PSEAUME XXX.



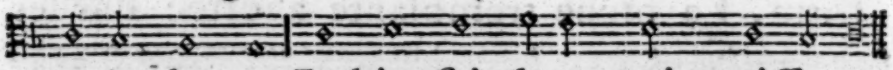
ÉTernel, tu m'as dégagé, Du péril, où



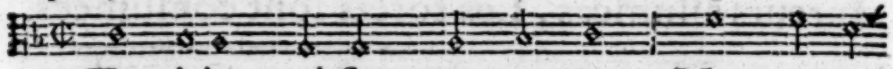
j'étois plongé; Mes ennemis n'ont plus de quoi,



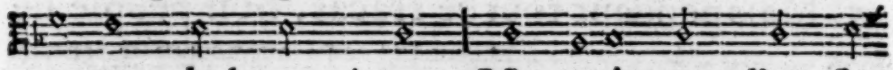
Rire malignement de moi: Il faut donc auſſi



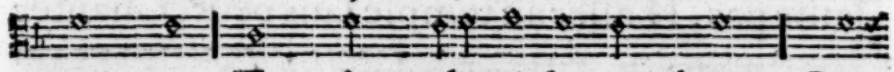
que je chante, Le bienfait de ta main puiſſante.



2. Ta pitié, qui fut mon recours, Me montre



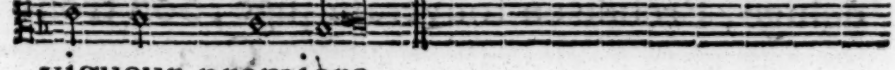
encore de beaux jours, Me ranimant d'un feu



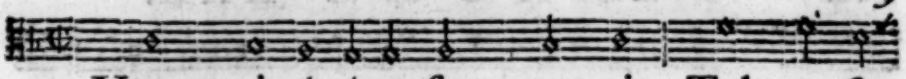
nouveau: Tu m'as relevé du tombeau; Sans



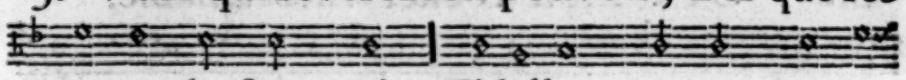
toi je perdois la lumière, Tu me rends ma



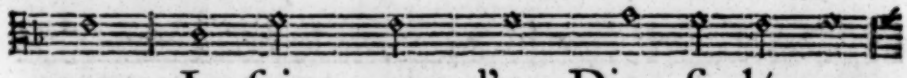
vigueur première.



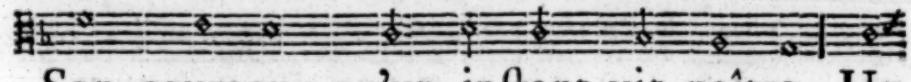
3. Vous qui révérez ſon pouvoir, Tel que ſes



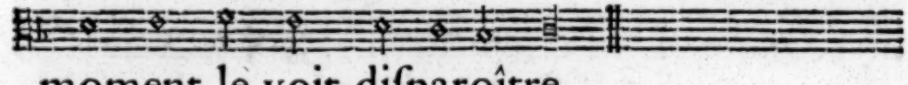
œuvres le font voir, Fidelles, vantez haute-



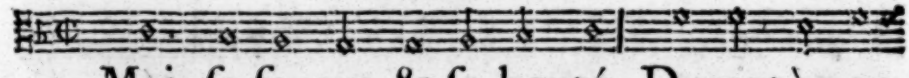
ment, Le ſaint nom d'un Dieu ſi clément:



Son courroux qu'un inſtant vit naître, Un



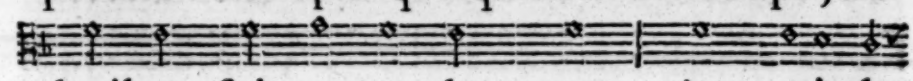
moment le voit diſparoître.



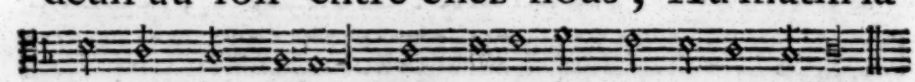
4. Mais ſa faveur & ſa bonté, Durent à per-



pétuité: Et ſi par quelqu'un de ſes coups, Le



deuil au ſoir entre chez nous, Au matin la

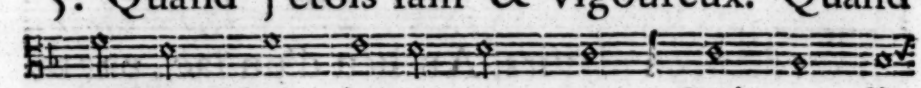


clarté nouvelle, Ramène la joie avec elle.

PAUSE.



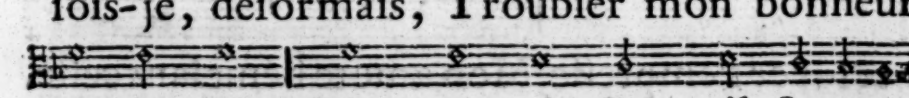
5. Quand j'étois ſain & vigoureux. Quand



tout ſembloit rire à mes vœux, Qui peut di-



ſois-je, déſormais, Troubler mon bonheur



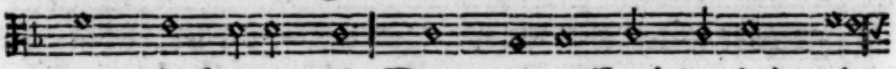
& ma paix? Dieu me voit d'un œil favora-



ble ; C'eſt mon rocher inébranlable.



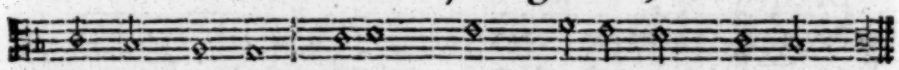
6. Mais ton viſage étant tourné, Soudain mon



cœur s'eſt étonné : Dans cet effroi je t'ai prié,



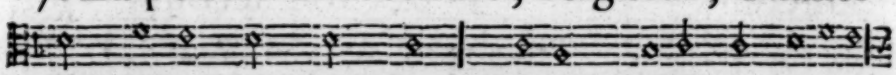
Et me ſuis ainſi recrié ; Seigneur, faut-il donc



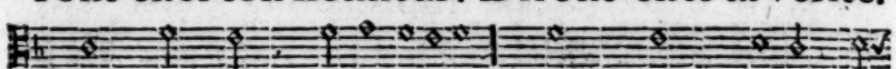
que je meure ? Hélas ! quel profit t'en demeure ?



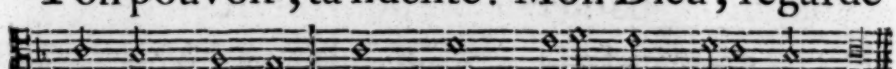
7. La poudre & la cendre, Seigneur, Chante-



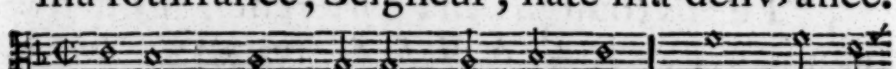
ront-elles ton honneur ? Diront-elles ta vérité ?



Ton pouvoir, ta fidélité ? Mon Dieu, regarde



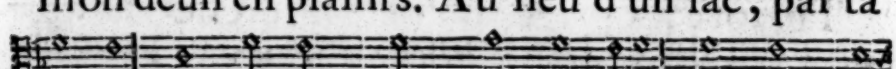
ma ſouffrance ; Seigneur, hâte ma délivrance.



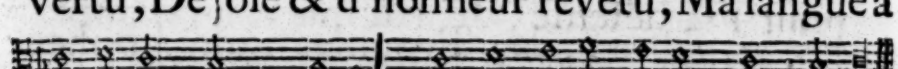
8. Alors, touché de mes ſoupirs, Tu change



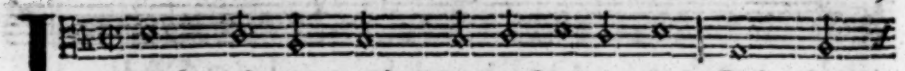
mon deuil en plaiſirs. Au lieu d'un ſac, par ta



vertu, De joie & d'honneur revêtu, Ma langue à



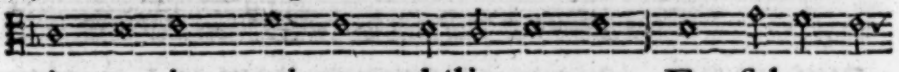
te louer s'empreſſe, Mon ame te bénit ſans ceſſe.



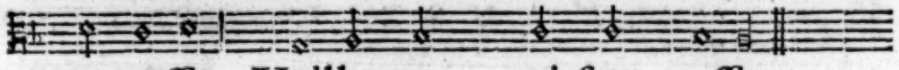
J'Ai mis en toi mon eſpérance : Seigneur,



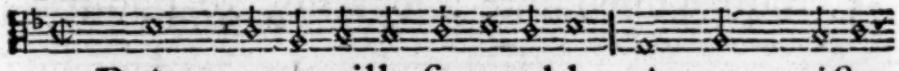
je ne crains plus, De me trouver confus.



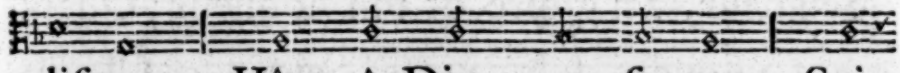
Accorde moi ma délivrance ; Et ſelon ta



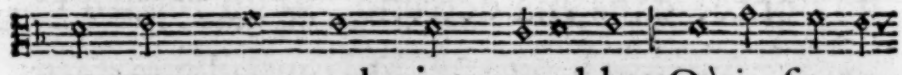
promeſſe, Veille pour moi ſans ceſſe.



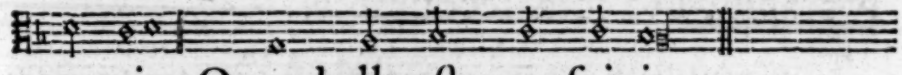
2. Prête une oreille favorable, A mes triſtes



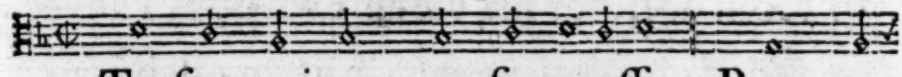
diſcours ; Hâte, ô Dieu, ton ſecours : Sois



ma tour, ma roche imprenable, Où je ſauve



ma vie, Quand elle eſt pourſuivie.



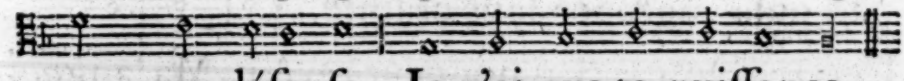
3. Tu fus toujours ma fortereſſe ; Pour ton



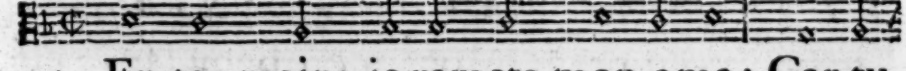
nom glorieux, Sois mon guide en tous lieux.



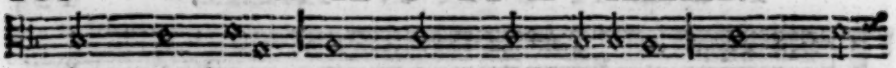
Tu vois les piéges qu'on me dreſſe ; Et que



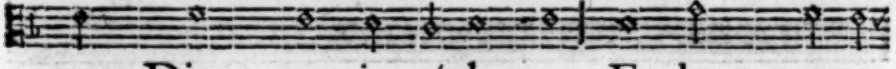
pour ma défenſe, Je n'ai que ta puiſſance.



4. En tes mains je remets mon ame : Car tu



m'as racheté, O Dieu de vérité. C'eſt toi,

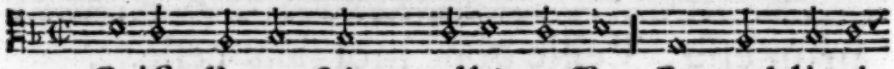


mon Dieu, que je réclame; Et dans toutes



mes peines, je fuis les erreurs vaines.

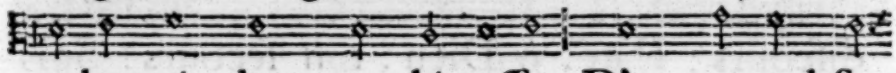
PAUSE I.



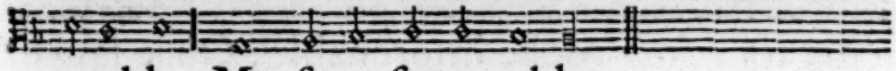
5. Saiſi d'une ſainte allégreſſe, Je publirai,



Seigneur, Ta gloire & ton honneur; Quand



ta bonté, dans ma détreſſe, D'un regard fa-



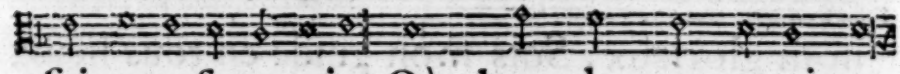
vorable, Me ſera ſecourable.



6. Loin de livrer ma vie en proye, A l'adver-



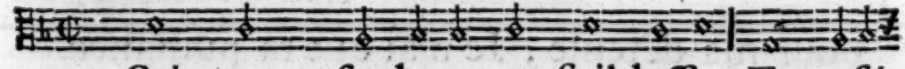
ſaire armé; Qui m'avoit enfermé, Tu m'as



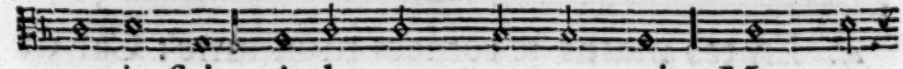
fait une ſure voie, Où, hors de toute atteinte,



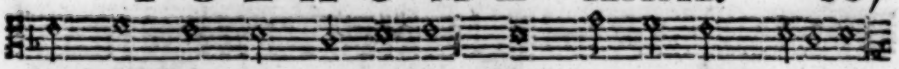
Je puis marcher ſans crainte.



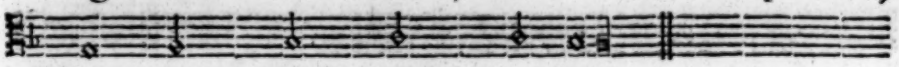
7. Seigneur, ſoulage ma foibleſſe: Expoſé



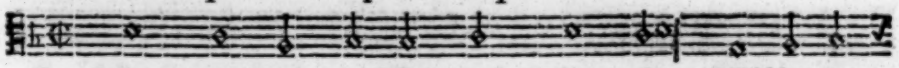
que je ſuis, A de nouveaux ennuis, Mes yeux



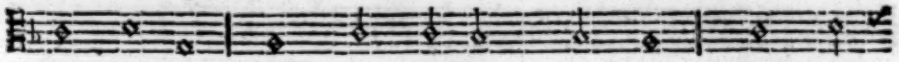
languiſſent de triſteſſe; Mon ame s'inquiète;



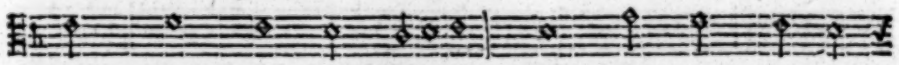
Mon corps n'eſt qu'un ſquelete.



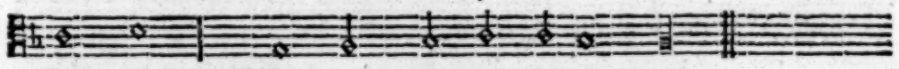
8. Mes péchés conſument ma vie; Mille ſou-



cis cuiſans, Accourciſſent mes ans: De dou-

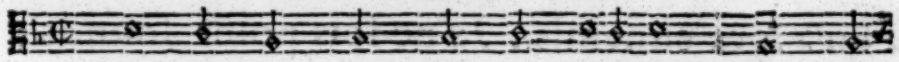


leur mon ame eſt ſaiſie; Mes forces m'aban-

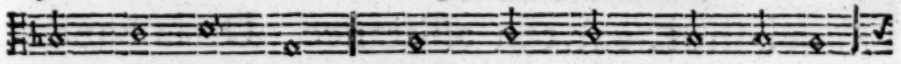


donnent; Mes os même s'étonnent.

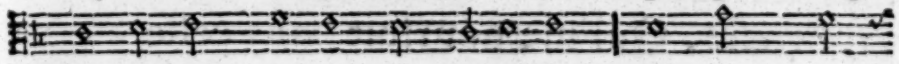
PAUSE. II.



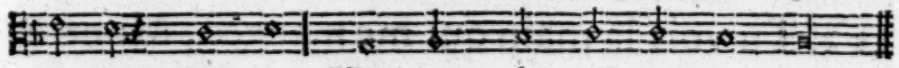
9. Parmi tous ceux qui me haïſſent, On voit



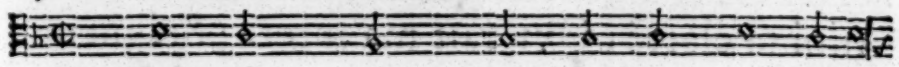
au premier rang, Ceux de mon propre ſang:



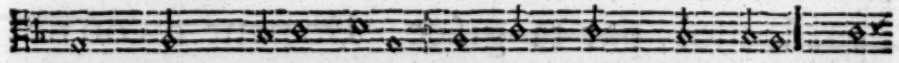
Mes amis même me trahiſſent; Ils ont quand



je me montre, Horreur de ma rencontre.



10. Tel qu'un mort, hors de leur mémoire,



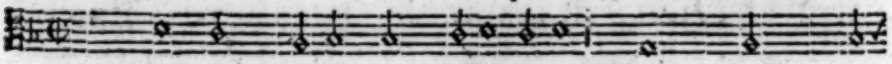
Tel qu'un vaſe briſé, Je me vois mépriſé: On



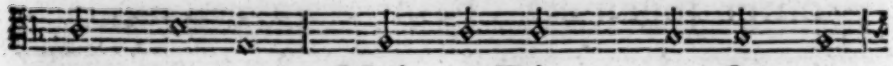
m'accuſe, on noircit ma gloire: Mille maux



me travaillent, Mille frayeurs m'aſſaillent.



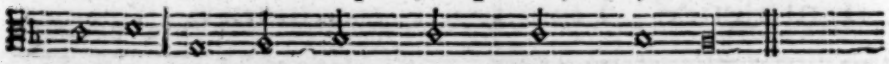
11. Soir & matin on délibère, Comment me



mettre à mort: Mais, ô Dieu, mon ſupport,



C'eſt en ta bonté que j'eſpère; Et je dis en moi-



même, Je ſais que mon Dieu m'aime.



12. Tu tiens mes jours en ta puiſſance; fais



qu'à mes ennemis, Je ne ſois point ſoumis:



Sauve moi, par ton aſſiſtance, De la bande



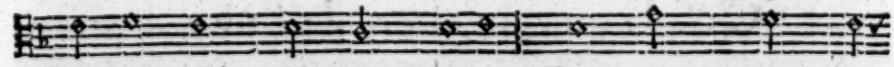
traîtreſſe, Qui me pourſuit ſans ceſſe.



13. Tu vois la main qui me menace, Montre



moi ta clarté, Qui fait ma ſureté; Seigneur,

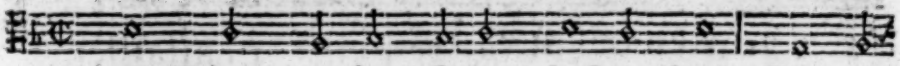


garde moi, par ta grâce, De peur qu'on ne

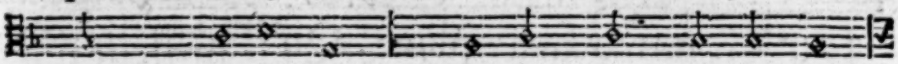


ſe moque, De celui qui t'invoque.

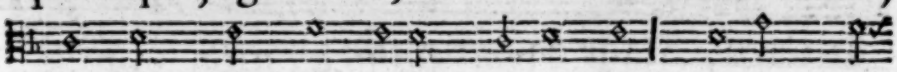
PAUSE III.



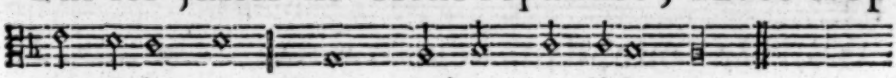
14. O Dieu, tu les feras deſcendre, Par un



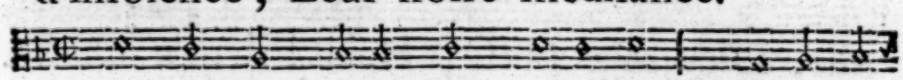
prompt jugement, Confus au monument;



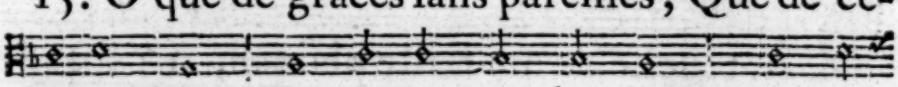
Sur les juſtes ils oſent répandre, Avec trop



d'inſolence, Leur noire médiſance.



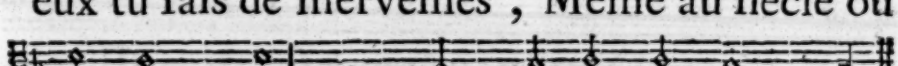
15. O que de grâces ſans pareilles, Que de cé-



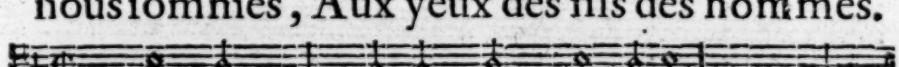
leſtes biens, Tu garde pour les tiens! Que pour



eux tu fais de merveilles, Même au ſiècle où



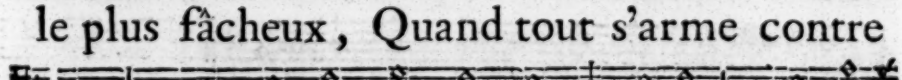
nous ſommes, Aux yeux des fils des hommes.



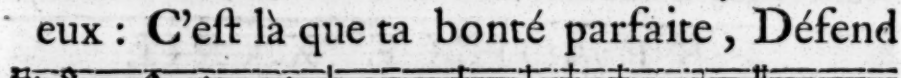
16. Ton ſanctuaire eſt leur retraite, Au temps



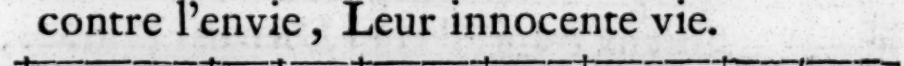
le plus fâcheux, Quand tout s'arme contre



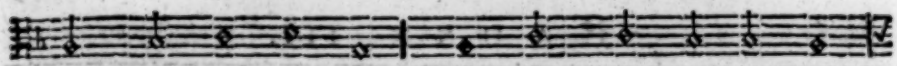
eux: C'eſt là que ta bonté parfaite, Défend



contre l'envie, Leur innocente vie.



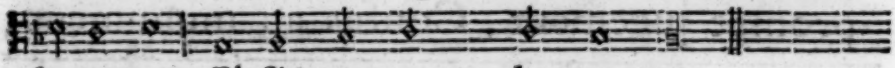
17. Loué ſoit Dieu, qui, par ſa grâce, Me



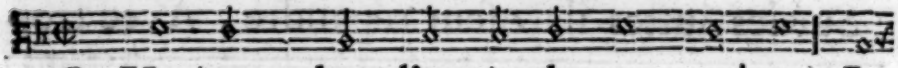
fait voir en ce jour, Juſqu'où va ſon amour !



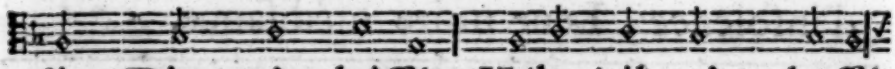
Il m'eſt une ſi forte place, Qu'il n'eſt lieu ſur



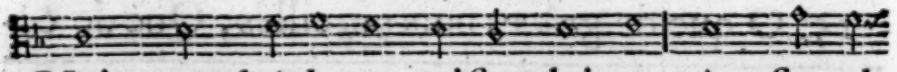
la terre, Si ſûr en temps de guerre:



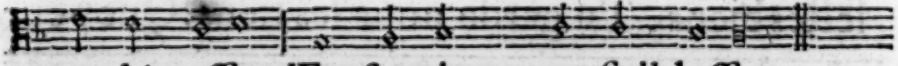
18. Un jour, dans l'excès de ma crainte, Je



dis, Dieu m'a laiſſé; Hélas! il m'a chaſſé.



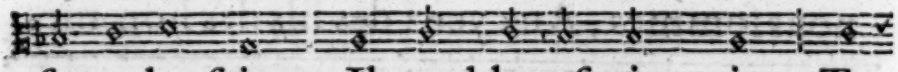
Mais, touché de ma triſte plainte, Au fort de



ma détreſſe, Tu ſoutiens ma foibleſſe.



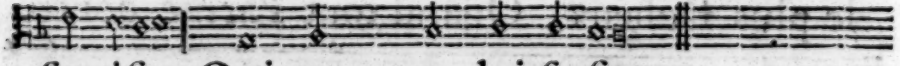
19. Aimez Dieu, vous ames ſincères: Il con-



ſerve les ſaints, Il perd les eſprits vains: Te-

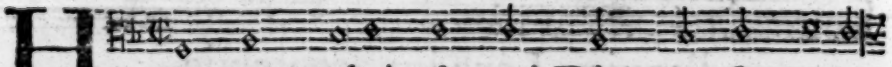


nez bon, dans les temps contraires; Sa grâce



fortifie, Quiconque en lui ſe fie.

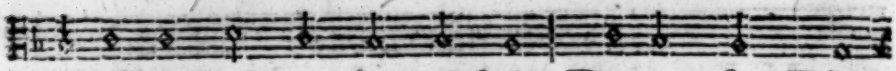
PSEAUME XXXII.



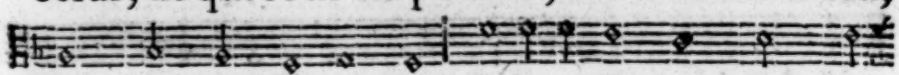
HEureux celui, de qui Dieu par ſa grâce,



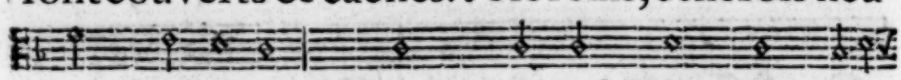
Et les erreurs & les fautes efface ! Heureux



celui, de qui tous les péchés, Devant ſon Dieu,



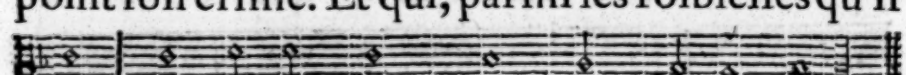
ſont couverts & cachés! Je le redis, cent fois heu-



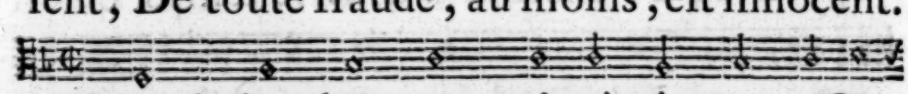
reux j'eſtime, L'homme à qui Dieu n'impute



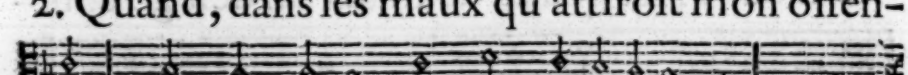
point ſon crime: Et qui, parmi les foibleſſes qu'il



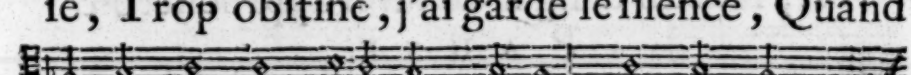
ſent, De toute fraude, au moins, eſt innocent.



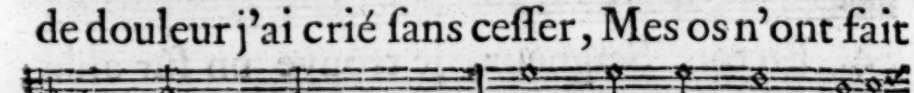
2. Quand, dans les maux qu'attiroit mon offen-



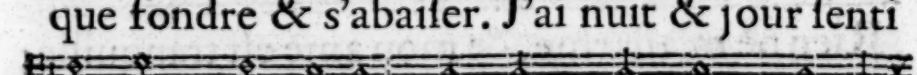
ſe, Trop obſtiné, j'ai gardé le ſilence, Quand



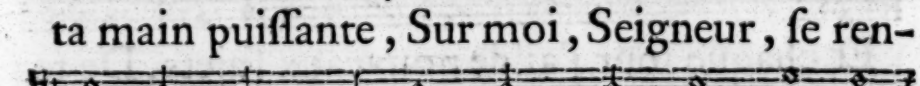
de douleur j'ai crié ſans ceſſer, Mes os n'ont fait



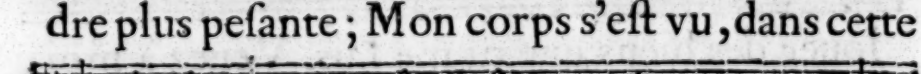
que fondre & s'abaiſer. J'ai nuit & jour ſenti



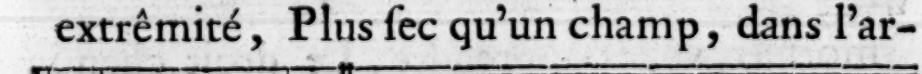
ta main puiſſante, Sur moi, Seigneur, ſe ren-



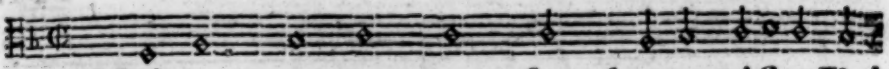
dre plus peſante; Mon corps s'eſt vu, dans cette



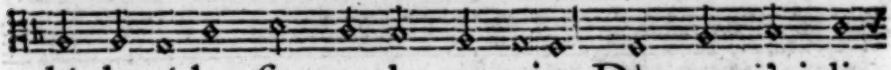
extrêmité, Plus ſec qu'un champ, dans l'ar-



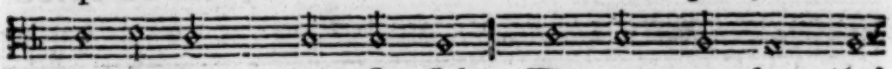
deur de l'eté.



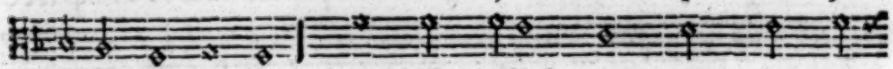
3. Mais au moment que, ſans hypocriſie, J'ai



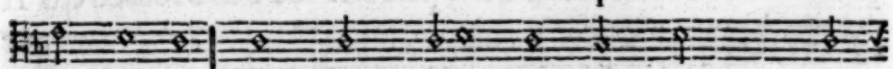
déploré les fautes de ma vie, Dès que j'ai dit,



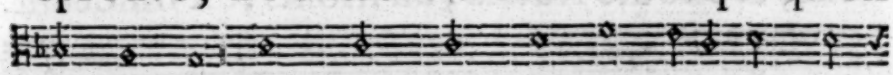
Confeſſons mon forfait; De ton pardon j'ai



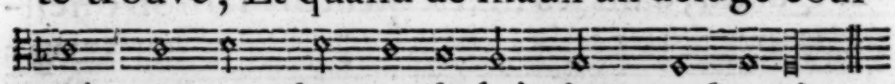
reſſenti l'effet. Ainſi celui que ton amour



éprouve, Te cherchera dans le temps qu'on



te trouve; Et quand de maux un déluge cour-

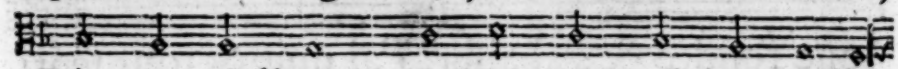


roit, Aucun danger de lui n'approcheroit.

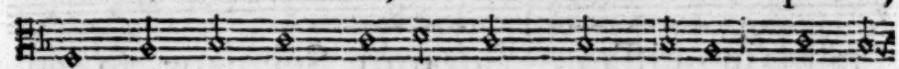
PAUSE.



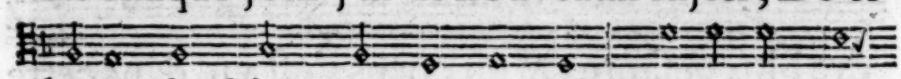
4. En toi, Seigneur, je trouve un ſûr aſile;



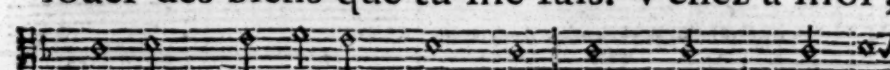
Rien ne m'allarme, & mon ame eſt tranquille;



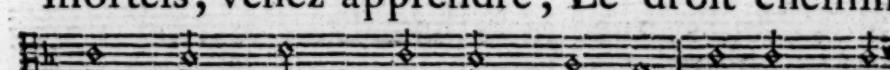
Et chaque jour j'ai de nouveaux ſujets, De te



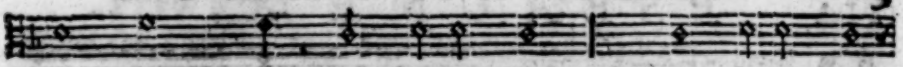
louer des biens que tu me fais. Venez à moi,



mortels, venez apprendre, Le droit chemin



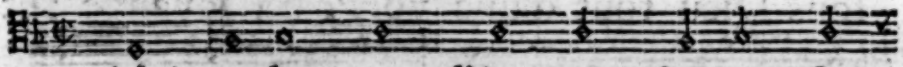
qu'en ce monde il faut prendre: Si ſur mes



pas vous marchéz déſormais, Vous ſerez ſûrs



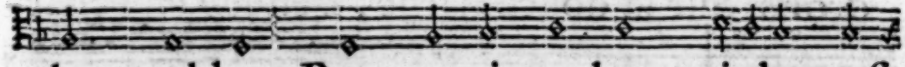
de ne broncher jamais.



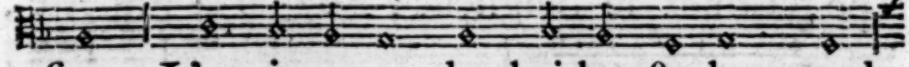
5. Ah! gardez-vous d'être aux chevaux ſem-



blable, Privez de ſens fougueux, preſque in-



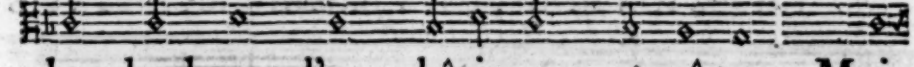
domptables: Pour reprimer leurs violens ef-



forts, L'art inventa des brides & des mords.



L'homme endurci ſera dompté de même, Par



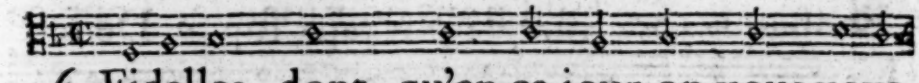
les douleurs d'un châtiment extrême: Mais



quand quelqu'un prend ſon Dieu pour ſoutien,



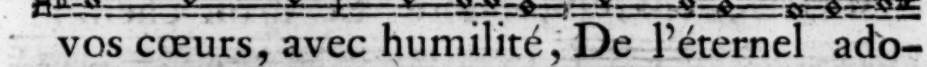
Son Dieu le comble & d'honneur & de bien.



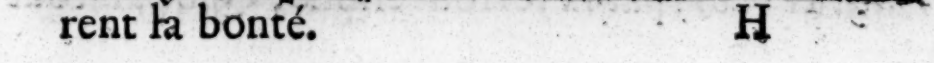
6. Fidelles, dont, qu'en ce jour on vous voye,



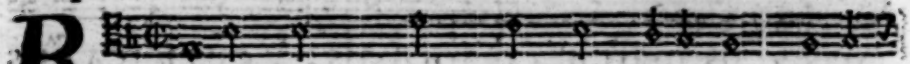
Chanter, louer l'auteur de votre joie; Et que



vos cœurs, avec humilité, De l'éternel ado-



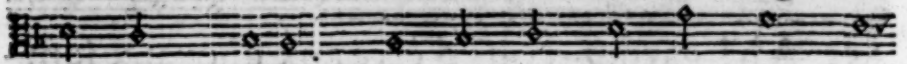
rent la bonté.



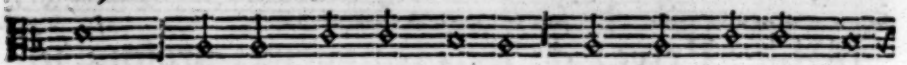
REveilliez-vous, peuple fidelle, Béniſ-



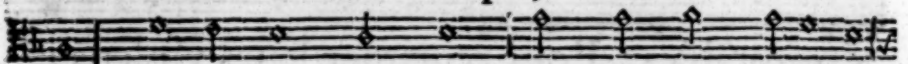
ſons Dieu tout d'une voix, Sa louange fut



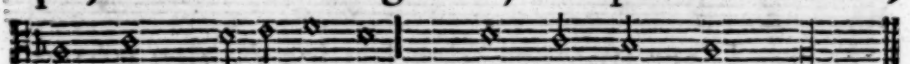
toujours belle, Dans la bouche des hommes



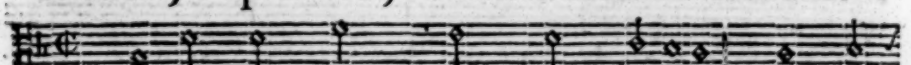
droits. Sur la douce harpe, Pendue en échar-



pe, Louez le Seigneur ; Et que la muſette,



le luth, l'épinette, Chantent ſon honneur.



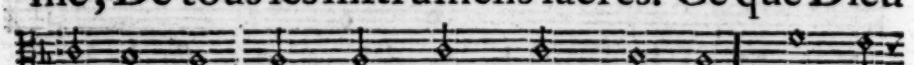
2. Louez ſon nom, par l'harmonie, Des vers



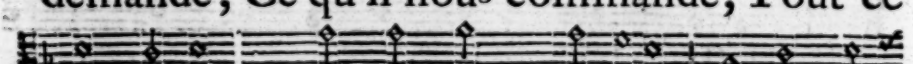
nombreux & meſurez : Ajoutez-y la ſympho-



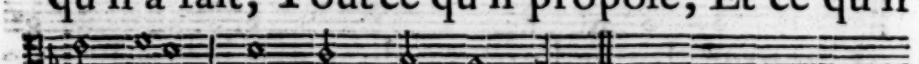
nie, De tous les inſtrumens ſacrés. Ce que Dieu



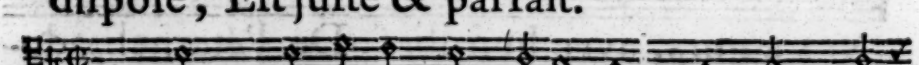
demande, Ce qu'il nous commande, Tout ce



qu'il a fait, Tout ce qu'il propoſe, Et ce qu'il



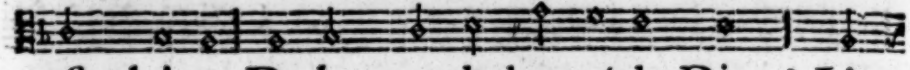
diſpoſe, Eſt juſte & parfait.



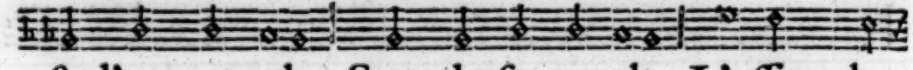
3. Il veut, par ſa loi ſouveraine, Que par-tout



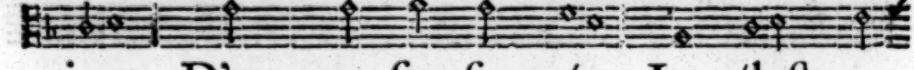
la juſtice ait lieu. Qui ne voit que la terre



eſt pleine, De la grande bonté de Dieu ? L'un



& l'autre pole, Sont de ſa parole, L'effet glo-



rieux : D'un mot fut formée, La céleſte ar-

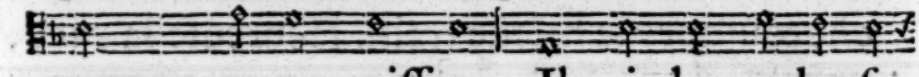


mée, Qui brille à nos yeux.

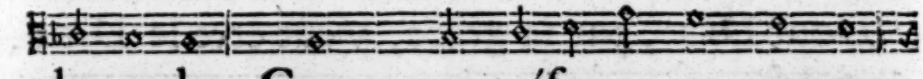
PAUSE I.



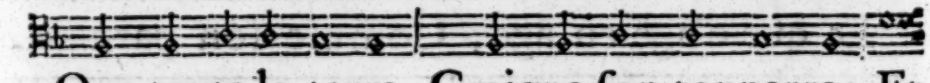
4. Il raſſembla les eaux profondes, Les tenant



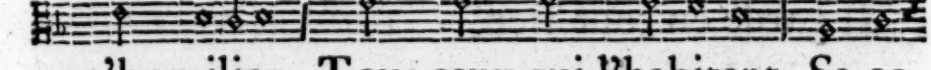
comme en un vaiſſeau ; Il mit les ondes ſur



les ondes, Comme un tréſor en un monceau.



Que toute la terre, Craigne ſon tonnerre ; Et



qu'humiliez, Tous ceux qui l'habitent, Sa co-



lère évitent, Soumis à ſes pieds.



5. La choſe, auſſi-tôt qu'il l'eut dite, Eut ſon



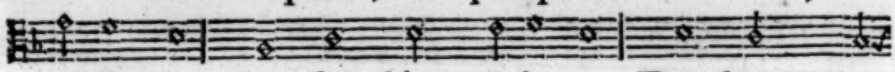
être dans le moment : L'obéiſſance fut ſubite,



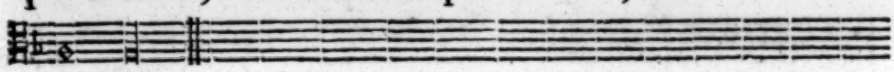
Et ſuivit le commandement. L'Éternel mépriſe,



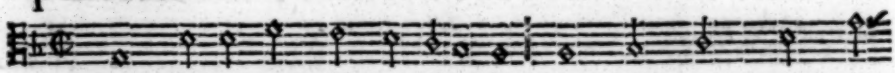
La vaine entrepriſe, Des peuples divers: Sa juſte



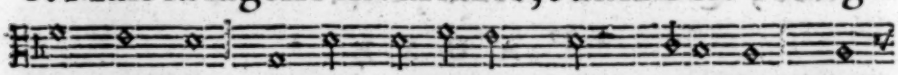
puiſſance, Confond la prudence, Des hommes



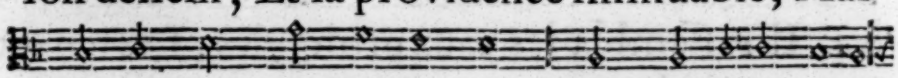
pervers.



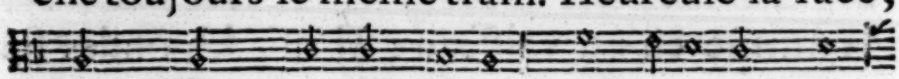
6. Mais ſa ſageſſe invariable, Jamais ne change



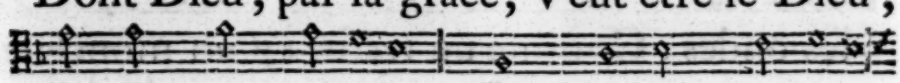
ſon deſſein; Et ſa providence immuable, Mar-



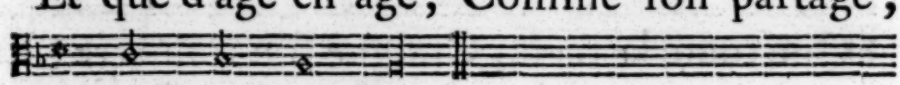
che toujours le même train. Heureuſe la race,



Dont Dieu, par ſa grâce, Veut être le Dieu,

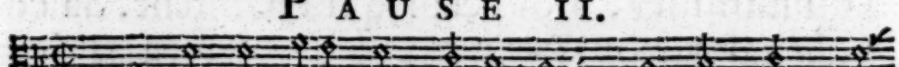


Et que d'âge en âge, Comme ſon partage,



Il garde en tout lieu.

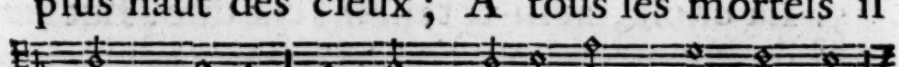
PAUSE II.



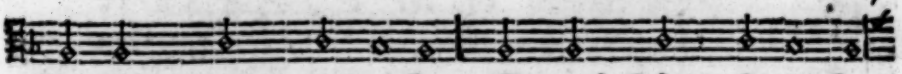
7. L'Éternel ici-bas regarde, Nuit & jour, du



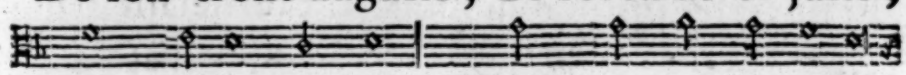
plus haut des cieux; A tous les mortels il



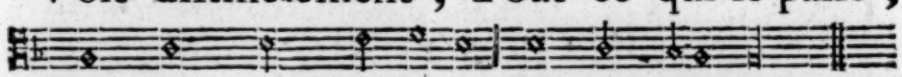
prend garde, Et rien ne ſe cache à ſes yeux.



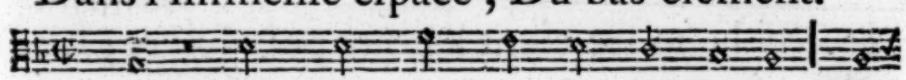
De ſon trône auguſte, Ce roi ſaint & juſte,



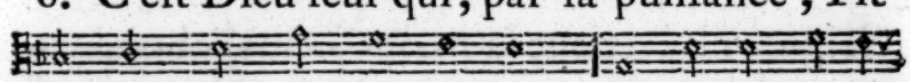
Voit diſtinctement, Tout ce qui ſe paſſe,



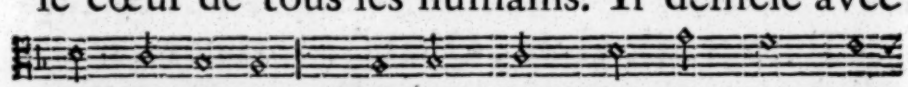
Dans l'immenſe eſpace, Du bas élément.



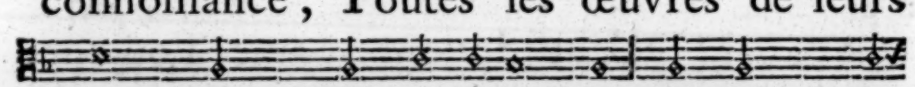
8. C'eſt Dieu ſeul qui, par ſa puiſſance, Fit



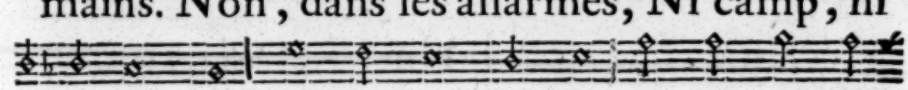
le cœur de tous les humains. Il démêle avec



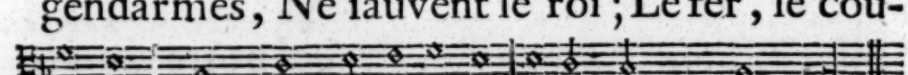
connoiſſance, Toutes les œuvres de leurs



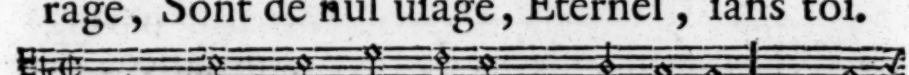
mains. Non, dans les allarmes, Ni camp, ni



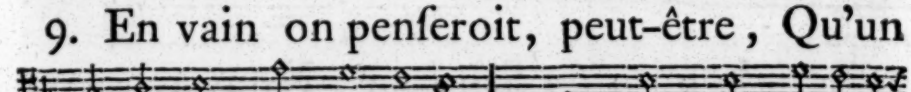
gendarmes, Ne ſauvent le roi; Le fer, le cou-



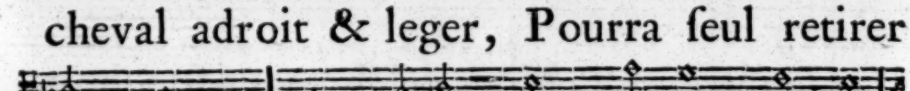
rage, Sont de nul uſage, Éternel, ſans toi.



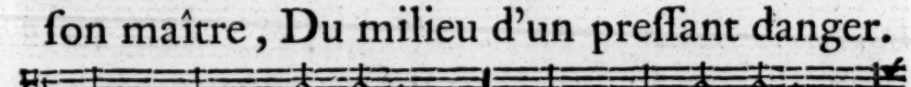
9. En vain on penſeroit, peut-être, Qu'un



cheval adroit & leger, Pourra ſeul retirer



ſon maître, Du milieu d'un preſſant danger.



Mais Dieu, de ſes ailes, Couvre les fidelles;



Et veille toujours, Pour qui le révère, Pour

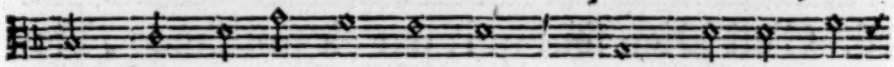


qui rien n'eſpère, Que de ſon ſecours.

PAUSE III.



10. Si la mort vient à nous pourſuivre, Le



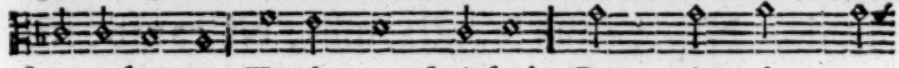
Seigneur lui retient la main; Dans l'abondan-



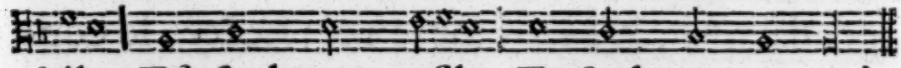
ce il nous fait vivre, Quand par tout on man-



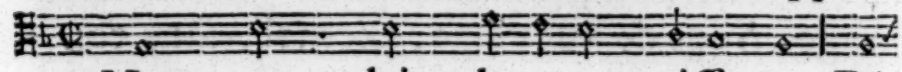
que de pain. Qu'ainſi donc notre ame, Toujours



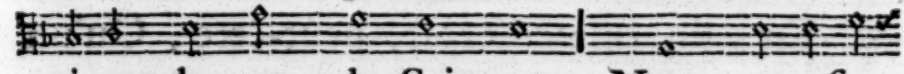
le réclame, Et s'attende à lui: Son trône immo-



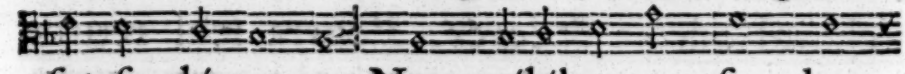
bile, Eſt ſeul notre aſile, Et ſeul notre appui.



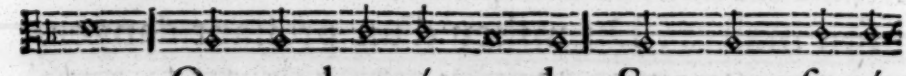
11. Nos cœurs, pleins de reconnoiſſance, Bé-



niront le nom du Seigneur; Nous repoſant



ſur ſa clémence, Nous célébrerons ſon hon-



neur. Que ta bonté grande, Sur nous ſe ré-



pande, O Dieu notre roi: Rempli notre at-



tente: Notre ame contente, N'eſpère qu'en toi.

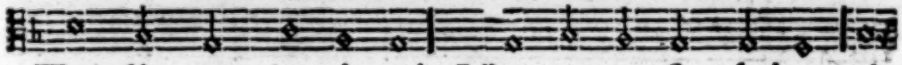
PSEAUME XXXIV.



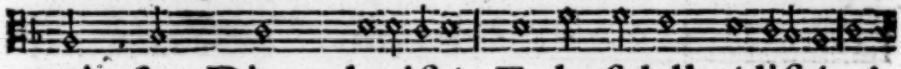
TOujours je bénirai, Dans mes chants le



nom du Seigneur; Ma bouche dira ſa grandeur,



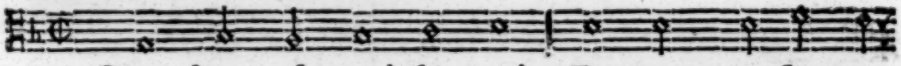
Tandis que je vivrai. Mon ame ſe plaira, A



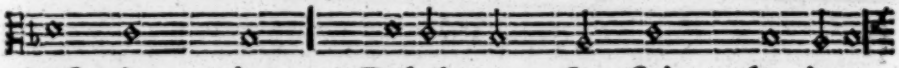
voir ſon Dieu glorifié, Et le fidelle édifié, A



mon chant ſe joindra.



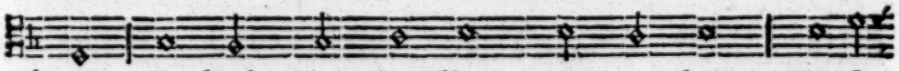
2. Que donc du roi des rois, Le nom reſonne



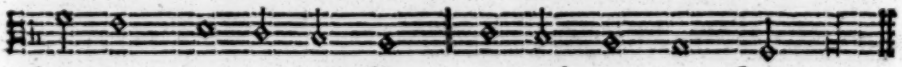
juſqu'aux cieux; Célébrons ſes faits glorieux.



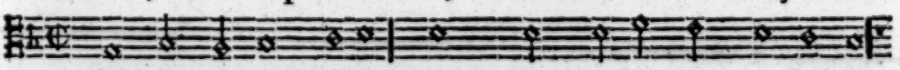
D'une commune voix. Dans toutes mes dou-



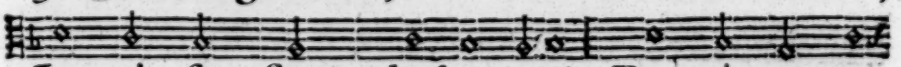
leurs, Je l'ai cherché d'un cœur ardent; Et ſa



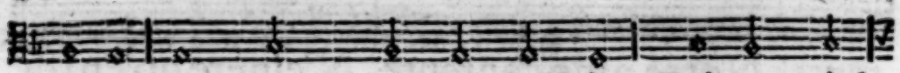
bonté, me répondant, A calmé mes frayeurs.



3. Qui le regardera, S'en trouvera tout éclairé;



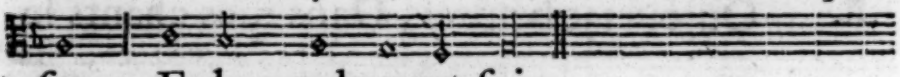
Jamais ſon front deshonoré, Rougir on ne



verra. Le pauvre, en ſon beſoin, Crie au ciel,



& Dieu l'exauçant, Le délivre des maux qu'il

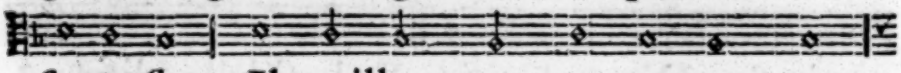


ſent, ·Et le garde avec ſoin.

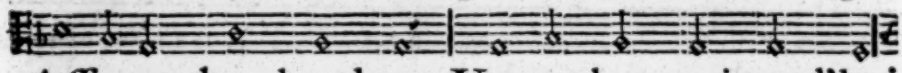
PAUSE I.



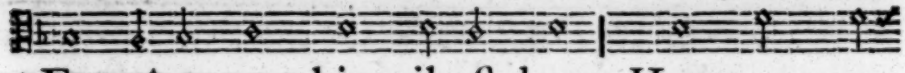
4. Les anges du Seigneur, Campent autour de



ſes enfans; Ils veillent pour eux en tout temps,



Aſſurant leur bonheur. Venez donc aujourd'hui



Et goûtez combien il eſt doux: Heureux, cent



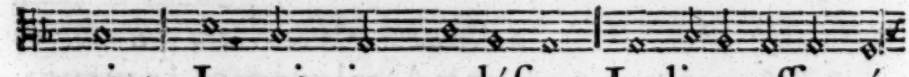
fois heureux vous tous, Qui n'eſpèrez qu'en lui.



5. Craignez le Dieu très-haut, Vous dont le



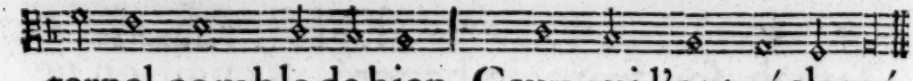
cœur eſt pur & ſaint: Car à tout homme, qui le



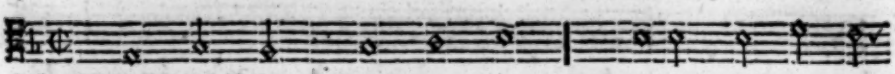
craint, Jamais rien ne défaut. Le lion affamé,



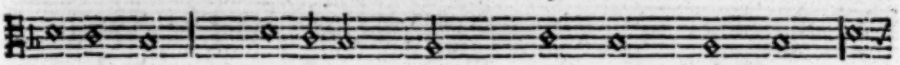
Cherche, & ſouvent ne trouve rien; Mais l'É-



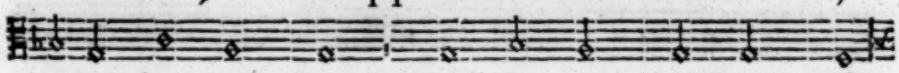
ternel comble de bien, Ceux qui l'ont réclamé.



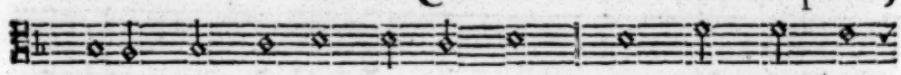
6. Vous enfans bienheureux, Venez m'écouter



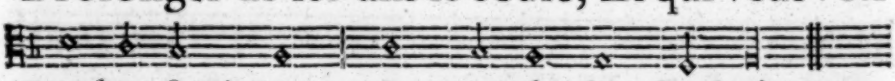
en ce lieu; Venez apprendre à craindre Dieu; Il



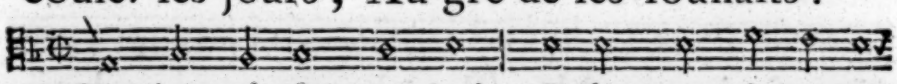
entendra vos vœux. Qui de vous veut en paix,



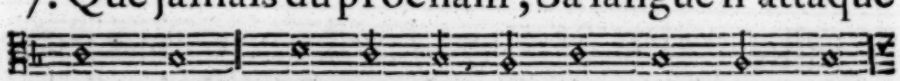
Prolonger de ſes ans le cours, Et qui veut voir



couler ſes jours, Au gré de ſes ſouhaits?



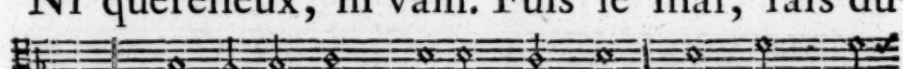
7. Que jamais du prochain, Sa langue n'attaque



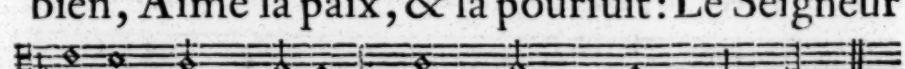
l'honneur; Qu'il ne ſoit ni faux, ni trompeur,



Ni querelleux, ni vain. Fuis le mal, fais du

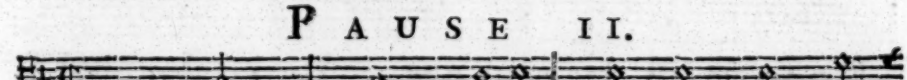


bien, Aime la paix, & la pourſuit: Le Seigneur

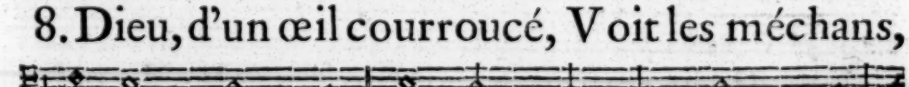


veille pour celui, Qui cherche à faire bien.

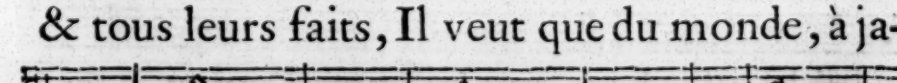
PAUSE II.



8. Dieu, d'un œil courroucé, Voit les méchans,



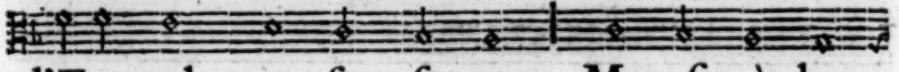
& tous leurs faits, Il veut que du monde, à ja-



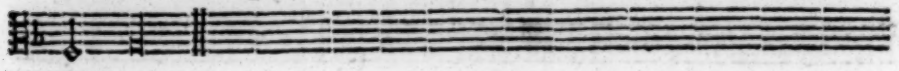
mais, Leur nom ſoit effacé. Les juſtes, dans



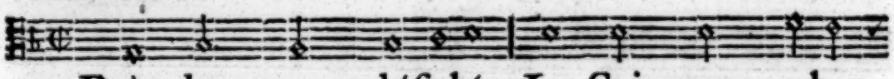
leurs maux, A l'Éternel ont leur recours; Et



l'Eternel, par ſon ſecours, Met fin à leurs



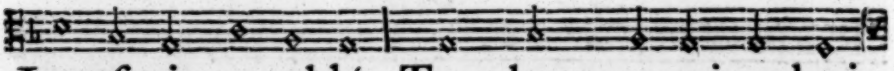
travaux.



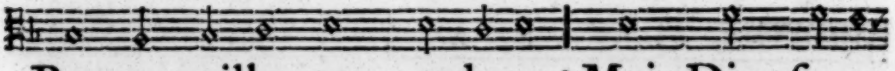
9. Près des cœurs déſolés, Le Seigneur volon-



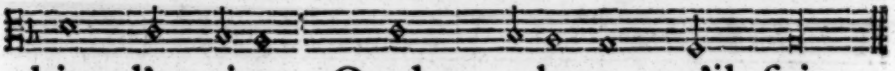
tiers ſe tient; Le Seigneur volontiers ſoutient,



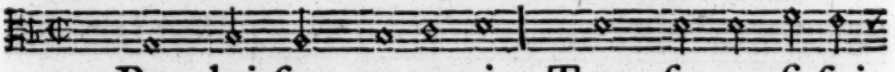
Les eſprits accablés. Tout homme qui va droit,



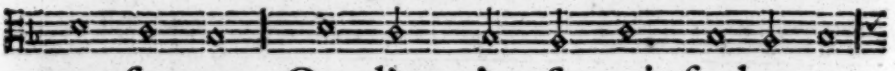
Pourra mille maux endurer: Mais Dieu ſaura



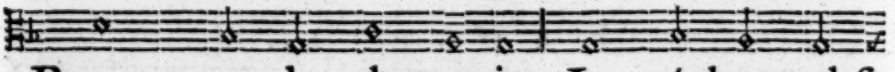
bien l'en tirer, Quelque abattu qu'il ſoit.



10. Par lui ſont garantis, Tous ſes os ſi ſoi-



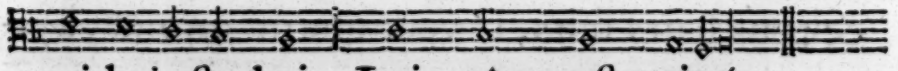
gneuſement, Que l'on n'en ſauroit ſeulement,



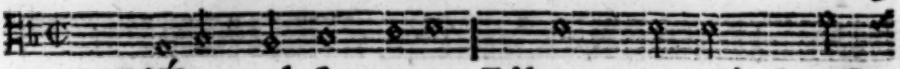
Rompre un des plus petits. Le pécheur obſ-



tiné, Périt toujours par ſon forfait; Et celui



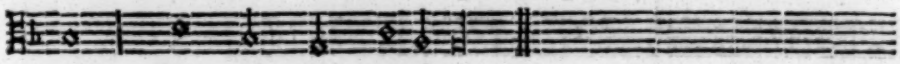
qui le juſte hait, Lui-même eſt ruiné.



11. L'Éternel ſauvera, L'homme qui ſouffre



en le ſervant: Quiconque eſpère au Dieu vi-

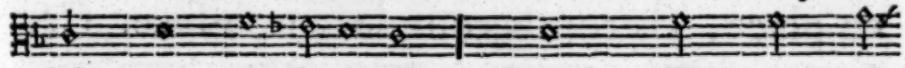


vant, Jamais ne périra.

PSEAUME XXXV.



REnds confus mes accuſateurs, Et pour-



ſuis mes perſécuteurs : Viens, Seigneur, &



pour ma défenſe, Prends le bouclier & la



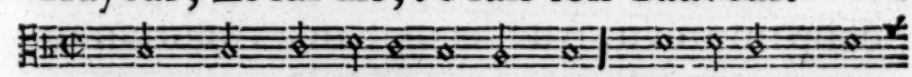
lance. Charge les, pour les diſperſer, Et les



empêche d'avancer : Parle à mon ame en ſa



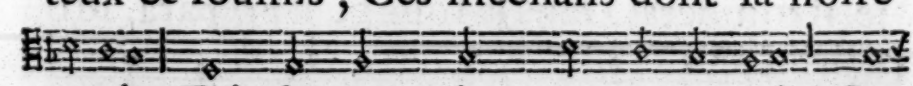
frayeur, Et lui dit, Je ſuis ton Sauveur.



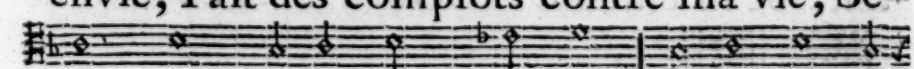
2. Tous ces perfides ennemis, S'en iront hon-



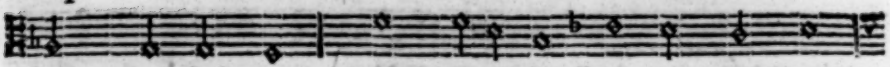
teux & ſoumis ; Ces méchans dont la noire



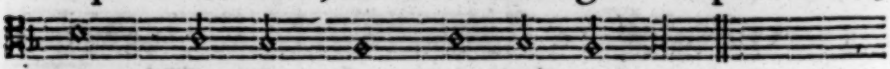
envie, Fait des complots contre ma vie, Se-



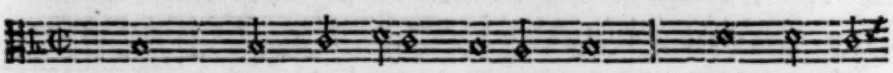
ront comme la poudre au vent: Et ſon Ange,



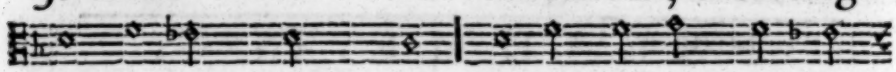
les pourſuivant, Leur fera la guerre par-tout,



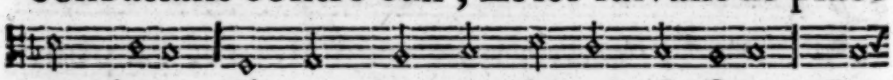
D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout.



3. Leur chemin ſera ténébreux ; Ton ange



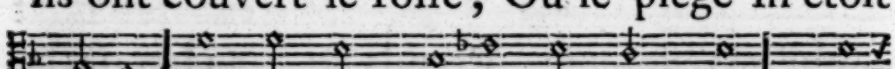
conbattant contre eux, Et les ſuivant de place



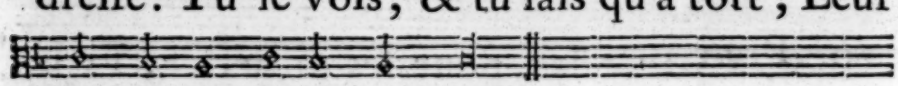
en place, Ils tomberont devant ſa face. Car



ils ont couvert le foſſé, Où le piége m'étoit



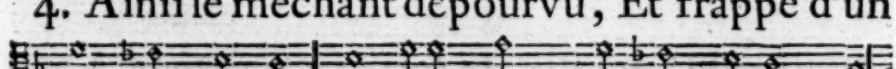
dreſſé: Tu le vois, & tu ſais qu'à tort, Leur



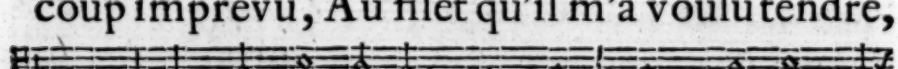
haine a conjuré ma mort.



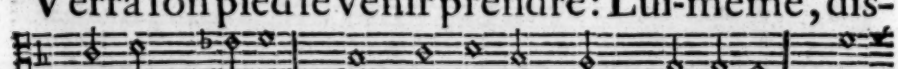
4. Ainſi le méchant dépourvu, Et frappé d'un



coup imprévu, Au filet qu'il m'a voulu tendre,



Verra ſon pied ſe venir prendre: Lui-même, dis-



je, il tombera, Dans la foſſe qu'il prépara. Mon

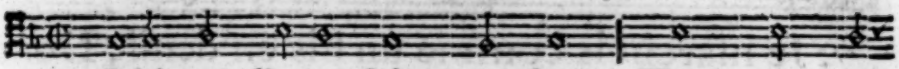


ame bénira mon Dieu, Qui m'aura conduit en

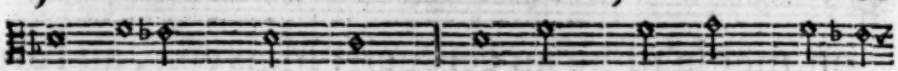


tout lieu.

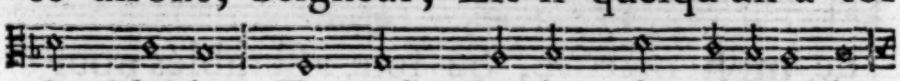
PAUSE I.



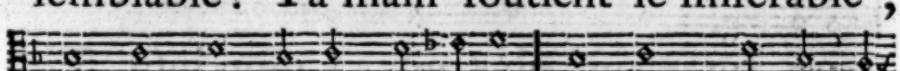
5. Animé d'une ſainte ardeur, Tous mes os



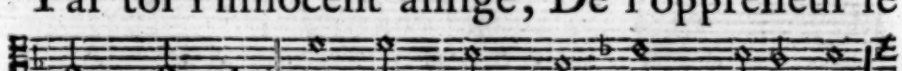
te diront, Seigneur, Eſt-il quelqu'un à toi



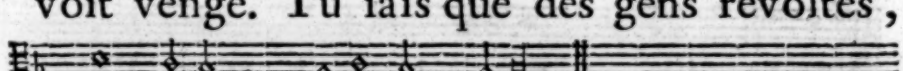
ſemblable? Ta main ſoutient le miſérable ;



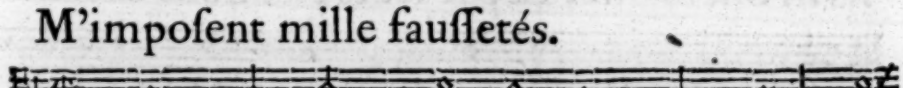
Par toi l'innocent affligé, De l'oppreſſeur ſe



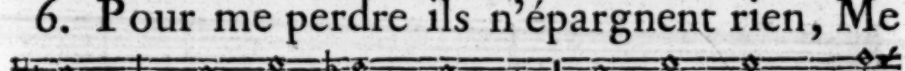
voit vengé. Tu ſais que des gens revoltés,



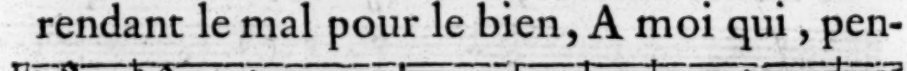
M'impoſent mille fauſſetés.



6. Pour me perdre ils n'épargnent rien, Me



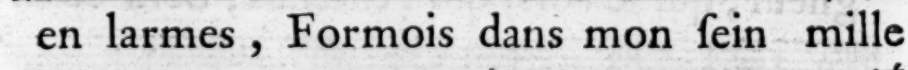
rendant le mal pour le bien, A moi qui, pen-



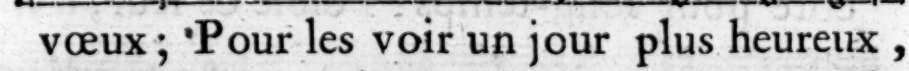
dant leurs allarmes, Vêtu d'un ſac, en jeûne,



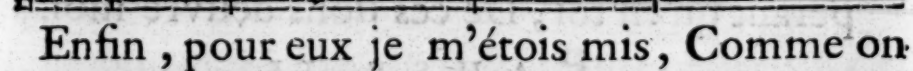
en larmes, Formois dans mon ſein mille



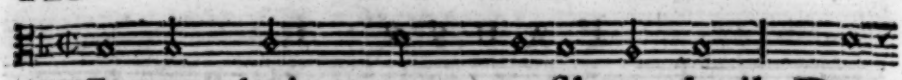
vœux; Pour les voir un jour plus heureux,



Enfin, pour eux je m'étois mis, Comme on



ſe met pour ſes amis :



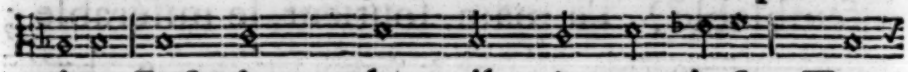
7. Je marchois comme un fils en deuil, Dont



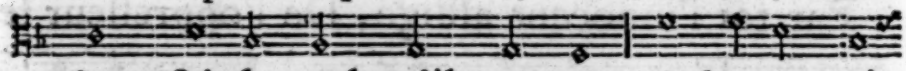
on met la mère au cercueil : Mais eux, au fort



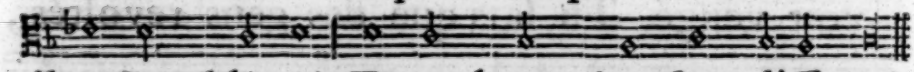
de mon martire, Se ſont aſſemblés pour en



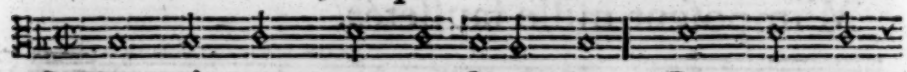
rire. Juſqu'aux plus vils, à mon inſu, Tous



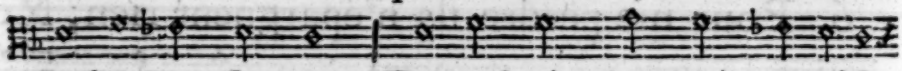
m'ont fait le mal qu'ils ont pu : A haute voix



ils m'ont blâmé, Et par leurs chanſons diffamé.



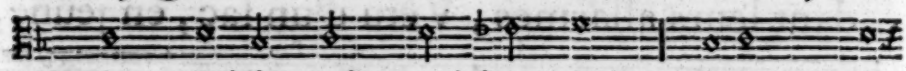
8. Parmi tous mes perſécuteurs, Se montrent



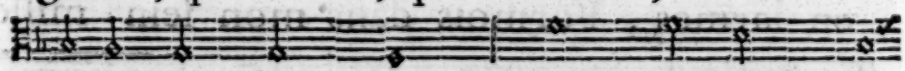
de lâches flateurs, Des eſprits bas & mépriſa-



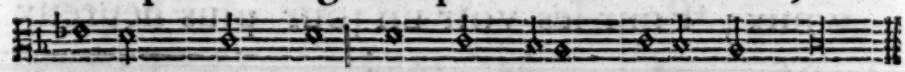
bles, Qui vont médire aux bonnes tables, Sei-



gneur, qui le vois, qui l'entends, Sera-ce en-

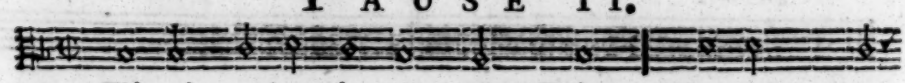


core pour long-temps ? Foible & ſeul, n'eſ-



pérant qu'en toi, De ces lions délivre moi.

PAUSE II.



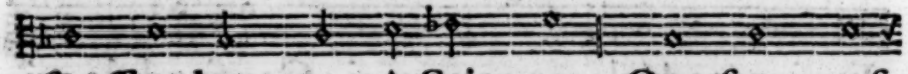
9. J'irai te bénir, ô mon Dieu, Devant ton



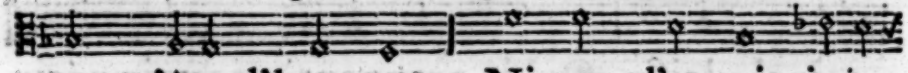
peuple, en ton ſaint lieu : J'irai parmi tous



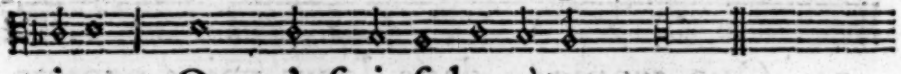
les fidelles, Louer tes vertus immortelles. Ne



ſouffre donc pas, ô Seigneur, Que ſans cauſe



on m'ôte l'honneur ; Ni que d'un air inju-



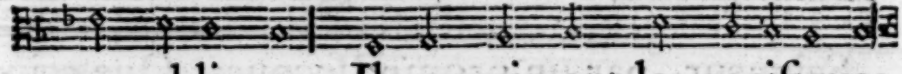
rieux, On m'oſe inſulter à tes yeux.



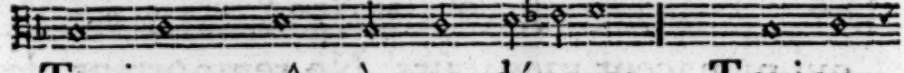
10. Ils ſont ennemis de la paix : Ces cruels



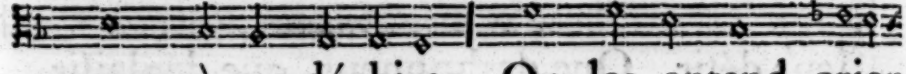
n'en parlent jamais ; Mais plutôt, par des



tours obliques, Ils oppriment les pacifiques.



Toujours prêts à me dévorer, Toujours



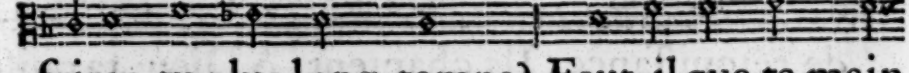
promps à me déchirer, On les entend crier



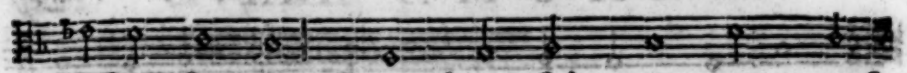
ſur moi, Ha, le malheureux ! je le vois.



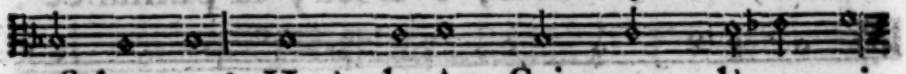
11. Seigneur, tu le vois, tu l'entends : Le ſouf-



friras-tu plus long-temps ? Faut-il que ta main



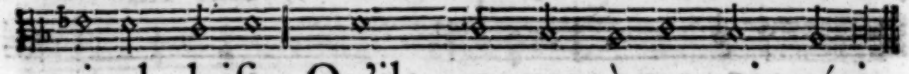
m'abandonne, Quand tu ſais que ma cauſe



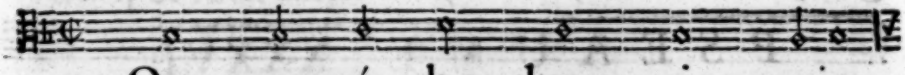
eſt bonne ? Ha ! plutôt, Seigneur, lève-toi,



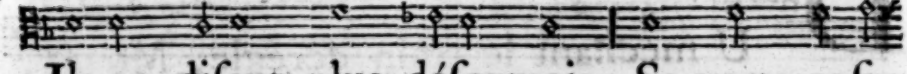
Et viens te déclarer pour moi ; Confonds le cri-



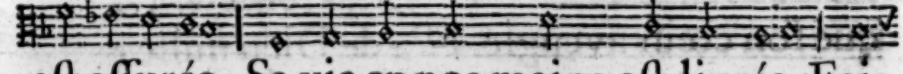
minel plaiſir, Qu'ils prennent à me voir périr.



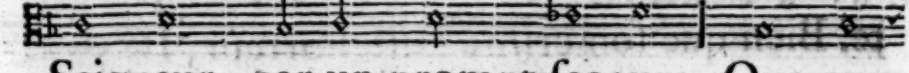
12. Que trompés dans leurs vains projets,



Ils ne diſent plus déſormais, Sa perte enfin



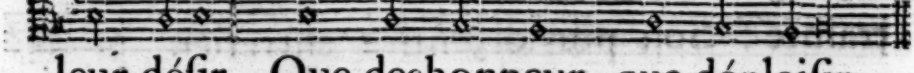
eſt aſſurée, Sa vie en nos mains eſt livrée. Fais,



Seigneur, par un prompt ſecours, Que ceux



qui menacent mes jours, Ne remportent de



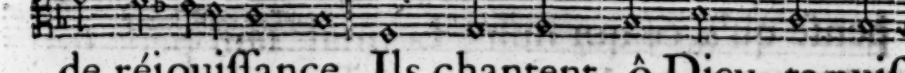
leur déſir, Que deshonneur, que déplaiſir.



13. Mais béni ceux qui ſous tes loix, Combat-

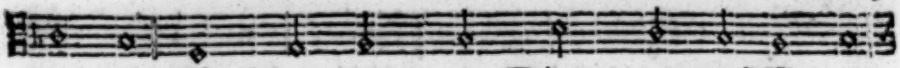


tent pour mes juſtes droits ; Fais que, pleins

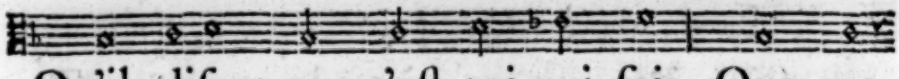


de réjouiſſance, Ils chantent, ô Dieu, ta puiſ-

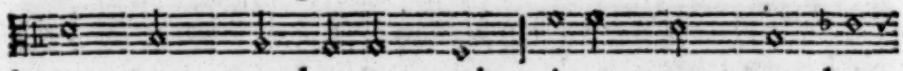
ſance ;



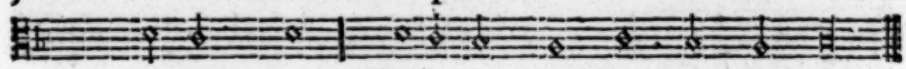
ſance, Ils chantent, ô Dieu, ta puiſſance :



Qu'ils diſent que c'eſt toi qui fais, Que mes



jours vont couler en paix. Avec eux ma lan-



gue, à ſon tour, Dira tes bontés tout le jour.

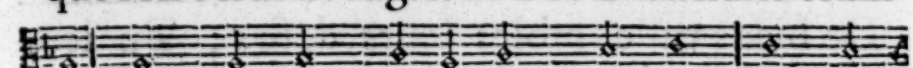
PSEAUME XXXVI.



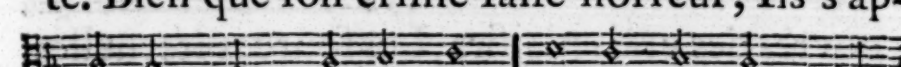
DU méchant le train déréglé, Me dit,



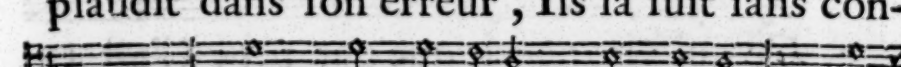
que ſon cœur aveuglé. N'a de Dieu nulle crain-



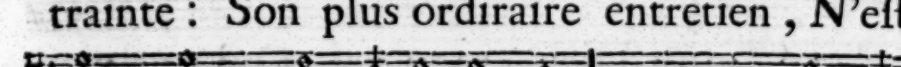
te. Bien que ſon crime faſſe horreur, Ils s'ap-



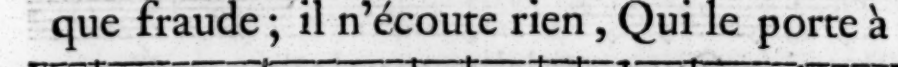
plaudit dans ſon erreur, Ils la ſuit ſans con-



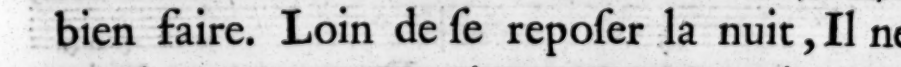
trainte : Son plus ordiraire entretien, N'eſt



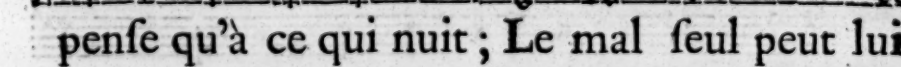
que fraude ; il n'écoute rien, Qui le porte à



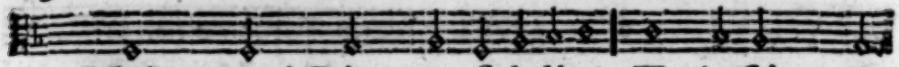
bien faire. Loin de ſe repoſer la nuit, Il ne



penſe qu'à ce qui nuit ; Le mal ſeul peut lui



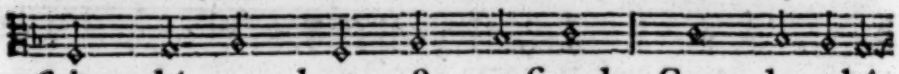
plaire.



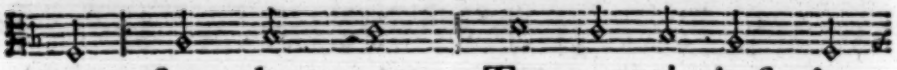
2 Mais grand Dieu, ta fidélité, Ta juſtice, &



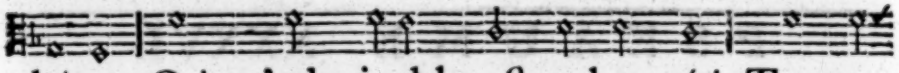
ta vérité, Portent aux cieux leurs têtes ; Tes



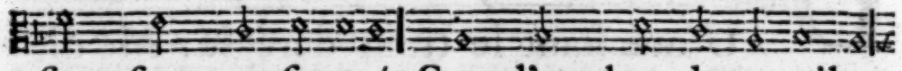
ſaints décrets, hauts & profonds, Sont des abî-



mes, ſont des monts ; Tu nourris juſqu'aux



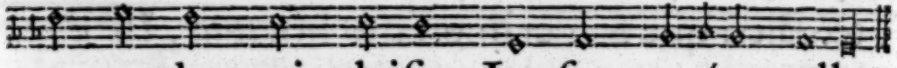
bêtes. O ! qu'admirable eſt ta bonté ! Tes en-



fans ſont en ſureté, Sous l'ombre de tes ailes :



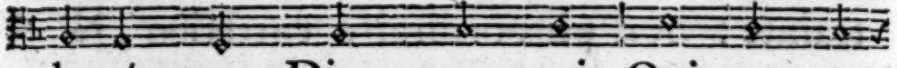
De biens tu combles leurs déſirs ; Tu leur



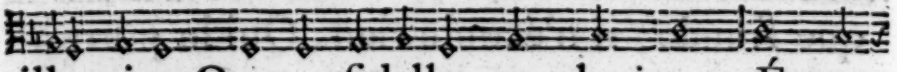
ouvres des vrais plaiſirs, Les ſources éternelles.



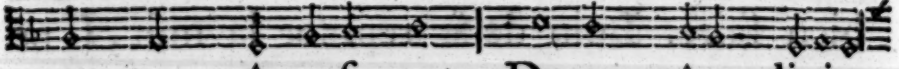
3. Ce qui vit, ne vit que par toi ; C'eſt ta



clarté, mon Dieu, mon roi, Qui nos yeux



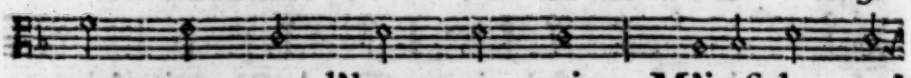
illumine. Que tes fidelles tous les jours, Éprou-



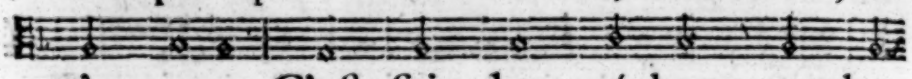
vent ce même ſecours, De ta grâce divine.



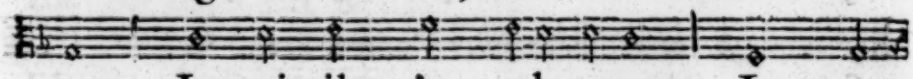
Seigneur, ſoutiens-moi par ta main ; Ne per-



mets pas que l'homme vain, M'inſulte, ni



m'outrage. C'eſt fait, les méchans tombe-



ront; Jamais ils n'en releveront; La mort

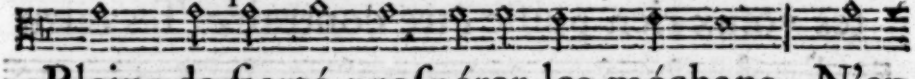


eſt leur partage.

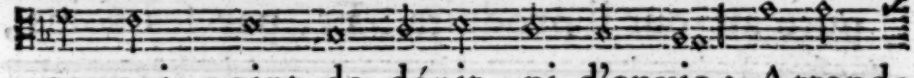
PSEAUME XXXVII.



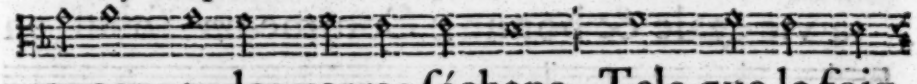
Lorſque ſouvent tu vois, dans cette vie,



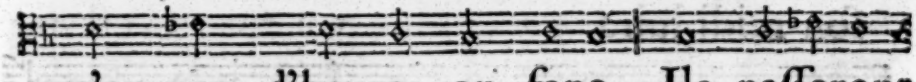
Pleins de fierté proſpérer les méchans, N'en



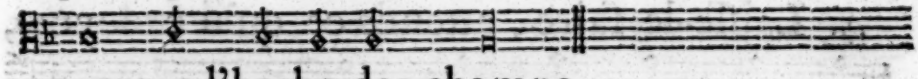
conçois point de dépit, ni d'envie: Attends



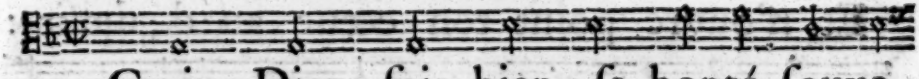
encor; tu les verras séchans, Tels que le foin,



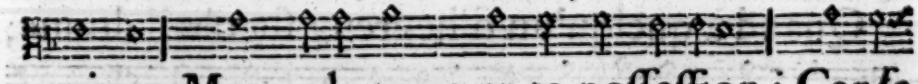
qu'en peu d'heures on fane, Ils paſſeront



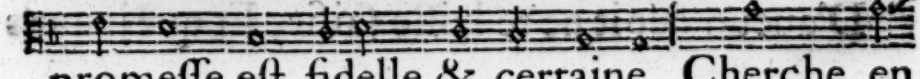
comme l'herbe des champs.



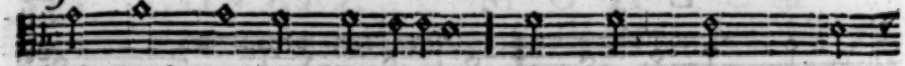
2. Crains Dieu, fais bien; ſa bonté ſouve-



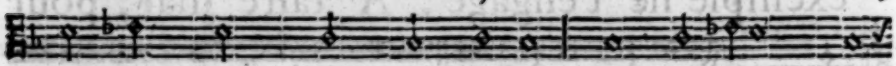
raine, Mettra la terre en ta poſſeſſion: Car ſa



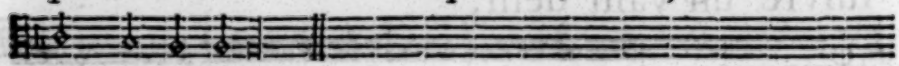
promeſſe eſt fidelle & certaine. Cherche en



lui ſeul ta conſolation; Et des vrais biens,



qui ſeul ont droit de plaire, Tu jouiras ſous



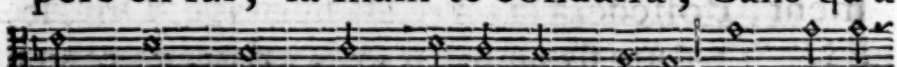
ſa protection.



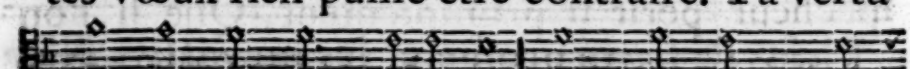
3. Remets à Dieu le ſoin de ton affaire; Eſ-



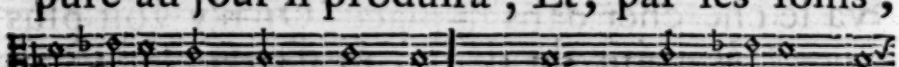
père en lui, ſa main te conduira, Sans qu'à



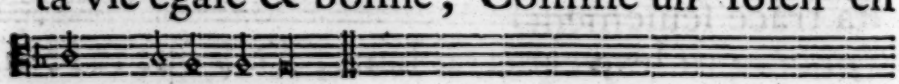
tes vœux rien puiſſe être contraire. Ta vertu



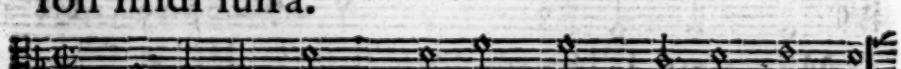
pure au jour il produira; Et, par ſes ſoins,



ta vie égale & bonne, Comme un ſoleil en



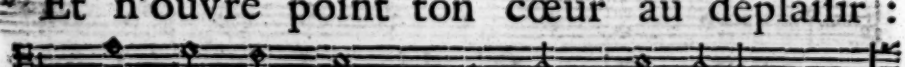
ſon midi luira.



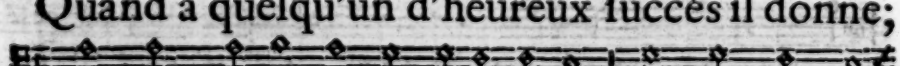
4. Laiſſe-le faire, attends ce qu'il ordonne,



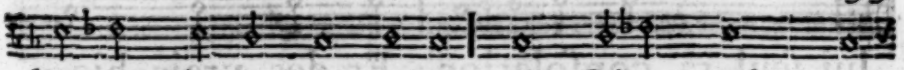
Et n'ouvre point ton cœur au déplaiſir:



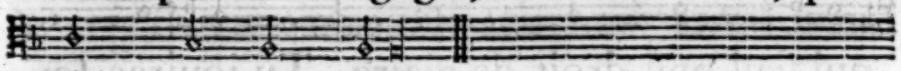
Quand à quelqu'un d'heureux ſuccès il donne;



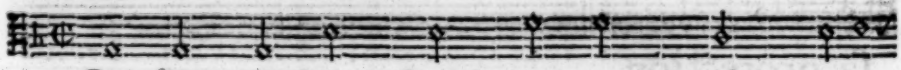
D'aucun dépit ne te laiſſe ſaiſir, Et que jamais



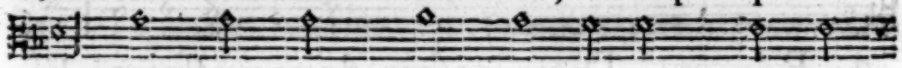
l'exemple ne t'engage, A faire mal, pour



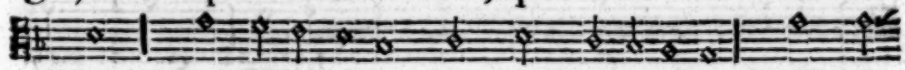
ſuivre un vain déſir.



5. Sur les méchans fond toujours quelque ora-



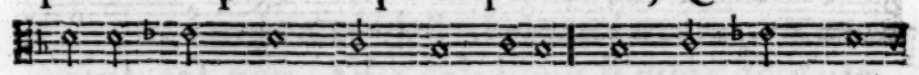
ge; Mais qui craint Dieu, qui l'attend conſtam-



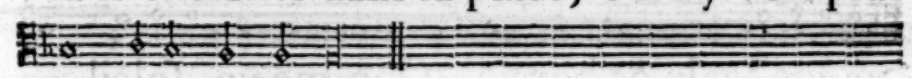
ment, Poſſédera la terre en héritage. Oui, le



pécheur périt ſi promptement, Que ſi l'on

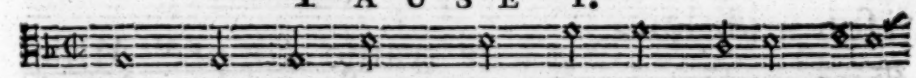


va le chercher dans ſa place, On n'y voit plus



ſa trace ſeulement.

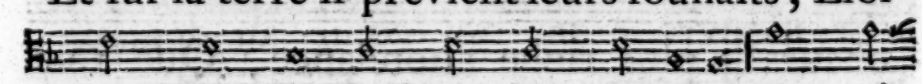
PAUSE I.



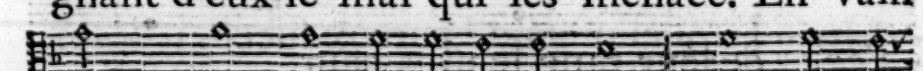
6. Mais pour les bons, Dieu les tient en ſa grâce,



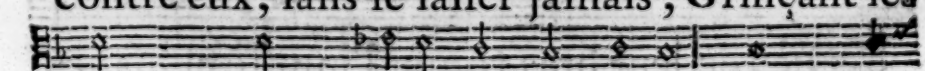
Et ſur la terre il prévient leurs ſouhaits, Éloi-



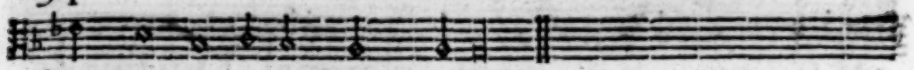
gnant d'eux le mal qui les menace. En vain



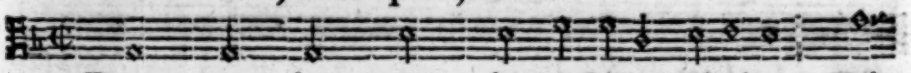
contre eux, ſans ſe laſſer jamais, Grinçant les



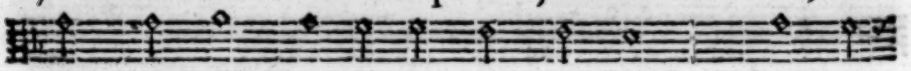
dents, l'homme inique machine; Dieu con-



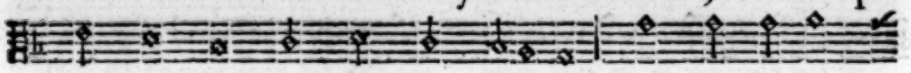
fondra ſes injuſtes projets.



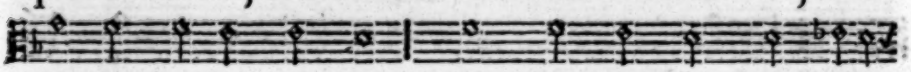
7. Dans tous les temps la juſtice divine, Rit



des méchans & de ſes yeux ouverts, Voit ap-



procher le jour de leur ruine. Contre le juſte



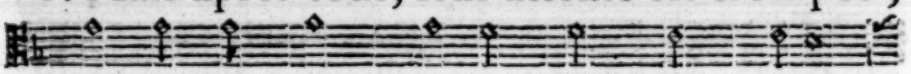
on verra les pervers, Tendre leur arc, & tirer



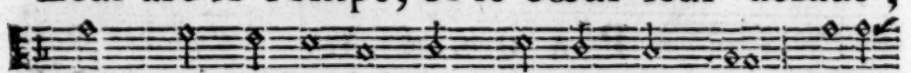
leur épée, Pour lui livrer mille combats divers.



8. Mais après tout, leur attente eſt trompée,



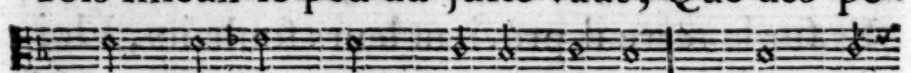
Leur arc ſe rompt, & le cœur leur défaut;



Leur propre fer a leur trame coupée. Mille



fois mieux le peu du juſte vaut, Que des pé-



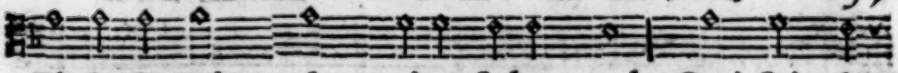
cheurs la plus riche abondance, Que tout



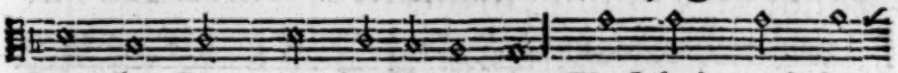
l'éclat de leur rang le plus haut.



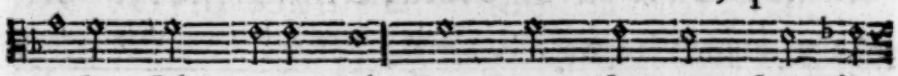
9. Dieu de leur bras rompt l'injuſte puiſſance;



Il ſe ſouvient du traité ſolemnel, Qui fait des



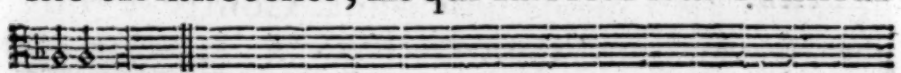
ſiens la force & l'aſſurance. C'eſt lui, qui tient



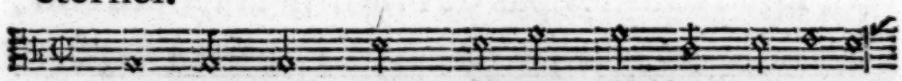
en ſon ſein paternel, Les jours de ceux dont l'a-



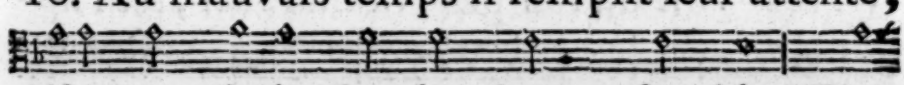
me eſt innocente, Et qui fait ſeul leur bonheur



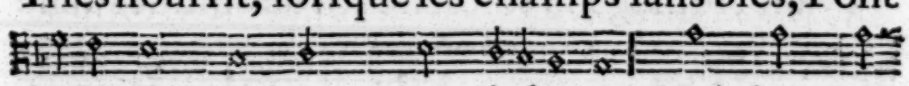
éternel.



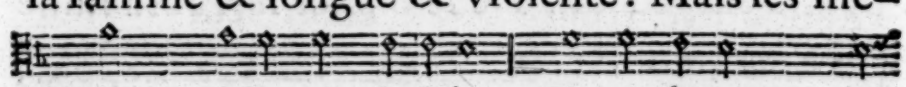
10. Au mauvais temps il remplit leur attente,



Il les nourrit, lorſque les champs ſans blés, Font



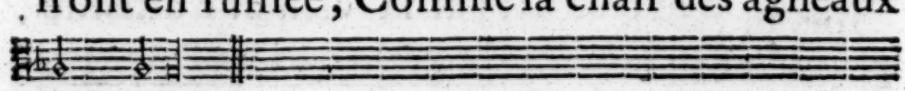
la famine & longue & violente: Mais les mé-



chans, triſtes & déſolés, S'écouleront, s'en



iront en fumée, Comme la chair des agneaux

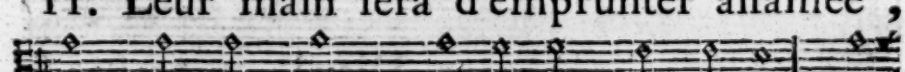


immolés.

PAUSE. 11.



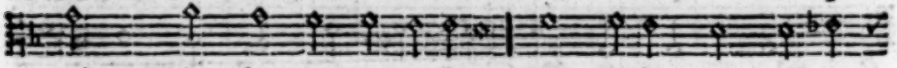
11. Leur main ſera d'emprunter affamée,



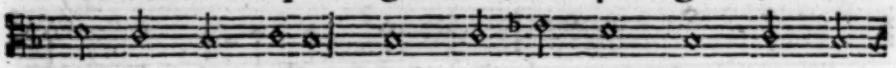
Sans pouvoir rendre; & du juſte on verra, Par-



tout l'aumône abondamment ſemée. De qui



craint Dieu le partage ſera, Un pais gras, abon-



dant en richeſſe; Mais tôt ou tard le méchant



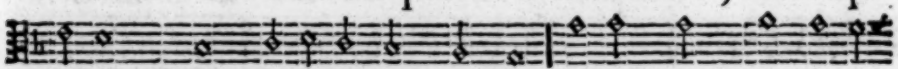
périra.



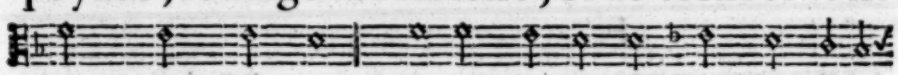
12. Dieu tous les pas de l'homme ſage adreſſe;



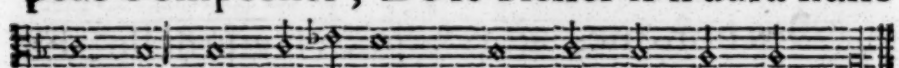
Unit la voie où ſon pied va marcher, Et l'ap-



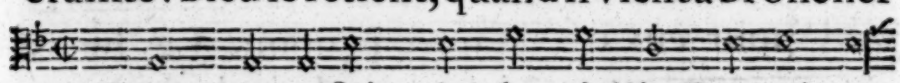
puyant, ſoulage ſa foibleſſe, Si de tomber il ne



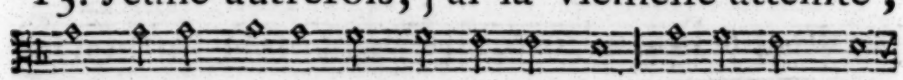
peut s'empêcher, De ſe bleſſer il n'aura nulle



crainte: Dieu le retient, quand il vient à broncher



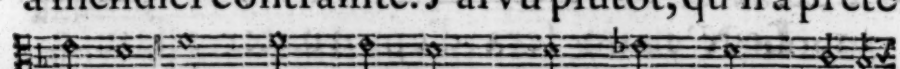
13. Jeune autrefois, j'ai la vieilleſſe atteinte,



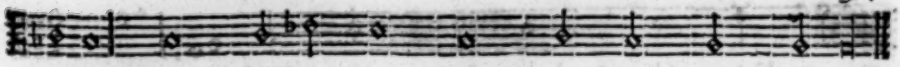
Sans avoir vu le juſte abandonné, Ni ſa famille



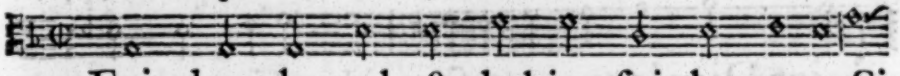
à mendier contrainte: J'ai vu plutôt, qu'il a prêté



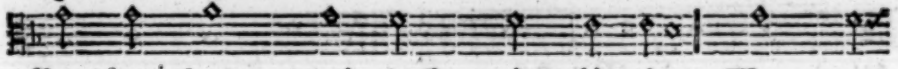
donné; Et qu'après tout, Dieu l'a, même en ſa



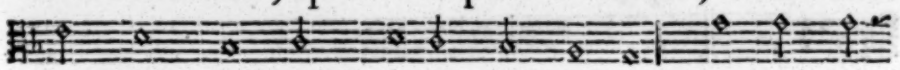
race, Rempli de biens, & d'honneur couronné.



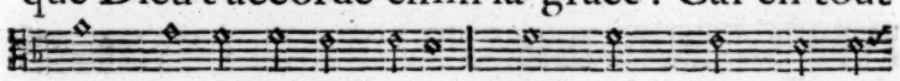
14. Fuis donc le mal, & du bien ſuis la trace, Si



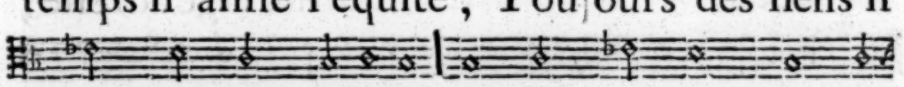
d'un bonheur, qui n'eſt point limité, Tu veux



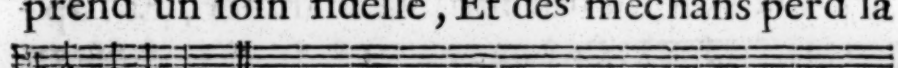
que Dieu t'accorde enfin la grâce : Car en tout



temps il aime l'équité ; Toujours des ſiens il

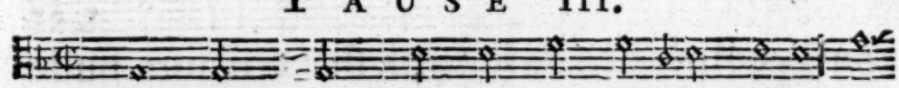


prend un ſoin fidelle, Et des méchans perd la

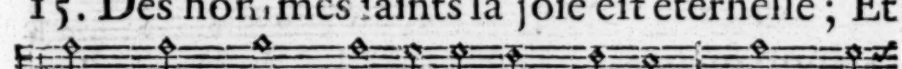


poſtérité.

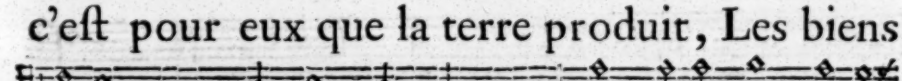
PAUSE III.



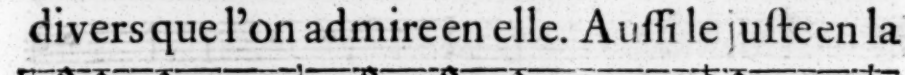
15. Des hommes ſaints la joie eſt éternelle ; Et



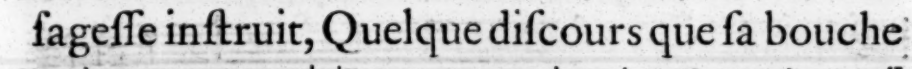
c'eſt pour eux que la terre produit, Les biens



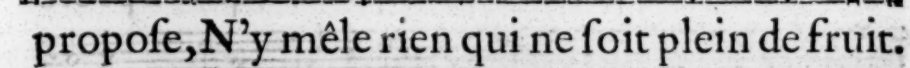
divers que l'on admire en elle. Auſſi le juſte en la



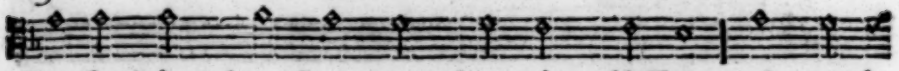
ſageſſe inſtruit, Quelque diſcours que ſa bouche



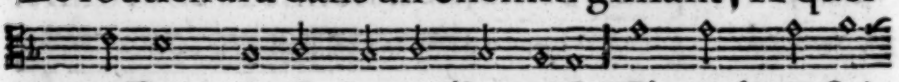
propoſe, N'y mêle rien qui ne ſoit plein de fruit.



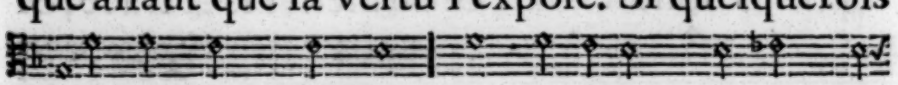
16. La loi de Dieu, qui dans ſon cœur repoſe,



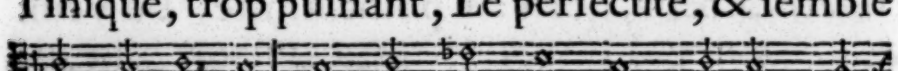
Le ſoutiendra dans un chemin gliſſant, A quel-



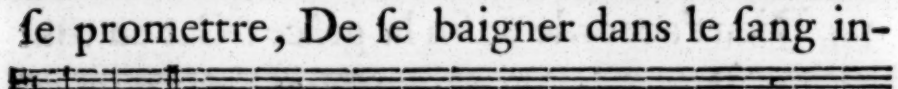
que aſſaut que ſa vertu l'expoſe. Si quelquefois



l'inique, trop puiſſant, Le perſécute, & ſemble



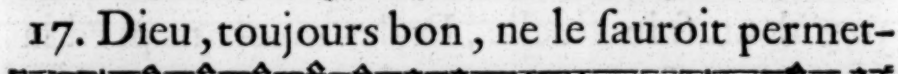
ſe promettre, De ſe baigner dans le ſang in-



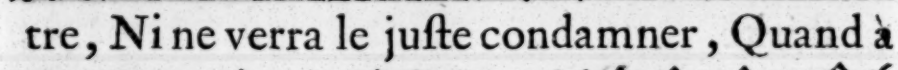
nocent;



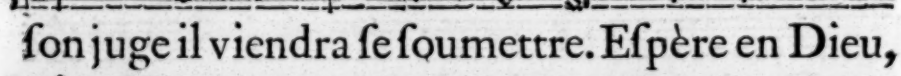
17. Dieu, toujours bon, ne le ſauroit permet-



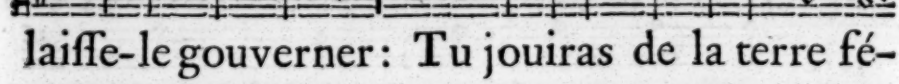
tre, Ni ne verra le juſte condamner, Quand à



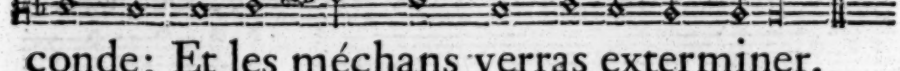
ſon juge il viendra ſe ſoumettre. Eſpère en Dieu,



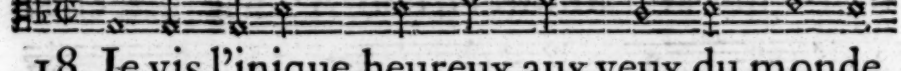
laiſſe-le gouverner: Tu jouiras de la terre fé-



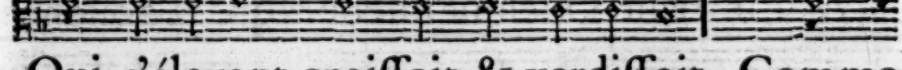
conde; Et les méchans verras exterminer.



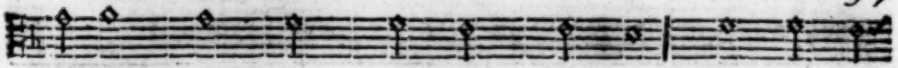
18. Je vis l'inique heureux aux yeux du monde,



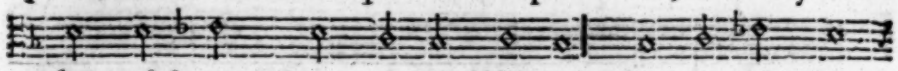
Qui s'élevant croiſſoit & verdiſſoit, Comme



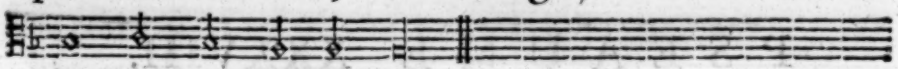
un laurier, qui de rameaux abonde: Puis re-



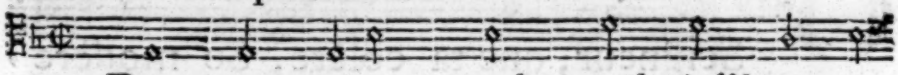
paſſant aux lieux qu'il rempliſſoit, Je n'y vis



plus ni branche, ni feuillage; Même de tronc



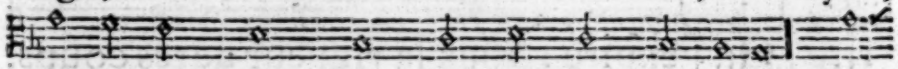
rien ne me paroiſſoit.



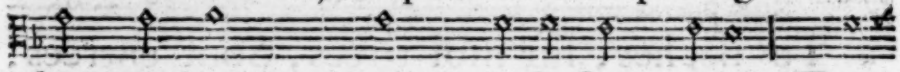
19. Pour ton repos prends-garde à l'homme



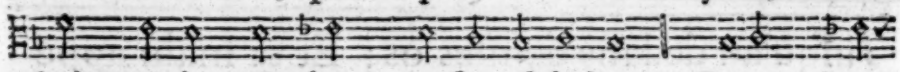
ſage, Voit l'homme droit: car enfin, ſon loyer,



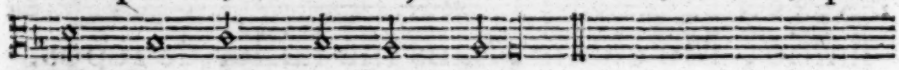
Eſt le bonheur; la paix eſt ſon partage. Mais



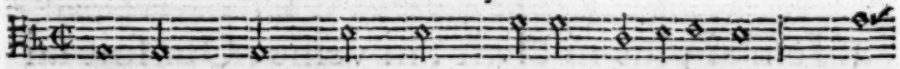
des méchans, prompts à ſe fourvoyer, Tout



doit périr, & leur juſte ſalaires, Sera, que



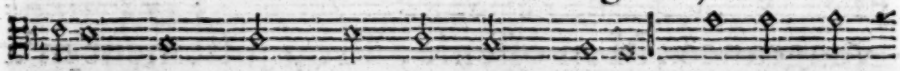
Dieu les viendra foudroyer.



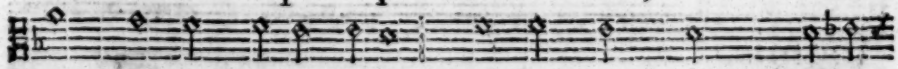
20. Enfin, de Dieu la grâce ſalutaire, Dans



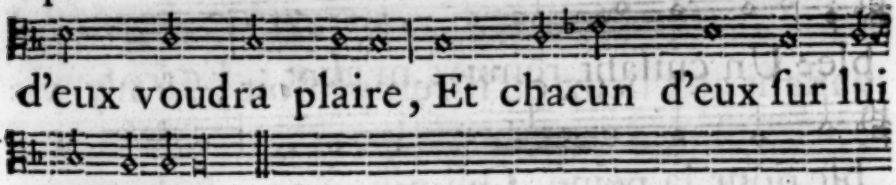
tous leurs maux les ſiens ſoulagera; Les ſou-



tenant au temps le plus contraire, Par ſa main



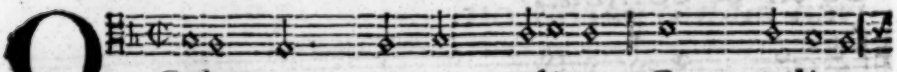
forte il les délivrera: Car au Seigneur chacun



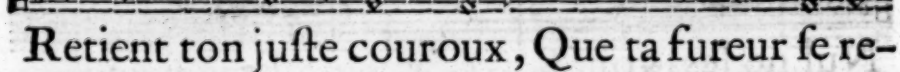
d'eux voudra plaire, Et chacun d'eux ſur lui

s'aſſurera.

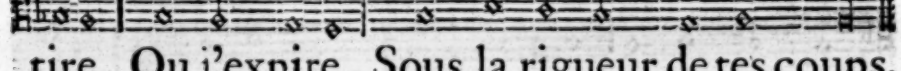
PSEAUME XXXVIII.



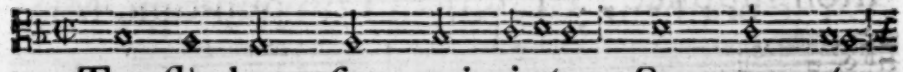
O Seigneur, que ta colère, Se modère,



Retient ton juſte couroux, Que ta fureur ſe re-



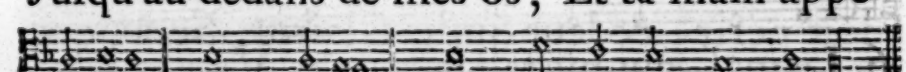
tire, Ou j'expire, Sous la rigueur de tes coups.



2. Tes flèches, ſur moi tirées, Sont entrées,



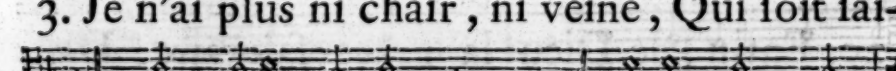
Juſqu'au dedans de mes os; Et ta main appé-



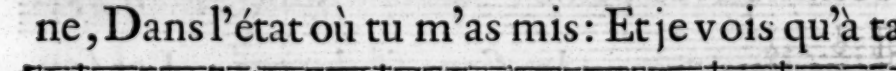
ſantie, Me châtie, Sans me laiſſer de repos.



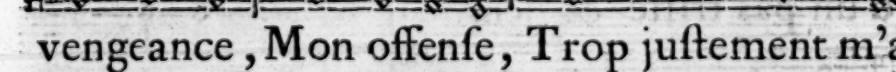
3. Je n'ai plus ni chair, ni veine, Qui ſoit ſai-



ne, Dans l'état où tu m'as mis: Et je vois qu'à ta



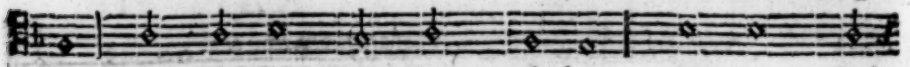
vengeance, Mon offenſe, Trop juſtement m'a



ſoumis.



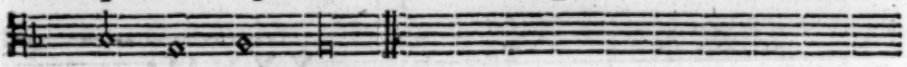
4. Mon crime eſt ſi déteſtable. Qu'il m'acca-



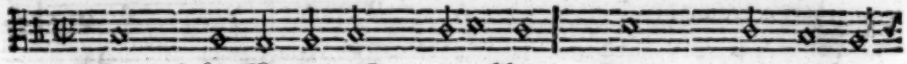
ble: Un cuiſant remors m'abat ; Et trop foi-



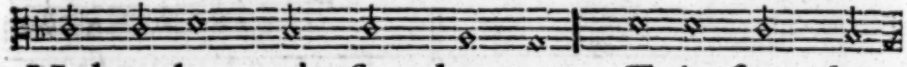
ble pour la peine, Qui me gêne, Je ſuccom-



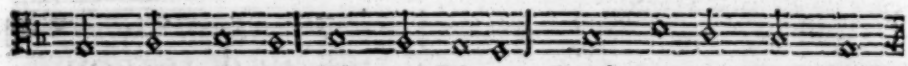
be en ce combat.



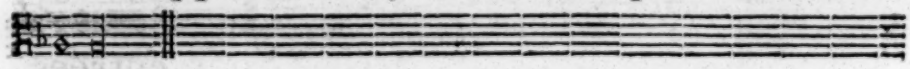
5. Mes bleſſures ſi cruelles, Sont mortelles ;



Nul ne les voit ſans horreur : Et je ſens dans



mon ſupplice, Ta juſtice, Qui punit ma folle

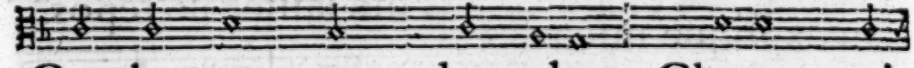


erreur.

PAUSE I.



6. Le mal, qui me fait la guerre, Vers la terre,



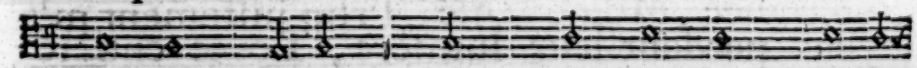
Courbe mon corps chancelant: Chacun voit



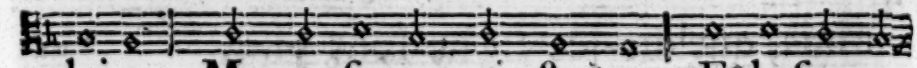
comme avec peine, Je me traine, Marchant



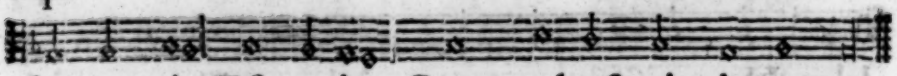
d'un pas triſte & lent.



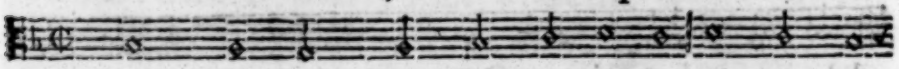
7. Le feu brûlant, dont mes veines, Sont ſi



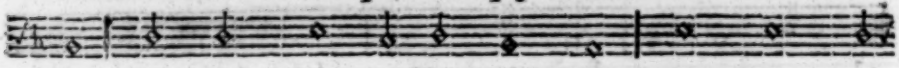
pleines, Me conſume nuit & jour ; Et la ſource



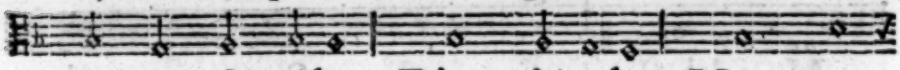
de ma vie Eſt tarie, Sans nul eſpoir de retour.



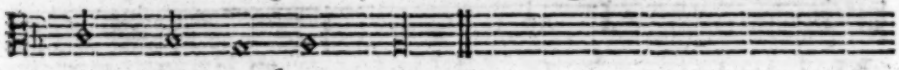
8. Mon mal n'eſt plus ſupportable. Il m'acca-



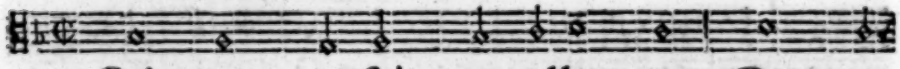
ble; Je n'ai plus nulle vigueur: On me voit



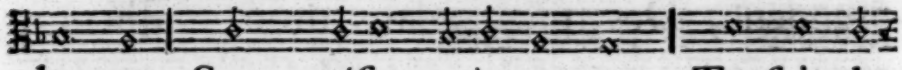
mourant & pâle; Rien n'égale, Mon tour-



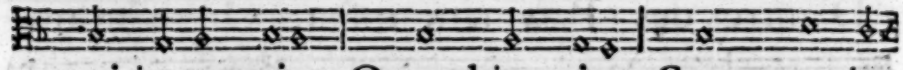
ment & ma langueur.



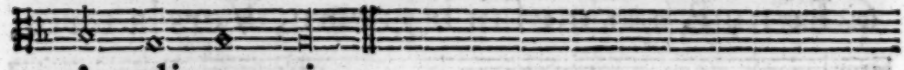
9. Seigneur, tu ſais mes allarmes, Car mes



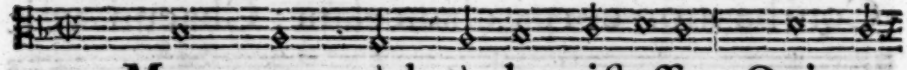
larmes, Sont préſentes à tes yeux; Tu ſais de



quoi je te prie, Quand je crie, Sans que je



m'explique mieux.



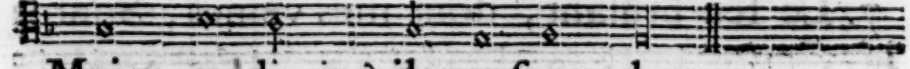
10. Mon cœur cède à la triſteſſe, Qui me



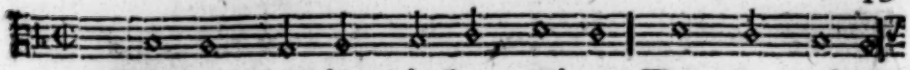
preſſe; Mon corps languit tout perclus: Mes



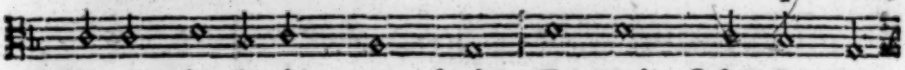
yeux perdent leur lumière, Toute entière;



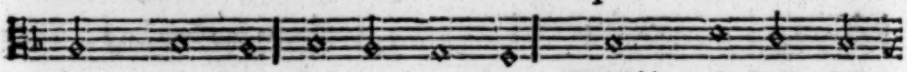
Mais, que dis-je? ils ne ſont plus.



11. D'une manière inhumaine, De ma peine,



Mes amis ſe tiennent loin. Je puis faire à mon



plus proche, Le reproche, Qu'il m'abandon-

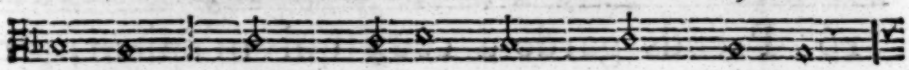


ne au beſoin.

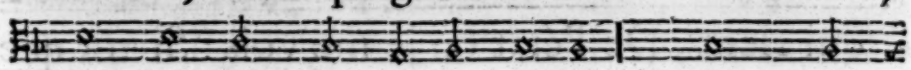
PAUSE 11.



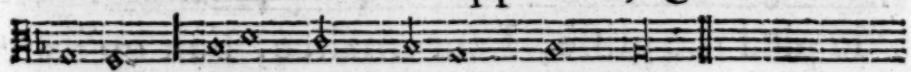
12. Les uns à ma mort s'attendent, Et me



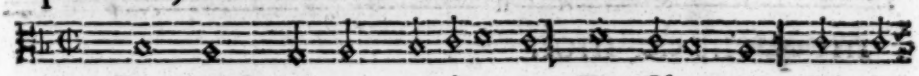
tendent, Des pièges dans mon malheur ;



D'autres des crimes ſuppoſent, Qu'ils m'im-



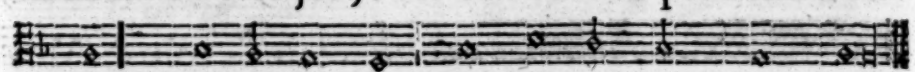
poſent, Afin de m'ôter l'honneur.



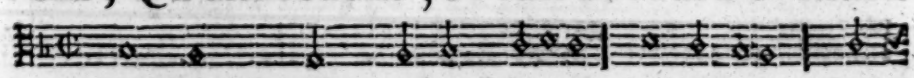
13. Je garde avec patience, Le ſilence ; Et de



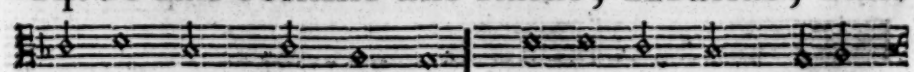
leur haine l'objet, Je n'ouvre non plus ma bou-



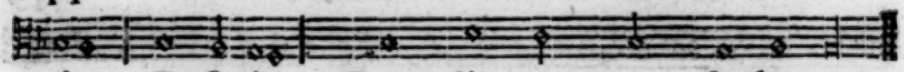
che, Qu'une ſouche ; Je ſuis & ſourd & muet.



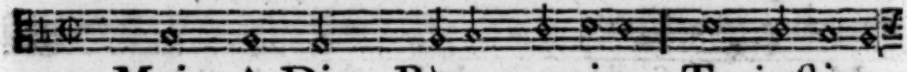
14. Je ſuis comme une ſtatue, Abattue, Sans



vie & ſans mouvement : J'écoute leurs calom-



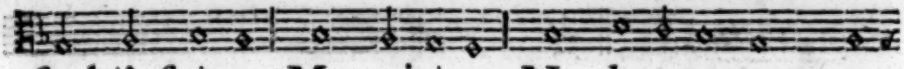
nies, Infinies, Sans dire un mot ſeulement.



15. Mais, ô Dieu Père propice, Ta juſtice,



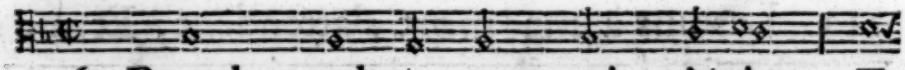
Contre tous eſt mon recours: Et puiſqu'en toi



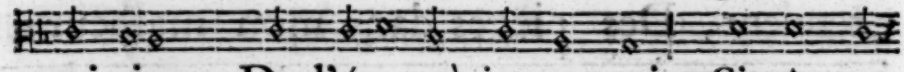
ſeul j'eſpère, Ma misère, Ne durera pas tou-



jours.



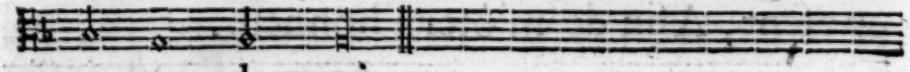
16. Prends garde à ceux qui m'épient, Et



qui rient, De l'état où je me vois: Si-tôt que

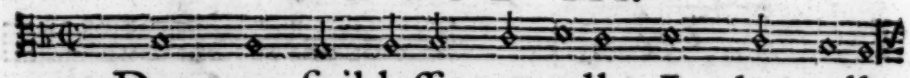


le pied me gliſſe, Leur malice, Fait qu'ils ſe

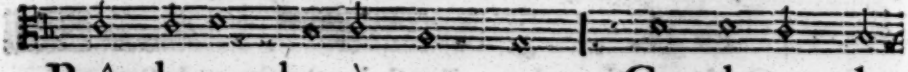


moquent de moi.

PAUSE III.



17. Dans ma foibleſſe mortelle, Je chancelle,



Prêt de tomber à tous coups: Car devant les



yeux, ſans ceſſe, Ma détreſſe, Me peint ton



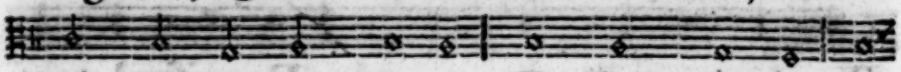
juſte couroux.



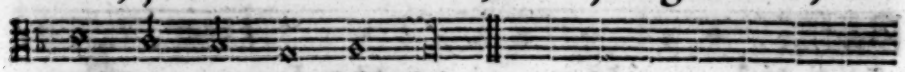
18. Quand dans mon cœur je repaſſe, La



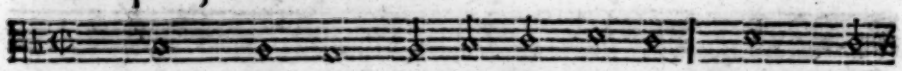
diſgrâce, Qui de ma faute eſt l'effet ; Je me



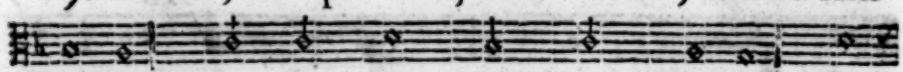
hais, je me tourmente, Et j'augmente, Le



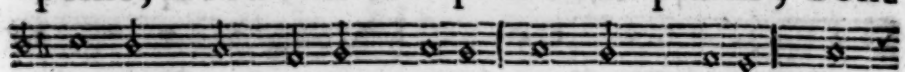
mal que je me ſuis fait.



19. Ceux, de qui l'injuſte haine, Dans ma



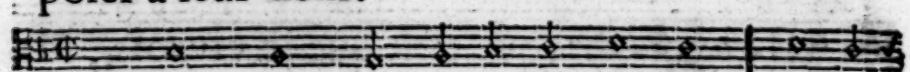
peine, Trouvent leur plus doux plaiſir, Sont



heureux en toute choſe ; Et rien n'oſe, S'op-



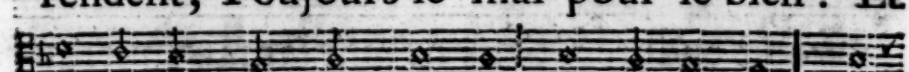
poſer à leur déſir.



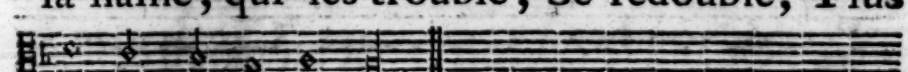
20. Tous pour me nuire s'entendent, Et me



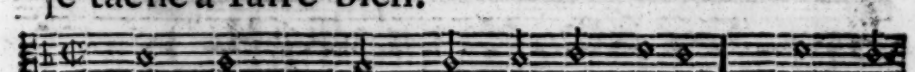
rendent, Toujours le mal pour le bien : Et



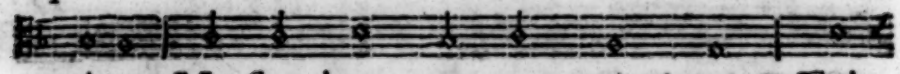
la haine, qui les trouble, Se redouble, Plus



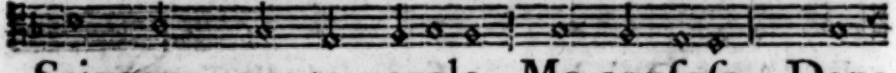
je tâche à faire bien.



21. O Dieu, montre-moi ta face ; Que ta



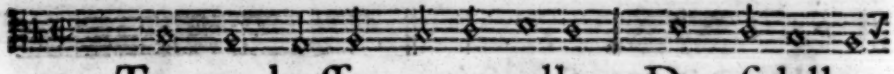
grâce, Me ſoutienne en tous mes maux : Fais,



Seigneur, que ta parole, Me conſoſe, Dans



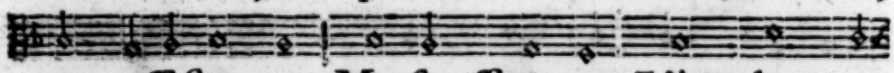
l'excès de mes travaux.



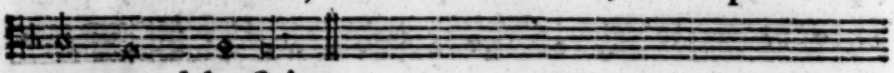
22. Tes tendreſſes paternelles, Des fidelles,



Te font toujours prendre ſoin : Hâte, ô Dieu,

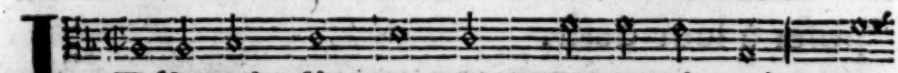


ton aſſiſtance ; Ma ſouffrance, L'implore en



ce grand beſoin.

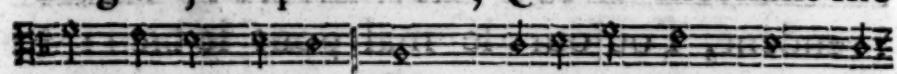
PSEAUME XXXIX.



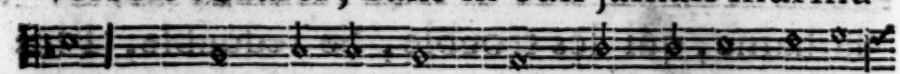
JE l'avois dit, que tant que je vivrois, Ma



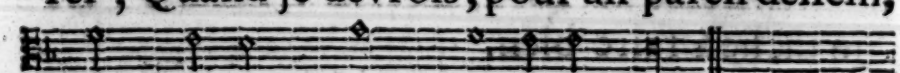
langue je reprimerois ; Que le méchant me



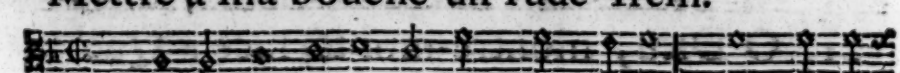
verroit endurer, Sans m'ouïr jamais murmu-



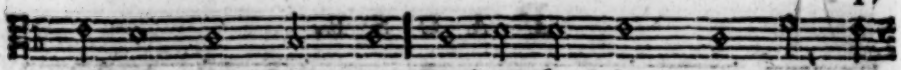
rer ; Quand je devrois, pour un pareil deſſein,



Mettre à ma bouche un rude frein.



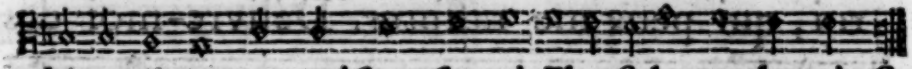
2. Chacun a vu le ſilence obſtiné, Auquel je



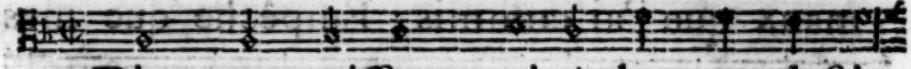
m'étois condamné: J'ai tû le bien, contre ma



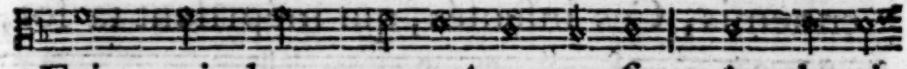
volonté, Bien que mon cœur fût agité. Mais,



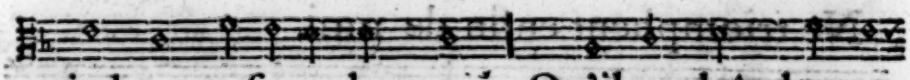
dévoré par un cuisant souci, Il a falu parler ainsi.



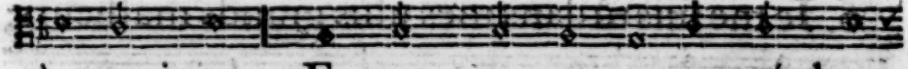
3. Dieu tout-puissant, qui règles mon destin,



Fais-moi donc connoître ma fin: Au demi-



pied tu mesures le cours, Qu'il te plaît donner



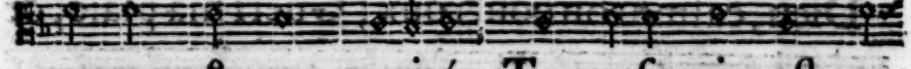
à mes jours; Et tous mes ans, arrangés bout



à bout, Près des tiens ne sont rien du tout.



4. L'homme en effet n'est que fragilité, Qu'ap-



parence & que vanité: Toute sa vie est un



songe passant: On le voit toujours tracassant,

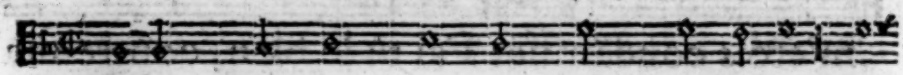


Cherchant toujours des trésors, sans savoir,

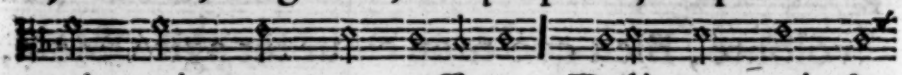


L'héritier qui les doit avoir.

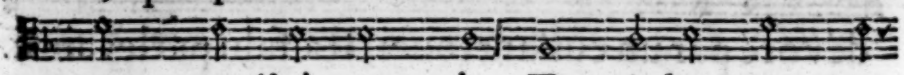
PAUSE.



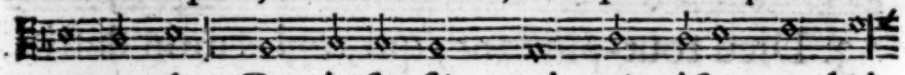
5 Hélas, Seigneur, en qui puis-je eſpérer? En



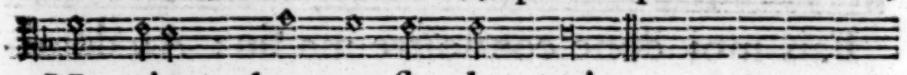
toi, qui peux me raſſurer. Délivre-moi des



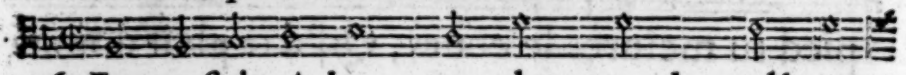
maux que j'ai commis; Empêche que mes



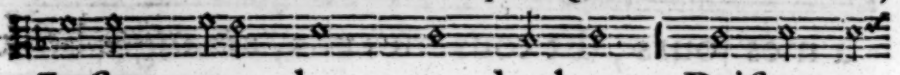
ennemis, Ces inſenſés, qui mépriſent ta loi,



Ne triomphent enfin de moi.



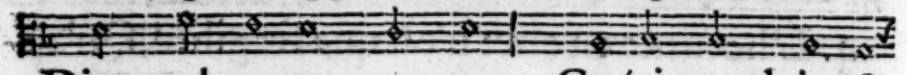
6. Je me ſuis tû dans mes plus grands malheurs;



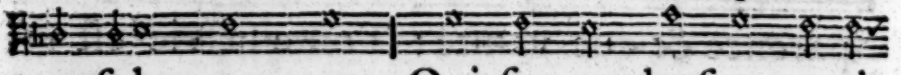
Je fus muet dans mes douleurs, Baiſant ta



main, qui frappoit tous ces coups: Mais, ô



Dieu, calme ton courroux; Guéri ma plaie, &



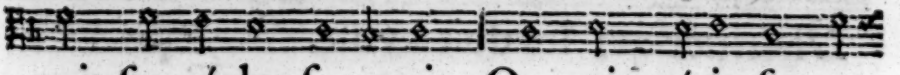
conſole mon cœur, Qui ſuccombe ſous ta ri-



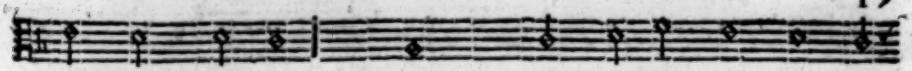
gueur.



7. Quand le pécheur te force à le punir, On



voit ſon éclat ſe ternir, On voit périr ſes or-



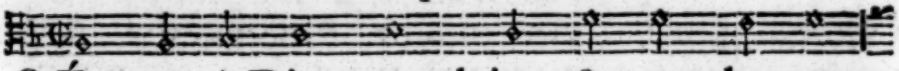
nemens divers, Comme un habit rongé des



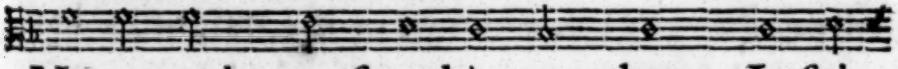
vers; Son ſort enfin montre, tout bien compté,



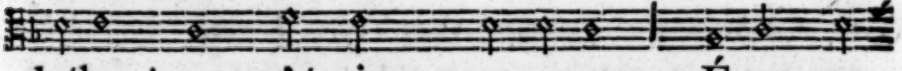
Que l'homme n'eſt que vanité.



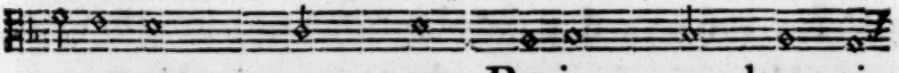
8. Écoute, ô Dieu, ma plainte & mes clameurs;



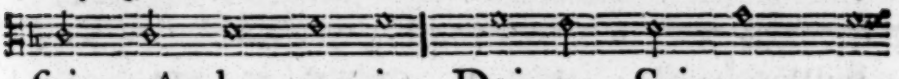
Ne te rends pas ſourd à mes pleurs. Je ſuis,



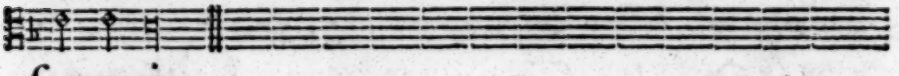
hélas ! ce qu'étoient mes ayeux, Étranger,



voyageur comme eux. Retiens ton bras, je

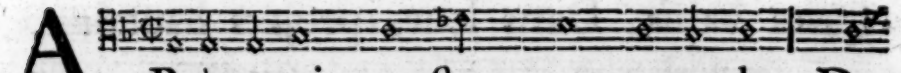


ſuis prêt de mourir; Daigne, Seigneur, me

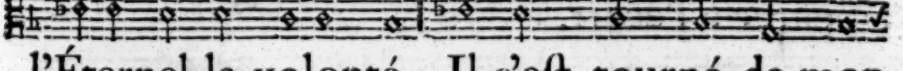


ſecourir.

PSEAUME XL.



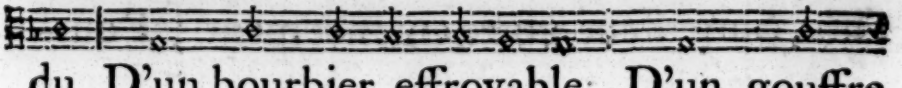
APrès avoir conſtamment attendu, De



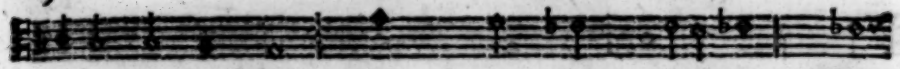
l'Éternel la volonté, Il s'eſt tourné de mon



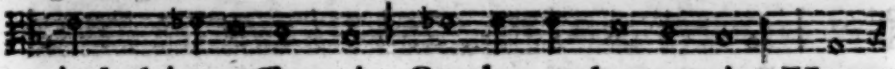
côté, Et ſa voix ſainte enfin m'a répon-



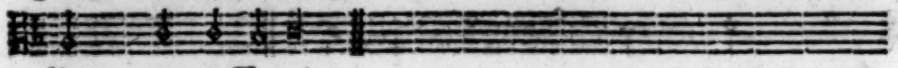
du. D'un bourbier effroyable, D'un gouffre



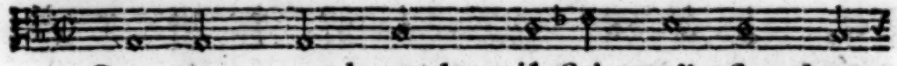
épouvantable, Son bras m'a retiré : Mes



pieds bien affermis, Sur la roche remis, Vont



d'un pas aſſuré.



2 Ouvrant ma bouche, il fait qu'à ſon hon-



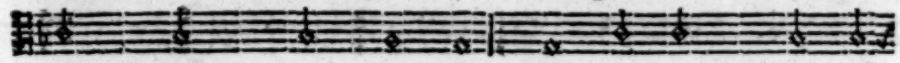
neur, Par tout mes chants retentiront ; Par



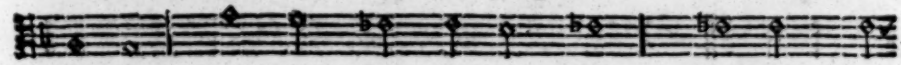
tout les peuples apprendront, A ne rien



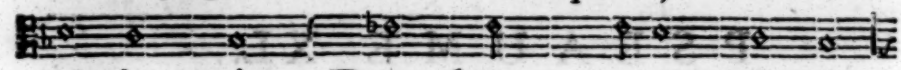
craindre, en craignant le Seigneur. Heureux



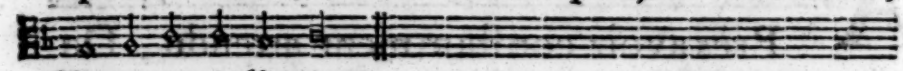
eſt l'homme au monde, Qui ſur ſon Dieu ſe



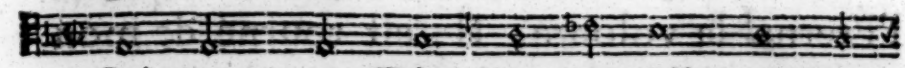
fonde, Qui s'en fait un rempart ; Laiſſant les



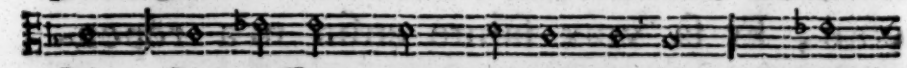
eſprits vains, Dans leurs projets hautains,



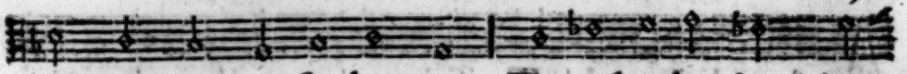
S'égarer à l'écart.



3. Seigneur mon Dieu, tes conſeils, tes hauts



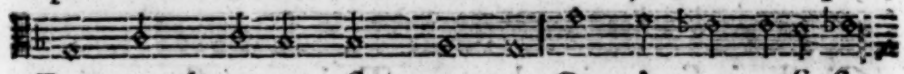
faits, Surpaſſent notre entendement ; Pour-



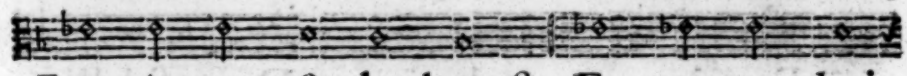
roit-on tenter ſeulement, De calculer les biens



que tu nous fais? Pour moi, ſi je les compte,



Le nombre me ſurmonte. On t'a vu refuſer,



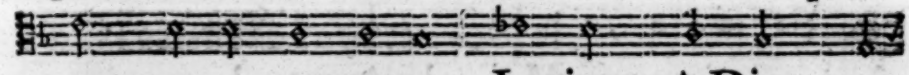
Les gâteaux & les bœufs, Et, par un choix



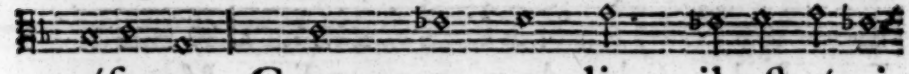
heureux, L'oreille me percer.



4. Le ſacrifice ordonné dans la loi, Ne pou-



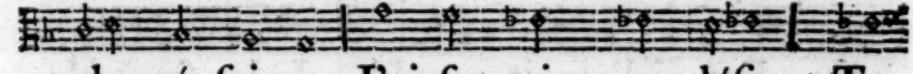
vant pas te contenter, Je viens, ô Dieu, me



préſenter, Comme en ton livre il eſt écrit



de moi. Sans regret, ſans contrainte, A ta



volonté ſainte, J'ai ſoumis mes déſirs: Tes

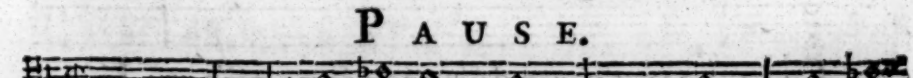


ſaints commandemens, Règlent mes mou-



vemens; J'en fais tous mes plaiſirs.

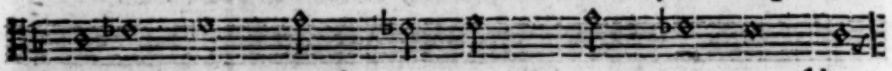
PAUSE.



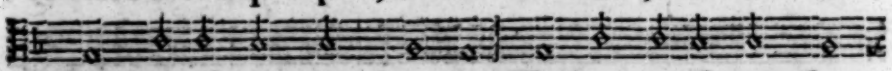
5. J'ai publié ta juſtice, ô mon Dieu; Je n'ai



ai rien diſſimulé. Tu ſais comme j'en ai parlé,



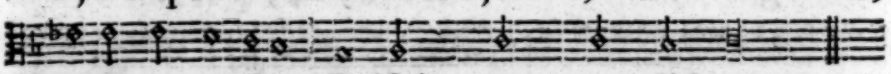
Devant ton peuple, à toute heure, en tout lieu,



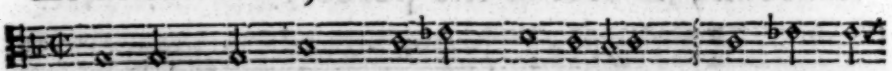
C'eſt ainſi que je chante, Ta bonté ſi conſtan-



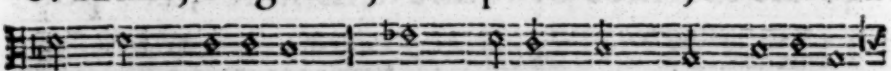
te; Et qu'encor tous les jours, De ta fidellité,



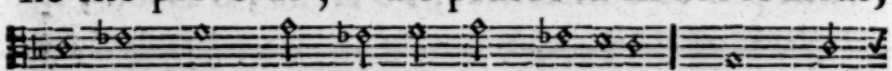
Et de ta vérité, Je fais tous mes diſcours.



6. Auſſi, Seigneur, de ta protection, Jamais tu



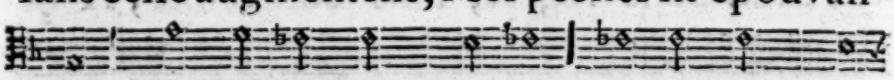
ne me priveras; Mais plutôt tu m'accorderas,



Les tendres ſoins de ta compaſſion. Mes maux



ſans ceſſe augmentent, Mes péchés m'épouvan-



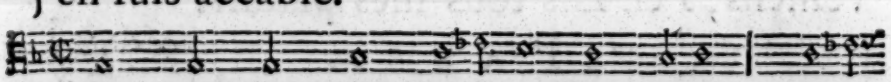
tent, J'en ai l'eſprit troublé: Je les ſens plus



nombreux, Que ne ſont mes cheveux, Et



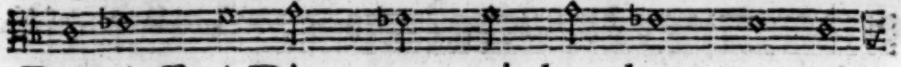
j'en ſuis accablé.



7. Ta main me peut délivrer ſans effort: Hâte-



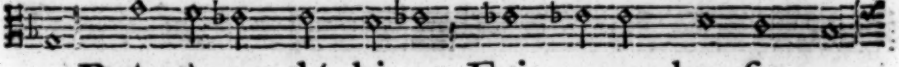
toi de me ſecourir; Et pour m'enpêcher de périr,



Repouſſe, ô Dieu, ceux qui cherchent ma mort.



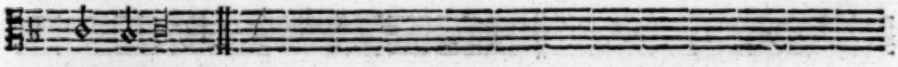
Trompe l'injuſte attente, D'une troupe inſolen-



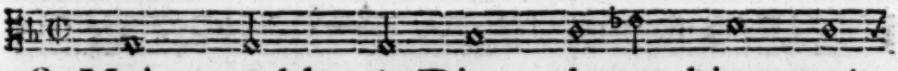
te, Prête à me déchirer. Fais retomber ſur eux,



L'opprobre ſi honteux, Qu'ils m'oſoient



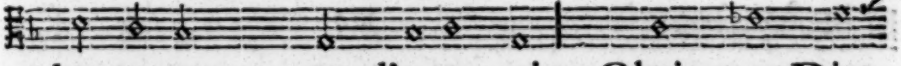
preparer.



8. Mais comble, ô Dieu, de tes biens pré-



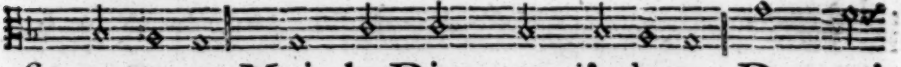
cieux, Ceux qui ſuivent tes ſaintes loix; Nous



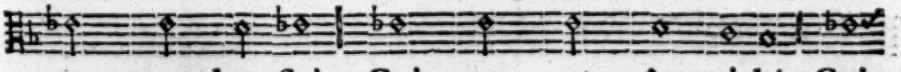
chanterons, tout d'une voix, Gloire au Dieu



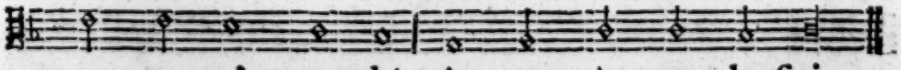
fort, gloire au maître des cieux, Hélas! je ſouf-



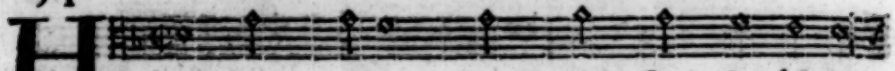
fre encore, Mais le Dieu que j'adore, De moi



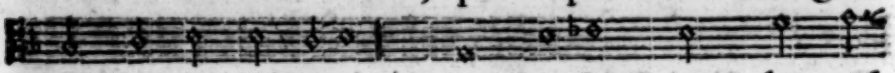
veut prendre ſoin. Seigneur, tu m'as aidé, Sei-



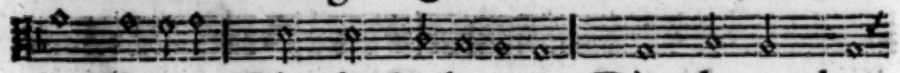
gneur, tu m'as gardé, Accours à mon beſoin.



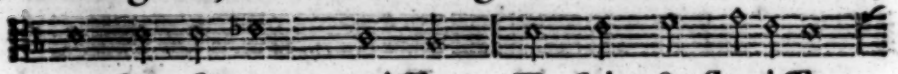
HEureux celui, par qui fut ſoulagé,



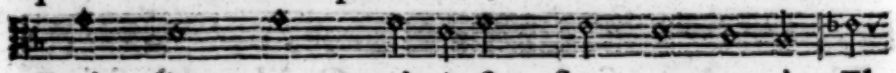
L'innocent affligé! Quand à ſon tour, le mal



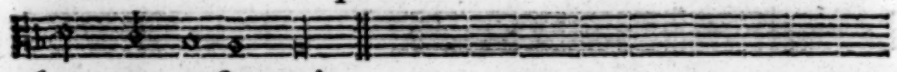
l'affligera, Dieu le ſoulagera: Dieu le rendra,



par ſon ſecours puiſſant, Et ſain & floriſſant:



Loin d'être en proie à ſes fiers ennemis, Il



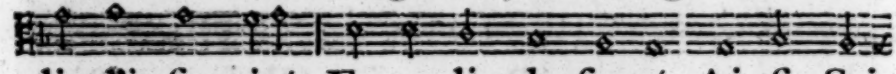
les verra ſoumis.



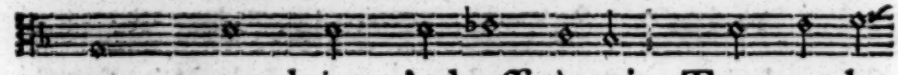
2. Quand il ſoupire, accablé de langueur,



Dieu lui rend ſa vigueur; Il change enfin ſon



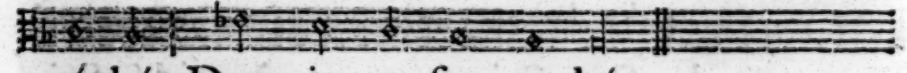
lit d'infirmité, En un lit de ſanté. Ainſi, Sei-



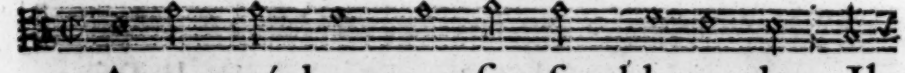
gneur, quand je m'adreſſe à toi, Tourne les



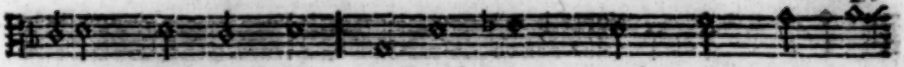
yeux vers moi; Guéri mon ame, efface le



péché, Dont je me ſens taché.



3. A ces méchans ma fin ſemble tarder: Ils



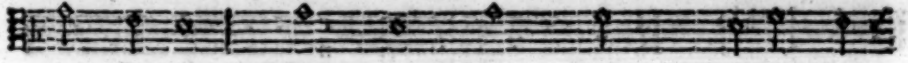
oſent demander, Eſt-il bien mal ? ne pourra-



t-il mourir? Même ſon nom périr ? Si quel-



ques-uns viennent me viſiter, Ils ont beau



me flatter ; Mon mal leur plaît, chacun va,



quand il ſort, En faire ſon rapport.

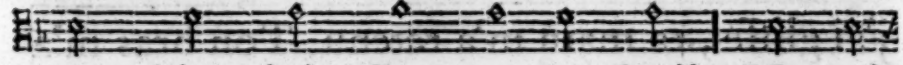
PAUSE.



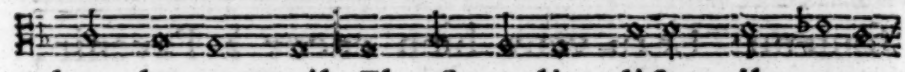
4. Tous ceux alors qui cherchent mon tré-



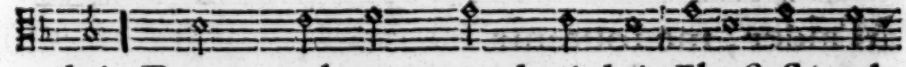
pas, En diſcourent tous bas: Ils voudroient



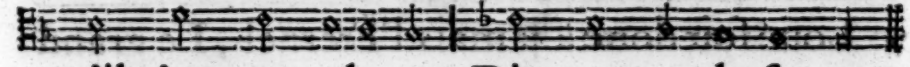
tous, bien loin d'en être en deuil, Me voir



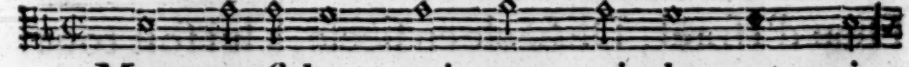
dans le cercueil. Il eſt au lit, diſent-ils, atta-



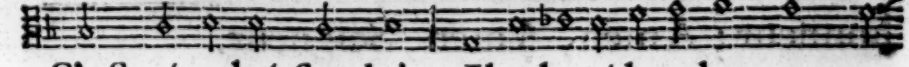
ché, Pour quelque grand péché: Il eſt ſi mal,



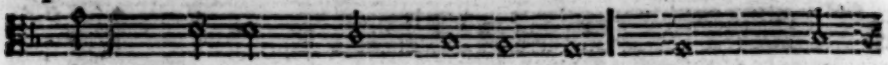
qu'il n'en peut relever, Rien ne peut le ſauver.



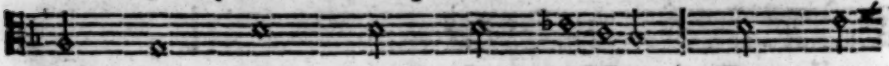
5. Mon confident, qui mangeoit de mon pain,



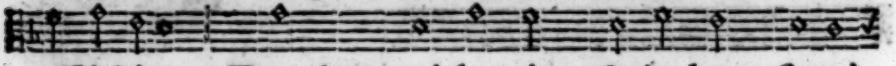
S'eſt révolté ſoudain: Il a levé le talon contre



moi, M'ayant manqué de foi. Viens donc,



Seigneur, & prends compaſſion, De mon



affliction : Rends-moi la vie ; & je leur ferai



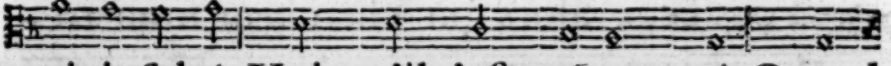
voir, Quel étoit leur devoir.



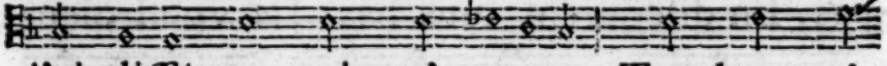
6. Tu m'as montré, Seigneur, juſqu'à ce jour,



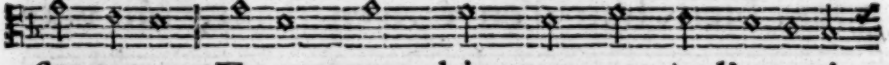
Ta grâce & ton amour, Et l'ennemi, qui m'a-



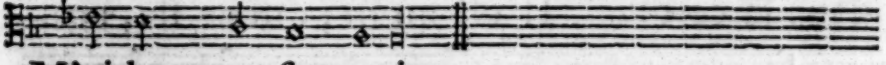
voit inſulté, Voit qu'il s'eſt mécompté. Quand



j'ai gliſſé, ta main m'a retenu, Ton bras m'a



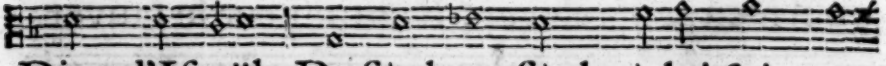
ſoutenu: Et tu veux bien encor à l'avenir,



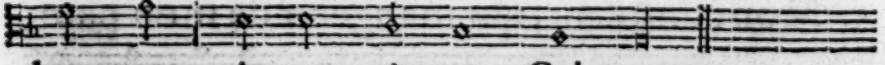
M'aider, me ſoutenir.



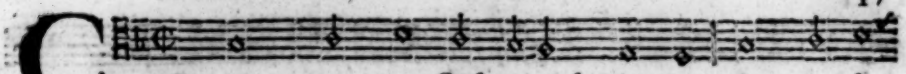
7. Loué ſoit donc à jamais l'Éternel, Le grand



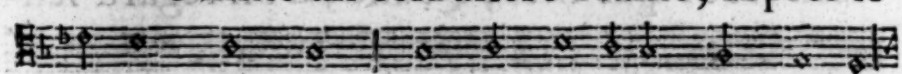
Dieu d'Iſraël, De ſiècle en ſiècle, à lui ſoit tout



honneur ; Amen, Amen, Seigneur.



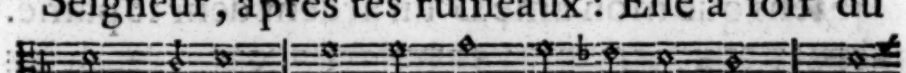
COmme un cerf alteré brâme, Après le



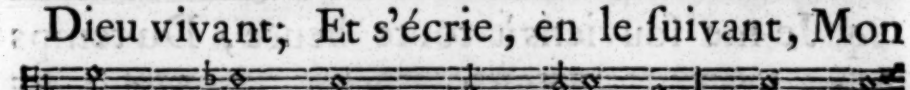
courant des eaux, Ainſi ſoupire mon ame,



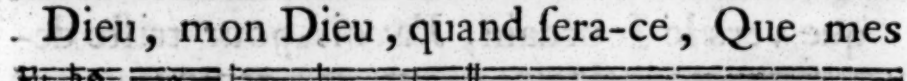
Seigneur, après tes ruiſſeaux: Elle a ſoif du



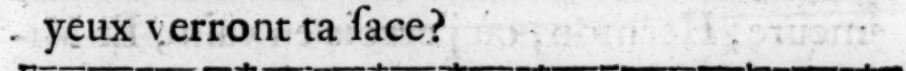
Dieu vivant; Et s'écrie, en le ſuivant, Mon



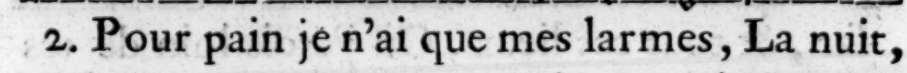
Dieu, mon Dieu, quand ſera-ce, Que mes



yeux verront ta face?



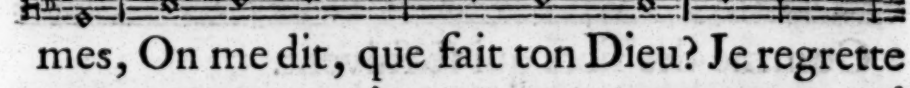
2. Pour pain je n'ai que mes larmes, La nuit,



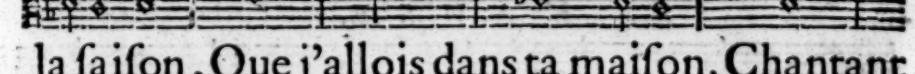
le jour, en tout lieu, Lorſqu'en mes dures allar-



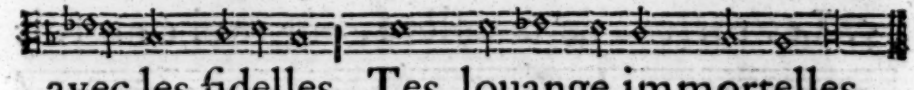
mes, On me dit, que fait ton Dieu? Je regrette



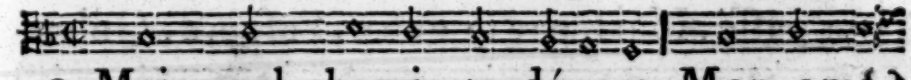
la ſaiſon, Que j'allois dans ta maiſon, Chantant



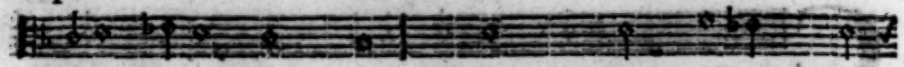
avec les fidelles, Tes louange immortelles.



3. Mais quel chagrin te dévore, Mon amé?



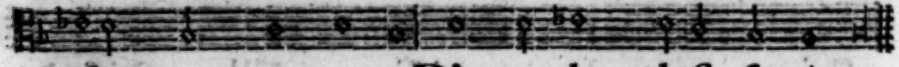
raſſure toi: Eſpère en Dieu, car encore, Il



ſera loué par moi, Quand, d'un regard ſeu-



lement, Il guerira mon tourment, Mon Dieu,



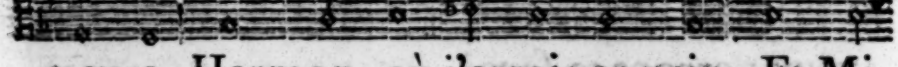
je ſens que mon ame D'un ardent deſir ſe pâme.



4. Je me ſouviens à toute heure, Du temps



que vers le Jourdain, J'avois pour triſte de-



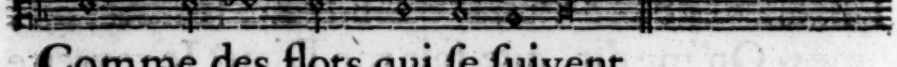
meure, Hermon, où j'errois en vain, Et Mi-



ſar, & tous ces lieux, Où j'étois loin de tes

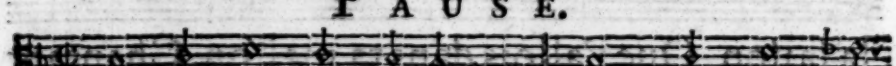


yeux. Par tout mes maux me pourſuivent,

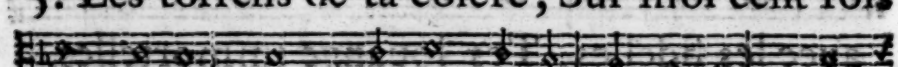


Comme des flots qui ſe ſuivent.

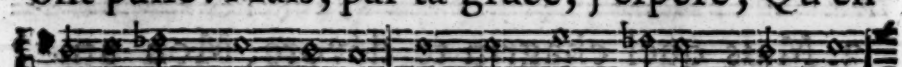
PAUSE.



5. Les torrens de ta colère, Sur moi cent fois



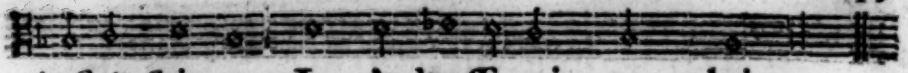
ont paſſé: Mais, par ta grâce, j'eſpère, Qu'en-



fin l'orage eſt ceſſé. Tu me conduiras, le jour;



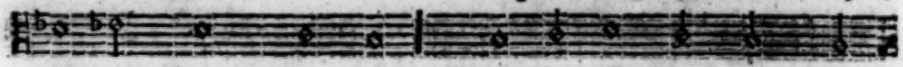
Et moi, la nuit, à mon tour, Louant ta Ma-



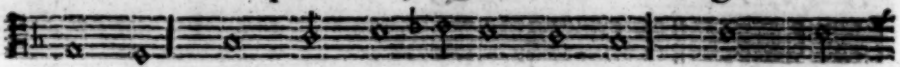
jeſté ſainte, Je t'adreſſerai ma plainte.



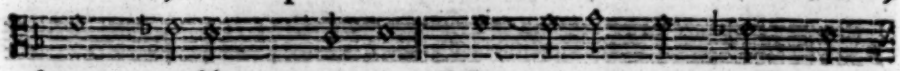
6. Dieu, ma force & ma puiſſance, Dirai-je,



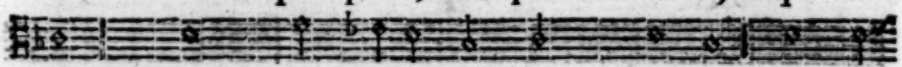
as-tu donc permis, Qu'une ſi longue ſouf-



france, M'expoſe à mes ennemis? Leurs fiers,



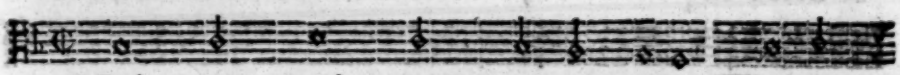
leurs malins propos, Me pénettrent juſqu'aux



os, Quand ils diſent à toute heure, Où fait



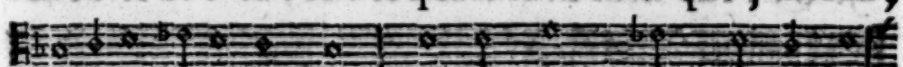
ton Dieu ſa demeure?



7. Mais pourquoi, mon ame, encore, T'abattre



avec tant d'effroi? Eſpère au Dieu que j'adore;



Il ſera loué de moi. Un regard, dans ſa fureur,

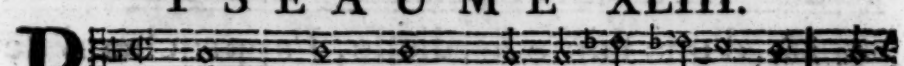


Me dit qu'il eſt mon Sauveur; Et c'eſt auſſi lui,

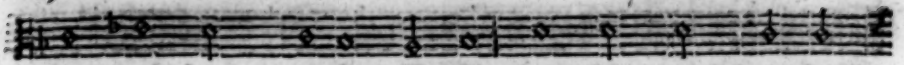


mon ame, Qu'en tous mes maux je reclame.

PSEAUME XLIII.



PRrends, ô Dieu, ma juſte querelle, Toi



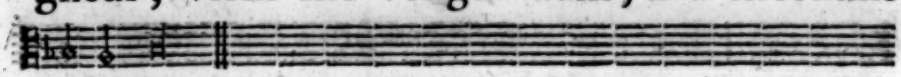
qui me vois traiter ainſi, Par la troupe injuſte



& cruelle, Qui contre tes loix ſe rebelle. Sei-



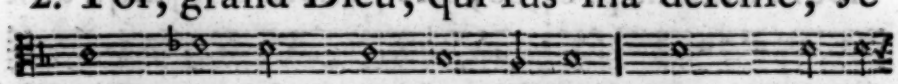
gneur, viens me venger auſſi, Du méchant



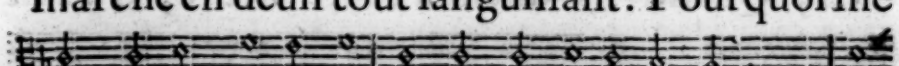
endurci.



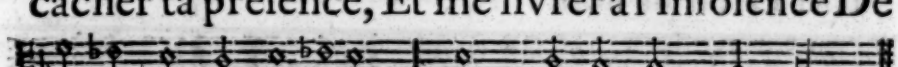
2. Toi, grand Dieu, qui fus ma défenſe, Je



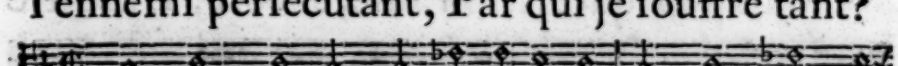
marche en deuil tout languiſſant: Pourquoi me



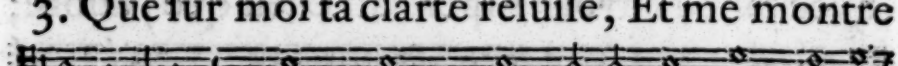
cacher ta préſence, Et me livrer à l'inſolence De



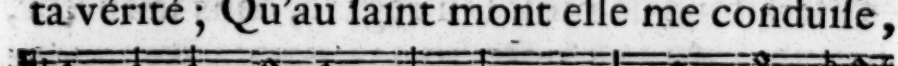
l'ennemi perſécutant, Par qui je ſouffre tant?



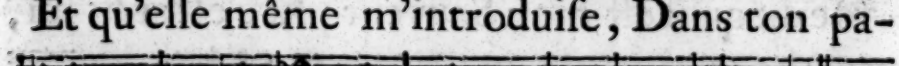
3. Que ſur moi ta clarté reluiſe, Et me montre



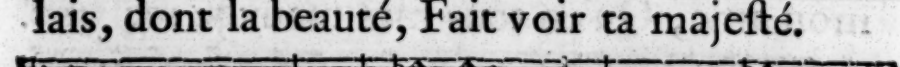
ta vérité; Qu'au ſaint mont elle me conduiſe,



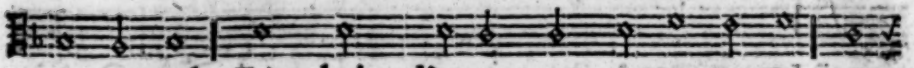
Et qu'elle même m'introduiſe, Dans ton pa-



lais, dont la beauté, Fait voir ta majeſté.



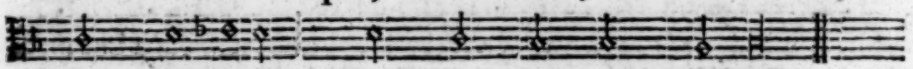
4. Là, d'une ſainte hardieſſe, J'approcherai de



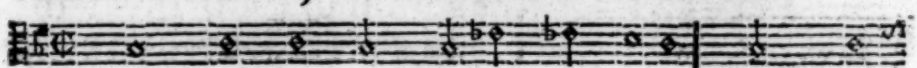
ton autel ; Là plain d'une juſte allégreſſe, Ma



voix & ma harpe, ſans ceſſe, Chanteront, ô



Dieu d'Iſraël, Ton honneur immortel.



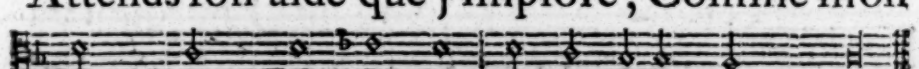
5. Quoi ! tes frayeurs durent encore ! Mon ame,



enfin, raſſure toi ; Eſpère en celui que j'adore,

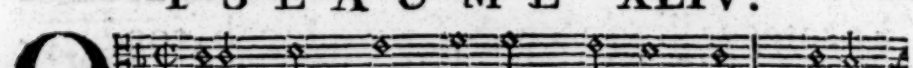


Attends ſon aide que j'implore ; Comme mon

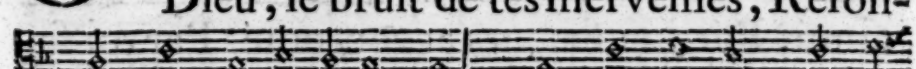


Dieu, comme mon roi, Il veillera pour moi

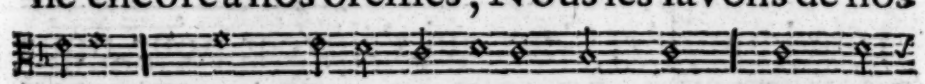
PSEAUME XLIV.



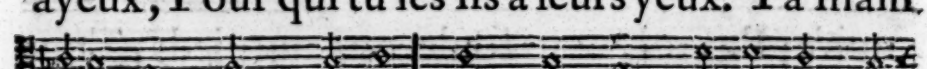
O Dieu, le bruit de tes merveilles, Reſon-



ne encore à nos oreilles ; Nous les ſavons de nos



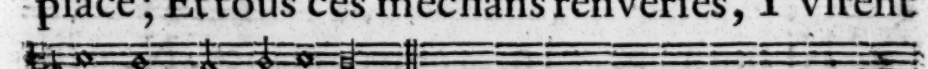
ayeux, Pour qui tu les fis à leurs yeux. Ta main



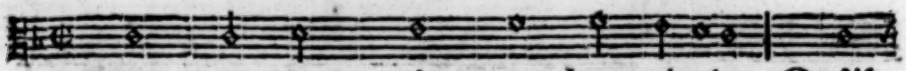
a les peuples chaſſés ; Tu mis nos pères en leur



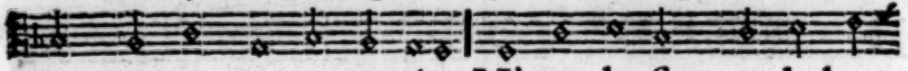
place ; Et tous ces méchans renverſés, Y virent



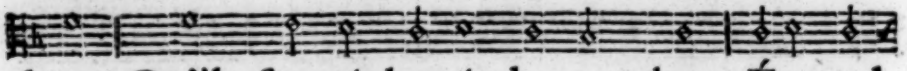
fleurir notre race.



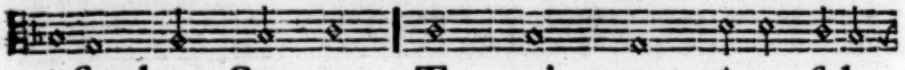
2. Non, ce n'eſt point par leur épée, Qu'ils



ont cette terre occupée; Ni par la force de leur



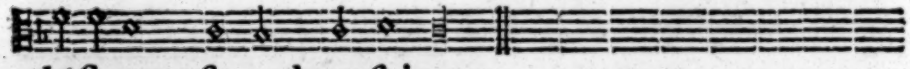
bras, Qu'ils ſont échapés des combats. Éternel,



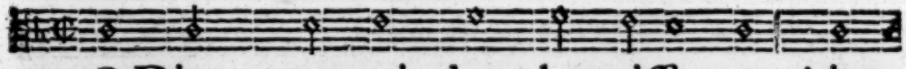
tu fus leur Sauveur; Ta main, tes grâces ſalu-



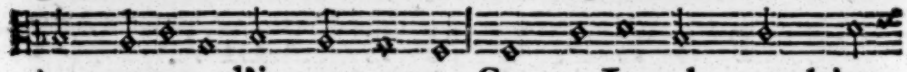
taires, Rendirent ton peuple vainqueur, Et



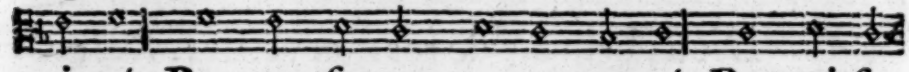
défirent ſes adverſaires.



3. O Dieu, mon roi, dont la puiſſance, Aime



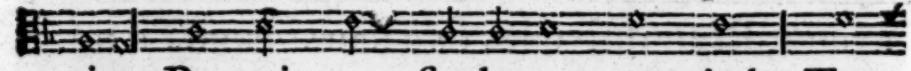
à proteger l'innocence, Sauve Jacob, ton bien-



aimé, Par ton ſecours accoutumé. Par toi ſe-



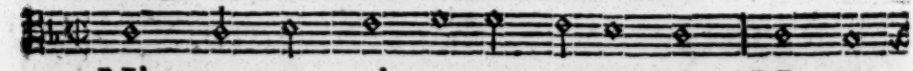
ront humiliés, Ceux qui s'élèvent pour nous



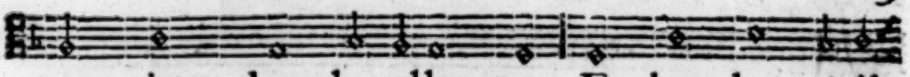
nuire; Par toi, nous foulerons aux pieds, Tous



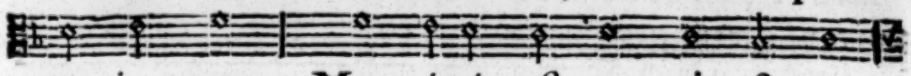
ceux qui voudroient nous détruire.



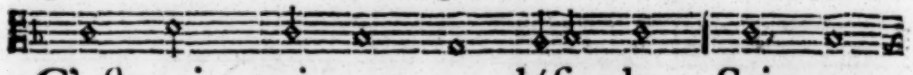
4. Ni mon arc, ni mes autres armes, Ne peu-



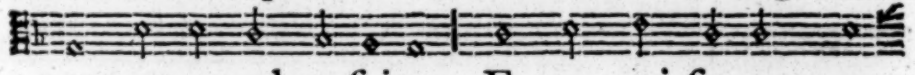
vent rien, dans les allarmes; Et dans les périls



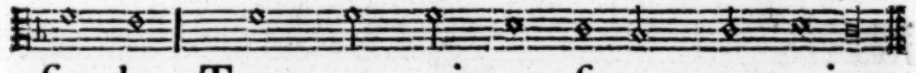
que je cours, Mon épée eſt un vain ſecours.



C'eſt toi, qui nous as défendus, Seigneur,

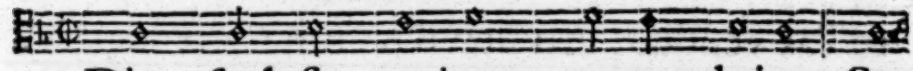


contre nos adverſaires; Et par toi ſeront con-

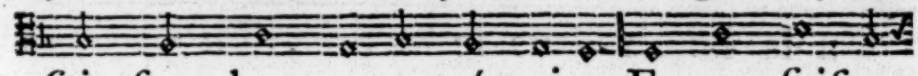


fondus, Tous ceux qui nous ſeront contraires.

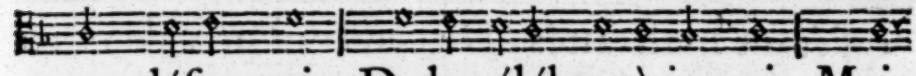
PAUSE I.



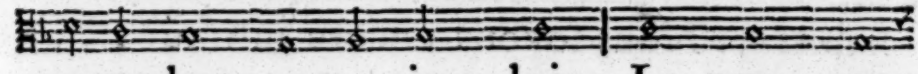
5. Dieu ſeul fut toujours notre gloire; Ses



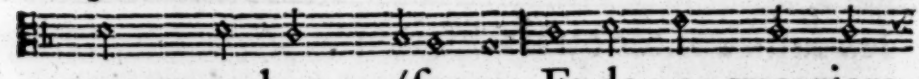
faits ſont dans notre mémoire: Et nous faiſons



vœu déſormais, De le célébrer à jamais. Mais



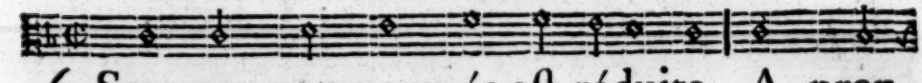
cependant, tu te tiens loin; Le cœur nous



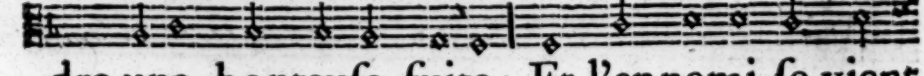
manque en leur préſence; Et de nos guerriers,



au beſoin, Tu ceſſes d'être la défenſe.



6. Souvent notre armée eſt réduite, A pren-



dre une honteuſe fuite; Et l'ennemi ſe vient



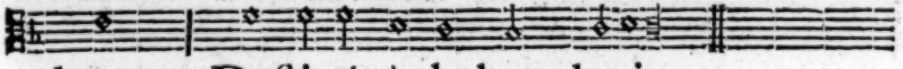
ſaiſir, De tous nos biens, à ſon plaiſir. Diſ-



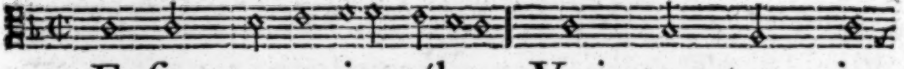
perſés parmi ces méchans, Tu nous livres à



leur furie ; Comme des agneaux dans les



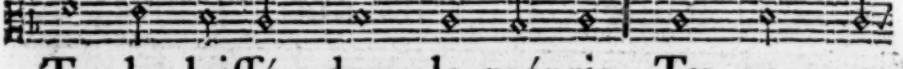
champs, Deſtinés à la boucherie.



7. Enfin, ta nation élue, Voit que pour rien



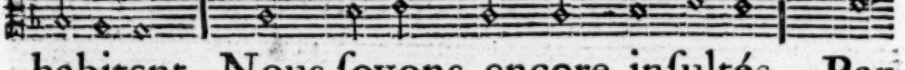
tu l'as vendue ; Au lieu d'en rehauſſer le prix,



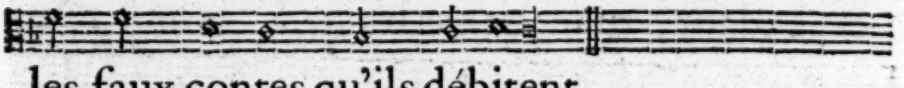
Tu la laiſſés dans le mépris, Tu permets



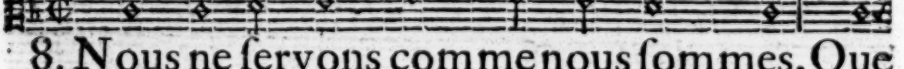
qu'étant maltraités, De ceux qui près de nous



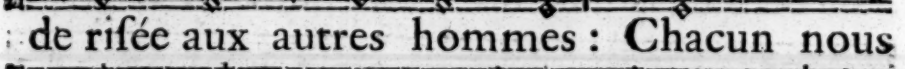
habitent, Nous ſoyons encore inſultés, Par



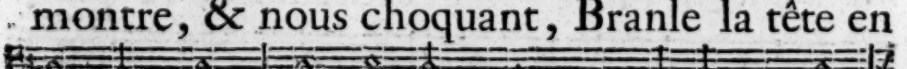
les faux contes qu'ils débitent.



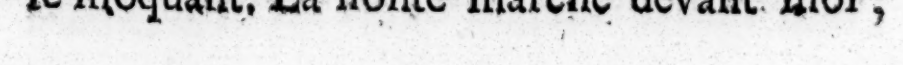
8. Nous ne ſervons comme nous ſommes, Que



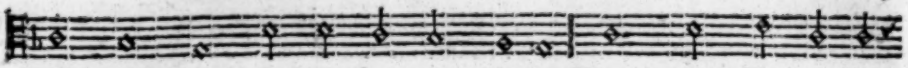
de riſée aux autres hommes : Chacun nous



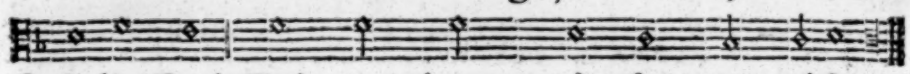
montre, & nous choquant, Branle la tête en



ſe moquant. La honte marche devant moi ;



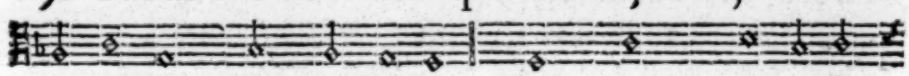
La crainte m'abat le courage; Par tout, la triſteſ-



ſe & l'effroi, Peignent leurs traits ſur mon viſage.



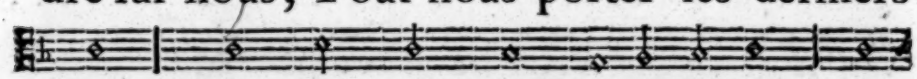
9. Nous n'entendons que des injures; Ils nous



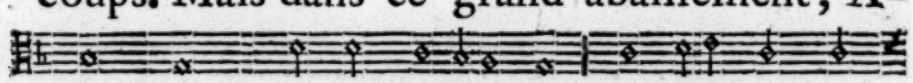
accablent d'inpoſtures; Toujours prêts à fon-



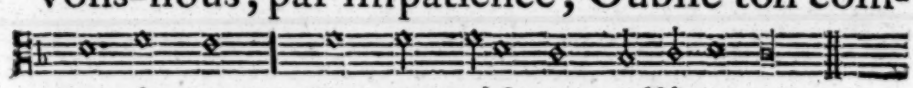
dre ſur nous, Pour nous porter les derniers



coups. Mais dans ce grand abaiſſement, A-

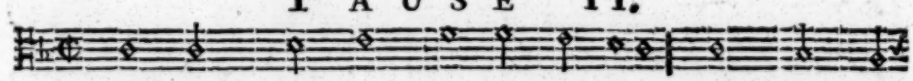


vons-nous, par impatience, Oublié ton com-



mandement, Ou mépriſé ton alliance?

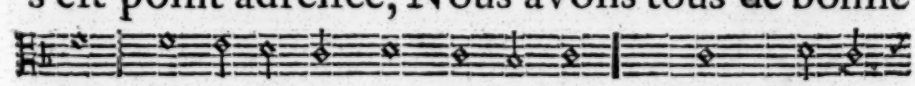
PAUSE II.



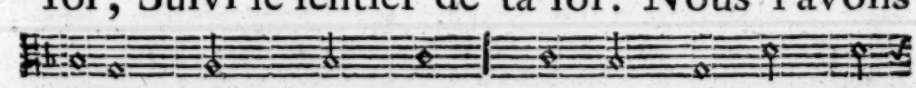
10 Ailleurs qu'à toi notre penſée, Seigneur, ne



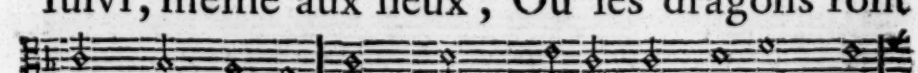
s'eſt point adreſſée; Nous avons tous de bonne



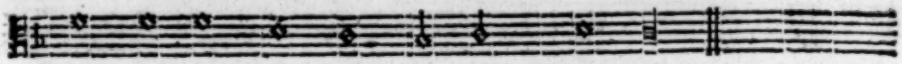
foi, Suivi le ſentier de ta loi: Nous l'avons



ſuivi, même aux lieux, Où les dragons font



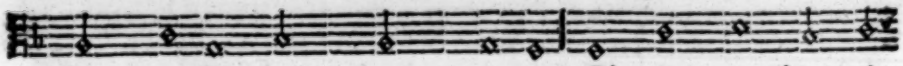
leur demeure; La mort préſentant à nos yeux,



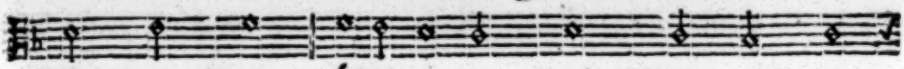
Ses noires horreurs à toute heure.



11. Si d'un cœur timide, ou volage, Nous euſ-



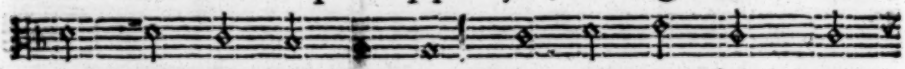
ſions ceſſé notre hommage: Si nous avions à



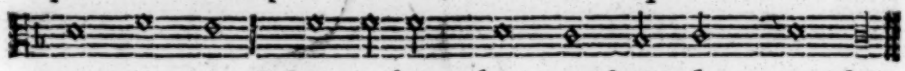
d'autres dieux, Élevé nos mains, & nos yeux;



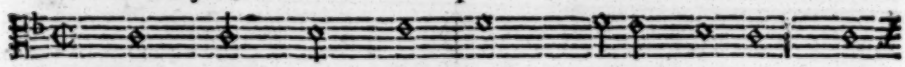
Ne s'en fut-il pas apperçu, Ce grand Dieu,



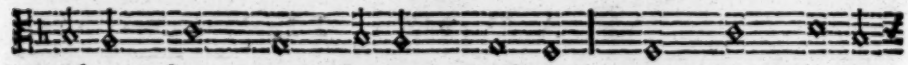
qui voit & qui ſonde, Tout ce que les cœurs



ont conçu, Même les plus cachés du monde?



12. Pour toi, nous ſouffrons mille peines: Tels,



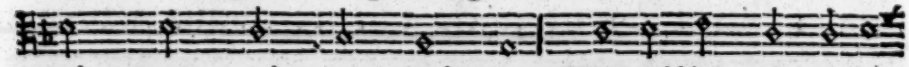
hélas! dans nos dures chaines, Que des brebis,



qu'on garde exprès, Pour les égorger tôt après.



Hélas! Seigneur, pourquoi dors-tu? Réveille



toi, pour voir nos craintes; Réveille, dis-je ta



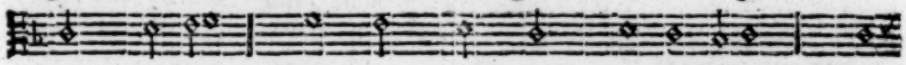
vertu, Et fais ceſſer nos triſtes plaintes.



13. Pourquoi caches-tu ton viſage? Pourquoi,



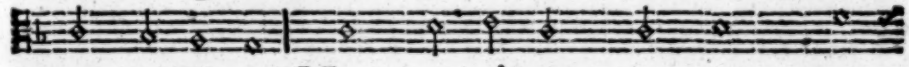
quand chacun nous outrage, N'as-tu point de



compaſſion, De notre extrême affliction? No-



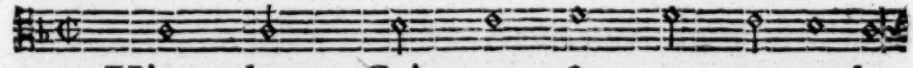
tre ame gémit ſous les coups, Dont ta juſtice



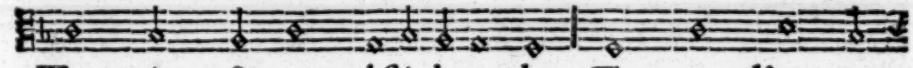
nous atterre: Nous expirons par ton cour-



roux; Nos corps ſont étendus par terre.



14. Viens donc, Seigneur, & nous accorde,



Ta grâce & ta miſéricorde; Et pour l'amour



de ta bonté, Délivre-nous d'adverſité.

PSEAUME XLV.



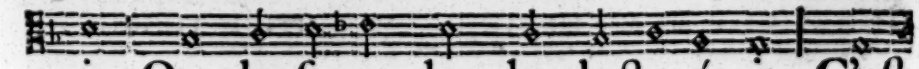
MOn cœur, rempli de choſes magnifi-



ques, Veut les repandre & les rendre publi-



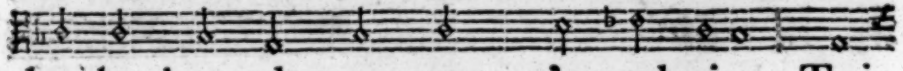
ques; Et mes diſcours ſeront d'un plus grand



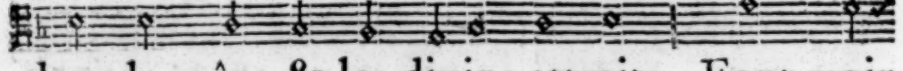
prix, Que des ſavans les plus doctes écrits. C'eſt



toi, grand roi, pour qui je les veux dire; Toi,



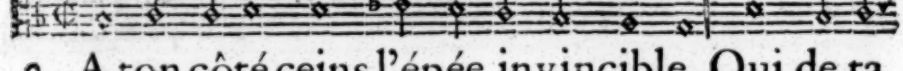
le plus beau de tous ceux qu'on admire; Toi,



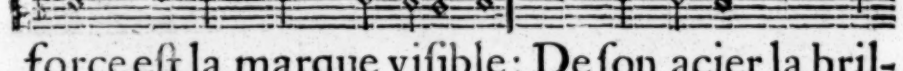
dont la grâce & les divins attraits, Font voir



que Dieu t'a béni pour jamais.



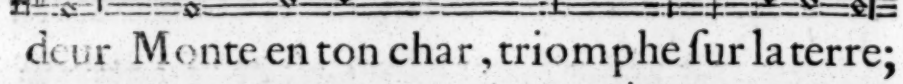
2. A ton côté ceins l'épée invincible, Qui de ta



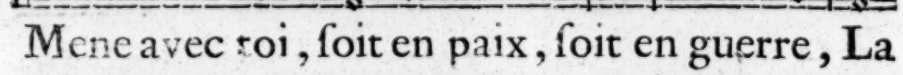
force eſt la marque viſible; De ſon acier la bril-



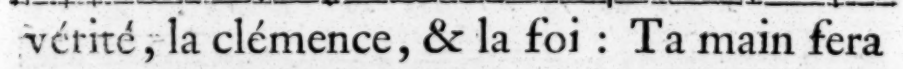
lante ſplendeur, Fait redouter ta royale gran-



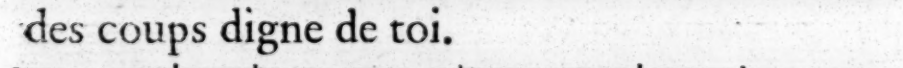
deur Monte en ton char, triomphe ſur la terre;



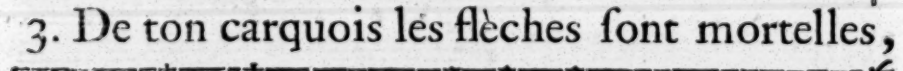
Mene avec toi, ſoit en paix, ſoit en guerre, La



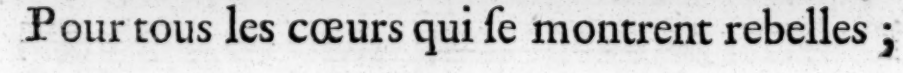
vérité, la clémence, & la foi: Ta main fera



des coups digne de toi.



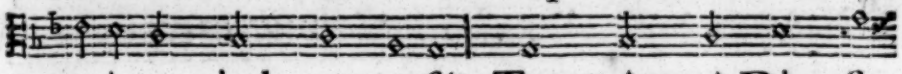
3. De ton carquois les flèches ſont mortelles,



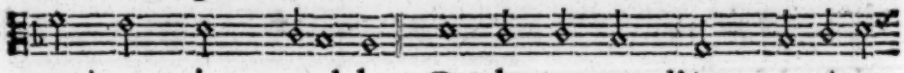
Pour tous les cœurs qui ſe montrent rebelles;



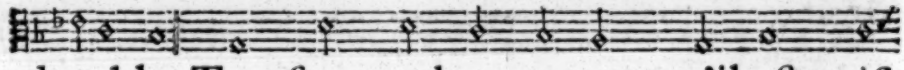
Tes ennemis en ſeront tout percés: Ils tombe-



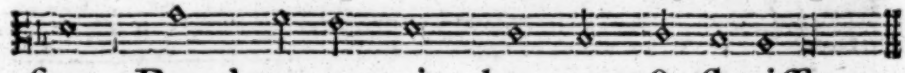
ront à tes pieds renverſés. Ton trône, ô Dieu fut



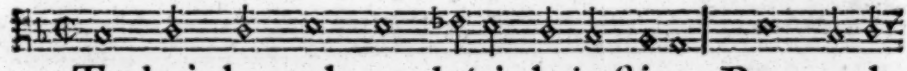
toujours immuable; On le verra d'âge en âge



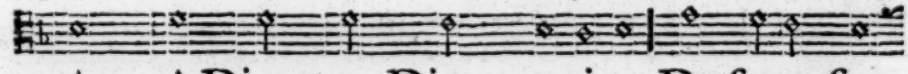
durable: Ton ſceptre doux, autant qu'il eſt puiſ-



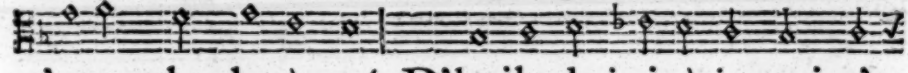
ſant, Rend ton empire heureux & floriſſant.



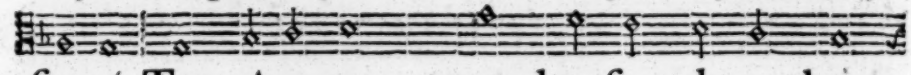
4. Tu hais le mal, tu chéris la juſtice: Pour cela



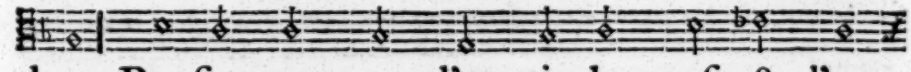
même, ô Dieu, ton Dieu propice, De ſes enfans



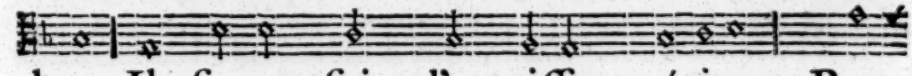
t'ayant le plus à gré, D'huile de joie à jamais t'a



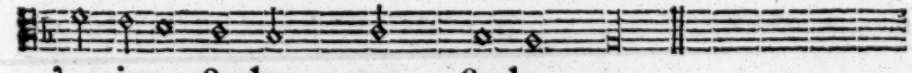
ſacré. Tes vêtemens, quand tu ſors de ta cham-



bre, Parfument tout d'un air de muſc & d'am-

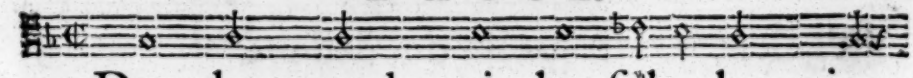


bre: Ils furent faits d'un tiſſu précieux, Pour



t'attirer & les cœurs, & les yeux.

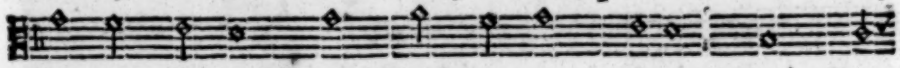
PAUSE.



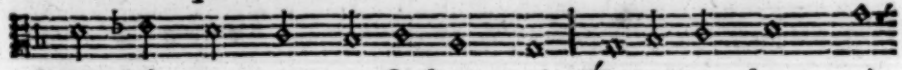
5. Des plus grands rois les filles les mieux



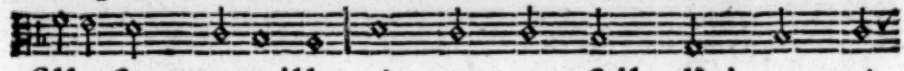
nées, Sont devant toi, de tes préſens ornées;



Là ton épouſe eſt ſeule à ton côté, Qui d'or



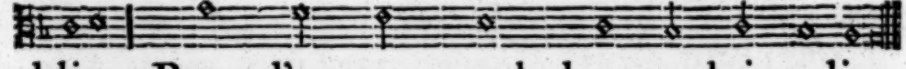
d'Ophir couronne ſa beauté, Écoute donc, ô



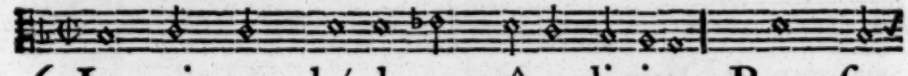
fille ſans pareille, A mes conſeils d'aigne prê-



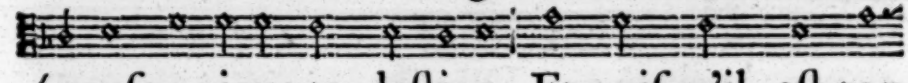
ter l'oreille; Père, & patrie, il faut tout ou-



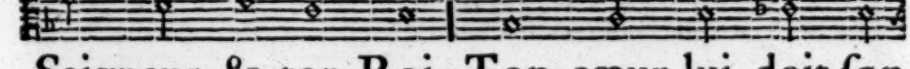
blier, Pour d'autres nœuds dont tu doi tes lier.



6. Le roi, touché de ta grâce divine, Pour ſon



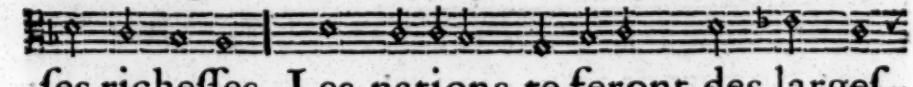
épouſe unique te deſtine; Et puiſqu'il eſt ton



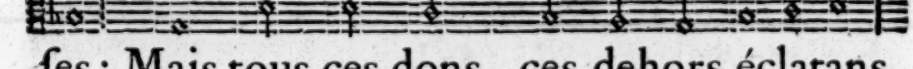
Seigneur & ton Roi, Ton cœur lui doit ſon



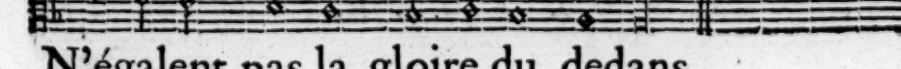
hommage & ſa foi, Tyr à tes pieds portera



ſes richeſſes, Les nations te feront des largeſ-



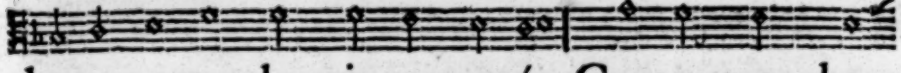
ſes: Mais tous ces dons, ces dehors éclatans,



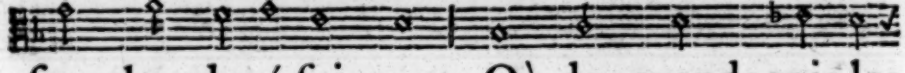
N'égalent pas la gloire du dedans.



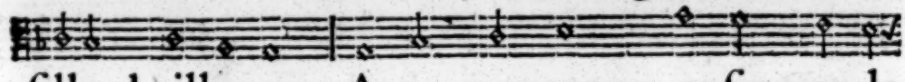
7. D'habits brodés pompeuſement ornée, On



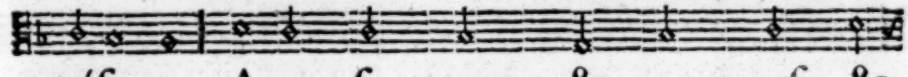
la verra vers le prince menée. Cent autres chars



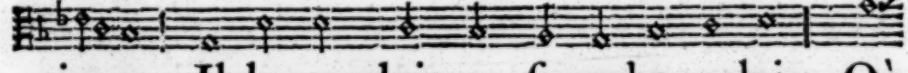
ſon char doré ſuivront, Où des grands rois les



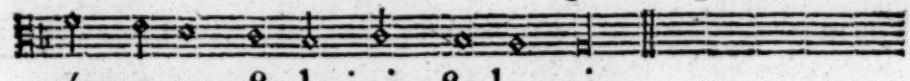
filles brilleront. A ce monarque, enfin, on la



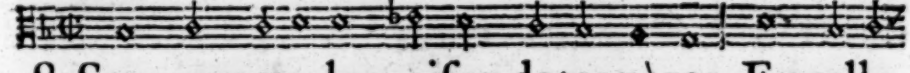
préſente, Avec ſa troupe & pompeuſe &



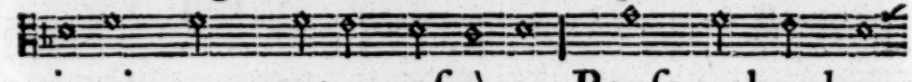
riante: Il la conduit au ſuperbe palais, Où



régneront & la joie & la paix.



8. Sans regreter la maiſon de tes pères, En celle-



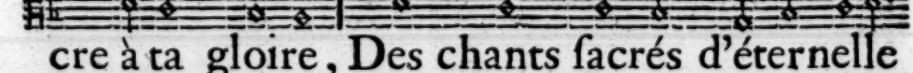
ci vois comme tu proſpères; Penſe au bonheur



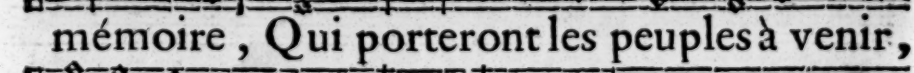
de te voir des enfans, Que tu feras, par tout,



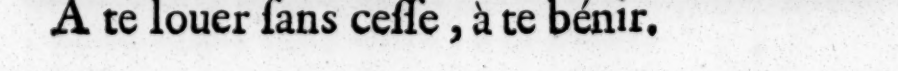
rois triomphans, Pour moi, ravi, je conſa-



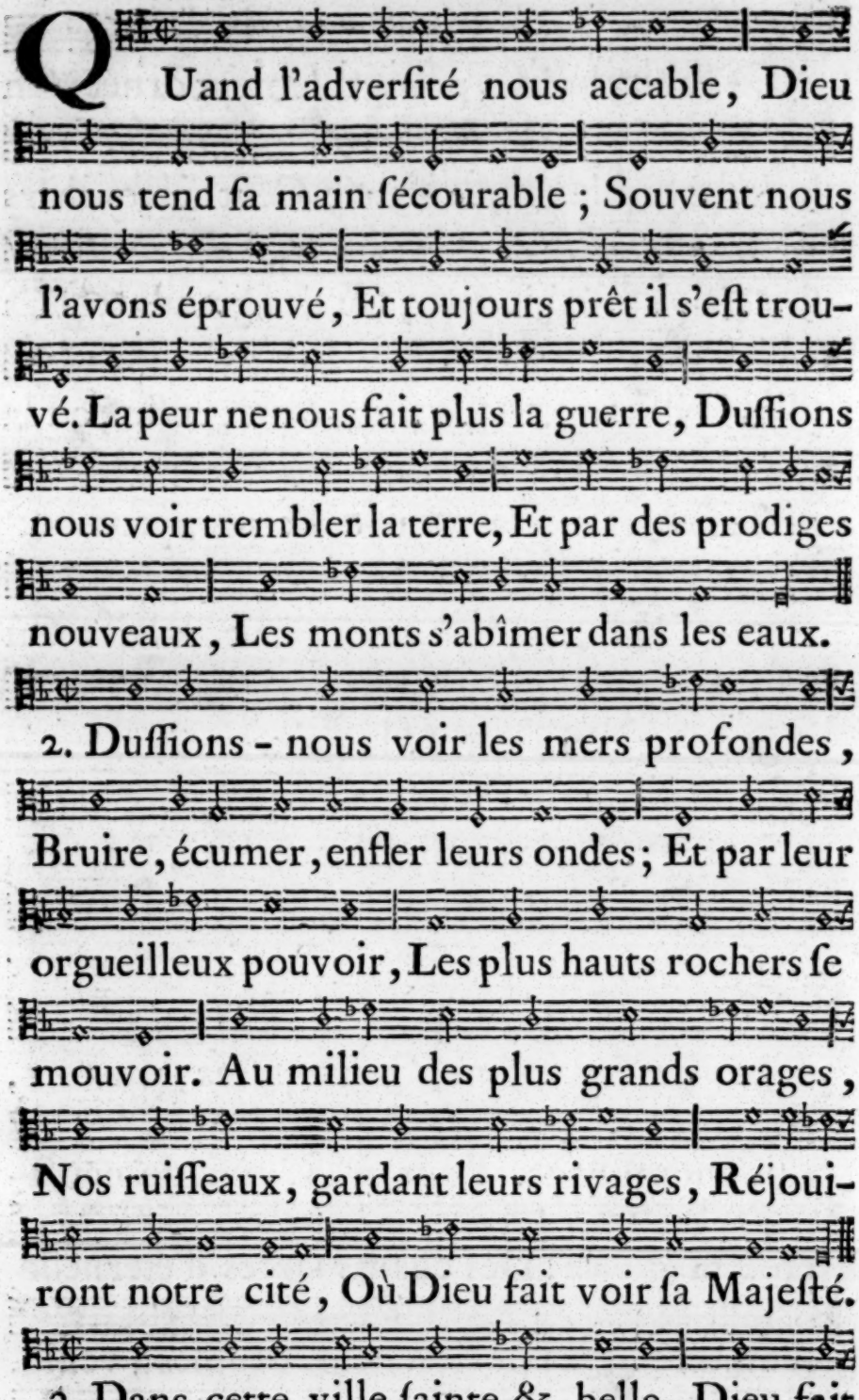
cre à ta gloire, Des chants ſacrés d'éternelle

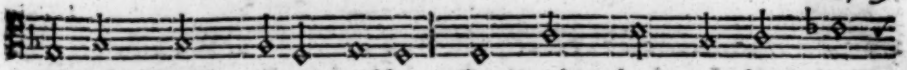


mémoire, Qui porteront les peuples à venir,

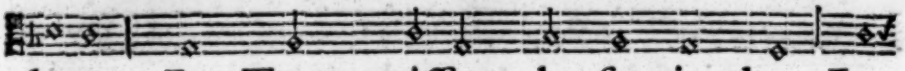


A te louer ſans ceſſe, à te bénir.

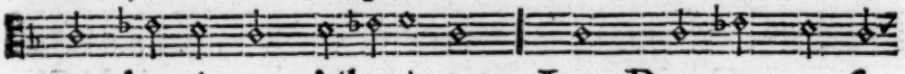

Quand l'adverſité nous accable, Dieu
nous tend ſa main ſécourable ; Souvent nous
l'avons éprouvé, Et toujours prêt il s'eſt trou-
vé. La peur ne nous fait plus la guerre, Duſſions
nous voir trembler la terre, Et par des prodiges
nouveaux, Les monts s'abîmer dans les eaux.
2. Duſſions-nous voir les mers profondes,
Bruire, écumer, enfler leurs ondes ; Et par leur
orgueilleux pouvoir, Les plus hauts rochers ſe
mouvoir. Au milieu des plus grands orages,
Nos ruiſſeaux, gardant leurs rivages, Réjoui-
ront notre cité, Où Dieu fait voir ſa Majeſté.
3. Dans cette ville ſainte & belle, Dieu fait



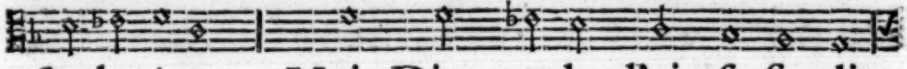
ſa demeure éternelle : Jamais rien ne l'ébran-



lera ; Le Tout-puiſſant la ſoutiendra. Les



peuples émus s'élevèrent ; Les Royaumes ſe

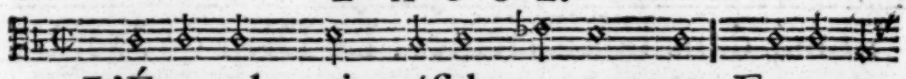


ſoulevèrent : Mais Dieu parla, l'air ſe fendit ;

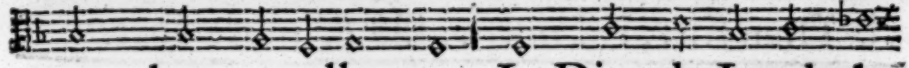


A ſa voix la terre fondit.

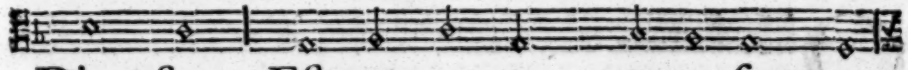
PAUSE.



4. L'Éternel, qui préſide aux armes, Fut avec



nous dans nos allarmes : Le Dieu de Jacob, le



Dieu fort, Eſt notre tour, notre ſupport.



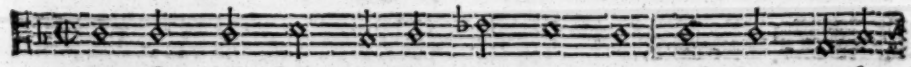
Que chacun contemple en ſoi-même, Ce qu'a



fait ſon pouvoir ſuprême : Les lieux aujour-



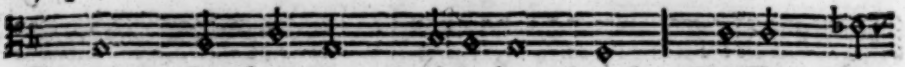
d'hui déſertés, Qu'on vit autrefois habités.



5. Enfin, il fait ceſſer la guerre ; Il donne la



paix à la terre ; En tous lieux il brûle les chars,



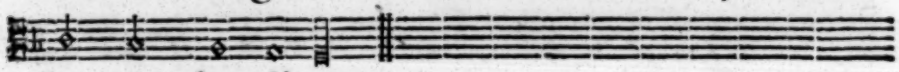
Rompt les lances, briſe les dards. Ceſſez, dit-



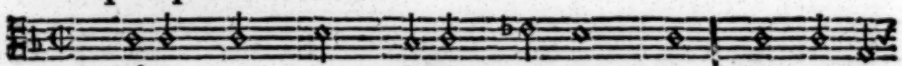
il, votre inſolence, Mortels, réverez ma puiſ-



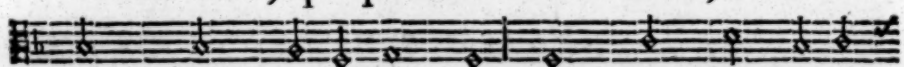
ſance : Craignez le Dieu de l'univers, Adoré



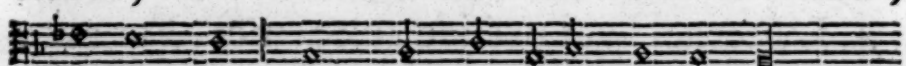
des peuples divers.



6. L'Éternel, qui préſide aux armes, Fut avec



nous, dans nos allarmes : Le Dieu de Jacob,

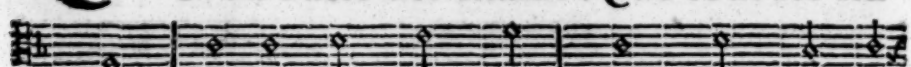


le Dieu fort, Eſt notre aſile & notre fort.

PSEAUME XLVII.



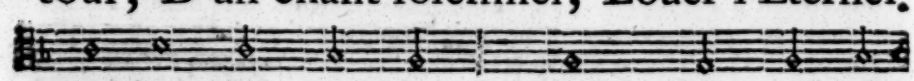
QU'on batte des mains ! Que tous les hu-



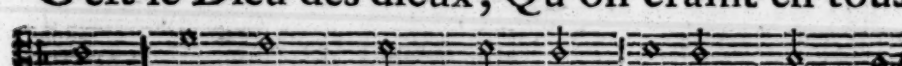
mains, En cet heureux jour, Viennent tour à



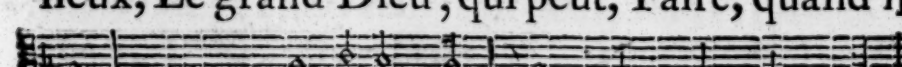
tour, D'un chant ſolemnel, Louer l'Éternel.



C'eſt le Dieu des dieux, Qu'on craint en tous



lieux, Le grand Dieu ; qui peut, Faire, quand il



veut, Trembler à ſa voix, Les plus puiſſans rois.



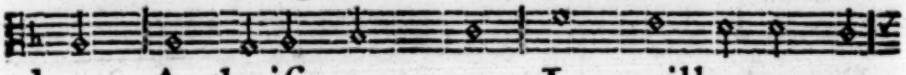
2. Par ſon grand pouvoir, Il nous a fait voir,



Nos fiers ennemis, Vaincus & ſoumis, Même



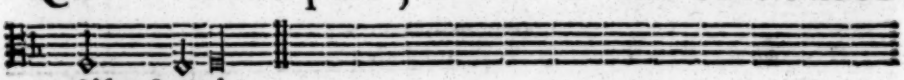
humiliés : Juſques ſous nos pieds. Ce maître ſi



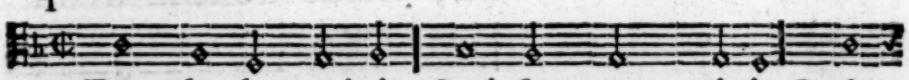
doux, A choiſi pour nous, La meilleure part,



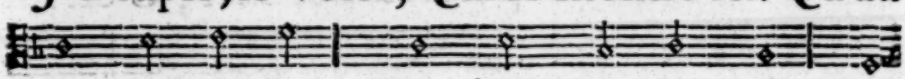
Qu'il a miſe à part ; Dont il enrichit Jacob



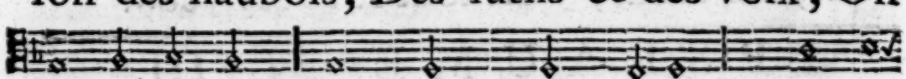
qu'il chérit.



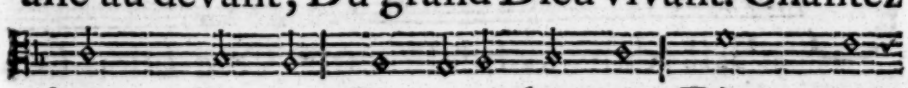
3. Peuple, le voici, Qui ſe montre ici. Qu'au



ſon des haubois, Des luths & des voix, On



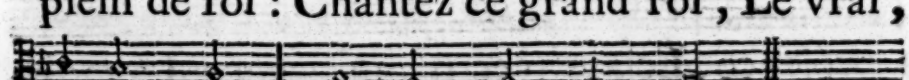
aile au devant, Du grand Dieu vivant. Chantez



donc, chantez, Ses rares bontés, D'un cœur



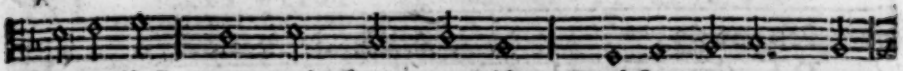
plein de foi : Chantez ce grand roi, Le vrai,



le ſeul Dieu, Qui règne en tout lieu.



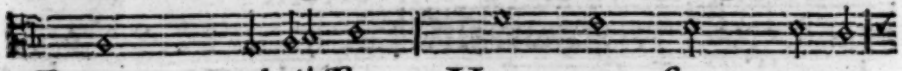
4. Sage célébrez, Ses ordres ſacrés ; Puiſqu'aſ-



ſujettïs, On voit les gentils, Baiſer avec nous,



Son trône, à genoux. Les princes puiſſans,



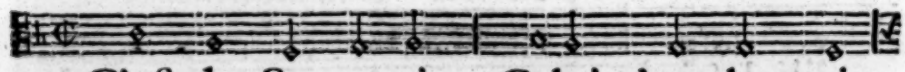
Prompts, obéiſſans, Vers nous ſont venus,



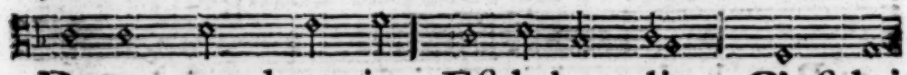
Pour être tenus, Sujets du Dieu ſaint, Qu'A-



braham à craint.



5. C'eſt le Souverain, Celui dont la main,

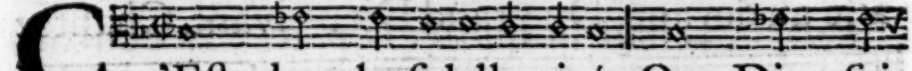


De ce monde entier, Eſt le bouclier; C'eſt lui

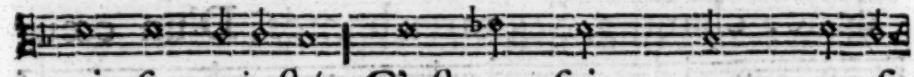


qui, des cieux, Voit tout ſous ſes yeux.

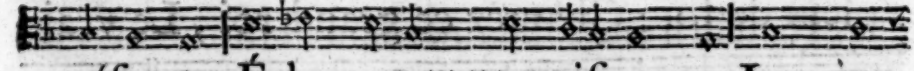
PSEAUME XLVIII.



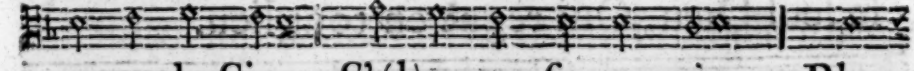
C'Eſt dans la fidelle cité, Que Dieu fait



voir ſa majeſté; C'eſt au ſaint mont que ſa

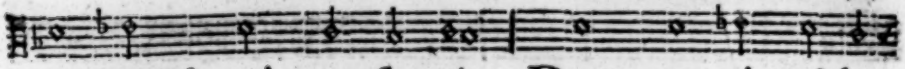


préſence, Éclate avec magnificence. La mon-



tagne de Sion, S'élève au ſeptentrion, Place

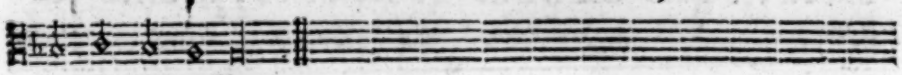
au grand



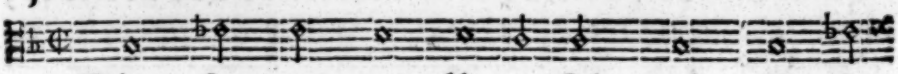
au grand roi conſacrée, Dans une aimable



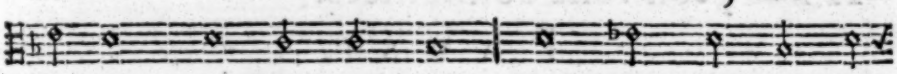
contrée; Et la terre univerſelle, Doit ſe ré-



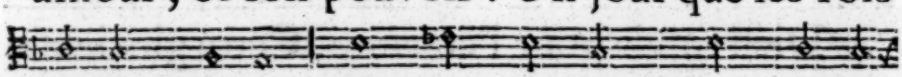
jouir en elle.



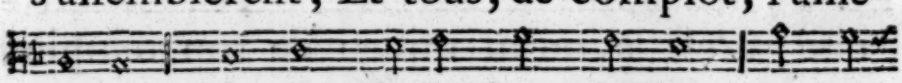
2. Dieu ſouvent en elle a fait voir, Et ſon



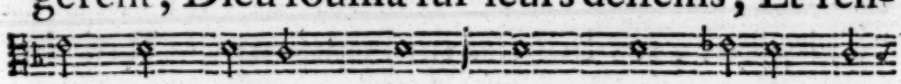
amour, & ſon pouvoir : Un jour que les rois



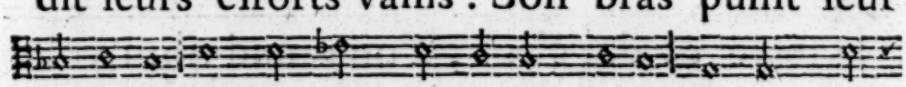
s'aſſemblèrent, Et tous, de complot, l'aſſie-



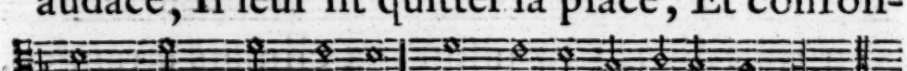
gèrent, Dieu ſouffla ſur leurs deſſeins, Et ren-



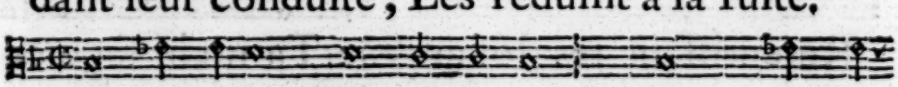
dit leurs efforts vains : Son bras punit leur



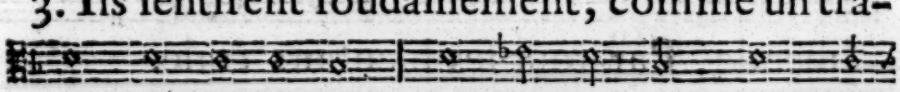
audace; Il leur fit quitter la place, Et confon-



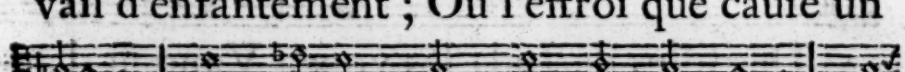
dant leur conduite, Les réduiſit à la fuite.



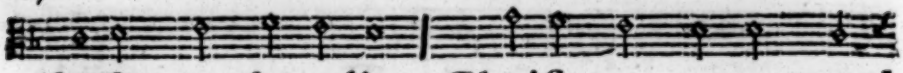
3. Ils ſentirent ſoudainement, comme un tra-



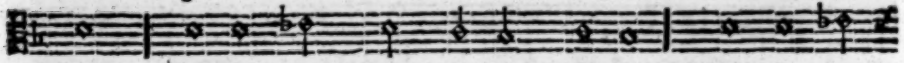
vail d'enfantement ; Ou l'effroi que cauſe un



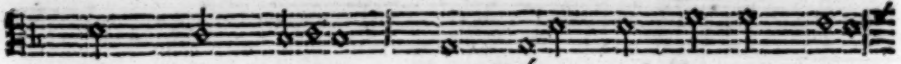
orage, Qui fracaſſe & mâts & cordage. Les



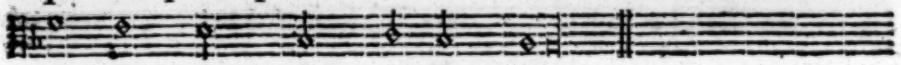
choſes que de ce lieu, Choiſit par notre grand



Dieu, Jadis on nous avoit dites, Même juſ-

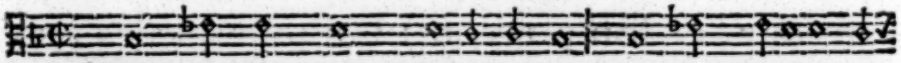


qu'aux plus petites, Par l'Éternel des armées,



A nos yeux ſont confirmées.

PAUSE.



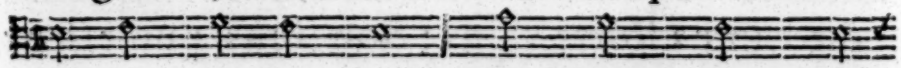
4. Dieu fonda pour l'éternité, Cette glorieuſe



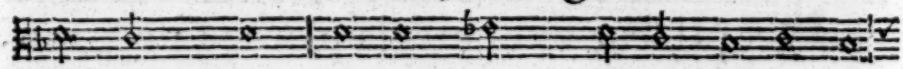
cité : C'eſt là, qu'au milieu de ton temple,



Seigneur, tes bontés on contemple. Roi de



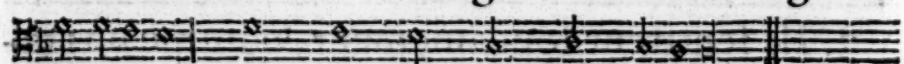
la terre & des cieux, Ton grand nom vole



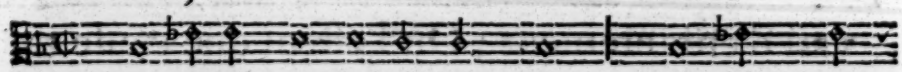
en tous lieux ; Et juſqu'aux climats étranges,



Retentiſſent tes louanges : Ta main ſage &



liberale, Par-tout ſes bienfaits étale.



5. Des filles de Juda les voix, Vantent hau-



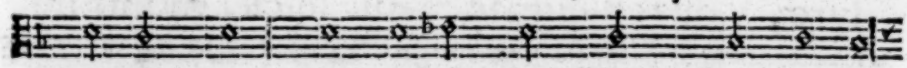
tement tes exploits : Sion, par des chants de



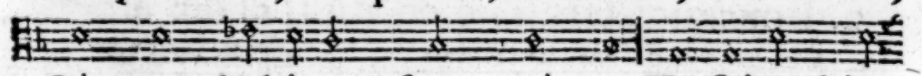
victoire, Juſqu'aux cieux élève ta gloire.



Paſſans, faites-en le tour, Voyez-en bien



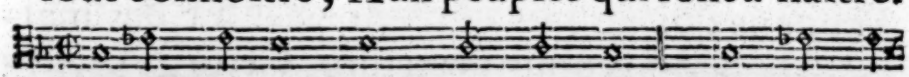
chaque tour, Les palais, les murs, l'enceinte,



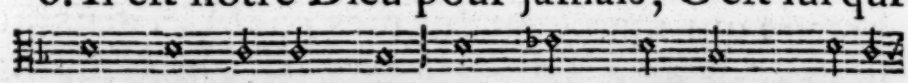
Où nous habitons ſans crainte; Et faites bien



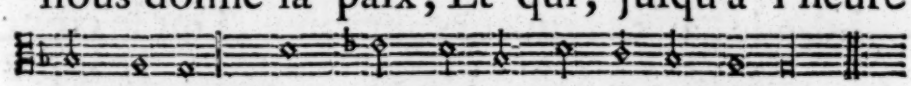
tout connoître, Aux peuples qui ſont à naître.



6. Il eſt notre Dieu pour jamais; C'eſt lui qui

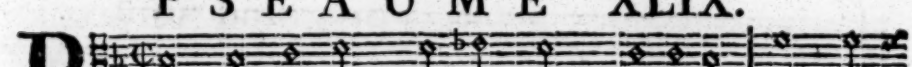


nous donne la paix, Et qui, juſqu'à l'heure

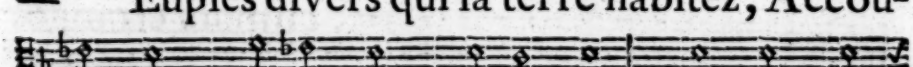


dernière, Nous conduira par ſa lumière.

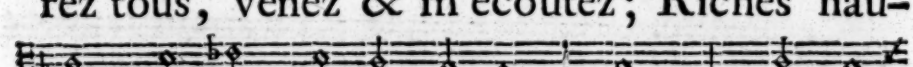
PSEAUME XLIX.



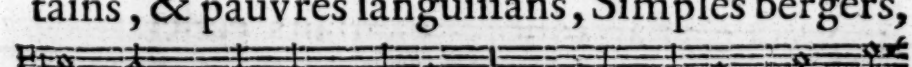
Peuples divers qui la terre habitez, Accou-



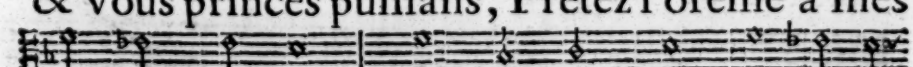
rez tous, venez & m'écoutez; Riches hau-



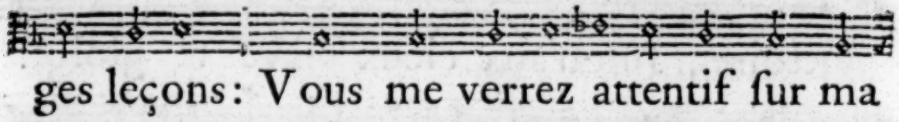
tains, & pauvres languiſſans, Simples bergers,



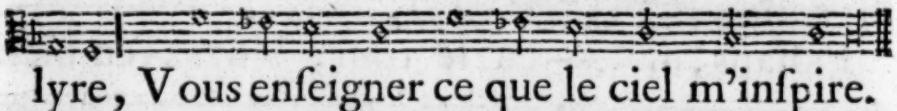
& vous princes puiſſans, Prêtez l'oreille à mes



ſaintes chanſons; Ouvrez vos cœurs à mes ſa-



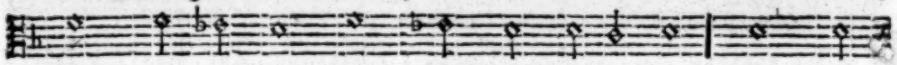
ges leçons: Vous me verrez attentif ſur ma



lyre, Vous enſeigner ce que le ciel m'inſpire.



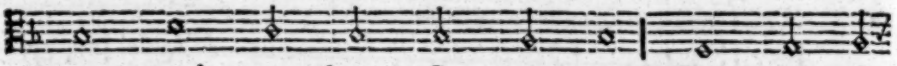
2. Pourquoi ſerois-je en mes maux étonné,



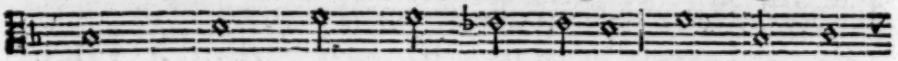
Bien que je ſois ſans ceſſe environné, De ſoins



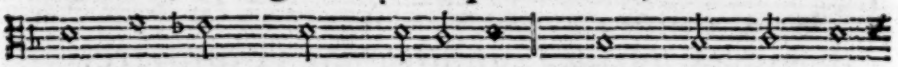
cuiſans qui ne me quittent pas, Et des mal-



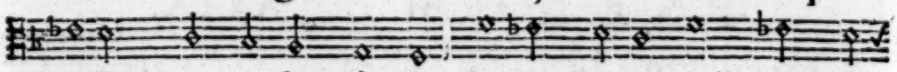
heurs qui marchent ſur mes pas? Les gens du



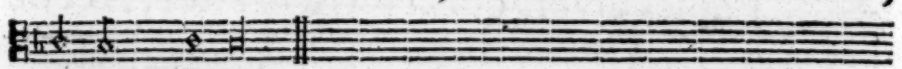
monde, aux grandeurs parvenus, Ont le cœur



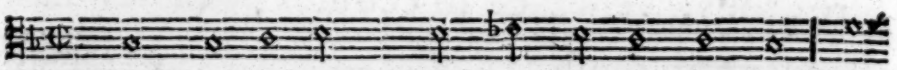
fier de leurs gros revenus; Mais nul ne peut



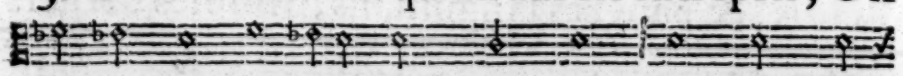
de ſon heure dernière, Se racheter ſoi-même,



ni ſon frère.



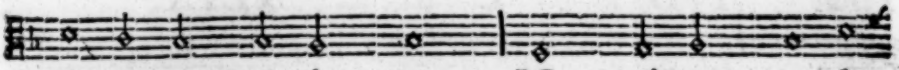
3. C'eſt vainement qu'on auroit entrepris, Un



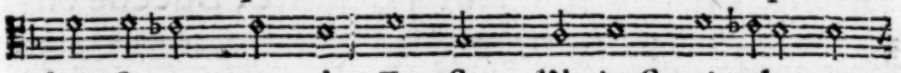
tel rachat, il eſt à trop haut prix. En vain quel-



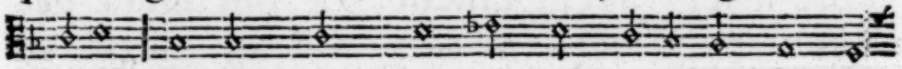
qu'un deſireroit des jours, Dont rien jamais



n'interrompît le cours, Ne voit-on pas les



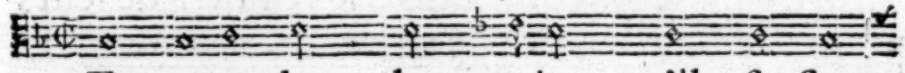
plus ſages mourir, Le fou, l'injuſte également



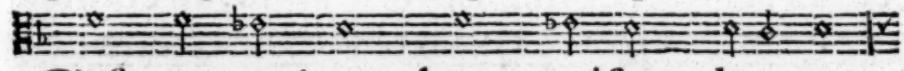
périr; Et de leurs biens acquis en abondance,



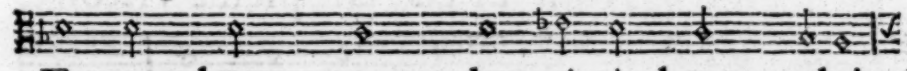
Aux inconnus laiſſer la jouiſſance?



4. Et cependant, les projets qu'ils ſe font,



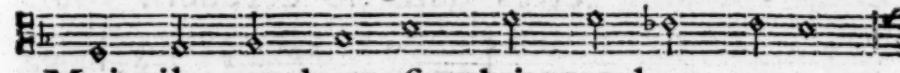
C'eſt que toujours leurs maiſons dureront;



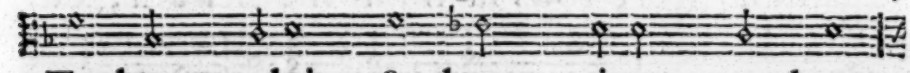
Et que leurs noms, donnés à leurs palais,



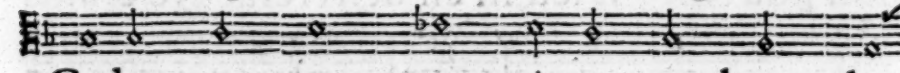
Vaincront le temps & ne mourront jamais.



Mais ils ont beau ſe plaire en leurs erreurs;



Et leurs palais, & leurs vaines grandeurs,

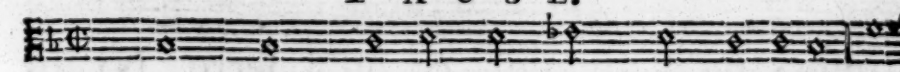


Cedent au temps: eux mêmes ont leurs chu-



tes, Mourant enfin, comme les bêtes brutes.

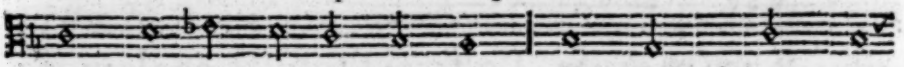
PAUSE.



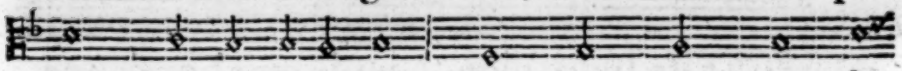
5. Tous leurs projets ne ſont que vanité: Et



même on voit que leur poſtérité, Sucède en-



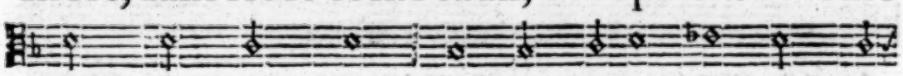
core à leur aveuglement, Et ſuit leurs pas



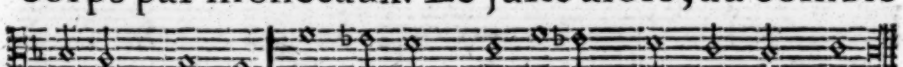
dans leur égarement. Un jour pourtant, la



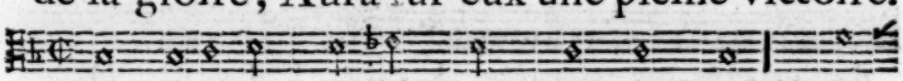
mort, dans leurs tombeaux, Se repaîtra de leurs



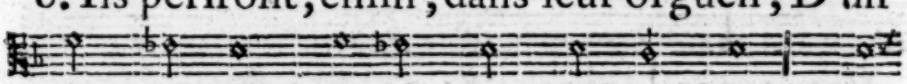
corps par monceaux. Le juſte alors, au comble



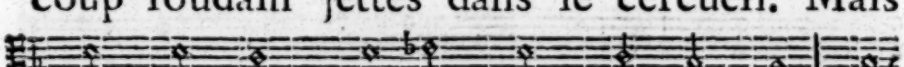
de ſa gloire, Aura ſur eux une pleine victoire.



6. Ils périront, enfin, dans leur orgueil, D'un



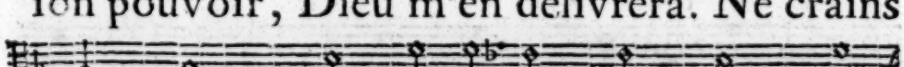
coup ſoudain jettés dans le cercueil. Mais



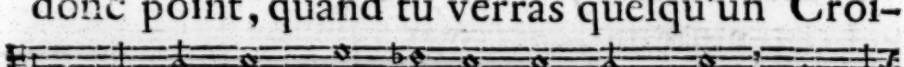
quand la mort ſous ſa main me tiendra, Par



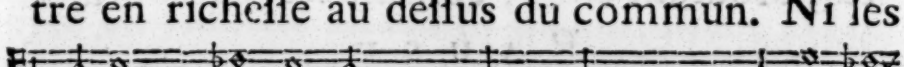
ſon pouvoir, Dieu m'en délivrera. Ne crains



donc point, quand tu verras quelqu'un Croi-



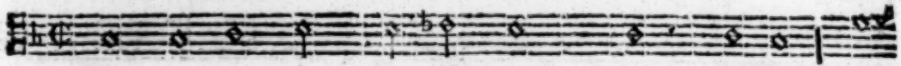
tre en richeſſe au deſſus du commun. Ni les



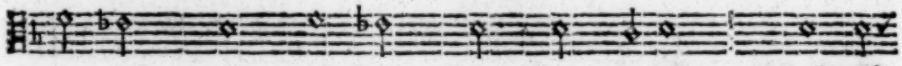
tréſors qu'il amaſſe, & qu'il ſerre, Ni ſes



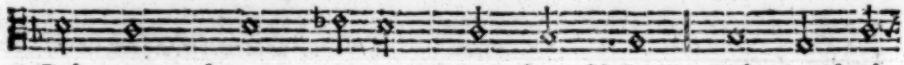
honneurs, ne le ſuivant ſous terre.



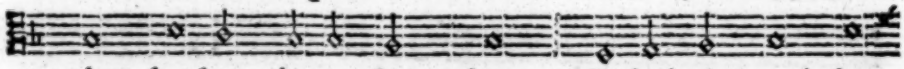
7. En cette vie, ils flattent leurs déſirs, Et



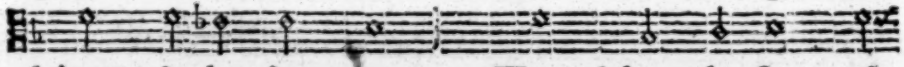
vantent ceux qui ſont dans les plaiſirs : Mais ils



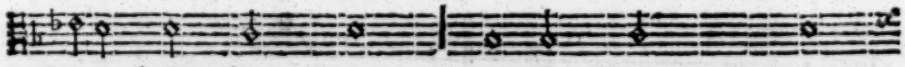
ſuivront leurs pères dans les lieux, Où ne luit



point la lumière des cieux. Celui de qui les



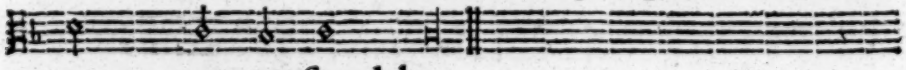
biens & les honneurs, Troublent le ſens, &



déréglent les mœurs, Ceſſe d'être homme ;



aux bêtes il reſſemble, En qui périt ame &



corps tout enſemble.

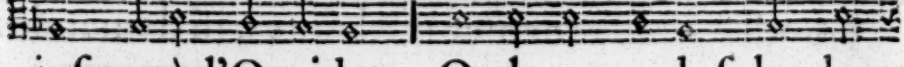
PSEAUME L.



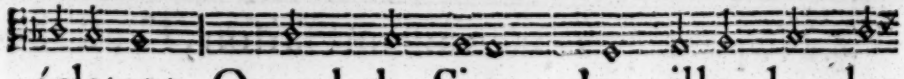
DU haut des cieux l'Éternel parlera, Le



Tout-puiſſant la terre appellera : De l'Orient



juſques à l'Occident, On le verra de ſplendeur



éclatant, Quand de Sion, des villes la plus



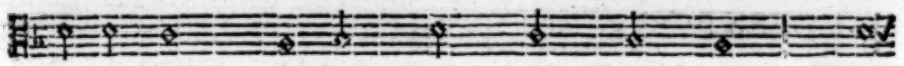
belle, Il paroîtra dans ſa gloire immortelle.



2. Devant ſes pas marche un feu conſumant,



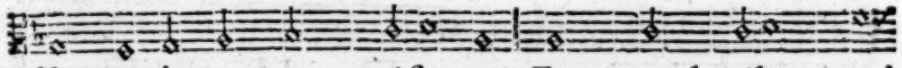
Autour de lui ſouffle un vent véhément. La



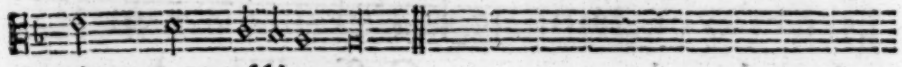
terre ſtable, & les cieux dans leur cours, Prê-



tent l'oreille à ſes graves diſcours. Faites, dit-



il, venir en ma préſence, Le peuple élu, qui



prit mon alliance.



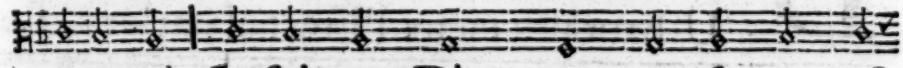
3. Cieux, vous direz en tout temps, en tout lieu,



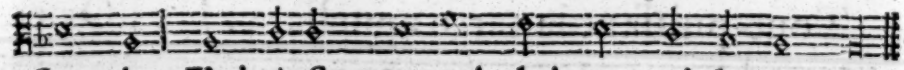
Quelle ſera la juſtice de Dieu. Vient, pourſuit-il



mon peuple, écoute moi; Je veux ici conteſter



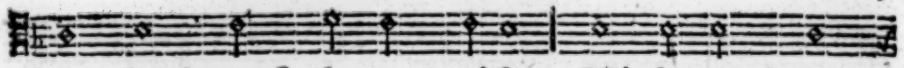
avec toi: Je ſuis ton Dieu: non que ſur tes of-



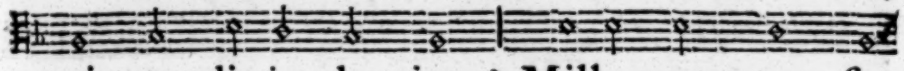
frandes, J'aie à former ni plaintes, ni demandes.



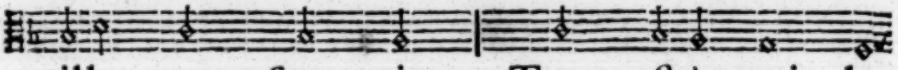
4. Ne penſe pas qu'en aucune ſaiſon, J'euſſe be-



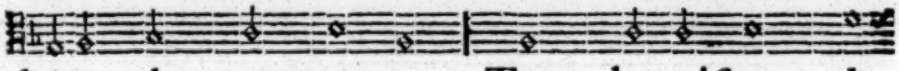
ſoin des bœufs de ta maiſon, Ni de tes boucs ;



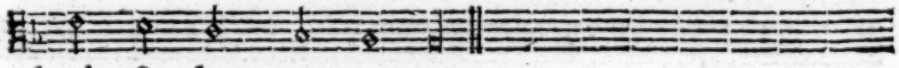
mais que dis-je, des tiens? Mille troupeaux ſur



mille monts ſont miens ; Tout eſt à moi, les

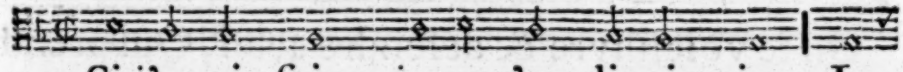


bêtes des campagnes, Tous les oiſeaux des

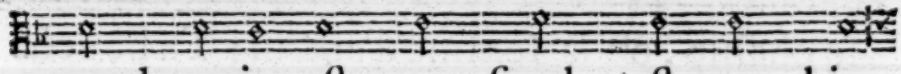


bois & des montagnes.

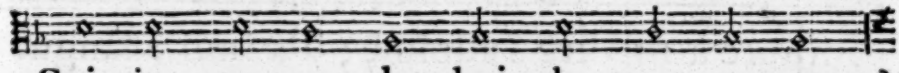
PAUSE.



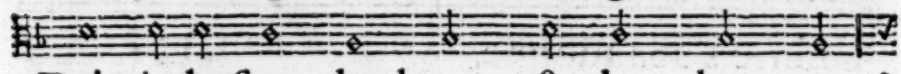
5. Si j'avois faim, je ne t'en dirois rien ; Le



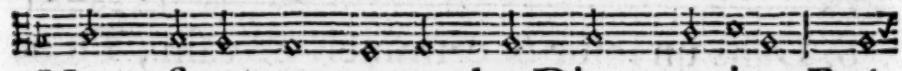
monde entier eſt mon fonds, eſt mon bien.



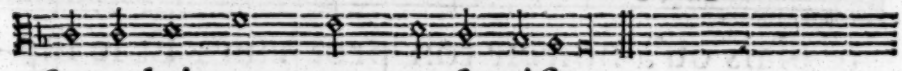
Suis-je mangeur de chair de gras taureaux ?



Bois-je le ſang des boucs & des chevreaux ?



Non, ſi tu veux te rendre Dieu propice, Pré-



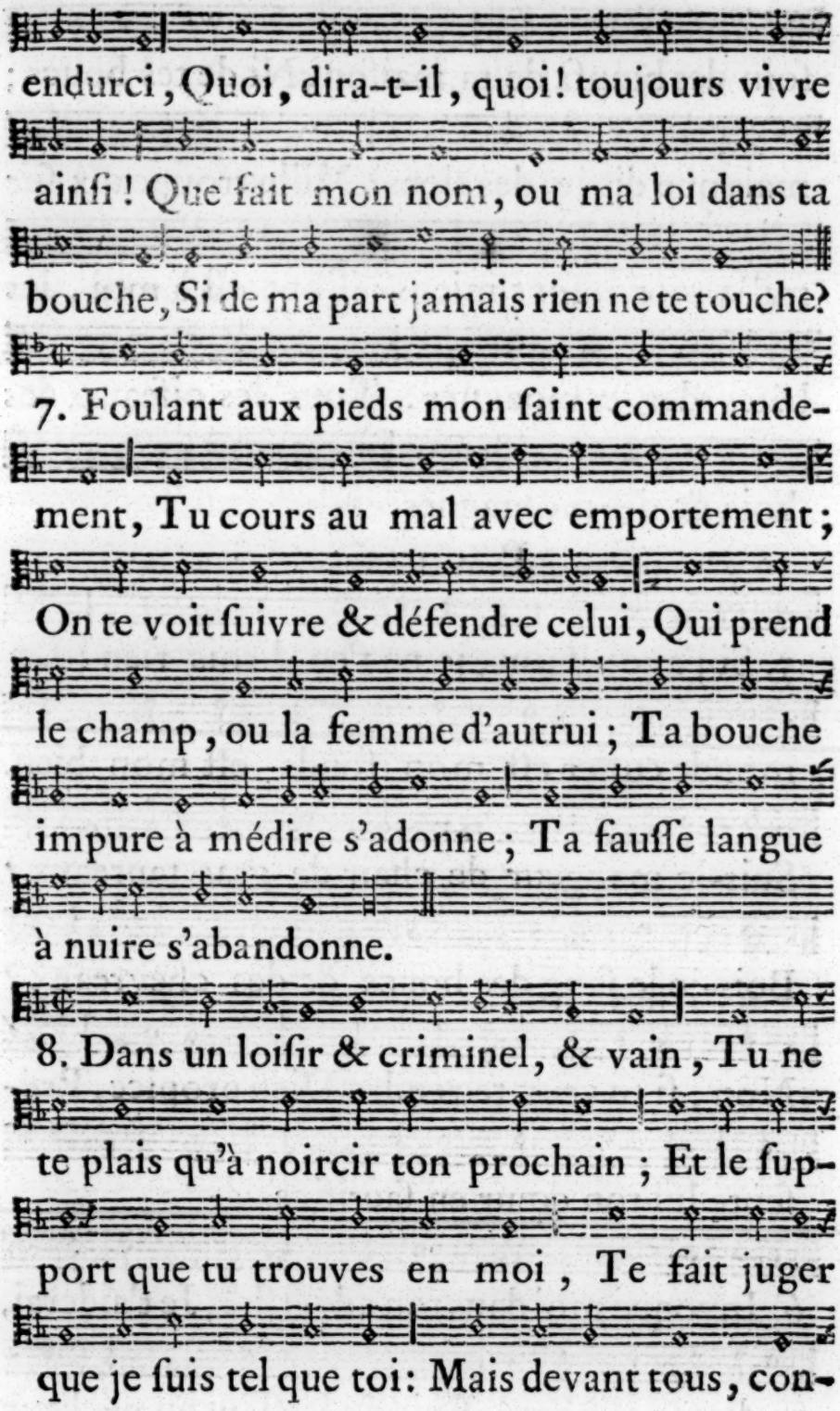
ſente lui ton cœur en ſacrifice.



6. Invoque moi dans ton adverſité ; Je t'aiderai,

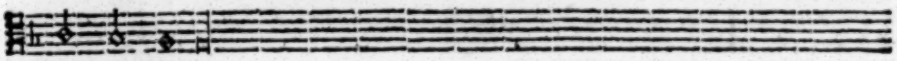


tu diras ma bonté. Puis s'adreſſant au pécheur

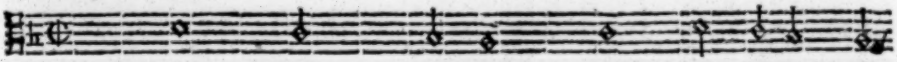

endurci, Quoi, dira-t-il, quoi! toujours vivre
ainſi! Que fait mon nom, ou ma loi dans ta
bouche, Si de ma part jamais rien ne te touche?
7. Foulant aux pieds mon ſaint commande-
ment, Tu cours au mal avec emportement;
On te voit ſuivre & défendre celui, Qui prend
le champ, ou la femme d'autrui; Ta bouche
impure à médire s'adonne; Ta fauſſe langue
à nuire s'abandonne.
8. Dans un loiſir & criminel, & vain, Tu ne
te plais qu'à noircir ton prochain; Et le ſup-
port que tu trouves en moi, Te fait juger
que je ſuis tel que toi: Mais devant tous, con-



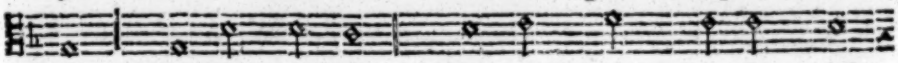
fondant ta malice, Je t'apprendrai ſi j'aime



l'injuſtice.



9. Vous donc, mortels, qui mépriſez ſes



loix, Ceſſez enfin, d'être ſourds à ſa voix.



Qui veut, dit-il, éviter ma rigueur, Qu'il me



conſacre & ſa langue & ſon cœur : Car qui

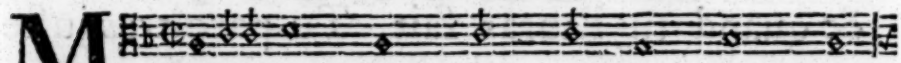


me cherche aura ſeul l'aſſurance, De mon

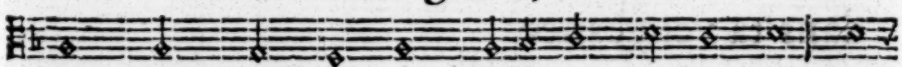


amour, & de ma délivrance.

PSEAUME LI.



MIſéricorde & grâce, ô Dieu des cieux,



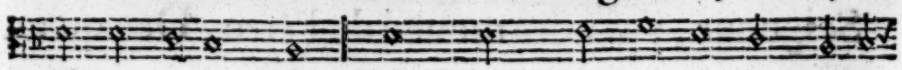
Un grand pécheur implore ta clémence : Uſe



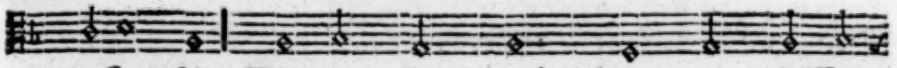
en ce jour de ta douceur immenſe, Pour effa-



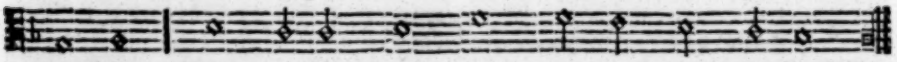
cer mes crimes odieux. O Seigneur, lave, &



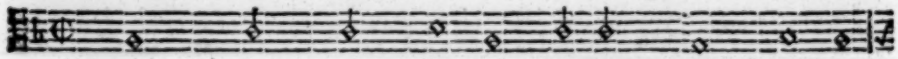
relave avec ſoin, De mon péché la tache ſi



profonde ; Répans ſur moi, dans ce preſſant



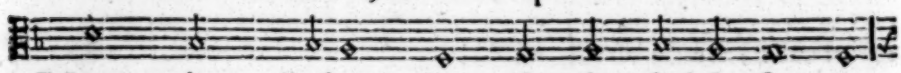
beſoin, Toute la grâce où mon eſpoir ſe fonde.



2 Mon cœur, rempli de triſteſſe & d'effroi,



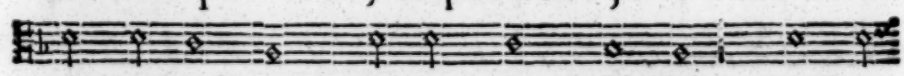
Connoit ſa faute, il ſent qu'elle eſt énorme :



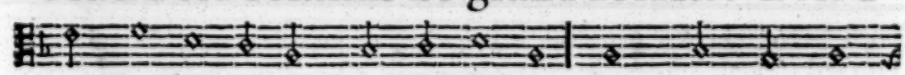
Mon crime hélas ! ſous ſa plus laide forme,



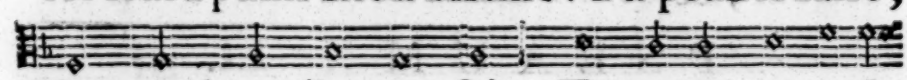
Me ſuit par tout, & par tout je le vois. J'ai



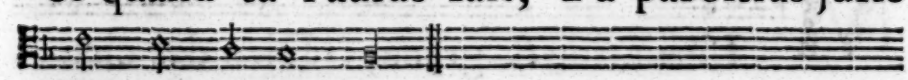
contre toi commis ce grand forfait : C'eſt à



toi ſeul à punir mon offenſe : Tu peux le faire,



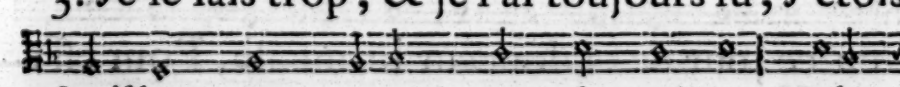
& quand tu l'auras fait, Tu paroîtras juſte



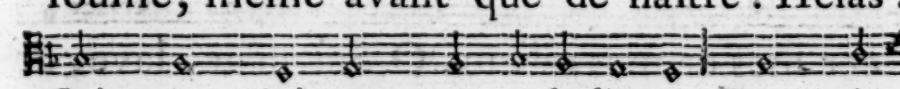
dans ta vengeance.



3. Je le ſais trop, & je l'ai toujours ſu, J'étois



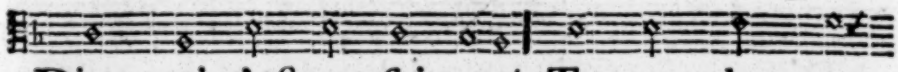
ſouillé, même avant que de naître : Hélas !



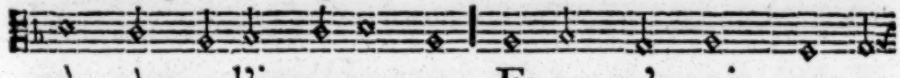
Seigneur, j'ai commencé de l'être, Dès qu'en



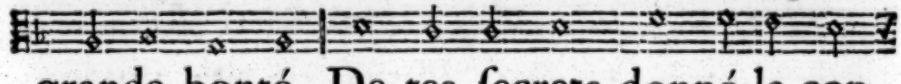
ſon ſein ma mère ma conçu. Mais toi, grand



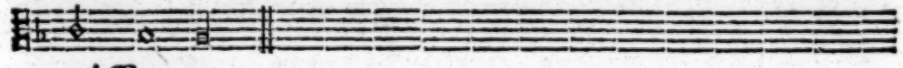
Dieu, qui n'eſt que ſainteté; Tu veux des cœurs



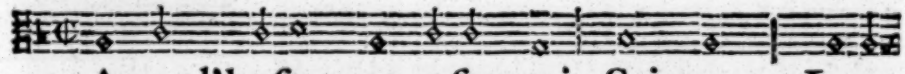
où règne l'innocence; Et tu m'avois, par ta



grande bonté, De tes ſecrets donné la con-



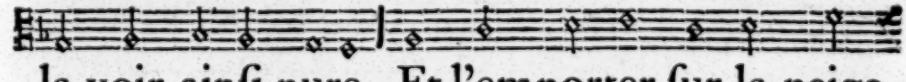
noiſſance.



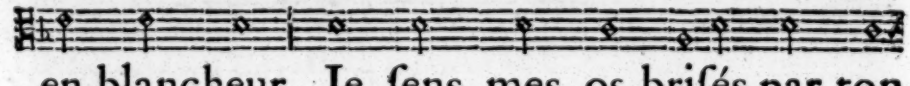
4. Avec l'hyſope arroſe moi, Seigneur; Lave



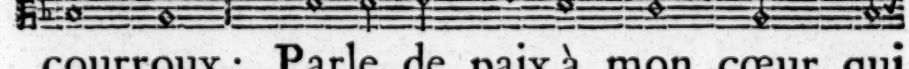
mon ame, efface ſa ſouillure: Tu te plairas à



la voir ainſi pure, Et l'emporter ſur la neige,



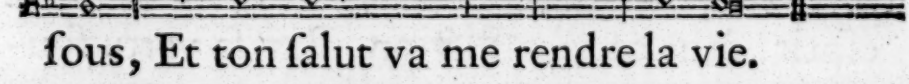
en blancheur. Je ſens mes os briſés par ton



courroux; Parle de paix à mon cœur qui

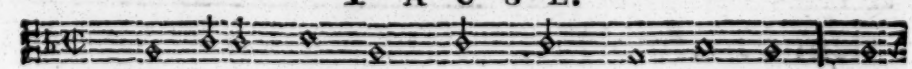


t'en prie: Je ſuis guéri, Seigneur, ſi tu m'ab-



ſous, Et ton ſalut va me rendre la vie.

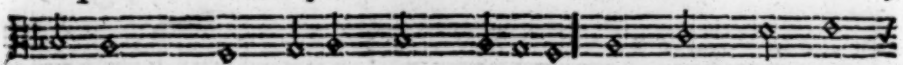
PAUSE.



5. N'arrête plus tes yeux ſur mes forfaits; Ils



ne pourroient qu'enflammer ta colère: Oublie,



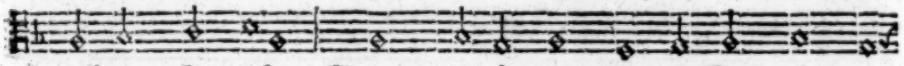
ô Dieu, pour finir ma misère, Ce crime atroce,



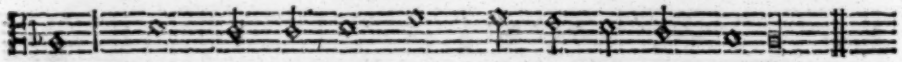
& tous ceux que j'ai faits. Daigne, Seigneur,



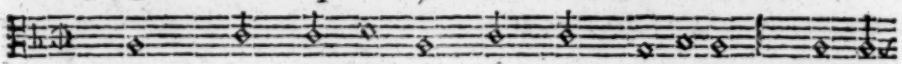
daigne créer en moi, Un eſprit pur, un cœur



brûlant de zèle: Pour ranimer & raffermir ma



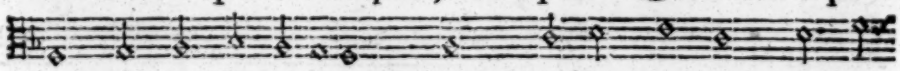
foi, Que ton eſprit en moi ſe renouvelle.



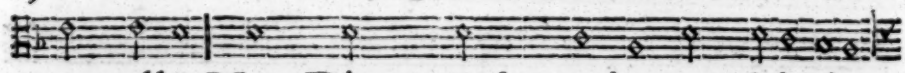
6. Trop loin de toi je me vois reculé; Guéri



les maux qui font que je ſoupire. Que ton eſprit



jamais ne ſe retire, Quand tu l'auras en moi re-



nouvellé. Mon Dieu, rends-moi ta conſolation,



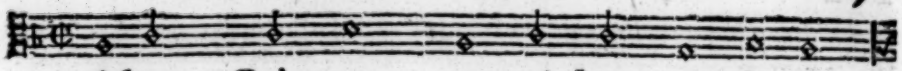
Elle peut ſeule adoucir ma triſteſſe: Que ton



eſprit, dans cette affliction, Par ſa vertu ſou-



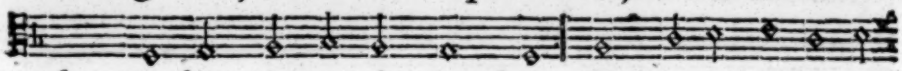
tienne mafoibleſſe.



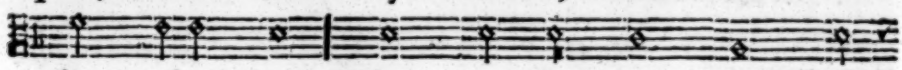
7. Alors, Seigneur, rentré dans tes ſentiers,



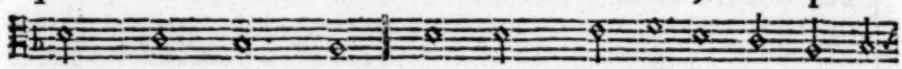
Aux égarés je les ferai reprendre; A mon exem-



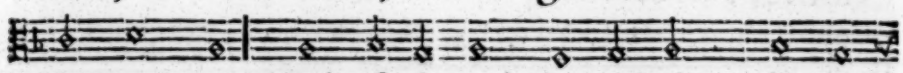
ple, on les verra s'y rendre, Et recevoir à toi



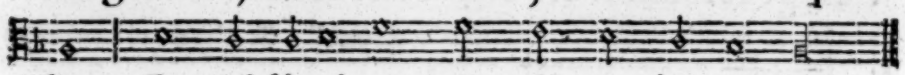
plus volontiers. Dieu mon Sauveur, tout-puiſ-



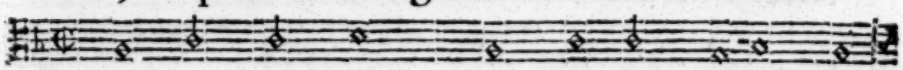
ſant, & tout bon, Le ſang verſé te demande



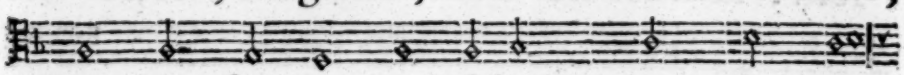
vengeance; Mais ſi de toi j'en obtiens le par-



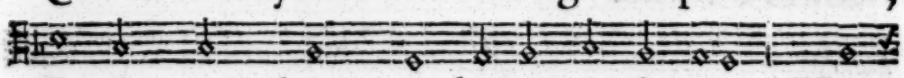
don, Je publirai ta grâce & ta clémence.



8. Ouvre, Seigneur, mes levres deſormais,



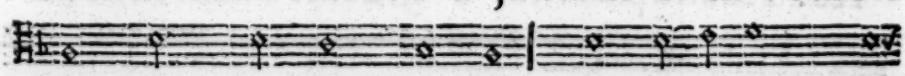
Que mes frayeurs ont ſi long-temps fermées;



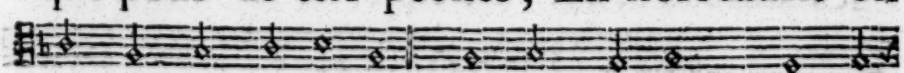
Et par mes chants tes louanges ſemées, Vont



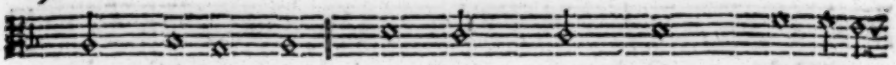
en tous lieux retentir à jamais. Si tu voulois



que pour de tels péchés, En holocauſte on



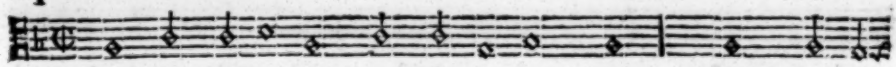
t'offrit des victimes, J'en euſſe offert; mais des



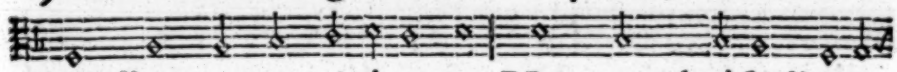
cœurs ſi tachés, Le ſang des boucs n'efface



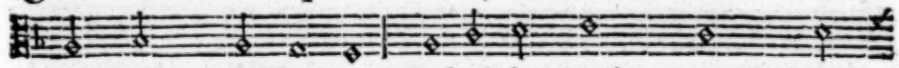
pas les crimes.



9. Le ſacrifice agréable à tes yeux, C'eſt le re-



gret d'une ame pénitente; Un cœur briſé d'une



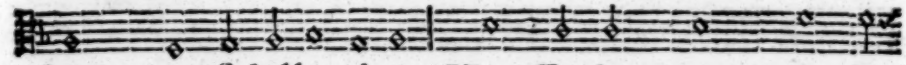
douleur preſſante, Celui-là ſeul, grand Dieu,



t'eſt précieux. Témoigne encore à Sion ta bonté:



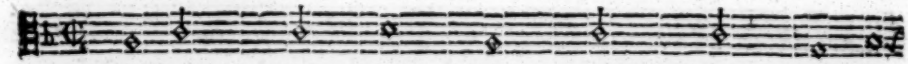
Protège, ô Dieu; conſerve, & fortifie Jeruſa-



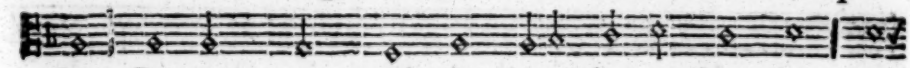
lem, ta fidelle cité; Hauſſe ſes murs, & ſes



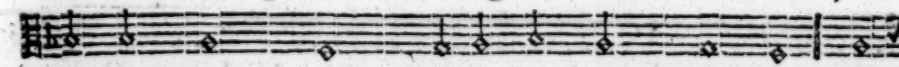
tours r'édifie.



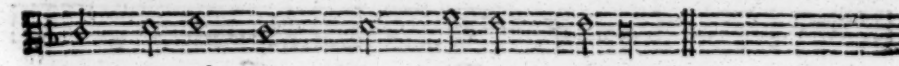
10. Alors, Seigneur, nos cœurs mieux diſpo-



ſés, Seront pour toi d'agréables offrandes; Et

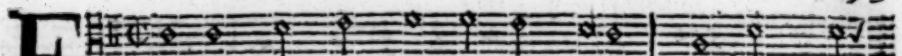


les taureaux, comme tu le commandes, Sur

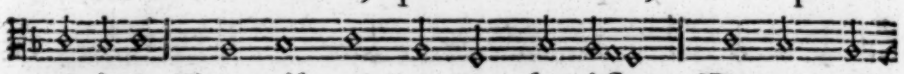


ton autel par nous ſeront poſés.

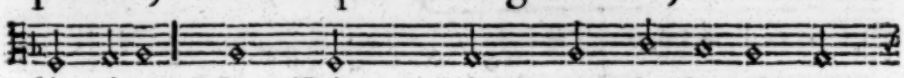
PSEAUME



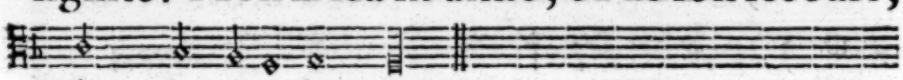
Fier ennemi, qui te confies, En ta proſ-



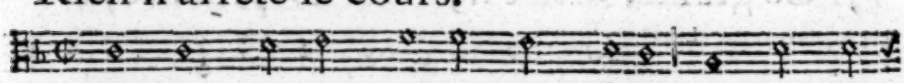
périté, Faut-il que tu te glorifies, De ta ma-



lignité? Mon Dieu m'aime, & de ſon ſecours,



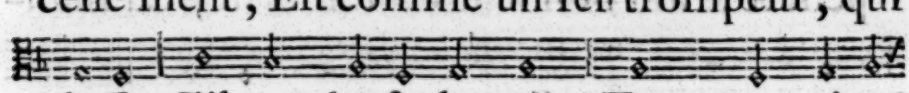
Rien n'arrête le cours.



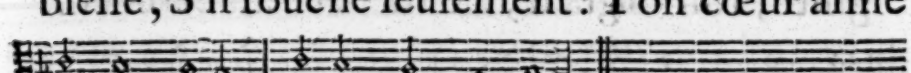
2. Ta langue qui médit ſans ceſſe, Et qui ſans



ceſſe ment, Eſt comme un fer trompeur, qui



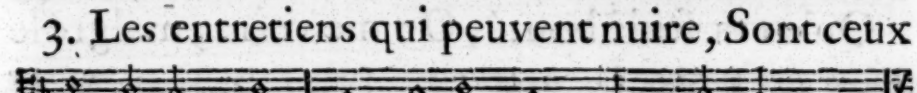
bleſſe, S'il touche ſeulement: Ton cœur aimé



la fauſſeté; Il eſt ſans équité.



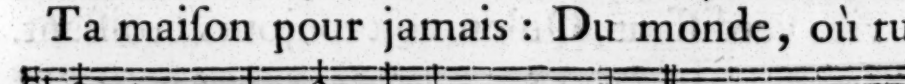
3. Les entretiens qui peuvent nuire, Sont ceux



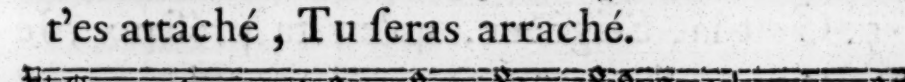
où tu te plais: Auſſi le Seigneur va détruire,



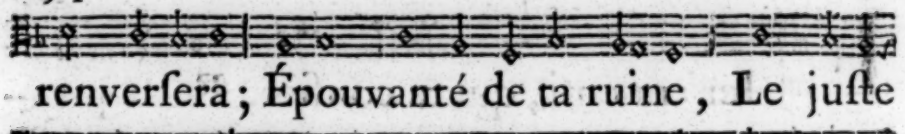
Ta maiſon pour jamais: Du monde, où tu



t'es attaché, Tu ſeras arraché.



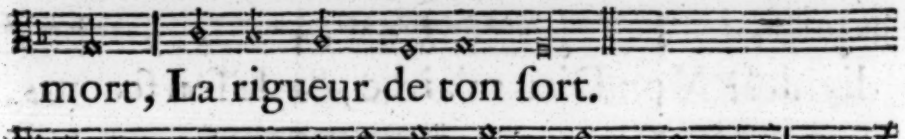
4. Comme un arbre qu'on déracine, Dieu te



renverſera ; Épouvanté de ta ruine, Le juſte



tremblera, Sans qu'il plaigne, en voyant ta



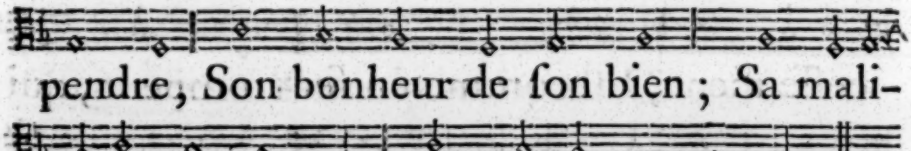
mort, La rigueur de ton ſort.



5. Ce grand, dira-t-il, loin de prendre, L'É-



ternel pour ſoutien ; Faiſoit uniquement dé-



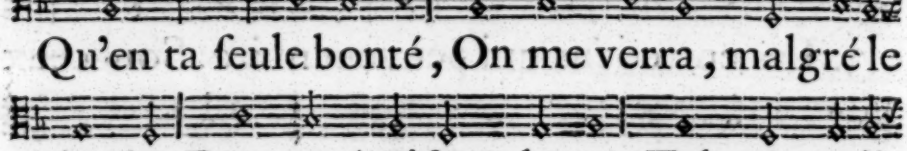
pendre, Son bonheur de ſon bien ; Sa mali-



gnité, ſon orgueil, Le menent au cercueil.



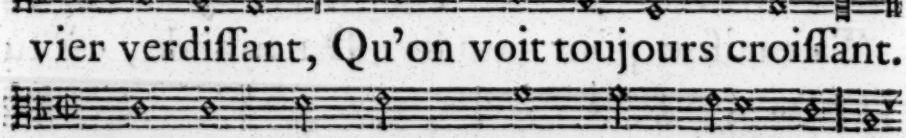
6 Mais moi, grand Dieu, qui ne me fonde,



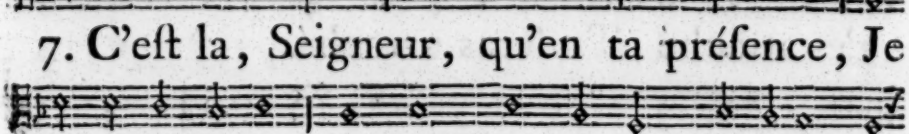
Qu'en ta ſeule bonté, On me verra, malgré le



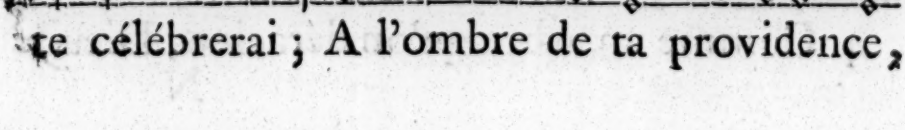
monde, Dans ta maiſon planté, Tel qu'un oli-



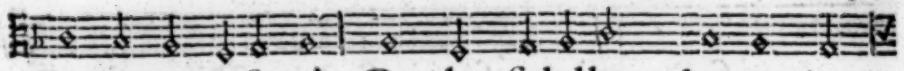
vier verdiſſant, Qu'on voit toujours croiſſant.



7. C'eſt la, Seigneur, qu'en ta préſence, Je



te célébrerai ; A l'ombre de ta providence,

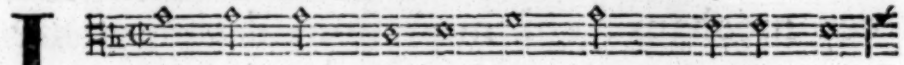


Je me repoſerai : Car les fidelles, chaque jour,



Éprouvent ton amour.

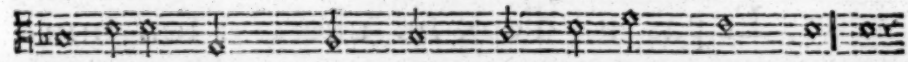
PSEAUME LIII.



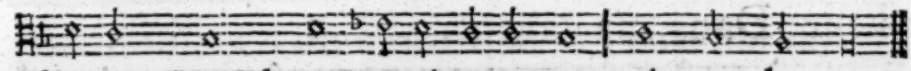
LE méchant dit en ſon cœur follement,



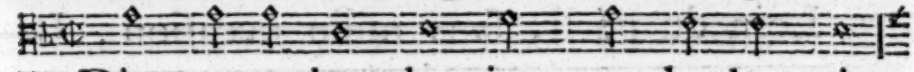
Qu'en vain on croit un Dieu qu'il faille craindre:



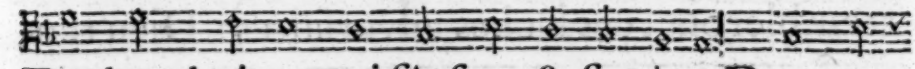
Il s'abandonne au mal, ſans ſe contraindre: Et



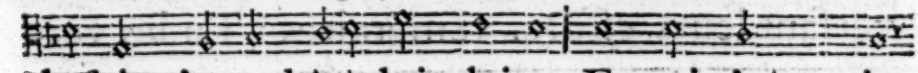
chacun marche en cet égarement, Aveuglement.



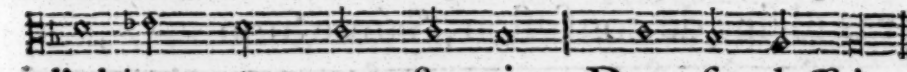
2. Dieu, regardant des cieux tous les humains,



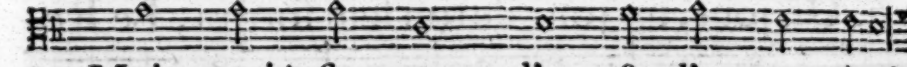
En cherchoit un qui fût ſage & ſincère, Dont tout



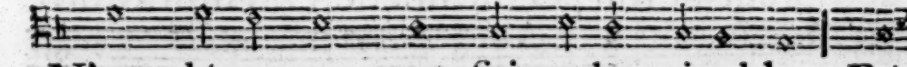
le ſoin s'attachât à lui plaire, Et qui n'eût point



d'objets trompeurs & vains, Dans ſes deſſeins.



3. Mais quoi! ſes yeux, d'un & d'autre côté,



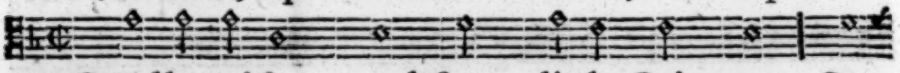
N'ont découvert que faits abominables, Pé-



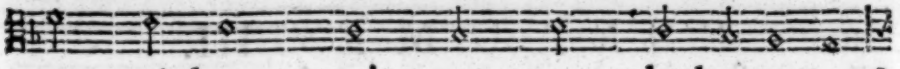
chés crians, & crimes déteſtables; Nul hom-



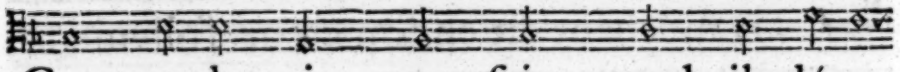
me, enfin, qui ne fût infecté, D'impiété.



4. Quelle raiſon, quel ſens, dit le Seigneur, Ont



ces méchans, qui mon nom deshonorent?



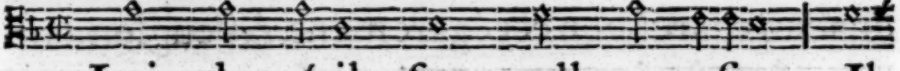
Comme du pain, mon ſaint peuple ils dévo-



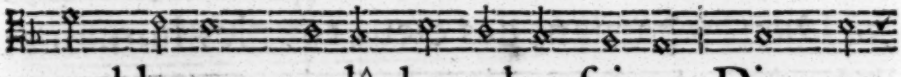
rent, Et pas un d'eux ne cherche ſon bon-



heur, Dans ma faveur.



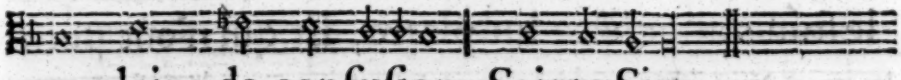
5. Loin du péril, ſans nulle occaſion, Ils



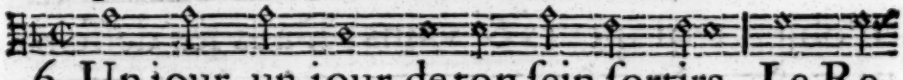
trembleront, ces lâches adverſaires: Dieu ren-



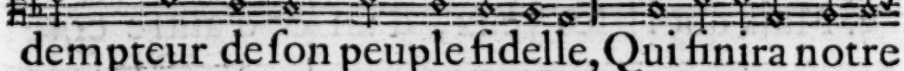
verſant leurs efforts téméraires ' Tu les ver-



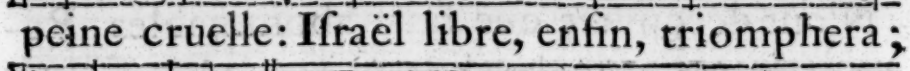
ras pleins de confuſion, Sainte Sion.



6. Un jour, un jour de ton ſein ſortira, Le Re-



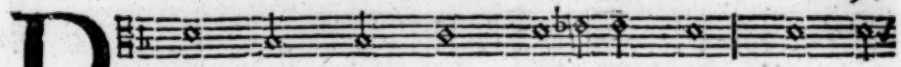
dempteur de ſon peuple fidelle, Qui finira notre



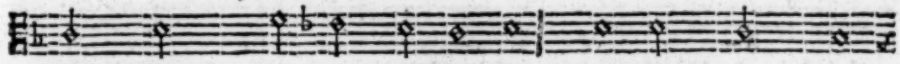
peine cruelle: Iſraël libre, enfin, triomphera;



Jacob rira.



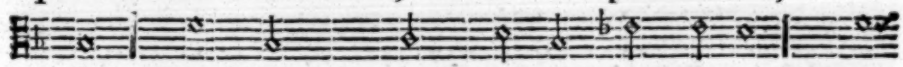
Dieu juſte & bon, délivre moi, Par ton



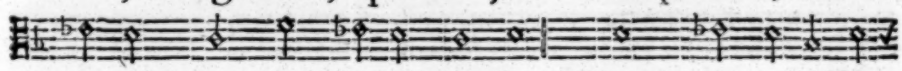
nom ſaint, par ta puiſſance; Garde mon droit,



prends ma défenſe, Dans le péril où je me



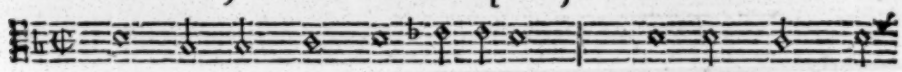
vois, Seigneur, quand je t'invoquerai, Dai-



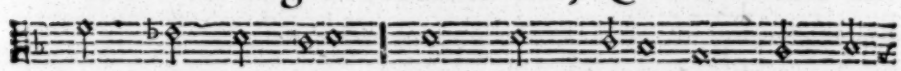
gne te montrer ſecourable; Prête une oreille



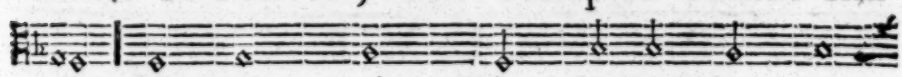
favorable, Aux vœux que je t'adreſſerai.



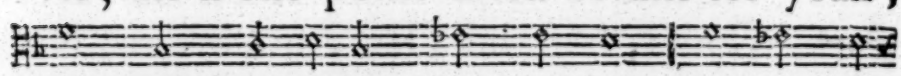
2. Des étrangers audacieux, Qu'animent la



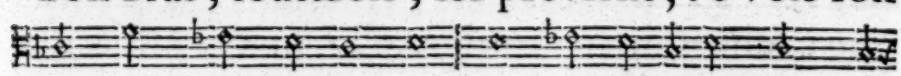
haine & l'envie, Ont conſpiré contre ma



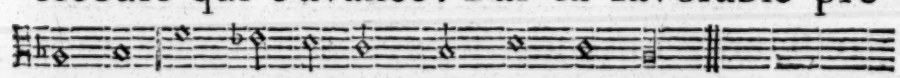
vie; Ils n'ont point Dieu devant les yeux,



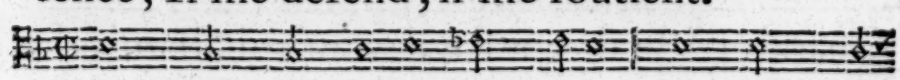
Son bras, toutefois, les prévient; Je vois ſon



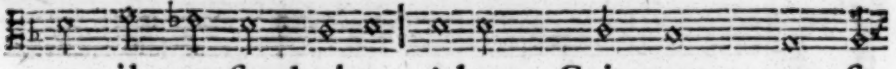
ſecours qui s'avance: Par ſa favorable pré-



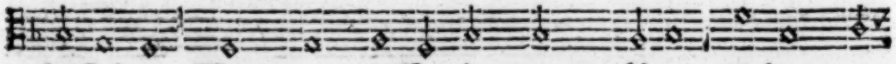
ſence, Il me défend, il me ſoutient.



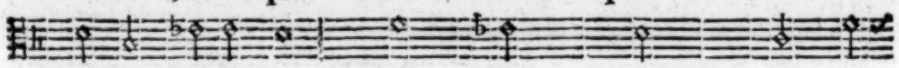
3. Sur mon ennemi tombera, Le mal qu'à



tort il me ſouhaite ; Alors, Seigneur, par ſa



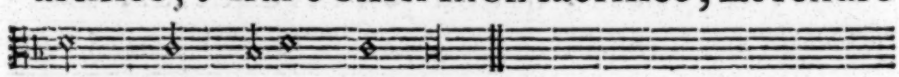
défaite, Ta promeſſe s'accomplira : Alors en



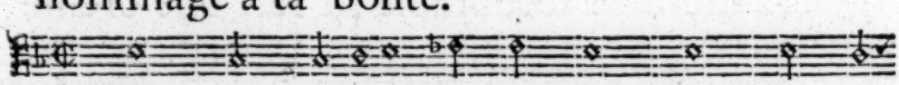
pleine liberté, D'un cœur humble, & ſans



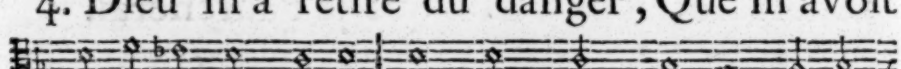
artifice, J'irai t'offrir mon ſacrifice, Et rendre



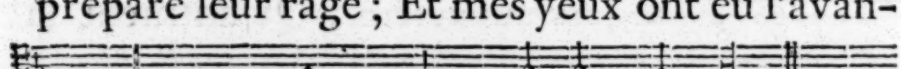
hommage à ta bonté.



4. Dieu m'a retiré du danger, Que m'avoit

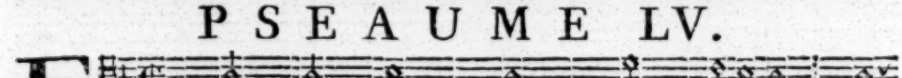


préparé leur rage ; Et mes yeux ont eu l'avan-

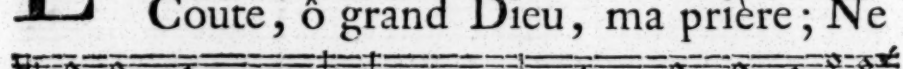


tage, De le voir prompt à me venger.

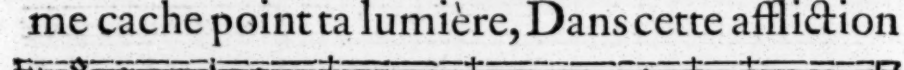
PSEAUME LV.



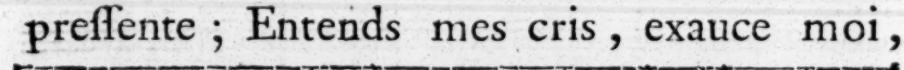
ECoute, ô grand Dieu, ma prière ; Ne



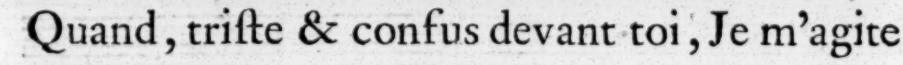
me cache point ta lumière, Dans cette affliction



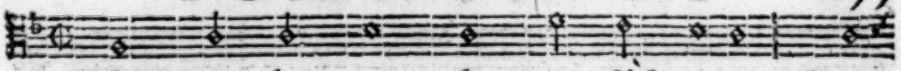
preſſente ; Entends mes cris, exauce moi,



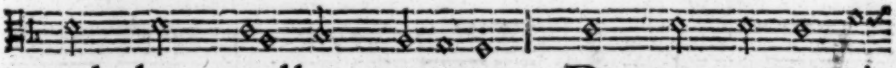
Quand, triſte & confus devant toi, Je m'agite



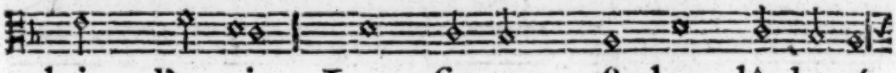
& je me tourmente.



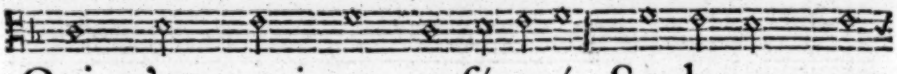
2. Dans tout le cours de mes diſgrâces, J'en-



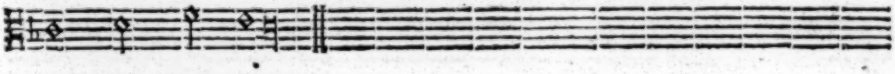
tends les cruelles menaces, De mes ennemis



pleins d'envie : Leur fureur, & leur lâcheté,



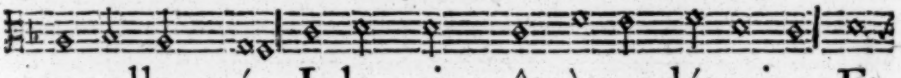
Qui m'ont toujours perſécuté ; Soulevent tout



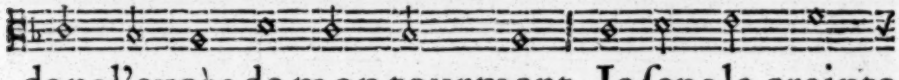
contre ma vie.



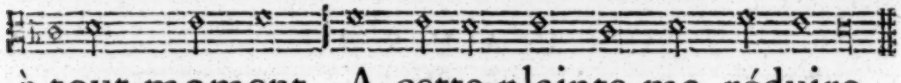
3. La mort de ſes frayeurs armée, Aſſiége mon



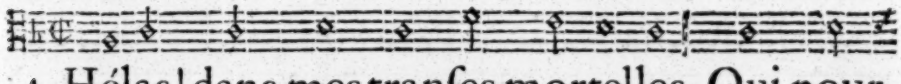
ame allarmée ; Je la vois prête à me détruire : Et,



dans l'excès de mon tourment, Je ſens la crainte



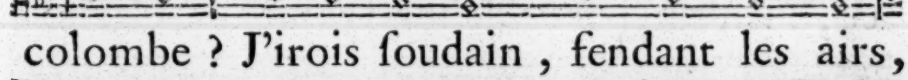
à tout moment, A cette plainte me réduire.



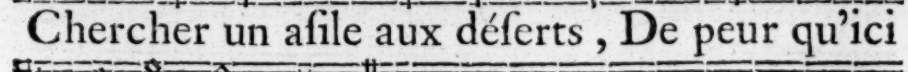
4. Hélas ! dans mes tranſes mortelles, Qui pour-



roit me donner des ailes, Comme à la timide



colombe ? J'irois ſoudain, fendant les airs,



Chercher un aſile aux déſerts, De peur qu'ici



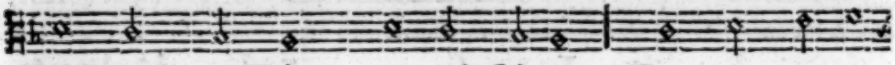
je ne ſuccombe.



5. Là je garantirois ma tête, Des coups de



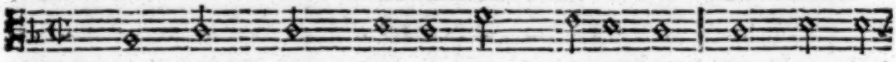
l'horrible tempête, Que je vois ſortir du nuage.



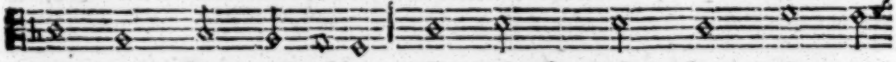
Diſperſe, ô Dieu, ces obſtinés, Contre ton or



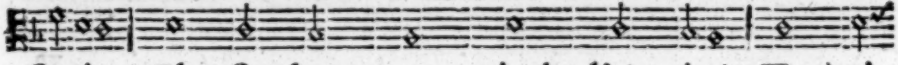
dre mutinés, Et confonds leur aveugle rage.



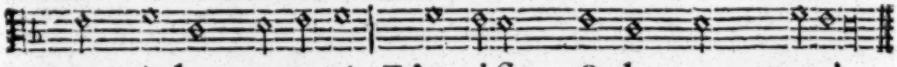
6. Leur ville eſt pleine de querelles; Et parmi



ces peuples rebelles, Ce n'eſt qu'audace & que

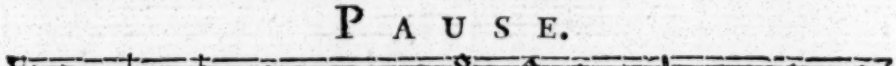


furie: Ils foulent aux pieds l'équité; Et joi-

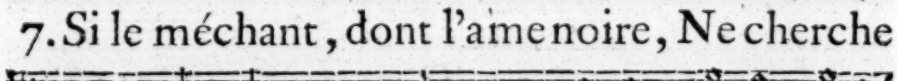


gnent à la cruauté, L'artifice & la tromperie.

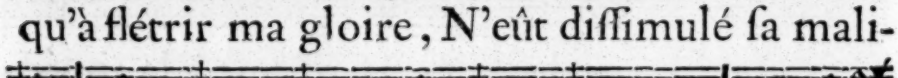
PAUSE.



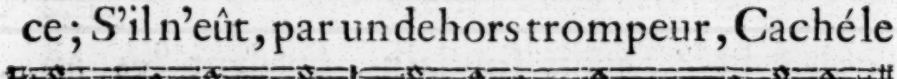
7. Si le méchant, dont l'ame noire, Ne cherche



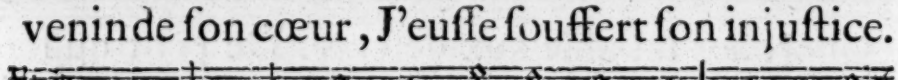
qu'à flétrir ma gloire, N'eût diſſimulé ſa mali-



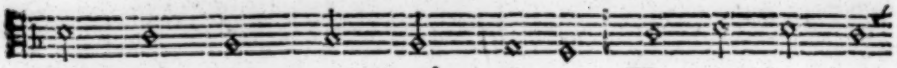
ce; S'il n'eût, par un dehors trompeur, Caché le



venin de ſon cœur, J'euſſe ſouffert ſon injuſtice.



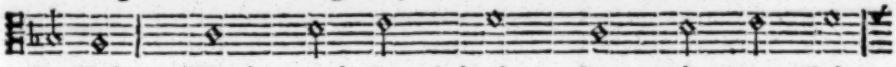
8. Mais tu me fais ce mal extrême, Toi, que



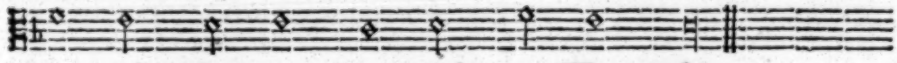
j'aimois comme moi-même, Et que je pre-



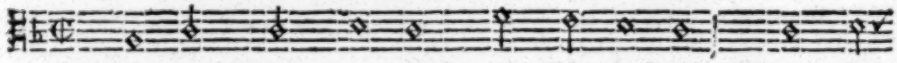
nois pour exemple; Toi, confident de mon



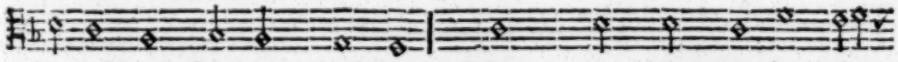
deſſein; Toi, qui ſemblois m'ouvrir ton ſein,



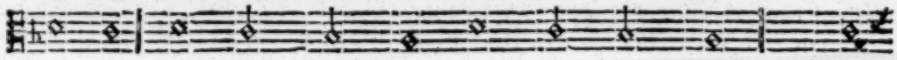
Et qui m'accompagnois au Temple.



9. Qu'une mort terrible & ſoudaine, Dans le



ſépulcre les entraine! Chez eux règne la vio-



lence; Ils me pourſuivent en tout lieu; Mais



moi, j'invoquerai mon Dieu, Et mon Dieu



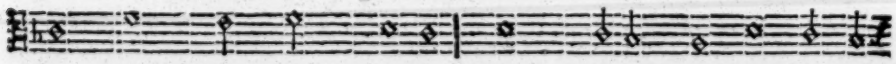
prendra ma défenſe.



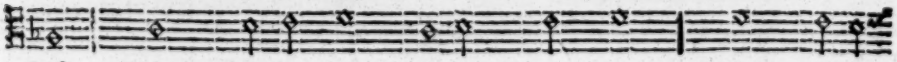
10. Trois fois le jour, dans mes allarmes, Par



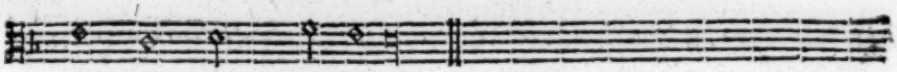
mes clameurs, & par mes larmes, Je cherche



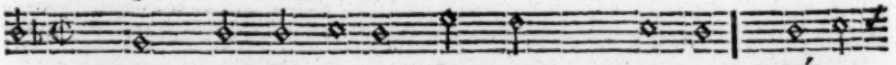
du Seigneur la grâce: Le matin, à midi, le



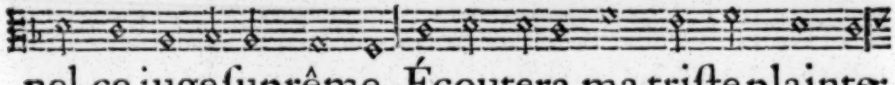
ſoir, J'implore ſon divin pouvoir, Contre le



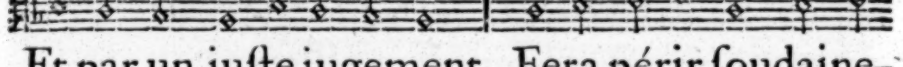
mal qui me menace.



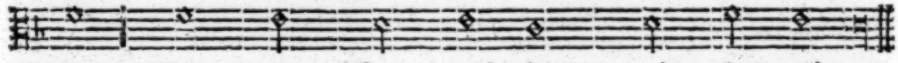
11. Dieu qui fut avant le temps même, L'Éter-



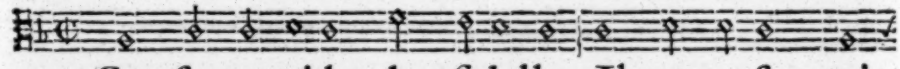
nel ce juge ſuprême, Écoutera ma triſte plainte;



Et par un juſte jugement, Fera périr ſoudaine-



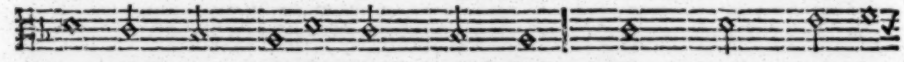
ment, Ces cœurs fiers qui n'ont point ſa crainte.



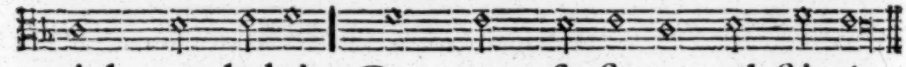
12. Sur ſon ami le plus fidelle, Il porte ſa main



criminelle, Comptant pour rien la foi donnée:



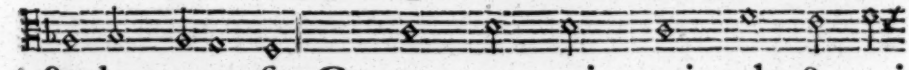
Les diſcours affectés qu'il fait, Plus doux que le



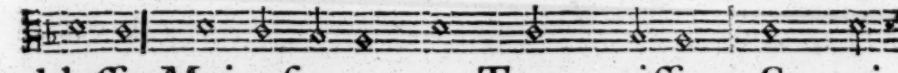
miel, que le lait, Couvrent ſa fureur obſtinée.



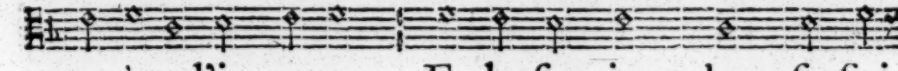
13. Sa parole, quoique flateuſe, Eſt pénétrante



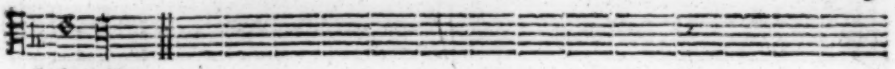
& dangereuſe, Comme un trait, qui vole & qui



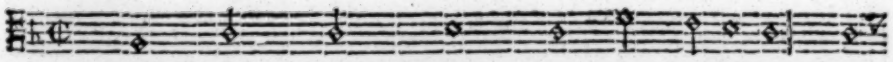
bleſſe: Mais eſperons au Tout-puiſſant; Sa main



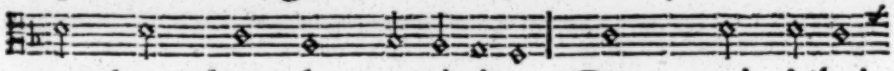
protège l'innocent, Et le ſoutient dans ſa foi-



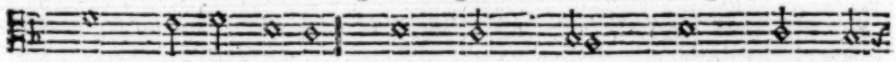
bleſſe.



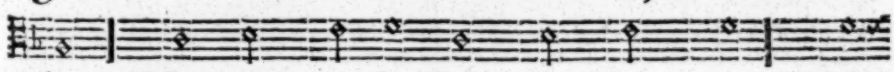
14. C'eſt toi, grand Dieu, dont la juſtice, Fait



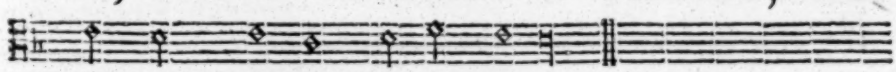
tomber dans le précipice, Ceux qui s'éloi-



gnent de ta face: Les meurtriers, les mal-fai-

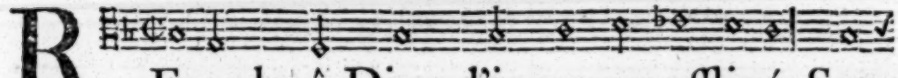


ſans, Meurent en la fleur de leurs ans; Mais

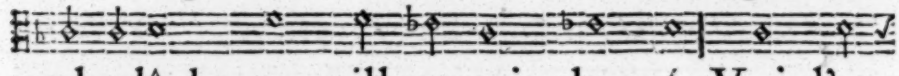


moi, je m'aſſure en ta grâce.

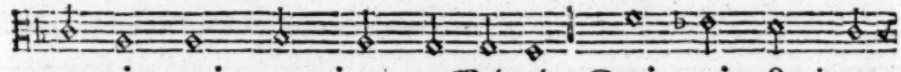
PSEAUME LVI.



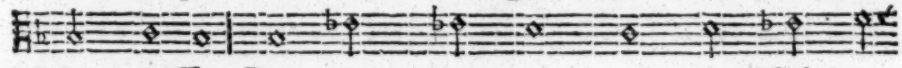
REgarde, ô Dieu, l'innocent affligé, Sans



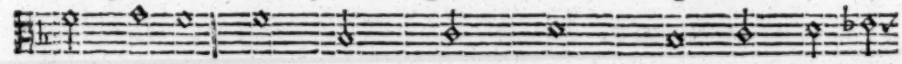
nul relâche, en mille ennuis plongé; Vois l'en-



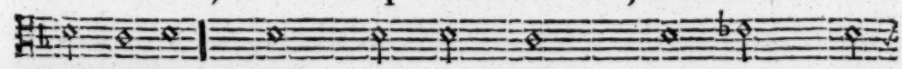
nemi, qui me tient aſſiégé, Qui nuit & jour



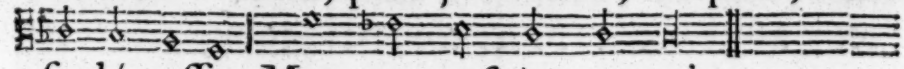
me preſſe. Ses yeux, par tout, me pourſuivent



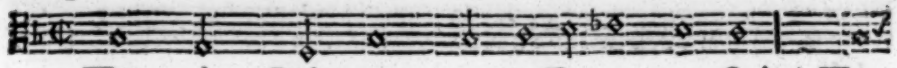
ſans ceſſe; Un camp nombreux joint la force à



l'adreſſe: Mais, plus je ſouffre, & plus, dans



ſa détreſſe, Mon ame eſpère en toi.



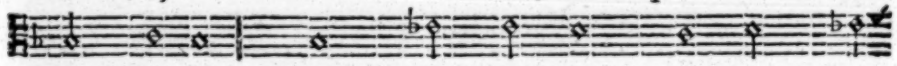
2. Ta voix, Seigneur, a raſſuré ma foi; Tes



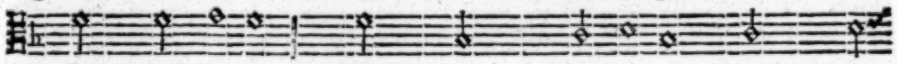
ſaints décrets ſeront loués par moi; Et déſor-



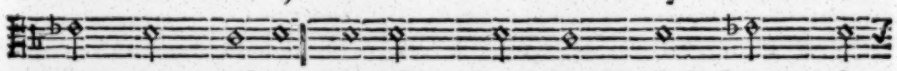
mais, je verrai ſans effroi, Ce que l'homme



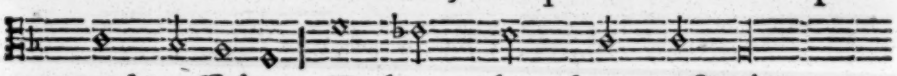
peut faire. Tous mes diſcours partent d'un



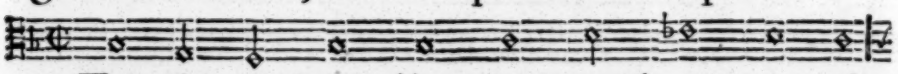
cœur ſincère; Mais leur malice y donne un



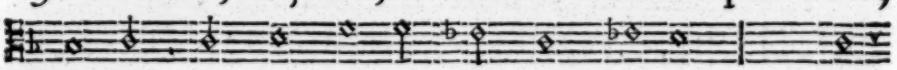
ſens contraire: Enfin, ma perte eſt leur plus



grande affaire, Et leur plus doux eſpoir.



3. Tantôt, au jour, ils montrent leur pouvoir;



Tantôt, cachés, ils tâchent de prévoir, Quelle



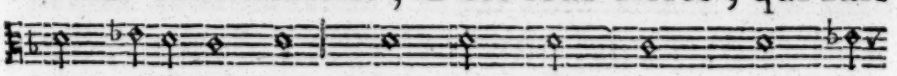
eſt ma route, & s'efforcent d'avoir ma vie en



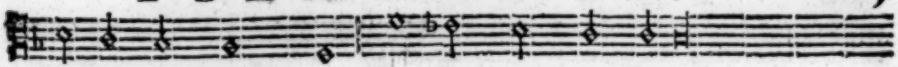
leur puiſſance. Dans le mal même, ils cher-



chent leur défenſe; C'eſt leur fierté, qui fait

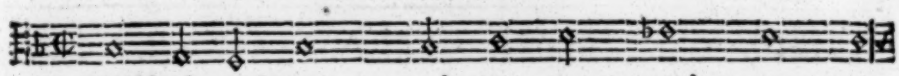


leur aſſurance: Mais toi, Seigneur, dans ta

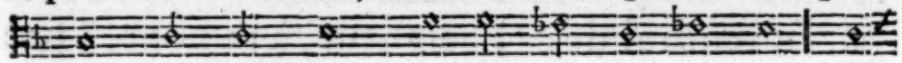


juſte vengeance, Tu les renverſeras.

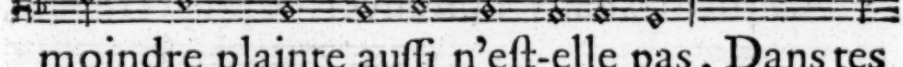
PAUSE.



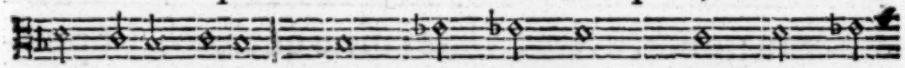
4. J'allois errant ; mais tu comptois mes pas:



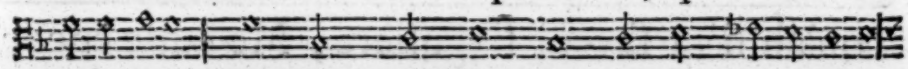
Dans tes vaiſſeaux mes larmes tu mettras : Ma



moindre plainte auſſi n'eſt-elle pas, Dans tes



livres écrites ? Ton bras puiſſant, que ma voix



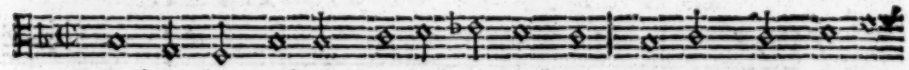
ſollicite, De l'orgueilleux la honte précipite ;



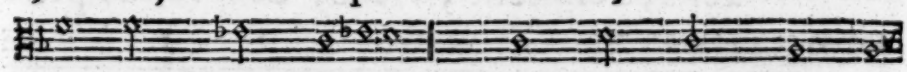
Et quelque tour que ſa haine médite, Tu ſauras



m'aſſiſter.



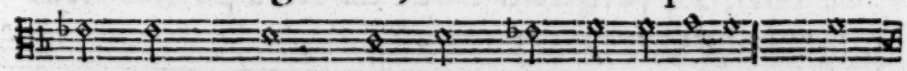
5. Moi je ſaurai ta parole exalter, Et ta clémence



en tous lieux réciter, Quand, ô mon Dieu, tu



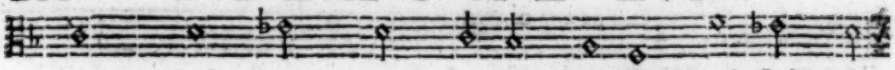
m'auras fait goûter, Le fruit de ta promeſſe. Je



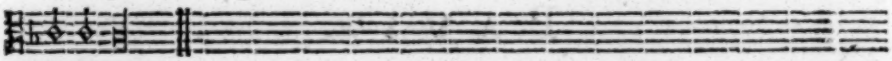
ne crains point, conduit par ta ſageſſe, Qu'au-



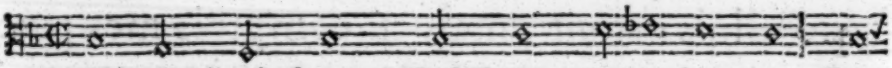
cun mortel inſulte à ma foibleſſe ; Car en tout



temps j'ai pour moi ta tendreſſe Qui fait ma



ſureté.



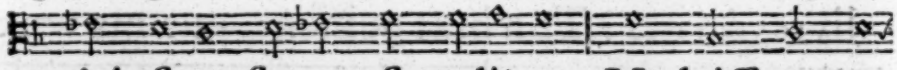
6. Je rendrai donc, Seigneur, à ta bonté, Les



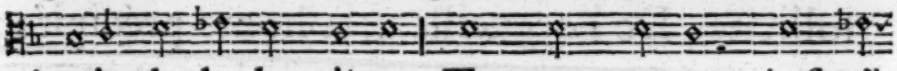
vœux formés dans mon adverſité; Après avoir,



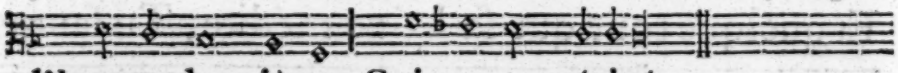
par ta grâce, évité, Une ruine entière: Et puiſ-



qu'ainſi ta faveur ſinguliére, Me laiſſe encor

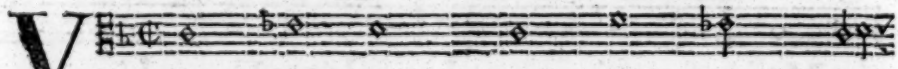


jouir de la lumière, Tu me verras, juſqu'à

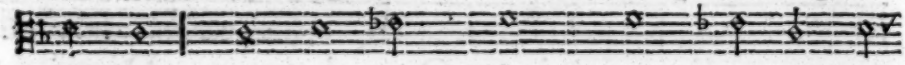


l'heure dernière, Suivre ta vérité.

PSEAUME LVII.



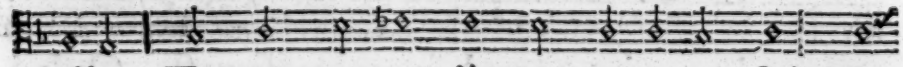
Viens, Seigneur, viens, & prends pitié



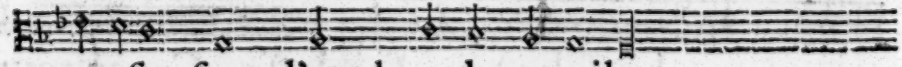
de moi, Car, ô mon Dieu, mon ame eſpère



en toi; Et juſqu'au bout de mes peines mor-



telles, Tu me verras t'invoquer avec foi, Me



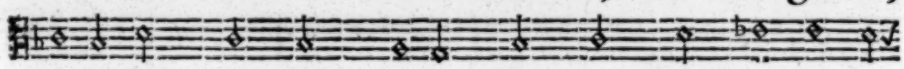
repoſer ſous l'ombre de tes ailes.



2. Au Dieu très-haut mon cri s'adreſſera, Qui



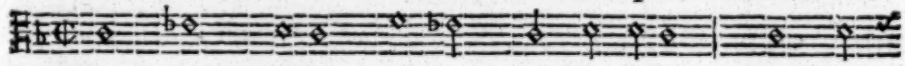
de ſon trône à mon aide enverra, Sa ſainte grâce,



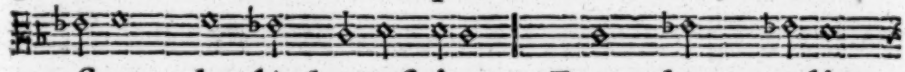
& ſa foi, que j'implore: De mes frayeurs il me



délivrera, Rendant confus celui qui me dévore.



3. Mon ame, hélas! vit parmi des lions, Des bou-



te-feux, des lâches eſpions; Leur dent maligne



eſt une lance aigue; Leur langue prompte aux

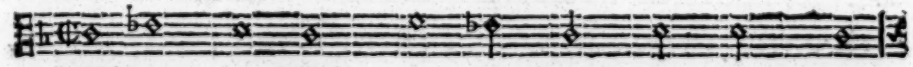


accuſations, Un trait qui bleſſe, une flèche qui



tue.

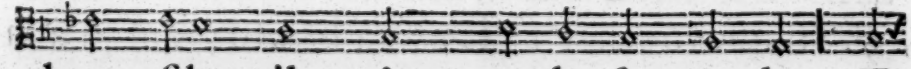
PAUSE



4 Elève, ô Dieu, ta grandeur ſur les cieux;



Qu'en l'univers ton nom ſoit glorieux. Dans

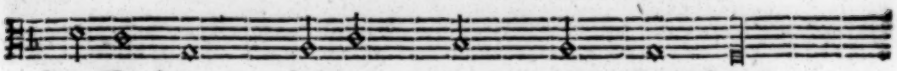


leurs filets ils m'ont voulu ſurprendre; Et



ſous mes pas, ces lâches envieux, Avoient

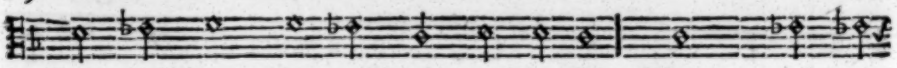




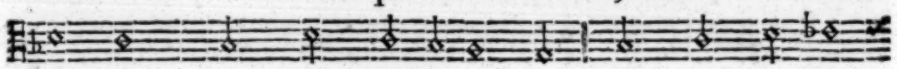
dreſſé leurs piéges, pour me prendre.



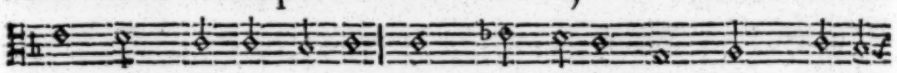
5. Mais les voilà tombés dans leur foſſé: Mon



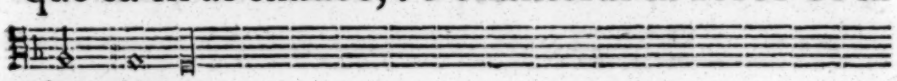
cœur en ſent ſon eſpoir redreſſé, Mon cœur en



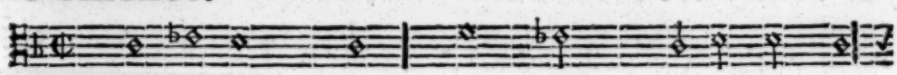
eſt tout rempli d'aſſurance; Et connoiſſant



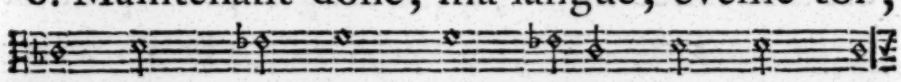
que tu m'as exaucé, Je chanterai ta force & ta



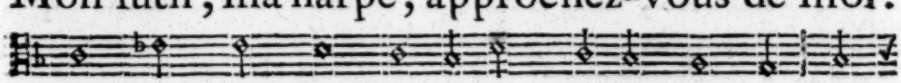
clémence.



6. Maintenant donc, ma langue, éveille toi;



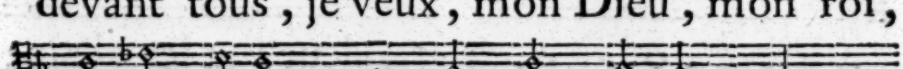
Mon luth, ma harpe, approchez-vous de moi:



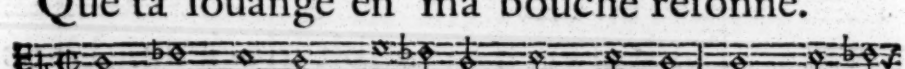
Au point du jour le repos j'abandonne; Et,



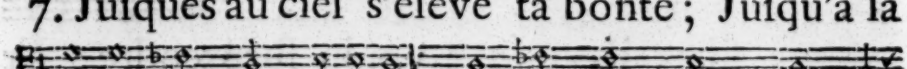
devant tous, je veux, mon Dieu, mon roi,



Que ta louange en ma bouche reſonne.

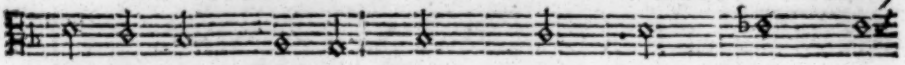


7. Juſques au ciel s'élève ta bonté; Juſqu'à la

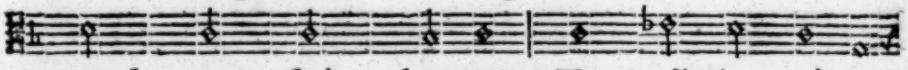


nue atteint ta vérité. Montre d'enhaut tout l'é-

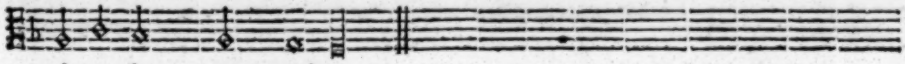
clat



clat de ta gloire: Fais qu'en tous lieux ton

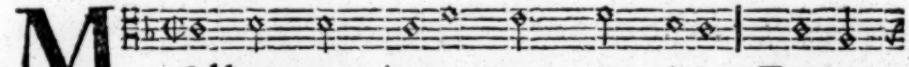


grand nom ſoit chanté, Et qu'à jamais en

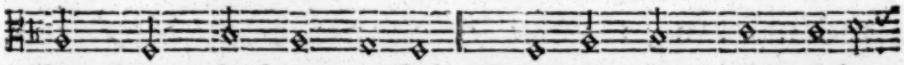


vive la mémoire.

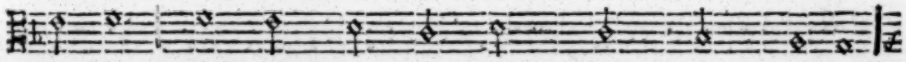
PSEAUME LVIII.



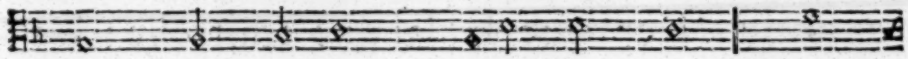
MAlheureux juges que vous êtes, Répon-



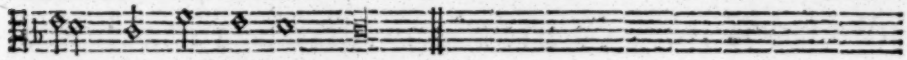
dez nous de bonne foi; Prononcez-vous ſelon



la loi? Eſt-ce bien le droit que vous faites?



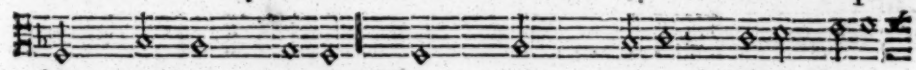
Hommes mortels, prétendez-vous, Rendre



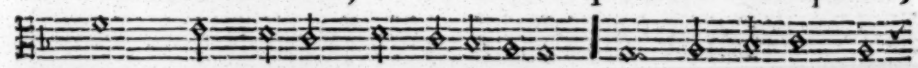
ainſi la juſtice à tous?



2. On ſait que vos ames vénales, N'aiment que



la méchancheté; Vos mains péſent l'iniquité,



Dans vos balances inégales. A peine le mé-



chant eſt né, Qu'au mal il ſe montre obſtiné.



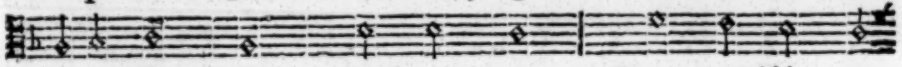
3. Il eſt menteur dès ſon enfance; Son fiel



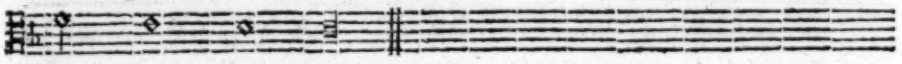
en tous lieux ſe répand, Tel que le venin d'un



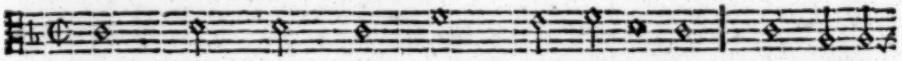
ſerpent: Qui ſur le voyageur s'élance: C'eſt



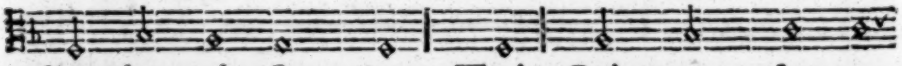
un aſpic ſourd, & bouchant, Son oreille aux



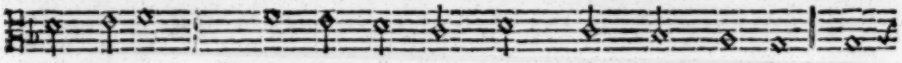
douceurs du chant.



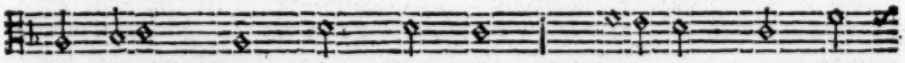
4. En vain la voix enchantereſſe, S'efforce



d'endormir ſes yeux. Toi, Seigneur, de mes



envieux, Reprime la langue traitreſſe; De



ces lions fiers & mordans, Briſe la machoire



& les dents.

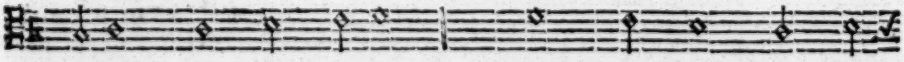
PAUSE.



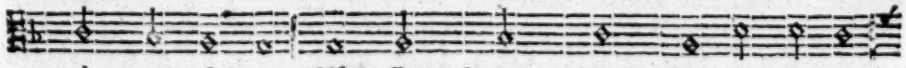
5. Soudain, comme un torrent qui paſſe,



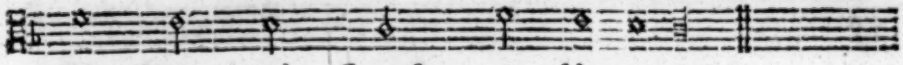
D'eux-mêmes ils s'écouleront; Leurs traits



briſés ne ſerviront, Qu'à confondre leur



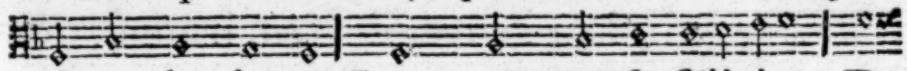
vaine audace; Ils fondront de même façon,



Que l'on voit fondre un limaçon.



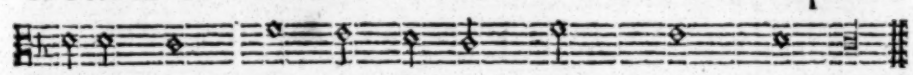
6. Tels que l'enfant qui perd la vie, Avant qu'il



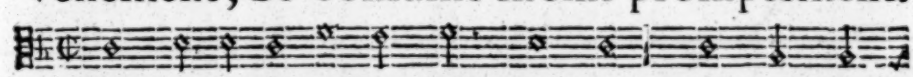
ait vu la clarté, Leur trompeuſe félicité, De



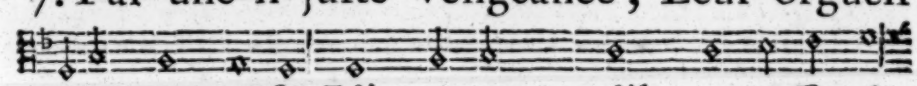
trouble & de honte eſt ſuivie : Un feu d'épines



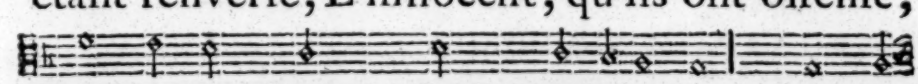
véhément, Se conſume moins promptement.



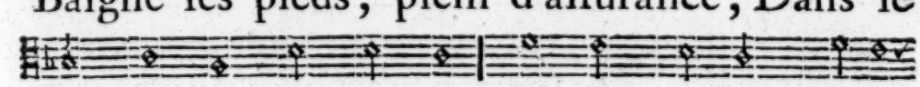
7. Par une ſi juſte vengeance, Leur orgueil



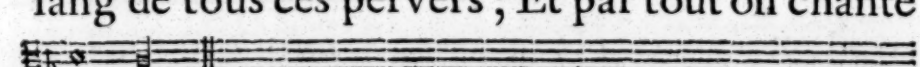
étant renverſé, L'innocent, qu'ils ont offenſé,



Baigne ſes pieds, plein d'aſſurance, Dans le



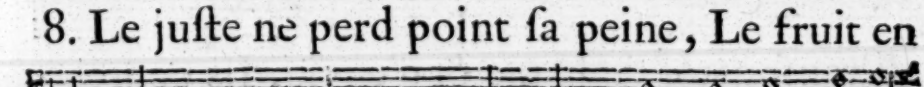
ſang de tous ces pervers ; Et par tout on chante



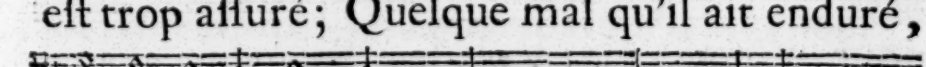
ces vers :



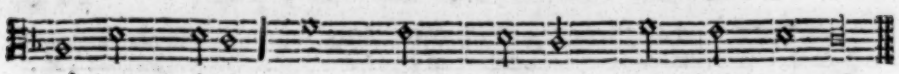
8. Le juſte ne perd point ſa peine, Le fruit en



eſt trop aſſuré ; Quelque mal qu'il ait enduré,



Son eſpérance n'eſt point vaine : Il eſt un Dieu



qui juge ici, Les bons, & les méchans auſſi.

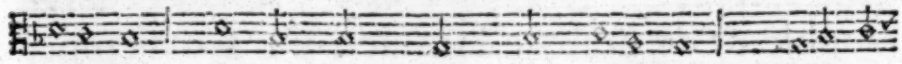
PSEAUME LIX.



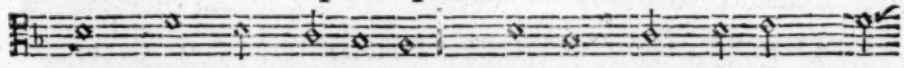
MOn Dieu, l'ennemi m'environne; Et



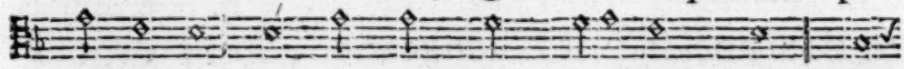
ſi ton ſecours m'abandonne, Si tu ne me viens



aſſiſter, Je ne puis plus lui réſiſter. Délivre



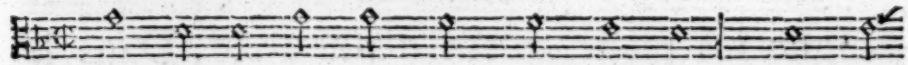
moi d'un adverſaire, Qui n'a de plaiſir qu'à



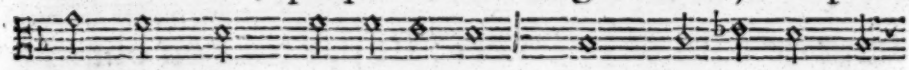
mal faire: Sauve moi des cruelles mains, De



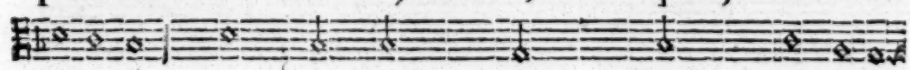
ces murtriers inhumains.



2. Les voilà, qui par tout me guettent; Les plus



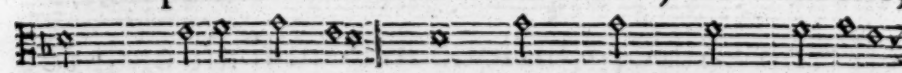
puiſſans ſur moi ſe jettent, Sans que je me ſois



attiré, Le malheur qu'ils m'ont préparé.



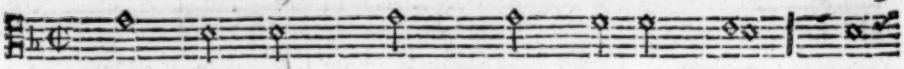
Tranſportés de haine & d'envie, Ils courent,



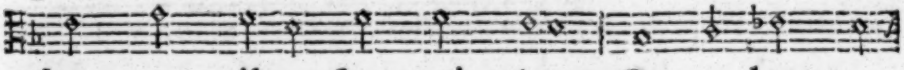
pour m'ôter la vie: Vois-les, Seigneur, avance



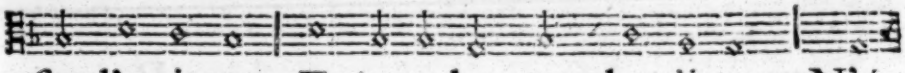
toi, Et viens camper entre eux & moi.



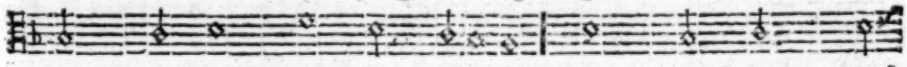
3. Toi, dis-je, grand Dieu des armées, Toi,



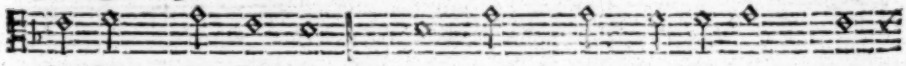
dont nos tribus ſont aimées : Ouvre les yeux



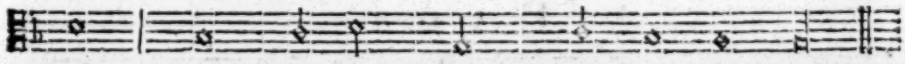
ſur l'univers, Et juge les peuples divers. N'é-



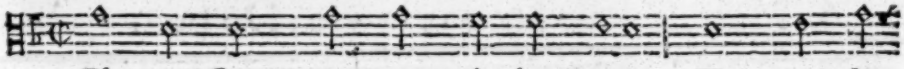
pargne pas, dans ta colère, Les méchans, qui



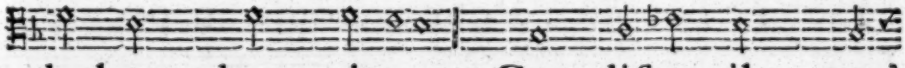
t'oſent déplaire : Ceux-ci, que la fureur con-



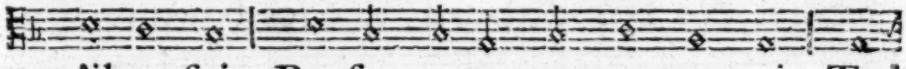
duit, Comme des chiens, hurlent la nuit.



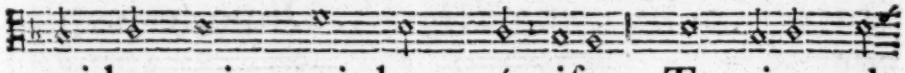
4. Ils ne font que courir les rues, Et mordre



de leurs dents aigues: Car, diſent-ils, quoi



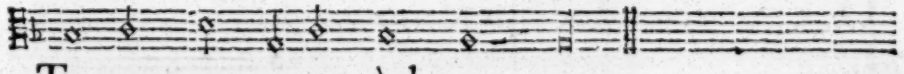
qu'il en ſoit, Perſonne ne nous apperçoit. Toi



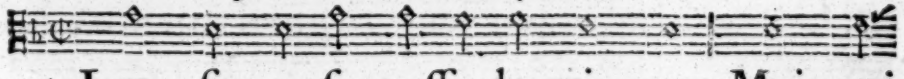
qui les vois, qui les mépriſes, Tu riras de



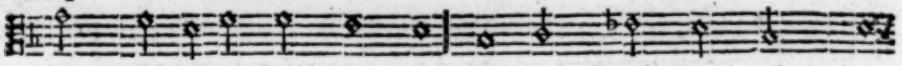
leurs entrepriſes ; Et des peuples audacieux,



Tu te moqueras, à leurs yeux.



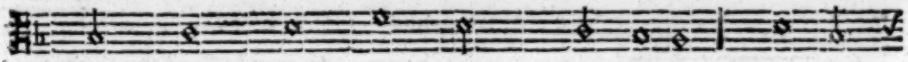
5. Leur force ſurpaſſe la mienne ; Mais qui



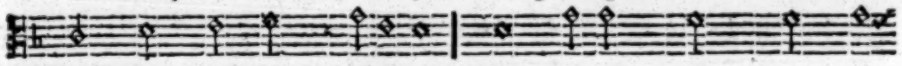
peut égaler la tienne? A toi ſeul j'aurai mon



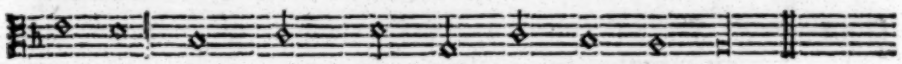
recours, Et ſeul tu ſeras mon ſecours. Mon



Dieu, qui m'eſt toujours propice, Prévien-

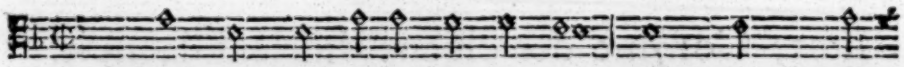


dra leur noire malice, Me feras voir mes en-



nemis, A mon gré vaincus & ſoumis.

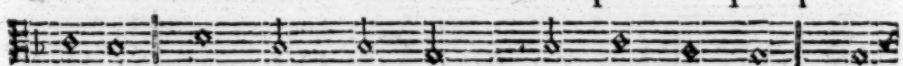
PAUSE



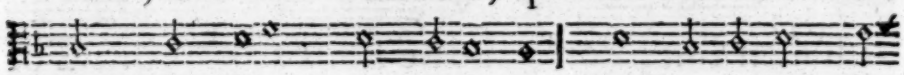
6. Mais ne leur ôte pas la vie, De peur qu'Iſ-



raël ne l'oublie : Pour exemple au peuple à



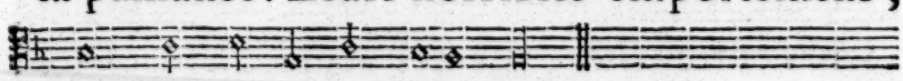
venir, Ne fais d'abord, que les bannir. Sois



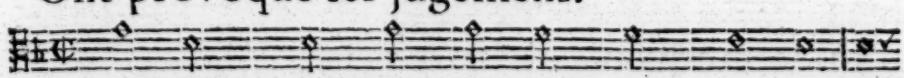
mon bouclier, ma défenſe, Diſperſe-les par



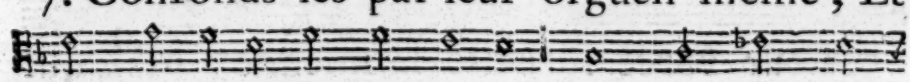
ta puiſſance: Leurs horribles emportemens,



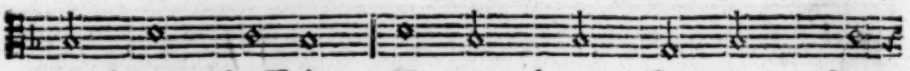
Ont provoqué tes jugemens.



7. Confonds-les par leur orgueil même, Et



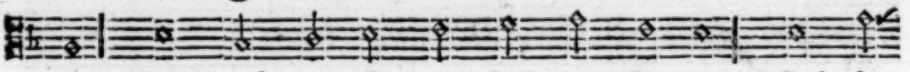
par leur injuſtice extrême, Par leurs ſouhaits,



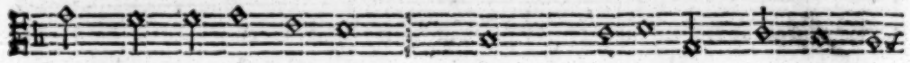
par leurs deſſeins, Et par leurs ſermens faux



& vains. Que contre eux ton couroux s'allu-



me, Qu'enfin ta fureur les conſume; Mais les



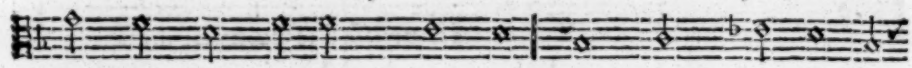
conſume tellement, Qu'ils périſſent entière-



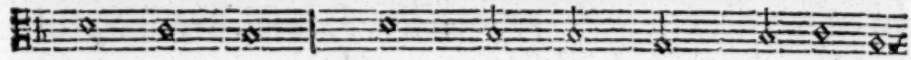
ment.



8. Dieu de Jocob, Fais-toi connoître, Pour le



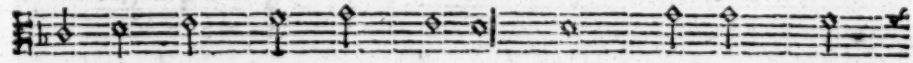
ſeul & ſouverain maître; Fais voir que tu rè-



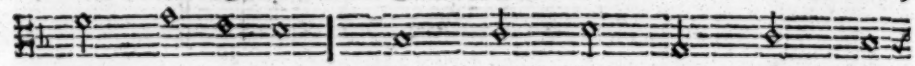
gnes par-tout, D'un bout du monde à l'autre



bout. On les reverra, plcins d'audace, Courir



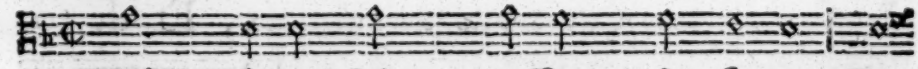
le ſoir de place en place, Comme des chiens,



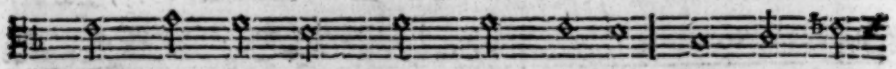
dont la fureur, Remplit tout de bruit &



d'horreur.



9 Mais qu'une faim preſſante & forte, Les



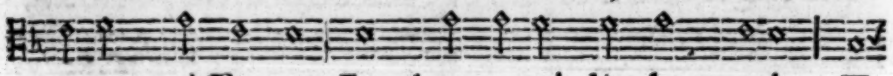
chaſſe encor de porte en porte; Et que loin



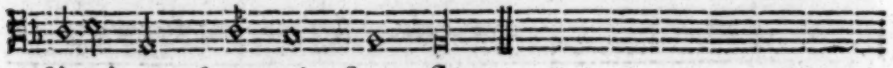
de ſe ſoulager, Ils ne trouvent rien à manger,



Pour moi d'une voix éclatante, Et d'une ame



reconnoiſſante, Je chanterai dès le matin, Et



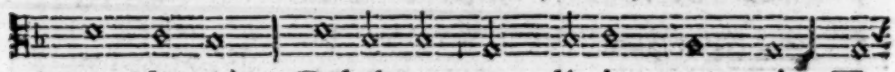
dirai tes bontés ſans fin.



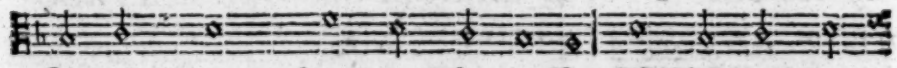
10. Tu fus toujours, dans ma ſouffrance, Ma



retraite & ma délivrance; Et je veux, ſelon



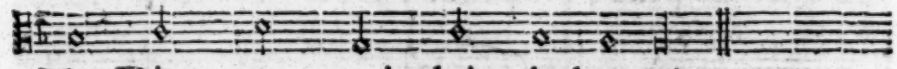
mon devoir, Célébrer ton divin pouvoir. Tu



fus toujours, dans ma détreſſe; Ma haute tour,



ma fortereſſe; Tu fus, dans mon adverſité,



Un Dieu pour moi plein de bonté.

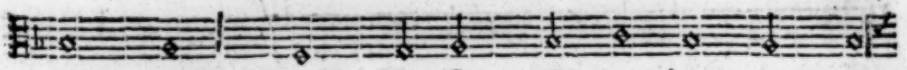
PSEAUME LX.



O Dieu, qui nous as rebutés, Et de toi



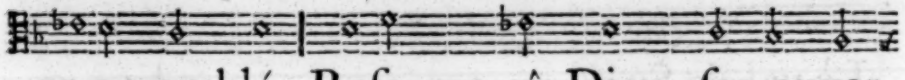
long-temps écartés, Tu t'éloignois, dans ton



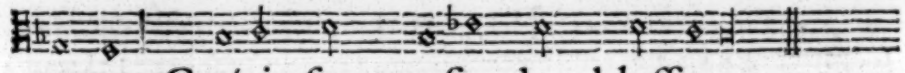
courroux; Ceſſe, enfin, & reviens à nous.



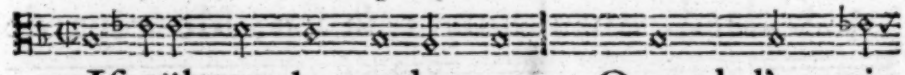
Ton ſacré mont fut ébranlé, Ta terre ſainte



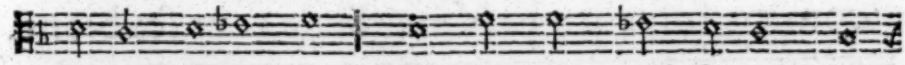
en a tremblé: Referme; ô Dieu, ſes ouver-



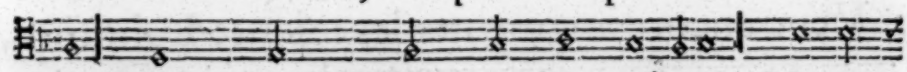
tures; Guéris ſes profondes bleſſures.



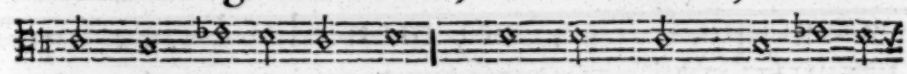
2. Iſraël tomba rudement, Quand d'un vin



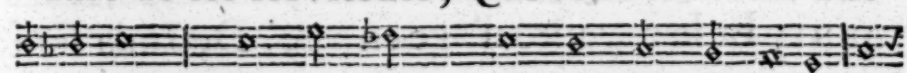
d'étourdiſſement, Tu permis qu'il fût abbreu-



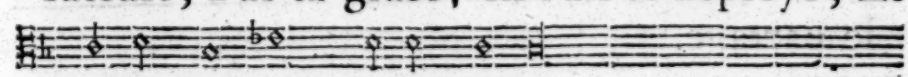
vé: Mais grand Dieu, tu l'as relevé, L'éten-



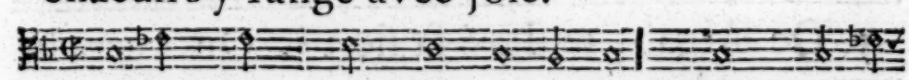
dart de tes ſerviteurs, Qui ſont tes vrais ado-



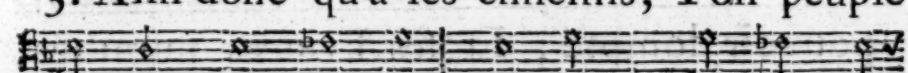
rateurs, Par ta grâce, en l'air ſe déploye, Et



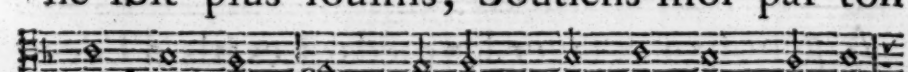
chacun s'y range avec joie.



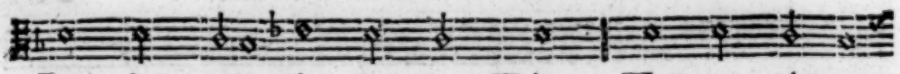
3. Afin donc qu'à ſes ennemis, Ton peuple



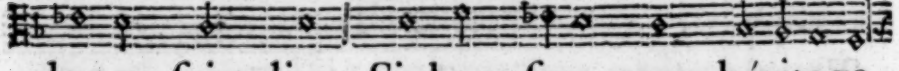
ne ſoit plus ſoumis, Soutiens-moi par ton



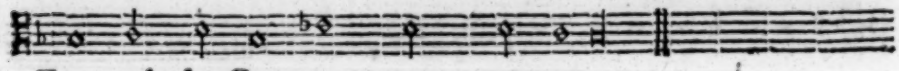
bras puiſſant, Et m'exauce en ce mal preſſant.



Je m'en réjouis, ô mon Dieu; Tu me répons

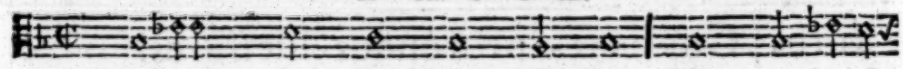


de ton ſaint lieu: Sichem ſera mon héritage,



Le val de Succot mon partage.

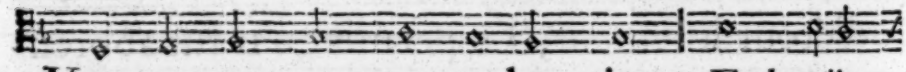
PAUSE.



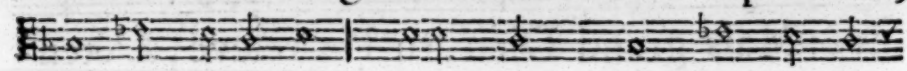
4 Galaad, me donnant ſa foi, Me regarde



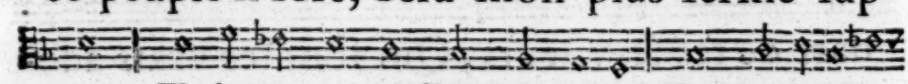
comme ſon roi; Et Manaſſé de tous ſes biens,



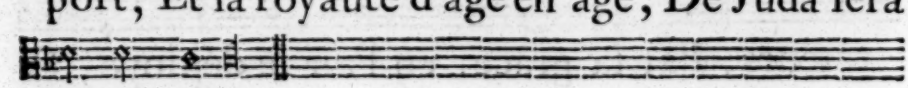
Veut encore augmenter les miens: Ephraïm,



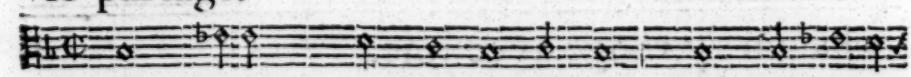
ce peuple ſi fort, Sera mon plus ferme ſup-



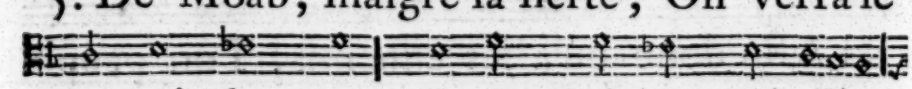
port; Et la royauté d'âge en âge, De Juda ſera



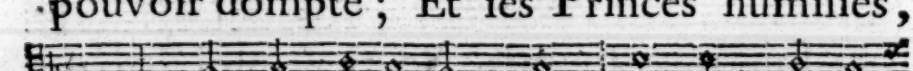
le partage.



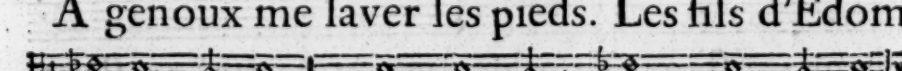
5. De Moab, malgré ſa fierté, On verra le



pouvoir dompté; Et ſes Princes humiliés,



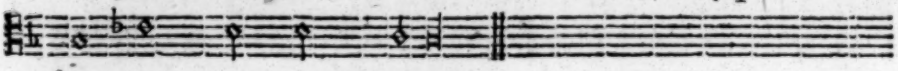
A genoux me laver les pieds. Les fils d'Edom



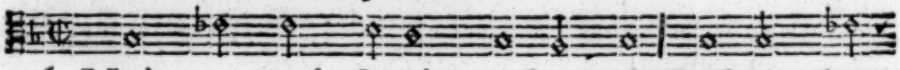
ſeront ſujets, Aux ſervices les plus abjets.



Toi, Paleſtine, dans tes fêtes, Apprends à



chanter mes conquêtes.



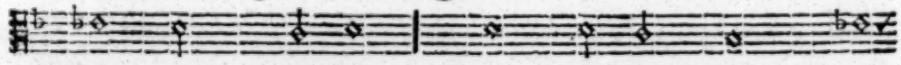
6. Mais par qui ſerai-je eſcorté, Juſque dans



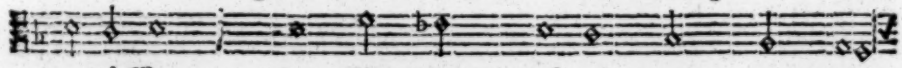
la forte cité ? Qui m'introduira dans Edom,



Et dans ſes places de grand nom ? Ce ſera toi,



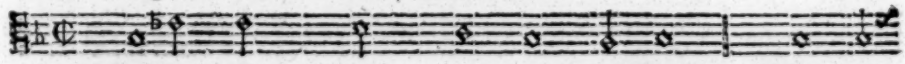
Dieu tout-puiſſant, Toi-même, qui, nous



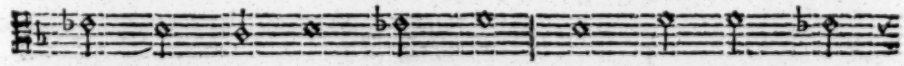
puniſſant, As ſouvent privé notre armée,



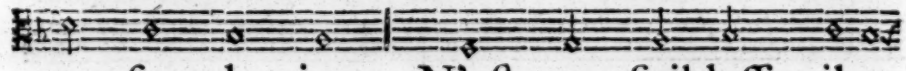
De ta préſence accoutumée.



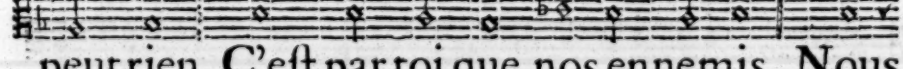
7. Déſormais donc, en tout aſſaut, Montre



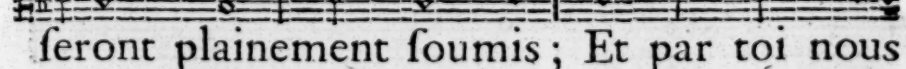
nous ton ſecours d'enhaut. Le bras de l'hom-



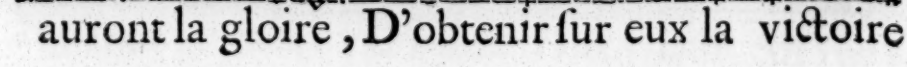
me, ſans le tient, N'eſt que foibleſſe, il ne



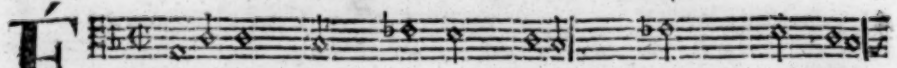
peut rien. C'eſt par toi que nos ennemis, Nous



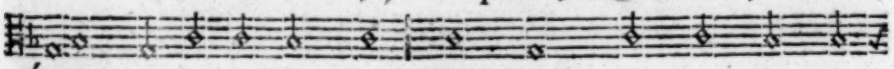
ſeront plainement ſoumis ; Et par toi nous



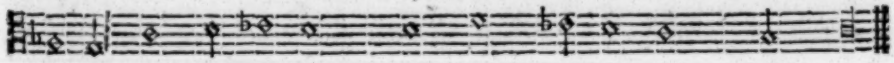
auront la gloire, D'obtenir ſur eux la victoire



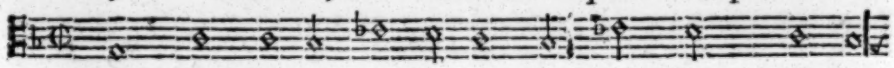
Écoute-moi, je te prie, Quand je crie;



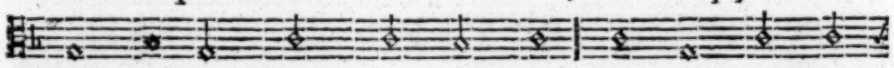
Éternel, exauce-moi; Du bout du monde mon



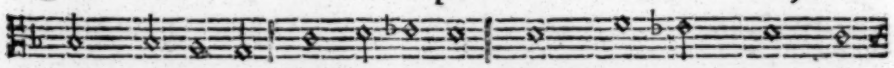
ame, te reclame, Triſte & n'eſpérant qu'en toi.



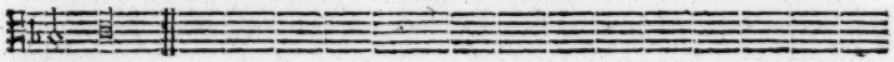
2. Fait que de ta haute roche, Je m'approche;



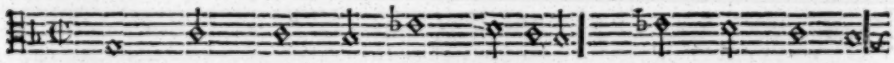
Que l'accès m'en ſoit permis: Tu fus toujours



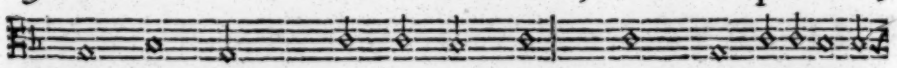
mon refuge, Juſte juge, Contre tous mes en-



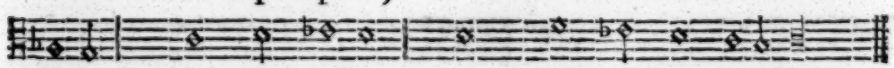
nemis.



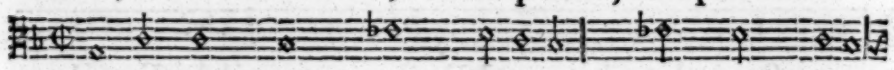
3. Mon ame en ton ſanctuaire, Veut ſe plaire,



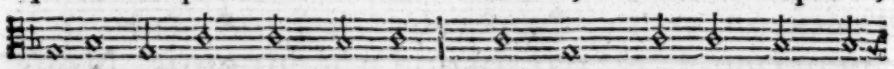
Tout le temps que je vivrai. Dans cet aſile fi-



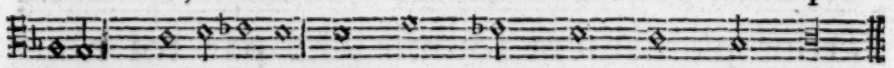
delle, Sous ton aile, Sans peur je repoſerai.



4. A ce que mon cœur déſire, Tout conſpire,



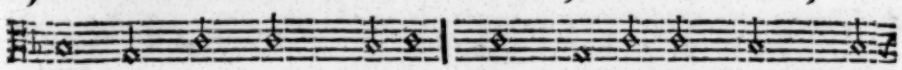
Et de toi je tiens ce don. Heureux d'avoir en par-



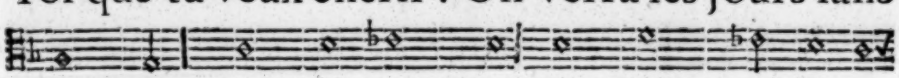
tage, L'héritage, De ceux qui craignent ton nom.



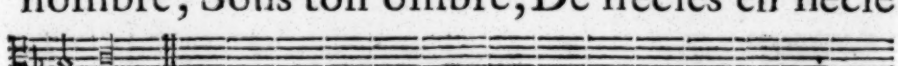
5. Jamais ne ſeront bornées, Les années, Du



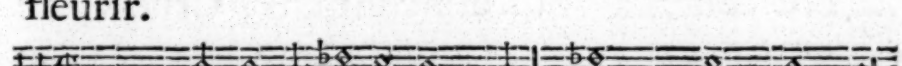
roi que tu veux chérir : On verra ſes jours ſans



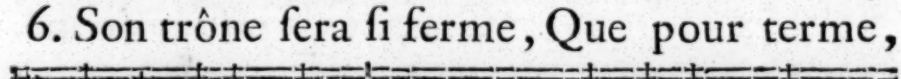
nombre, Sous ton ombre, De ſiècles en ſiècle



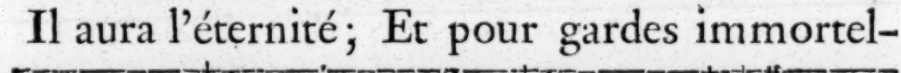
fleurir.



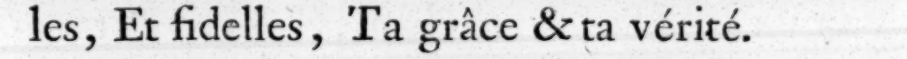
6. Son trône ſera ſi ferme, Que pour terme,



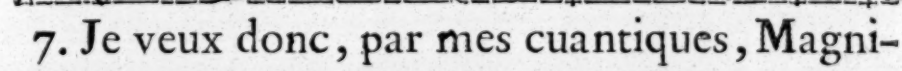
Il aura l'éternité; Et pour gardes immortel-



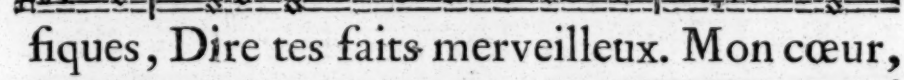
les, Et fidelles, Ta grâce & ta vérité.



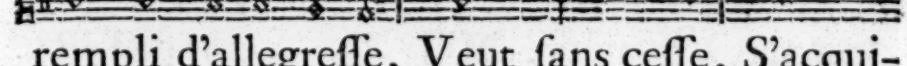
7. Je veux donc, par mes cuantiques, Magni-



fiques, Dire tes faits merveilleux. Mon cœur,

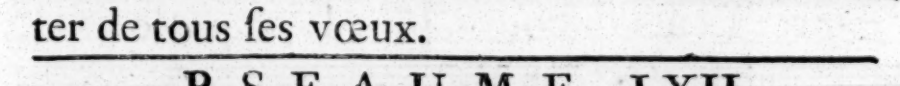


rempli d'allegreſſe, Veut ſans ceſſe, S'acqui-

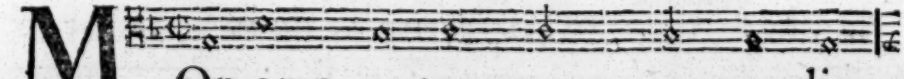


ter de tous ſes vœux.

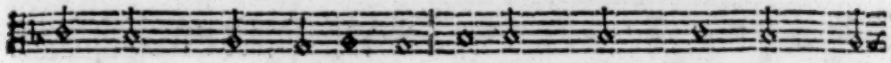
PSEAUME LXII.



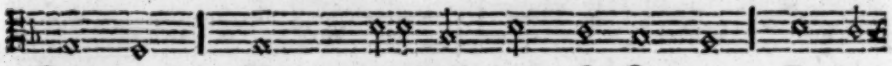
MOn ame, en tout temps, en tout lieu,



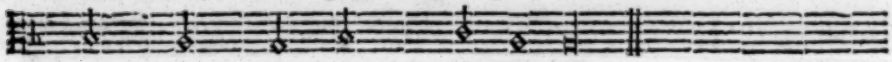
Ne trouve de repos qu'en Dieu. Lui ſeul fut



toujours ma défenſe: Il eſt mon fort & mon



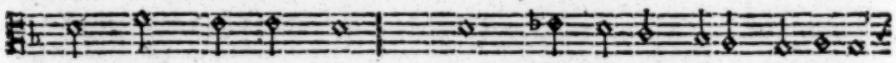
Sauveur; Et, protégé par ſa faveur, Je ne



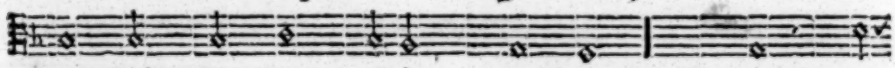
crains plus que rien m'offenſe.



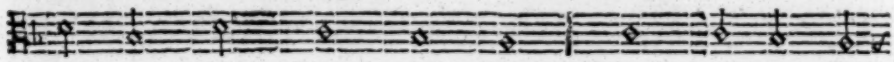
2. Ne ceſſerez-vous donc jamais, Cruels, de



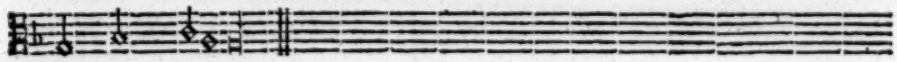
troubler notre paix? Craignez la juſtice divine.



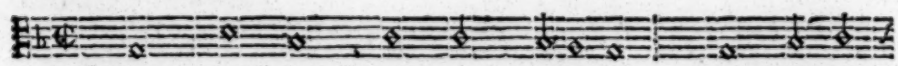
Soudain tu vas périr, méchant, Comme on



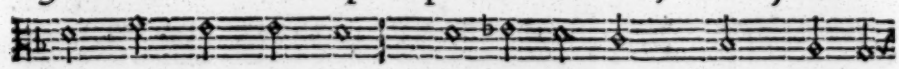
voit un vieux mur penchant, S'ouvrir & tom-



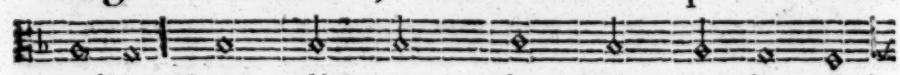
ber en ruine.



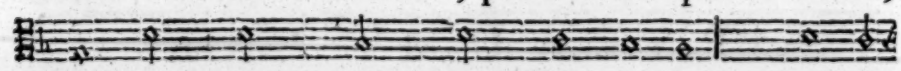
3. Dieu veut-il quelqu'un élever, Ces jaloux



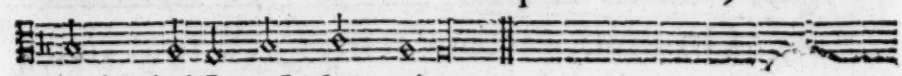
ſongent à trouver, Mille détours pour le dé-



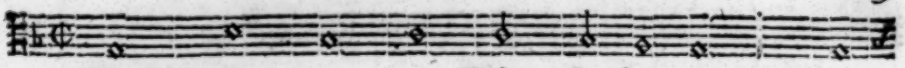
truire: Leurs diſcours, plus doux que le miel,



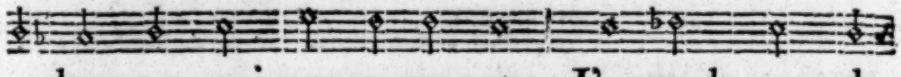
Cachent des cœurs remplis de fiel, Dont le



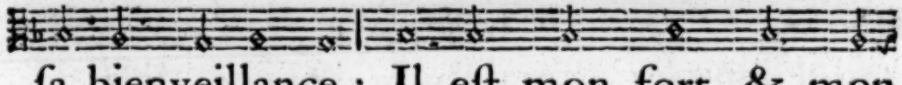
ſeul plaiſir eſt de nuire.



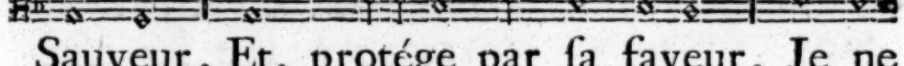
4. Toi, mon ame, en Dieu ſeulement, Cher-



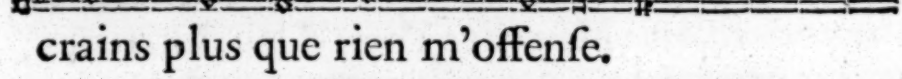
che ton vrai contentement. J'attends tout de



ſa bienveillance : Il eſt mon fort, & mon

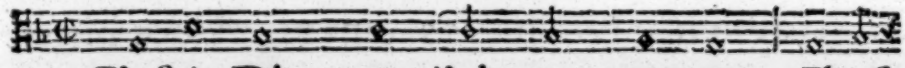


Sauveur, Et, protége par ſa faveur, Je ne

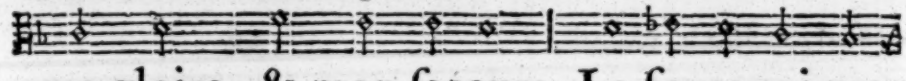


crains plus que rien m'offenſe.

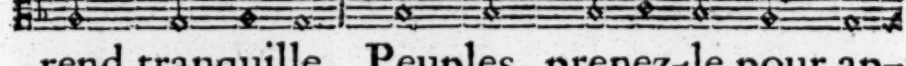
PAUSE.



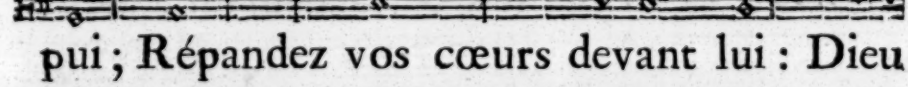
5. C'eſt à Dieu que j'ai mon recours : Il eſt



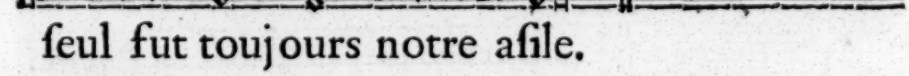
ma gloire, & mon ſecours, La force qui me



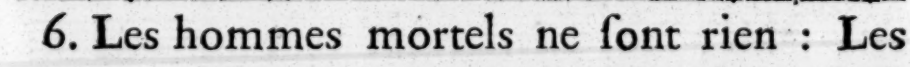
rend tranquille. Peuples, prenez-le pour ap-



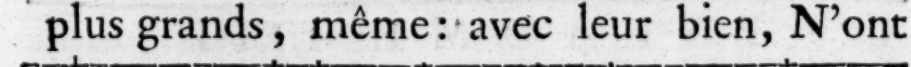
pui ; Répandez vos cœurs devant lui : Dieu



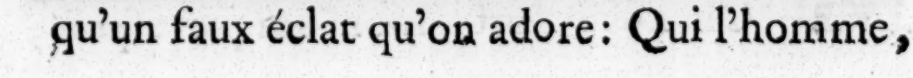
ſeul fut toujours notre aſile.



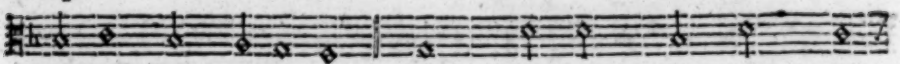
6. Les hommes mortels ne ſont rien : Les



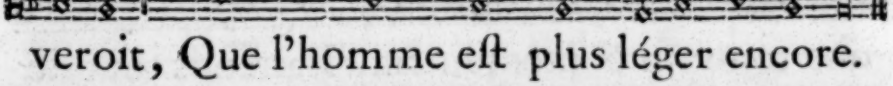
plus grands, même : avec leur bien, N'ont



qu'un faux éclat qu'on adore : Qui l'homme,



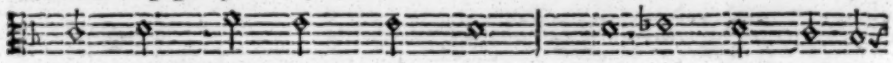
& le rien peſcroit, Par cette épreuve il trou-



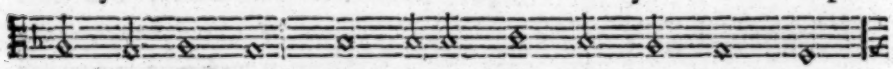
veroit, Que l'homme eſt plus léger encore.



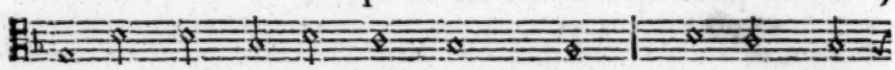
7. N'appuyez j'amais vos deſſeins, Sur des



moyens mauvais ou vains : Fuyez les eſpé-



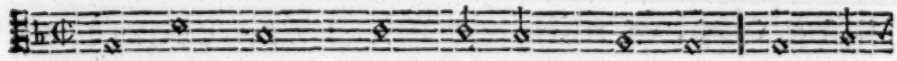
rances folles : Mépriſez l'or & les honneurs ;



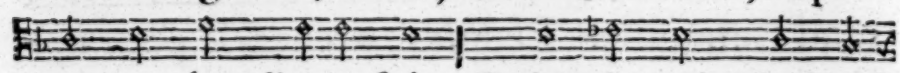
Et n'attachez jamais vos cœurs, A des biens



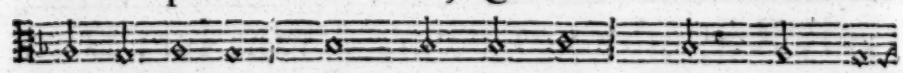
trompeurs & frivoles.



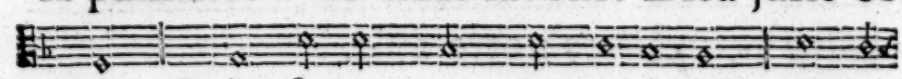
8. Le Seigneur, dont j'entends la voix, A pro-



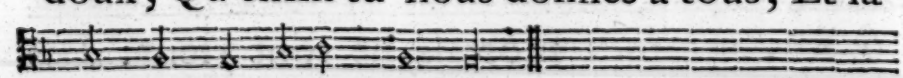
noncé plus d'une fois, Qu'en ſa main ſeule eſt



la puiſſance : Et nous ſavons : Dieu juſte &



doux, Qu'enfin tu nous donnes à tous, Et la



peine & la recompenſe.

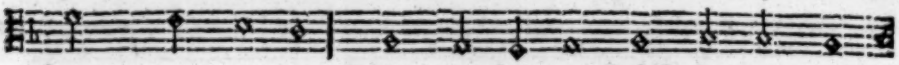
PSEAUME LXIII.



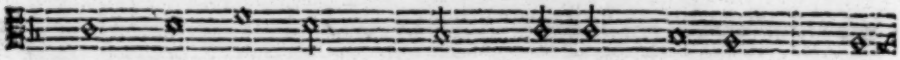
MOn Dieu fort, mon unique eſpoir,



Dès le matin je te reclame: Éternel, je ſens



dans mon ame, Une ardente ſoif de te voir:



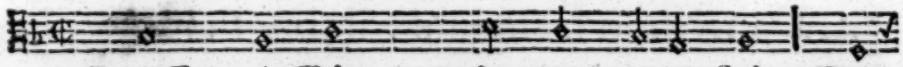
Mes yeux éteints, mes veines vuides, Mon



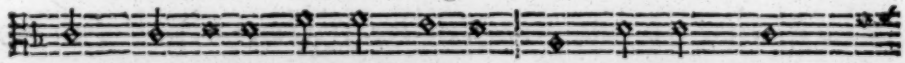
cœur flétri, prêt d'expirer, Ne ceſſe de te dé-



ſirer, Au fond de ces déſerts arides.



2. Souffre, ô Dieu, qu'encore une fois, Brû-



lant du déſir de te plaire, Je puiſſe, dans ton



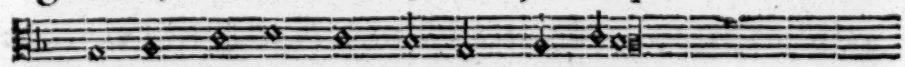
ſanctuaire, Voir ta gloire, entendre ta voix.



Ta grâce vaut mieux que la vie: Ton nom ſi



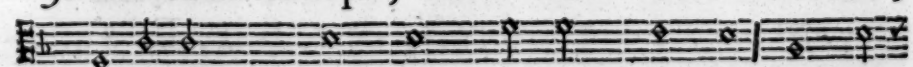
grand, ſi redouté, Toujours par moi ſera



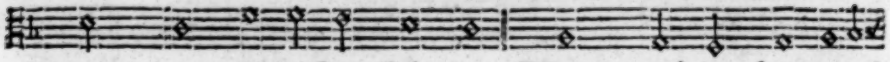
chanté, Avec une ardeur infinie.



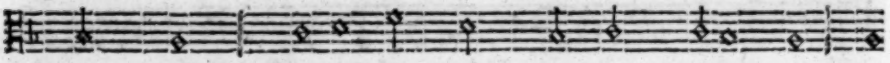
3. En tout temps, dans tous mes deſſeins,



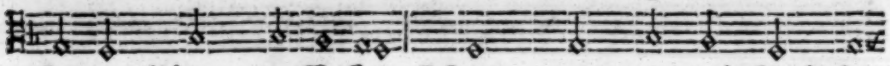
T'adorant, marchant en ta crainte, Invo-



quant ta majeſté ſainte, Vers toi je leverai



mes mains, Ravi de joie, en ta préſence, Et



de tes biens raſſaſié, Mon cœur, à toi ſeul dé-

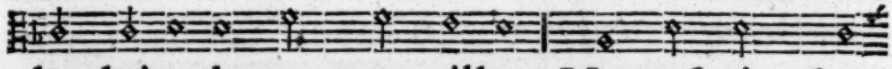


dié, Bénit ſans ceſſe ta clémence.

PAUSE.



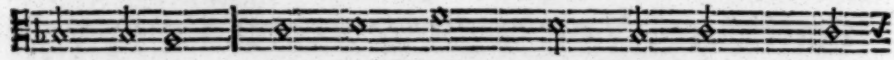
4. Dans mon lit même, il me ſouvient, De



la gloire de tes merveilles: Mon eſprit, dans



mes longues veilles, Toutes les nuits s'en



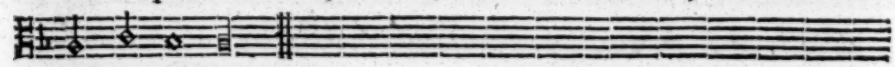
entretient; Et puiſqu'en mes douleurs mor-



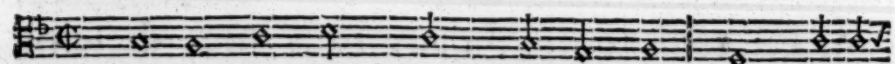
telles, Tu m'as fait ſentir ton ſecours, Je veux



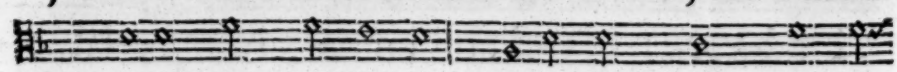
me repoſer toujours, Sans crainte, à l'ombre



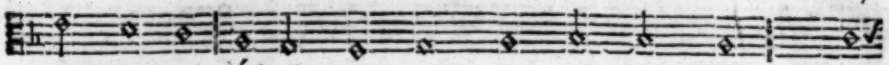
de tes ailes.



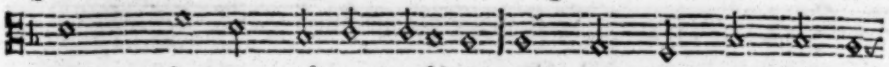
5. Mon ame t'embraſſe & te ſuis, Et s'atta-



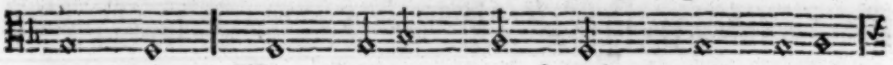
che à ta bienveillance: Auſſi ton bras, par ſa



puiſſance, Éloigne tout ce qui me nuit. Mais



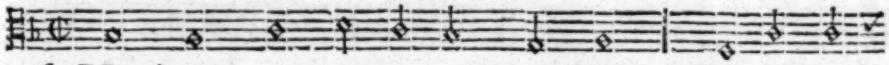
ceux qu'une noire malice, Engage à pourſuivre



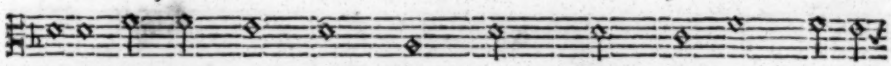
ma mort, Tomberont par leur propre effort,



Dans le plus bas du précipice.



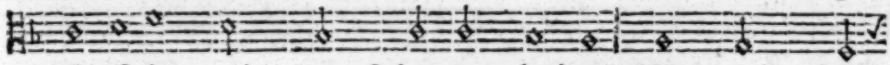
6. Un jour on verra ces méchans, Périr dans



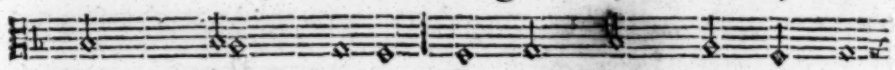
une juſte guerre; Et leurs corps épars ſur la



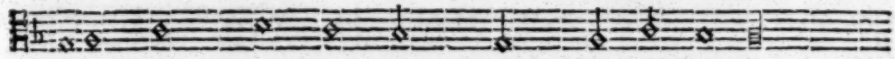
terre, Être en proie aux bêtes des champs.



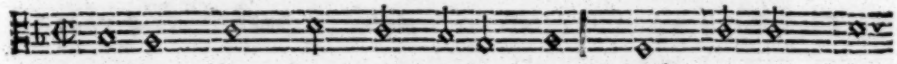
Ainſi le roi, comblé de gloire, En toi, Sei-



gneur, triomphera : Et ton ſaint peuple mê-



lera Son chant à mon chant de victoire.



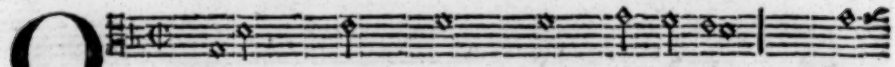
7. Alors le menteur étonné, Malgré ſa pre-



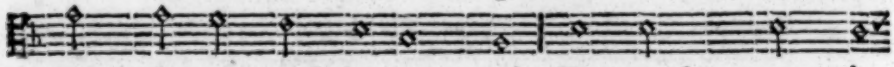
mière inſolence, Demeurera dans le ſilence,



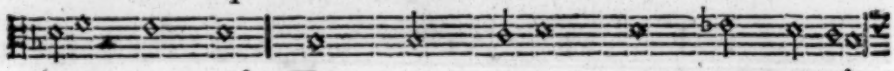
A quoi Dieu l'aura condamné.



O Dieu, vois ma peine infinie ; Mon



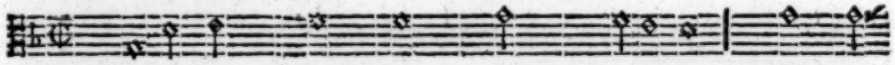
cœur ſe répand devant toi : Entends mes cris,



exauce-moi ; Et contre une troupe ennemie,



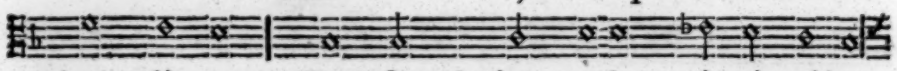
Défends ma vie.



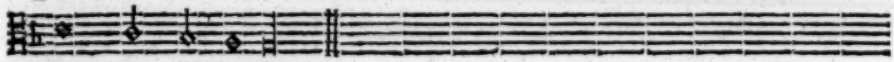
2. Garantis moi des mains cruelles, De ces



méchans fins & couverts ; Diſſipe leurs com-



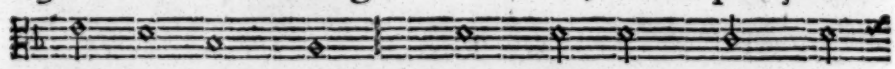
plots divers ; Confonds les ruſes criminelles,



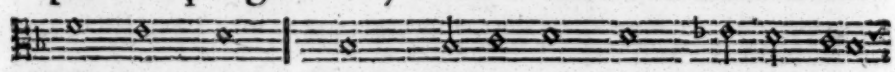
De ce rebelles.



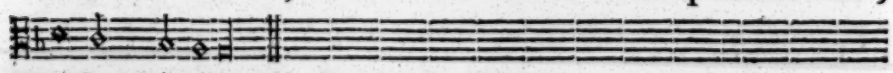
3. Ils ont des langues acerées, Plus perçantes



que des poignards ; Leurs diſcours ſont com-



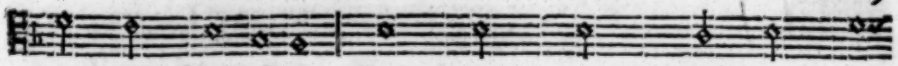
me des dards, Dont les ames ſont pénétrées,



Et déchirées.



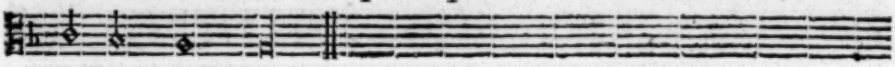
4. Le juſte en a reçu l'atteinte, Dans les lieux



les plus reculés: Par leurs coups, ſouvent re-



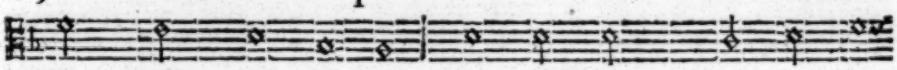
doublés, Ils ont preſque ſa vie éteinte, Sans



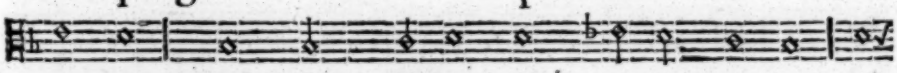
nulle crainte.



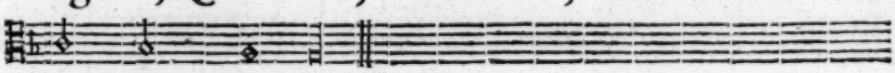
5. Le crime ſeul plait à leur ame: Ils tendent



leur piège en ſecret: Et péchant ſans aucun



regret, Qui voit, diſent-ils, cette trame? Et

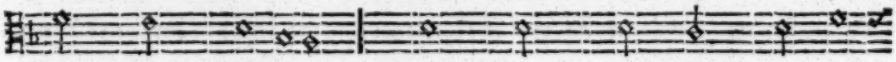


qui nous blâme.

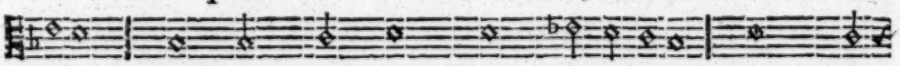
PAUSE.



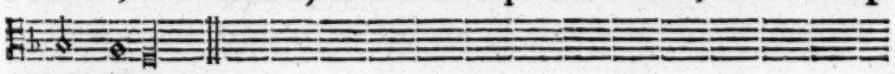
6. Leur malice eſt toujours habile, A conten-



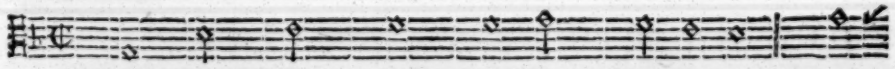
ter leur paſſion: Pour eux, aucune inven-



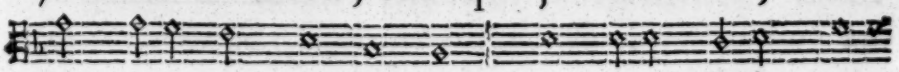
tion, Ne fut jamais trop difficile, Ni trop



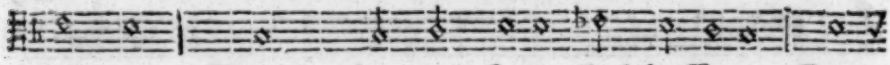
ſubtile.



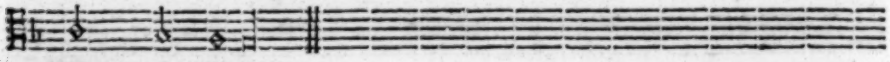
7. Mais le Dieu, ſur qui je m'aſſure, Pour



détruire ces malheureux, Lancera mille traits



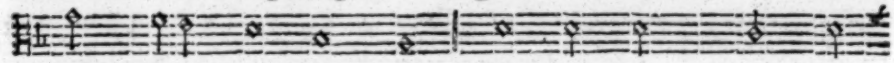
ſur eux, Dont chacun fera ſa bleſſure, Sou-



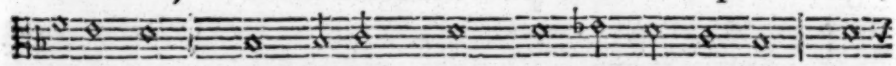
daine & ſûre.



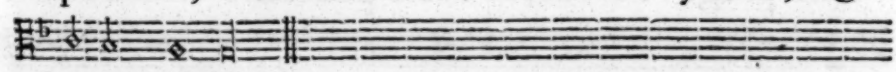
8. Par leur propre langue damnable, Je les



vois déjà confondus : Ils courent par tout,



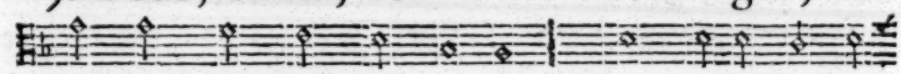
éperdus, Gémiſſant du mal effroyable, Qui



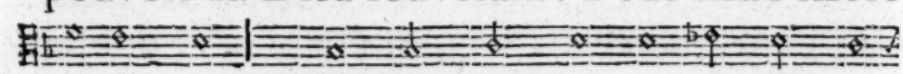
les accable.



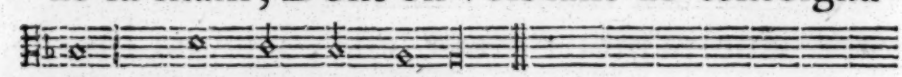
9. Tout, enfin, rendra ſes hommages, Au



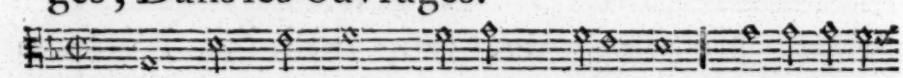
pouvoir du Dieu ſouverain : Tout dira l'effort



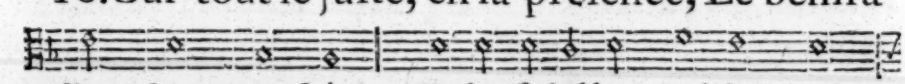
de ſa main, Dont on voit tant de témoigna-



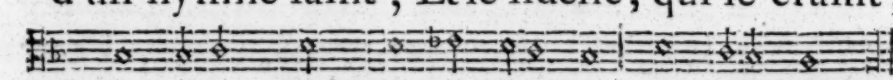
ges, Dans ſes ouvrages.



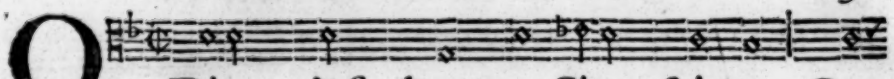
10. Sur-tout le juſte, en ſa préſence, Le bénira



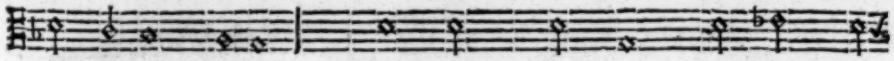
d'un hymne ſaint ; Et le fidelle, qui le craint,



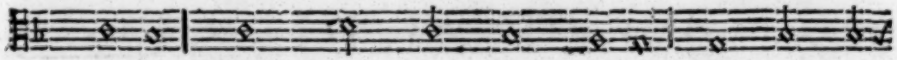
Chantera, plein de confiance, Sa délivrance.



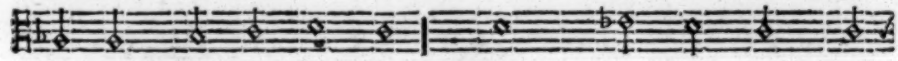
O Dieu, c'eſt dans ta Sion ſainte, Que



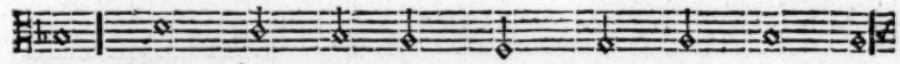
tu ſeras loué; C'eſt là, qu'avec reſpect &



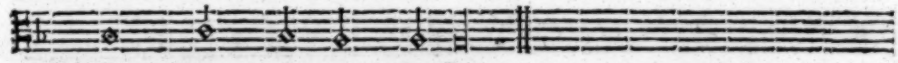
crainte, Tout honneur t'eſt voué: Et puiſque



tu daignes entendre, Nos vœux & nos ſou-



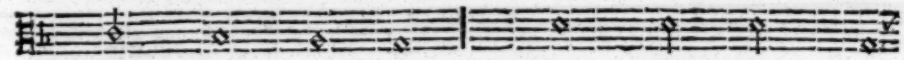
pirs, Tous les peuples viendrons s'y rendre,



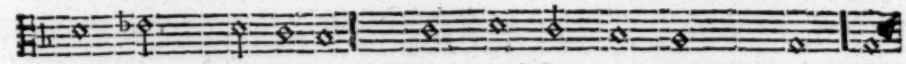
Pleins des mêmes déſirs.



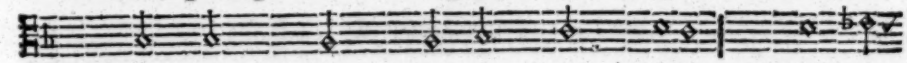
2. Hélas! mes erreurs & mes vices, Allu-



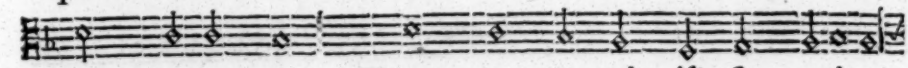
moient ton courroux; Mais, Seigneur, tes



bontés propices, T'appaiſent envers nous. O



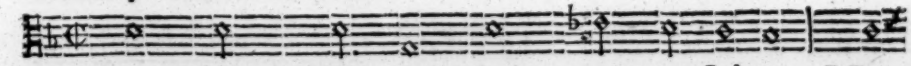
qu'heureux l'homme ſe peut dire; Qu'il t'a



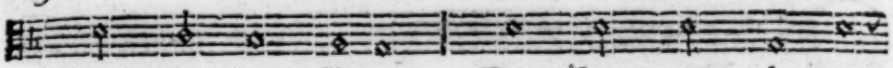
plu d'adopter; Dans tes parvis il ſe retire;



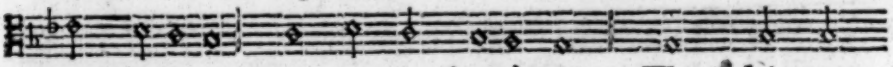
Tu l'y fais habiter.



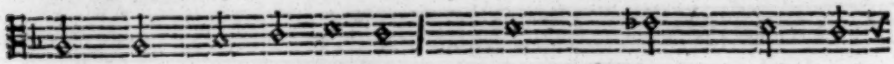
3. Des biens qu'il te plait nous y faire, Nos



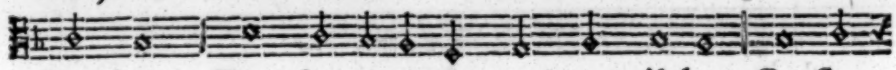
cœurs ſe rempliront ; Des douceurs de ton



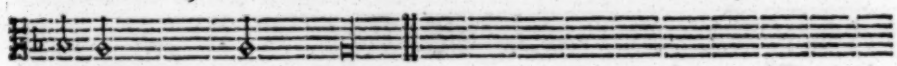
ſanctuaire, Nos ames jouiront, Tes décrets,



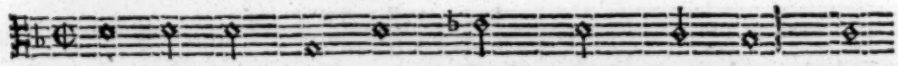
toujours infaillibles, Grand Dieu, qui nous



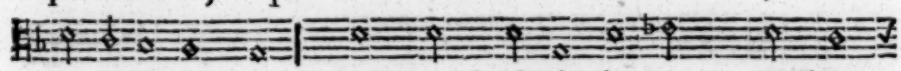
ſoutiens, Par des événemens terribles, Se font



entendre aux tiens.



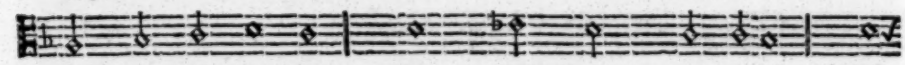
4. Auſſi juſques aux bouts du monde, Tout



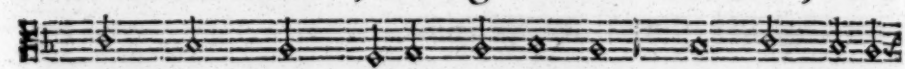
repoſe ſur toi ; Juſqu'où finit la terre & l'on-



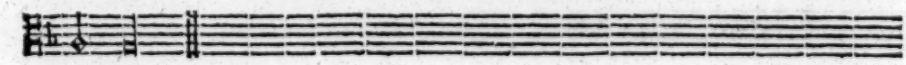
de, Tout fléchit ſous ta loi. Ceint de tes for-



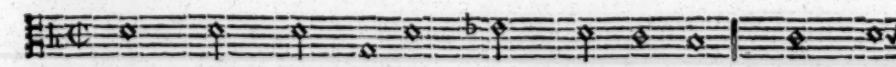
ces redoutables, De grandeur revêtu, Tu



rends les monts inébranlables, Par ta ſeule



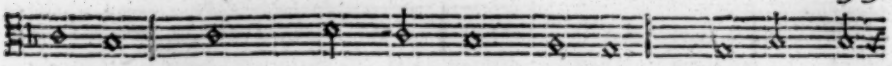
vertu.



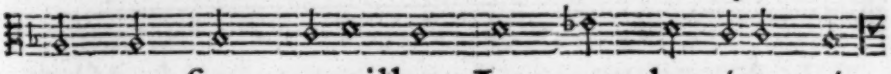
5. Ta voix fait de la mer bruyante, Les va-



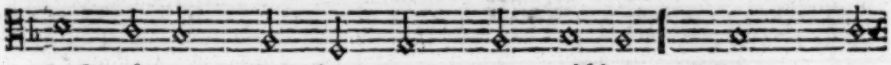
gues abaiſſer ; Des peuples l'émeute inconſ-



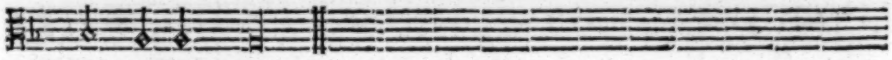
tante, D'un mot tu fais ceſſer. Voyant tes



œuvres ſans pareilles, Les peuples étonnés,

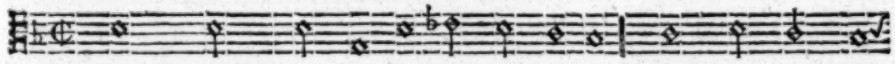


Admirent tes hautes merveilles, Même aux



lieux éloignés.

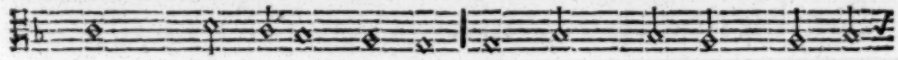
PAUSE.



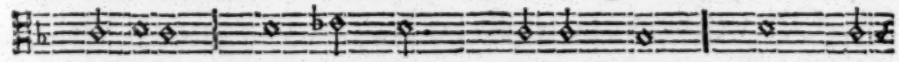
6. Des bords où le ſoleil ſe lève, Ramenant la



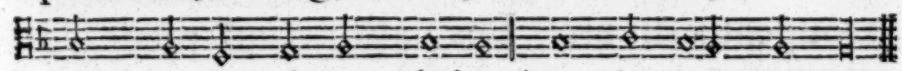
clarté, Aux bords où ſa courſe s'acheve,



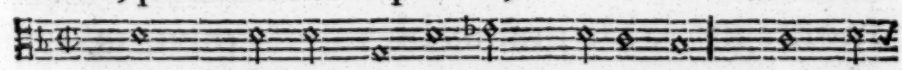
Tout chante ta bonté. Si nos guerets, & nos



prairies, Languiſſent, faute d'eau, Tu leur



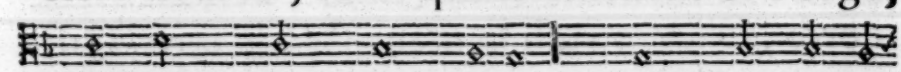
rends, par tes riches pluies, Un air riant & beau.



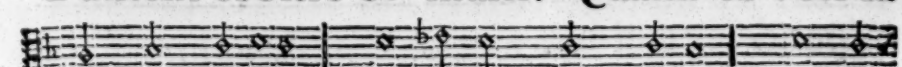
7. L'eau, qui de tes canaux regorge, Vient la



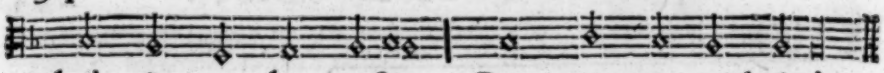
terre nourrir, Afin que le froment & l'orge,



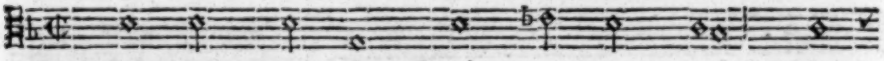
Puiſſent croître & mûrir. Quand tu vois ſa



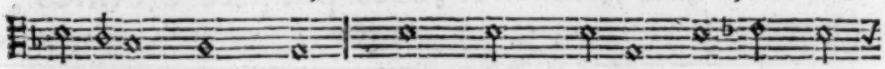
ſoif appaiſée, Ses ſillons applanis, Par la



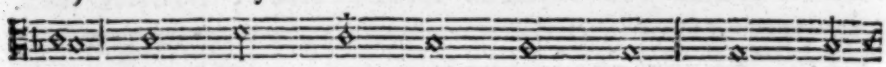
pluie & par la roſée, Son germe tu bénis.



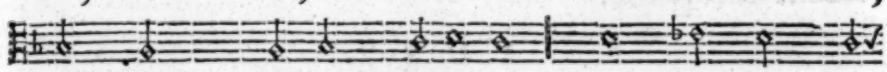
8. L'Automne, de fruits couronnée, Vient



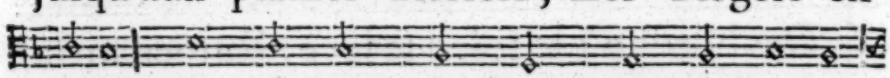
réjouir nos yeux : Ta main verſe toute l'an-



née, Tes biens, du haut des cieux. On voit,



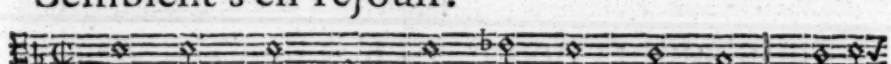
juſqu'aux plaines déſertes, Les bergers en



jouir ; Les côteaux, & leurs croupes vertes,



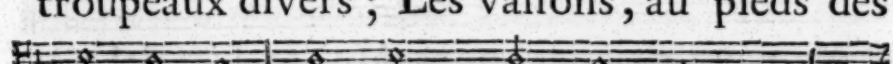
Semblent s'en réjouir.



9. On voit par tout dans les campagnes, Mille



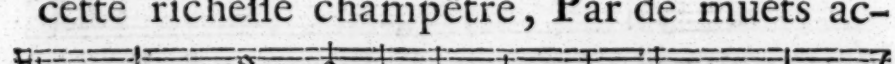
troupeaux divers ; Les vallons, au pieds des



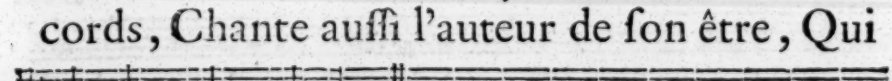
montagnes, De grands blés tout couverts. Et



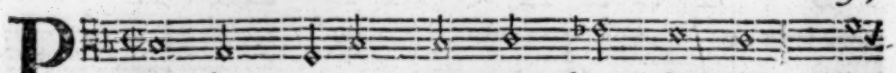
cette richeſſe champêtre, Par de muets ac-



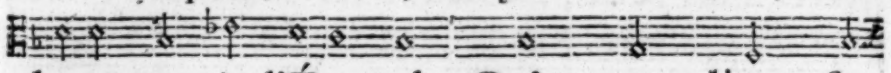
cords, Chante auſſi l'auteur de ſon être, Qui



répand ſes tréſors.



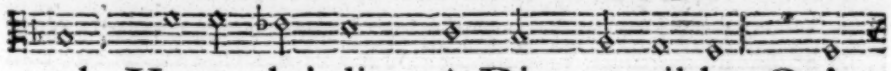
PEuples, venez, & que l'on donne, Des



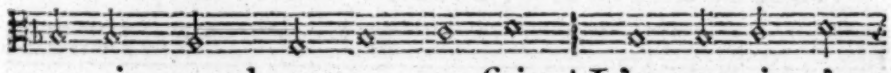
louanges à l'Éternel; Qu'en tous lieux ſon



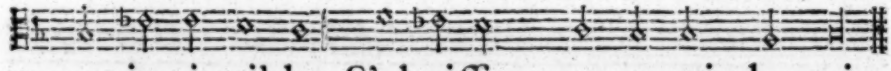
ſaint nom réſonne, Par un cantique ſolem-



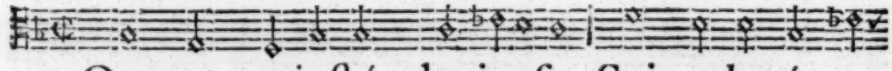
nel. Venez lui dire, ô Dieu terrible, Qu'on



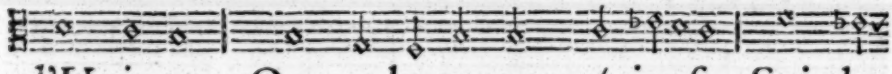
te voit grand, en tous tes faits! L'ennemi qu'on



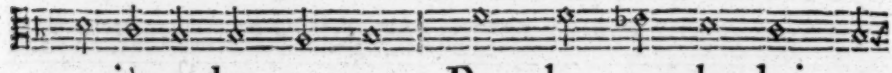
crut invincible, S'abaiſſe, pour avoir la paix.



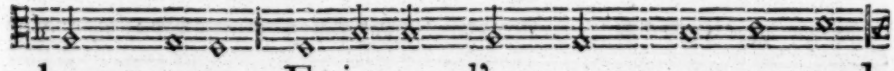
2. Que ta majeſté glorieuſe, Soit adorée en



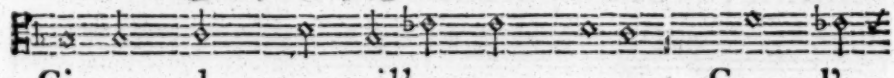
l'Univers; Que ta louange précieuſe, Soit la



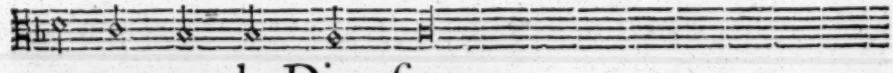
matière de nos vers. Peuples, rendez lui vos



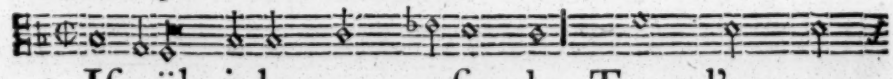
hommages; Et jugez d'un commun accord,



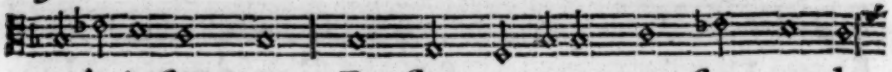
Si tant de merveilleux ouvrages, Sont d'un



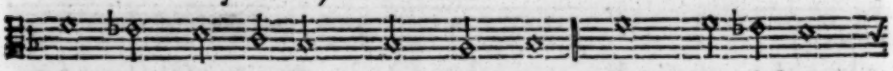
autre que du Dieu fort.



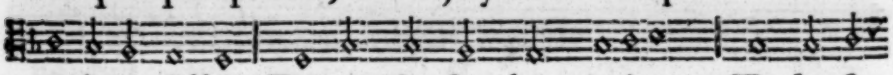
3. Iſraël vit la mer profonde, Tout d'un coup,



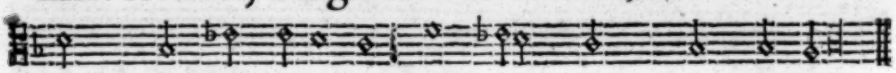
tarir à ſes yeux ; Le fleuve retenant ſon onde,



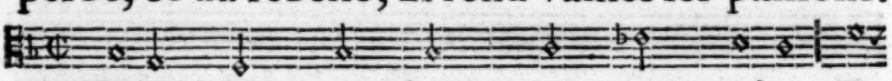
Le peuple paſſa, tout joyeux. Sa providence



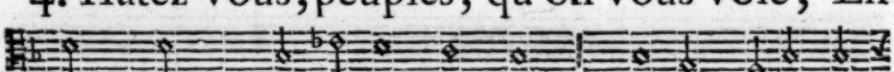
univerſelle, Regarde ſur les nations : Et du ſu-



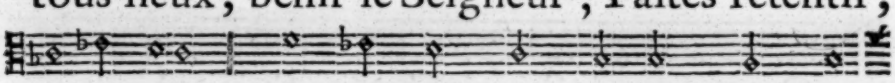
perbe, & du rebelle, Il rend vaines les paſſions.



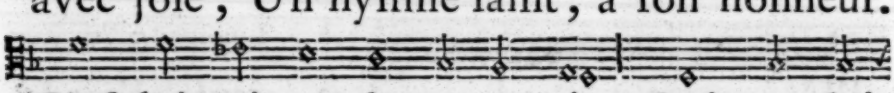
4. Hâtez-vous, peuples, qu'on vous voie, En



tous lieux, bénir le Seigneur ; Faites retentir,



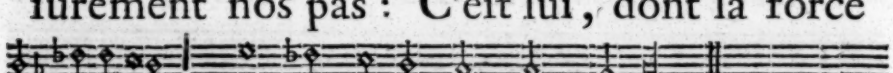
avec joie, Un hymne ſaint, à ſon honneur.



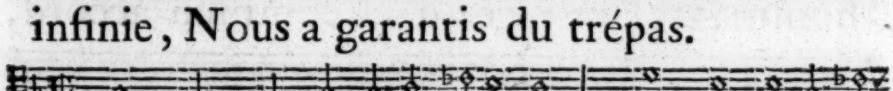
C'eſt lui qui, garde notre vie, Qui conduit



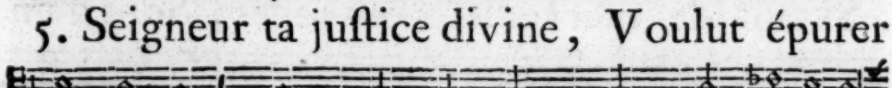
ſurement nos pas : C'eſt lui, dont la force



infinie, Nous a garantis du trépas.



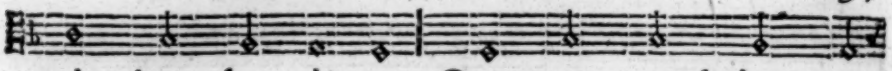
5. Seigneur ta juſtice divine, Voulut épurer



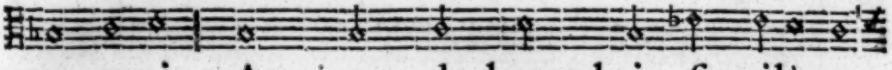
notre foi, Comme l'argent que l'on affine,



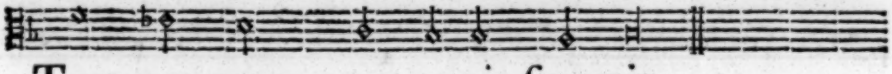
Pour le rendre de bon alloi. Tu nous avois



mis dans les pièges, Que nous tendoient nos

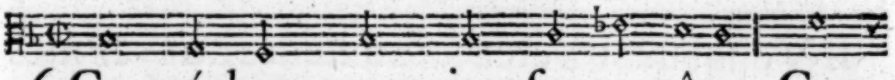


ennemis ; Au joug de leurs loix ſacrilèges,



Ton couroux nous avoit ſoumis.

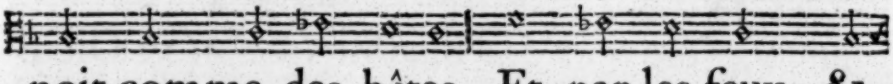
PAUSE.



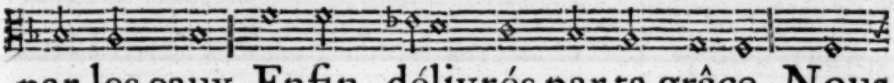
6. Ces méchans montoient ſur nos têtes, Com-



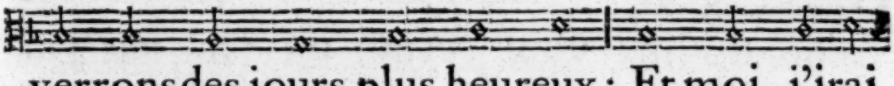
me ſur le dos des chameaux ; On nous me-



noit comme des bêtes, Et par les feux, &



par les eaux. Enfin, délivrés par ta grâce, Nous



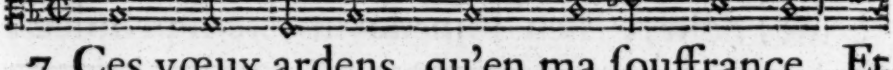
verrons des jours plus heureux ; Et moi, j'irai



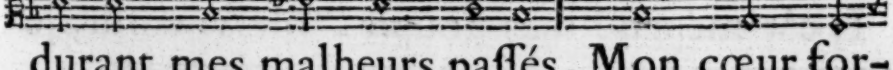
devant ta face, O Seigneur, te rendre mes



vœux ;



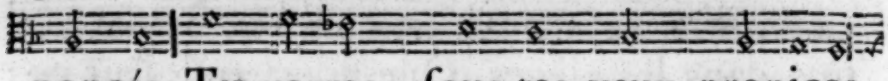
7. Ces vœux ardens, qu'en ma ſouffrance, Et



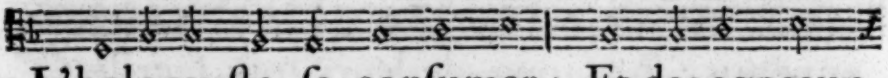
durant mes malheurs paſſés, Mon cœur for-



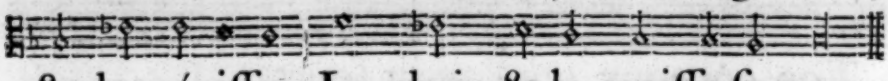
moit en ta préſence, Et que ma bouche a pro-



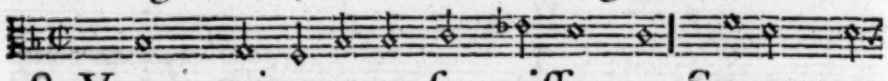
noncés. Tu verras, ſous tes yeux propices,



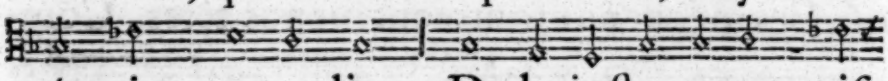
L'holocauſte ſe conſumer ; Et des agneaux,



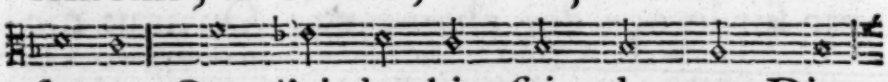
& des géniſſes, La chair & la graiſſe fumer.



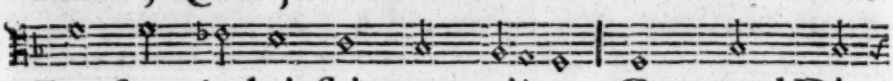
8. Vous, qui reverez ſa puiſſance, Soyez mes



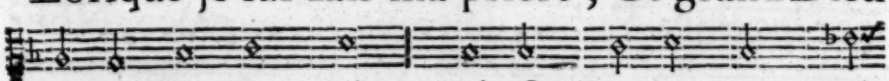
témoins, en ce lieu, De la juſte reconnoiſ-



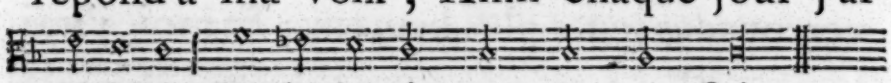
ſance, Que j'ai des bienfaits de mon Dieu.



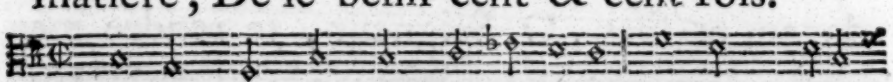
Lorſque je lui fais ma prière, Ce grand Dieu



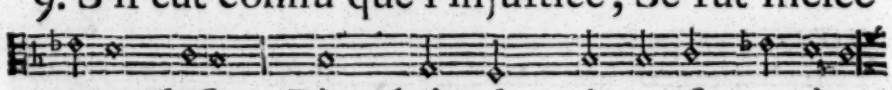
répond à ma voix ; Ainſi chaque jour j'ai



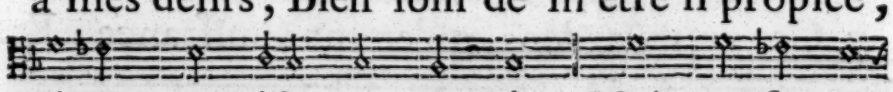
matière, De le bénir cent & cent fois.



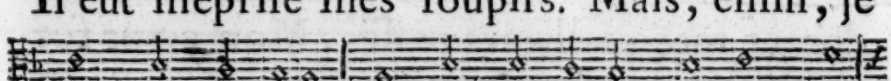
9. S'il eût connu que l'injuſtice, Se fût mêlée



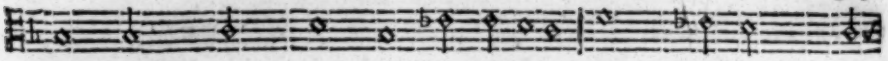
à mes déſirs, Bien loin de m'être ſi propice,



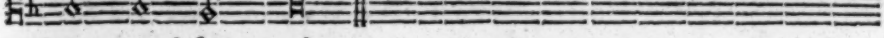
Il eût mépriſé mes ſoupirs. Mais, enfin, je



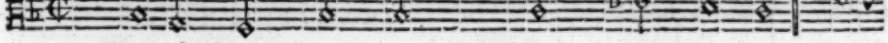
puis bien le dire, Jamais je ne le prie en vain,



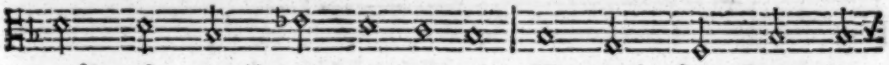
Et quoi que mon ame déſire, Il m'exauce, il



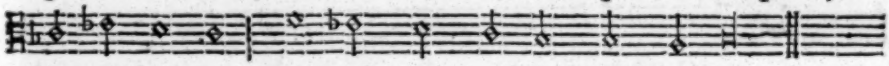
me tend la main.



10. Béni donc ce grand Dieu, mon ame, Lui

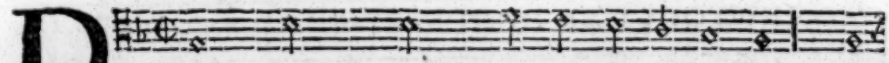


qui m'a toujours écouté; Et qui, lorſque je

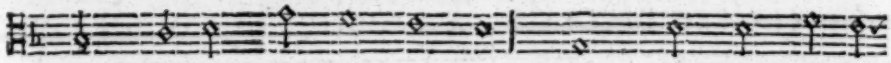


le reclame, Jamais ne retient ſa bonté.

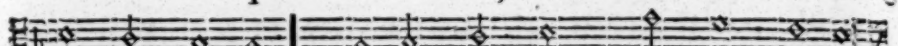
PSEAUME LXVII.



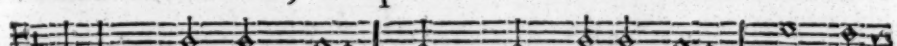
Dieu nous veuille être favorable, Et



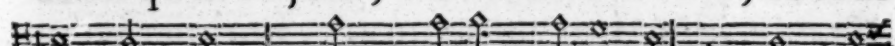
nous bénir par ſa bonté; Dieu veuille de ſa



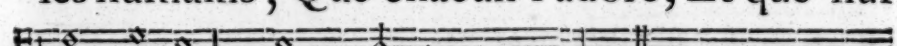
face aimable, Répandre ſur nous la clarté:



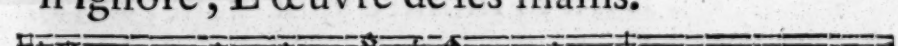
Afin qu'avec joie, On montre ſa voie, A tous



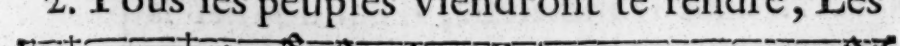
les humains; Que chacun l'adore, Et que nul



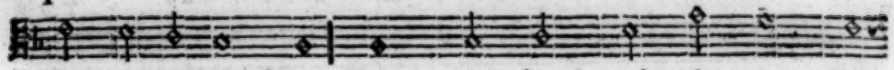
n'ignore, L'œuvre de ſes mains.



2. Tous les peuples viendront te rendre, Les



hommages qui te ſont dûs; Seigneur, on les



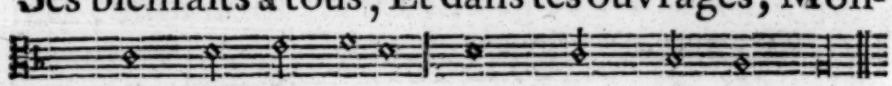
verra répandre, Par tout le bruit de tes ver-



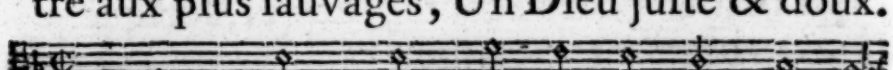
tus : Car ta providence, Sans ceſſe diſpenſe,



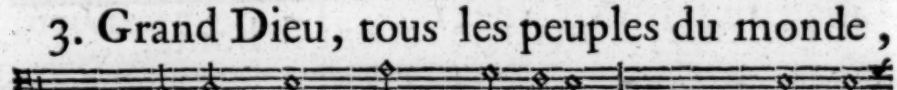
Ses bienfaits à tous ; Et dans tes ouvrages, Mon-



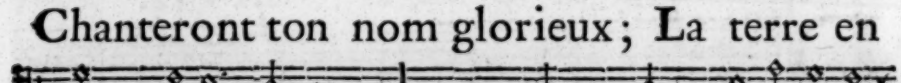
tre aux plus ſauvages, Un Dieu juſte & doux.



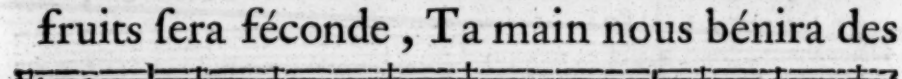
3. Grand Dieu, tous les peuples du monde,



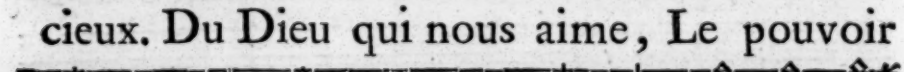
Chanteront ton nom glorieux ; La terre en



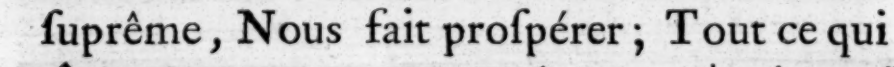
fruits ſera féconde, Ta main nous bénira des



cieux. Du Dieu qui nous aime, Le pouvoir

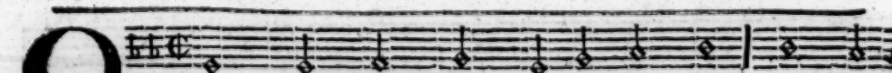


ſuprême, Nous fait proſpérer ; Tout ce qui

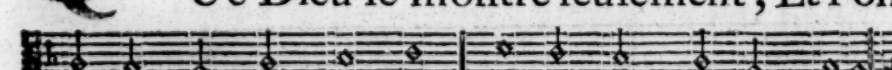


reſpire, Dans ſon vaſte empire, Le doit révérer.

PSEAUME LXVIII.

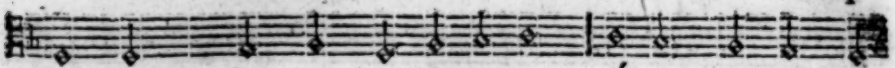


QUe Dieu ſe montre ſeulement, Et l'on

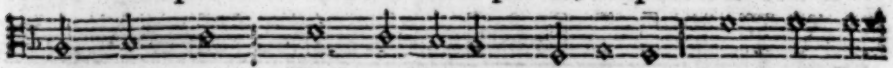


verra dans le moment, Abandonner la place :

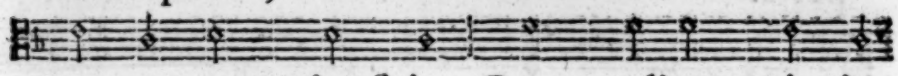
Le



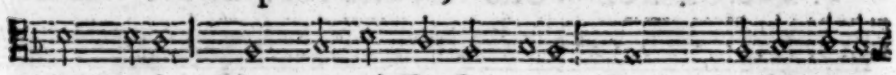
Le camp des ennemis épars, Épouvanté de



toutes parts, Fuira devant ſa face. On verra



tout ce camp s'enfuir, Comme l'on voit s'é-



vanouir, Une épaiſſe fumée; Comme la cire



fond au feu, Ainſi des méchans, devant Dieu,



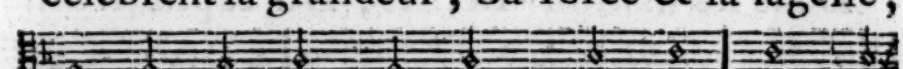
La force eſt conſumée.



2. Mais, en préſence du Seigneur, Les bons



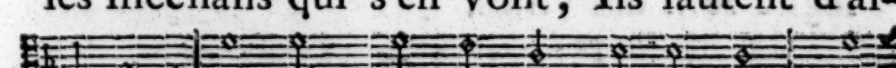
célèbrent ſa grandeur, Sa force & ſa ſageſſe;



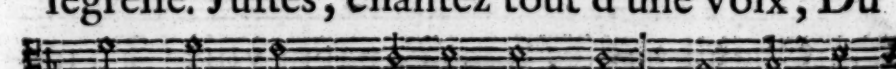
Et dans les vifs tranſports qu'ils ont, De voir



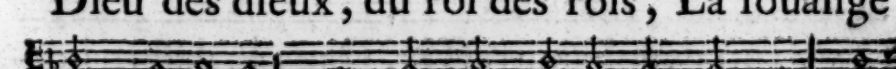
les méchans qui s'en vont, Ils ſautent d'al-



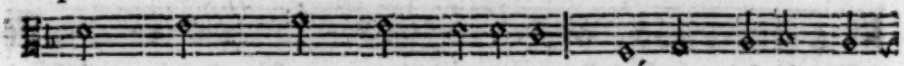
légreſſe. Juſtes, chantez tout d'une voix, Du



Dieu des dieux, du roi des rois, La louange



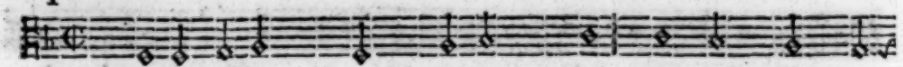
immortelle; Car ſur la nue il eſt porté, Et,



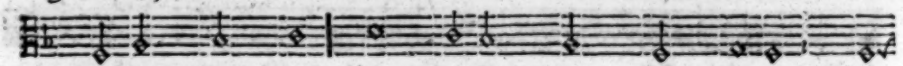
d'un nom plein de majeſté, L'Éternel il s'ap-



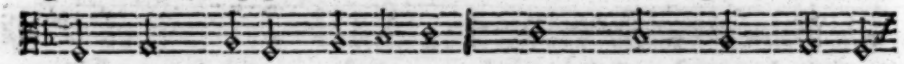
pelle.



3. Réjouiſſez-vous devant lui: Il eſt des or-



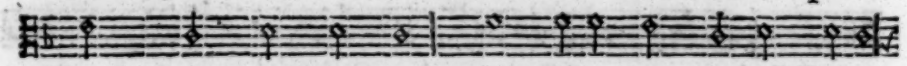
phelins l'appui, Le défenſeur, le père; Des



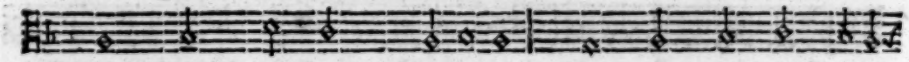
veuves l'aſile aſſuré; Dans les cieux il eſt



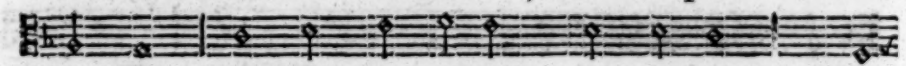
adoré, Et dans ſon ſanctuaire. Ce Dieu puiſ-



ſant, par ſa bonté, Ramène la fécondité,



Dans les maiſons ſtériles; Du captif il briſe



les fers; il tient le rebelle aux déſerts, Re-

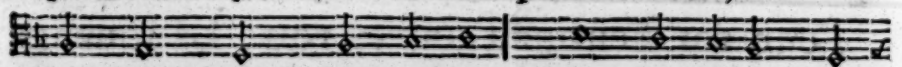


légué loin des villes.

PAUSE I.



4. Quand par tes ſoins & par ta voix; Tu me-



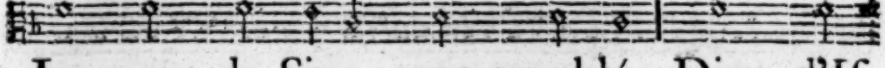
nas ton peuple autrefois, Dans le déſert hor-



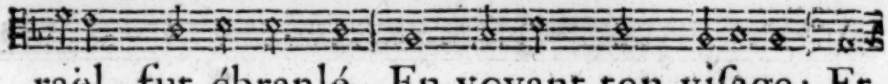
rible; Les cieux fondirent en ſueur. La terre



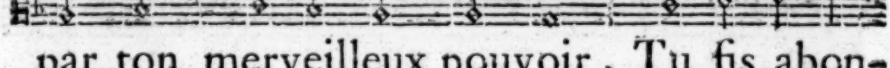
trembla de frayeur, A ton aſpect terrible :



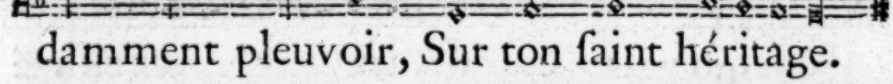
Le mont de Sina, tout troublé, Dieu d'Iſ-



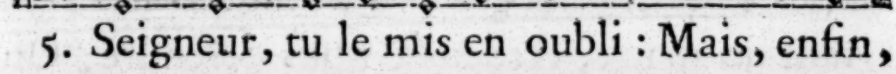
raël, fut ébranlé, En voyant ton viſage; Et



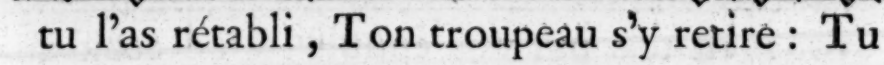
par ton merveilleux pouvoir, Tu fis abon-



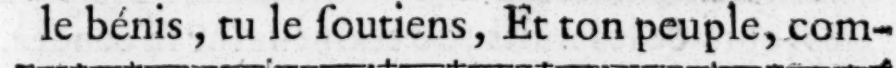
damment pleuvoir, Sur ton ſaint héritage.



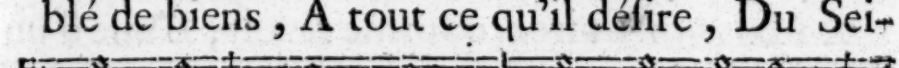
5. Seigneur, tu le mis en oubli : Mais, enfin,



tu l'as rétabli, Ton troupeau s'y retire : Tu



le bénis, tu le ſoutiens, Et ton peuple, com-



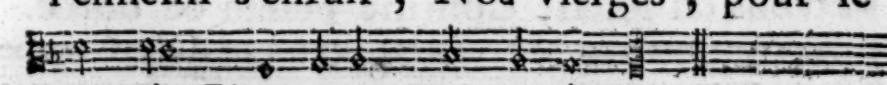
blé de biens, A tout ce qu'il déſire, Du Sei-



gneur les exploits divers, Ont fait parler tout



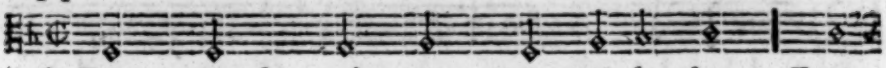
l'univers, La fête fut publique, Quand voyant



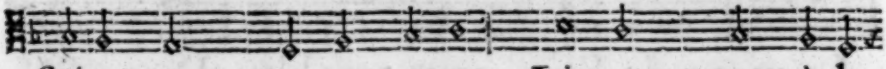
l'ennemi s'enfuir, Nos vierges, pour ſe



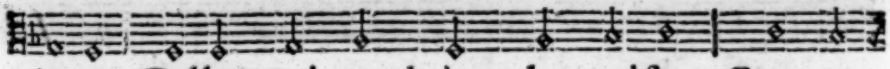
réjouir Chanterent ce cantique :



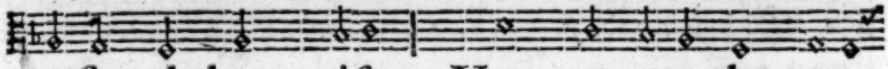
6. Les grands rois ont tourné le dos, Leur



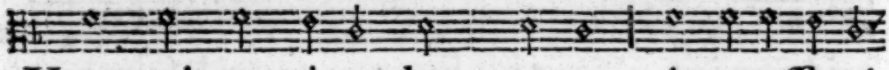
fuite nous met en repos; Livrons-nous à la



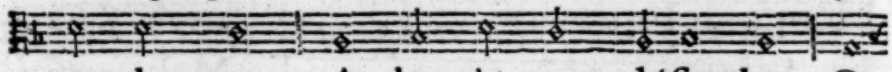
joye. Celles qui gardoient la maiſon, Sortant,



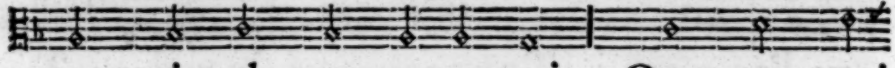
enfin, de leur priſon, Vont partager la proye.



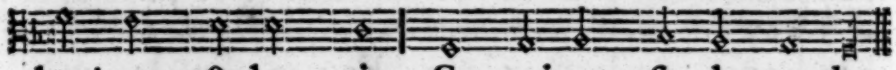
Vous qui parmi ces durs travaux, Avez eſſuyé



tant de maux, Ardens à nous défendre; On



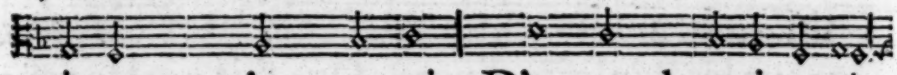
vous vit tels par vos ennuis, Que ceux qui



les jours & les nuits, Se trainent ſur la cendre.



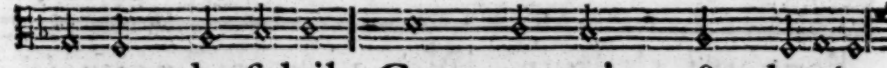
7. Mais vous luirez, comme feroit, L'aile d'un



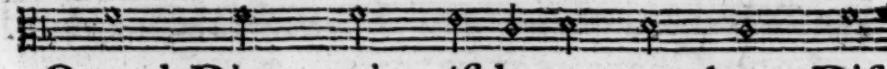
pigeon, qu'on verroit, D'argent bruni parée;



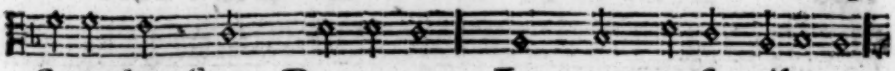
Et qui d'un émail ſans pareil, Se montre aux



rayons du ſoleil, Comme peinte & dorée.



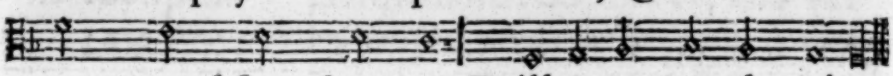
Quand Dieu, qui préſide aux combats, Diſ-



ſipa des fiers Potentats, La troupe ſacrilège,



Tous le pays devint plus beau, Que n'eſt Sal-

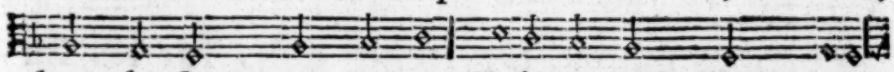


mon, quand ſon chapeau, Brille couvert de neige.

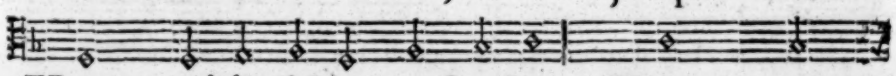
PAUSE. II.



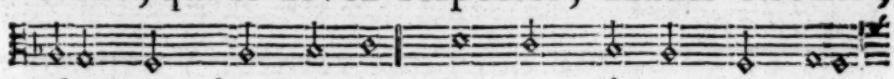
8. Le mont de Dieu paſſe en beauté, Baſan,



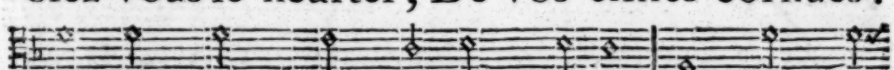
dont le ſommet vanté, S'élève juſqu'aux nues.



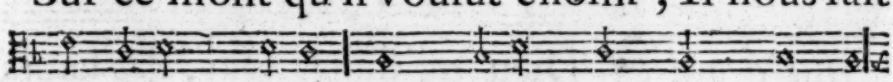
Vous, qui le devez reſpecter, Hauts monts,



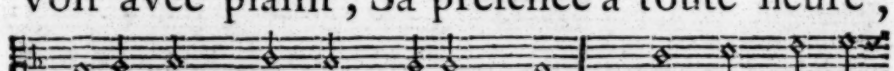
oſez-vous le heurter, De vos cimes cornues?



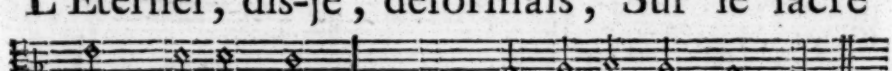
Sur ce mont qu'il voulut choiſir, Il nous fait



voir avec plaiſir, Sa préſence à toute heure;



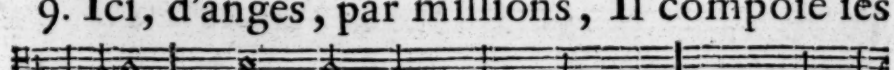
L'Éternel, dis-je, déſormais, Sur le ſacré



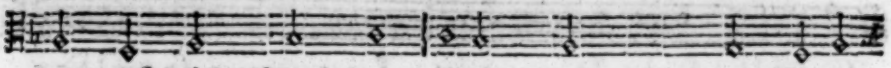
mont, à jamais, Veut faire ſa demeure.



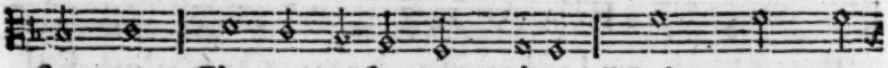
9. Ici, d'anges, par millions, Il compoſe ſes



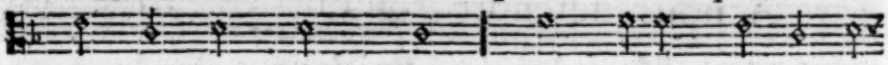
légions, Qui font ce qu'il déſire; Et, parmi



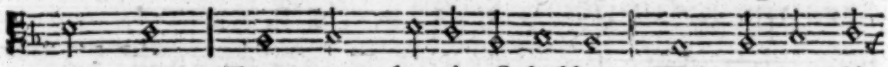
ces eſprits heureux, Ici, comme en Sina,



ſur eux, S'exerce ſon empire. Vainqueur tu



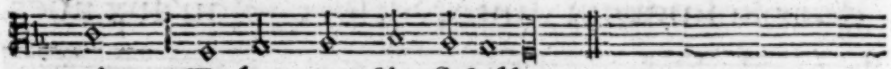
montas aux ſaints lieux ; Tu menas captifs à



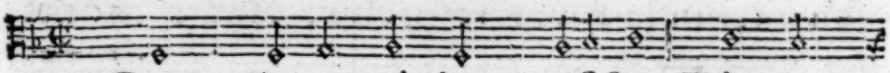
nos yeux, Les peuples infidelles ; Tu répandis



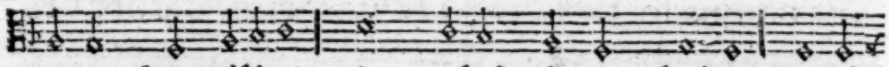
à pleines mains, De riches dons ſur les hu-



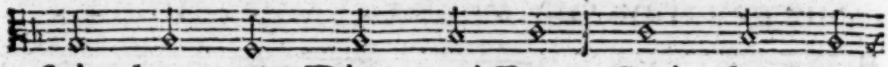
mains, Et les rendis fidelles.



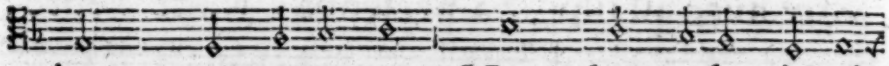
10. Ceux même qui t'ont réſiſté, Viennent,



avec humilité, Au palais de ta gloire. Béni



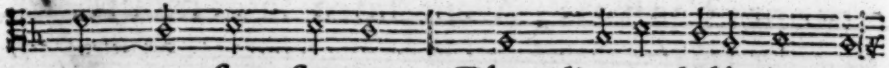
ſoit donc ce Dieu puiſſant, Qui, des hauts



cieux, nous exauçant, Nous donne la victoi-



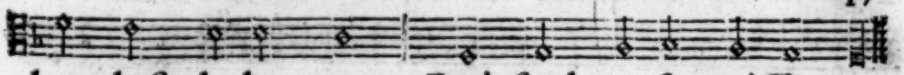
re. L'Éternel eſt notre recours ; Nous obte-



nons par ſon ſecours, Plus d'une délivrance ;



C'eſt lui, qui fut notre ſupport, Et qui tient



les clefs de la mort, Lui ſeul en ſa puiſſance.

PAUSE III.



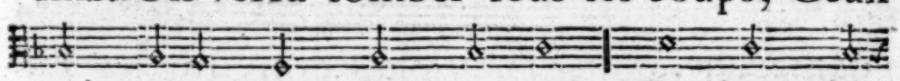
11. A nous défendre toujours prompt, Il



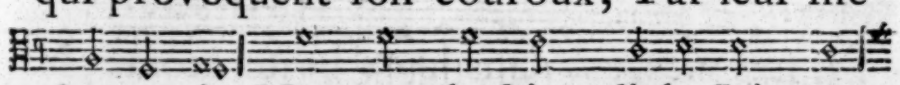
frappe le ſupperbe front, De la troupe enne-



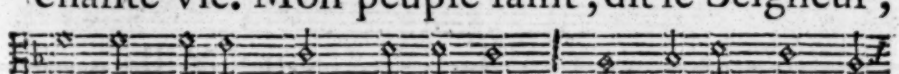
mie. On verra tomber ſous ſes coups, Ceux



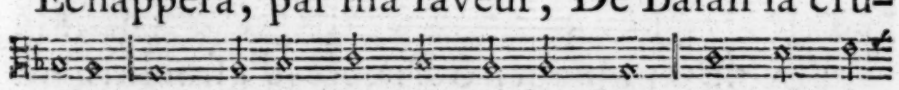
qui provoquent ſon couroux, Par leur mé-



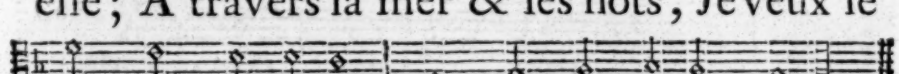
chante vie. Mon peuple ſaint, dit le Seigneur,



Échappera, par ma faveur, De Baſan la cru-



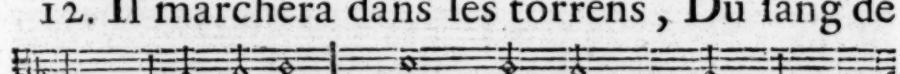
elle; A travers la mer & les flots, Je veux le



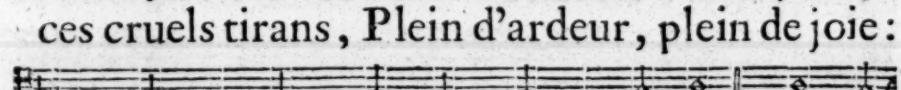
conduire au repos, Où ma bonté l'appelle.



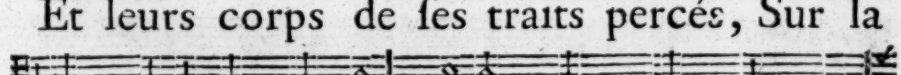
12. Il marchera dans les torrens, Du ſang de



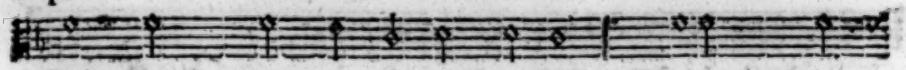
ces cruels tirans, Plein d'ardeur, plein de joie:



Et leurs corps de ſes traits percés, Sur la



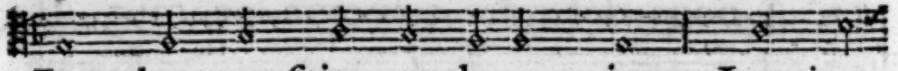
pouſſière renverſſés ſeront des chiens la proie.



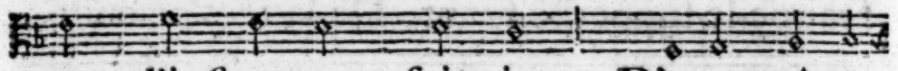
Seigneur, on te vit autrefois, Triomphant,



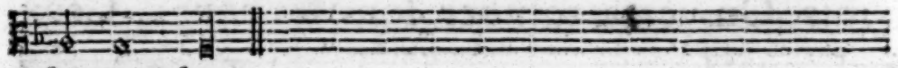
après mille exploits, Marcher avec ton arche:



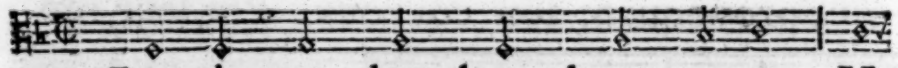
Les chantres ſaints te devançoient, Les jou-



eurs d'inſtrumens ſuivoient, D'une même



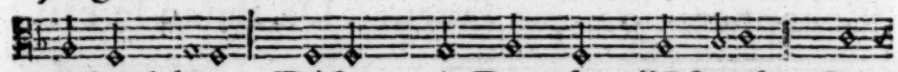
démarche.



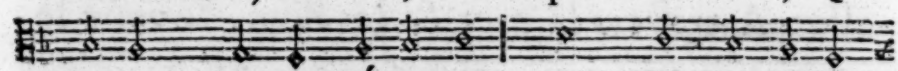
13. Les vierges, dans leurs beaux atours, Y



joignoient, au ſon des tambours, Mille voix



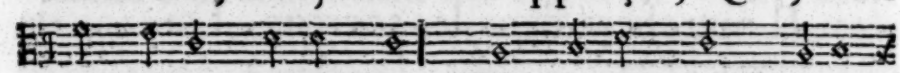
redoublées; Diſant, ô Peuple d'Iſraël, Que



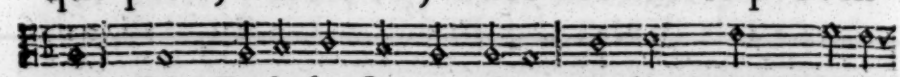
chacun chante l'Éternel, Aux ſaintes aſſem-



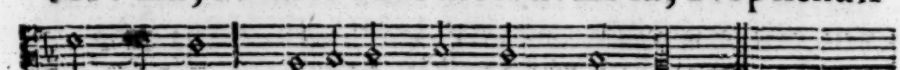
blées. Là, Benjamin fut apperçu, Qui, bien



que petit, s'étoit vu, Chef des autres provin-

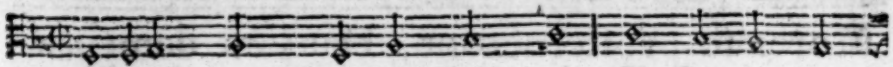


ces: Là, Juda le fort arriva: Et là, Nephthali

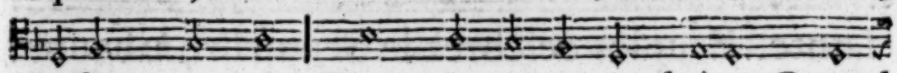


ſe trouva, Zabulon & ſes princes.

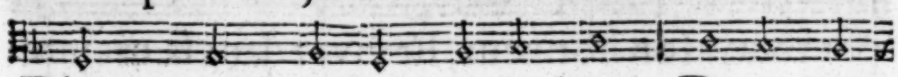
PAUSE IV.



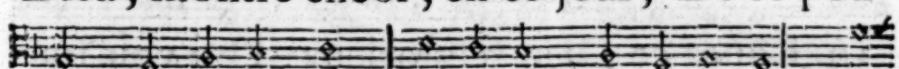
14 Iſraël, ton Dieu t'a fait voir, Et ſon amour,



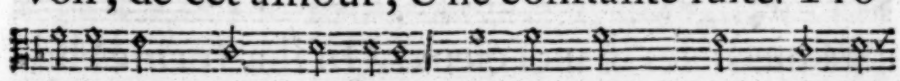
& ſon pouvoir, Dans toute ta conduite. Grand



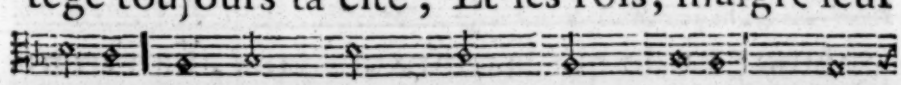
Dieu, montre encor, en ce jour, De ce pou-



voir, de cet amour, Une conſtante ſuite. Pro-



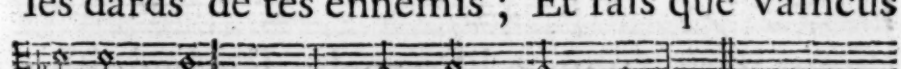
tège toujours ta cité, Et les rois, malgré leur



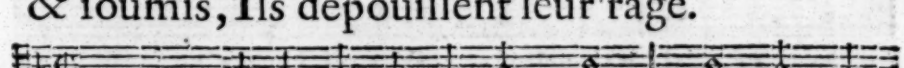
fierté, Te viendront rendre hommage: Romps



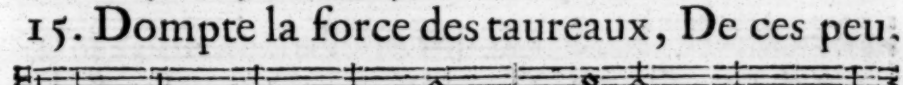
les dards de tes ennemis; Et fais que vaincus



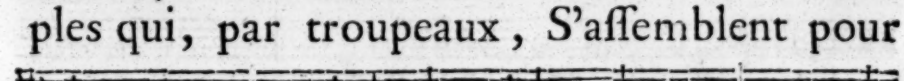
& ſoumis, Ils dépouillent leur rage.



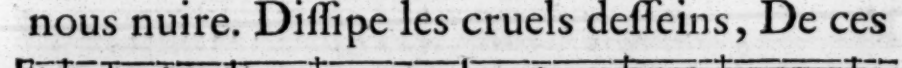
15. Dompte la force des taureaux, De ces peu-



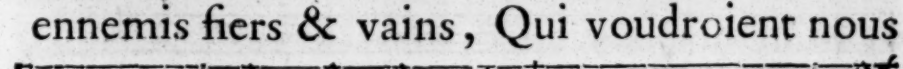
ples qui, par troupeaux, S'aſſemblent pour



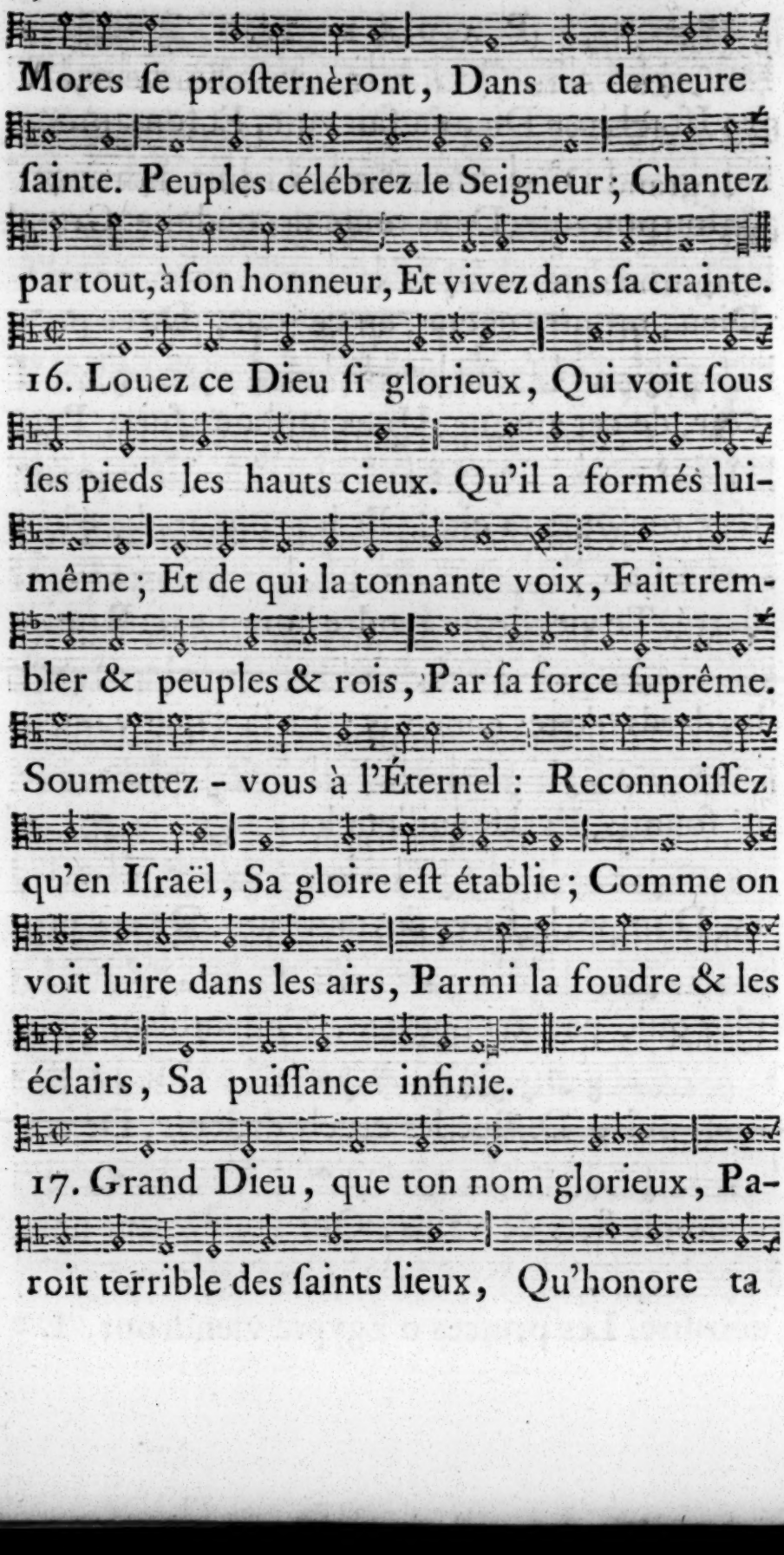
nous nuire. Diſſipe les cruels deſſeins, De ces



ennemis fiers & vains, Qui voudroient nous

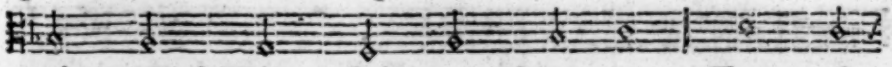


détruire. Les princes d'Égypte viendront, Le

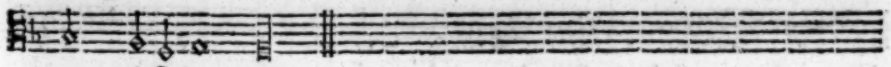

Mores ſe proſternèront, Dans ta demeure
ſainte. Peuples célébrez le Seigneur; Chantez
par tout, à ſon honneur, Et vivez dans ſa crainte.
16. Louez ce Dieu ſi glorieux, Qui voit ſous
ſes pieds les hauts cieux. Qu'il a formés lui-
même; Et de qui la tonnante voix, Fait trem-
bler & peuples & rois, Par ſa force ſuprême.
Soumettez-vous à l'Éternel: Reconnoiſſez
qu'en Iſraël, Sa gloire eſt établie; Comme on
voit luire dans les airs, Parmi la foudre & les
éclairs, Sa puiſſance infinie.
17. Grand Dieu, que ton nom glorieux, Pa-
roit terrible des ſaints lieux, Qu'honore ta



préſence ! A toi, qui fais notre bonheur, A



toi, grand Dieu, ſoit tout honneur, Force &



magnificence.

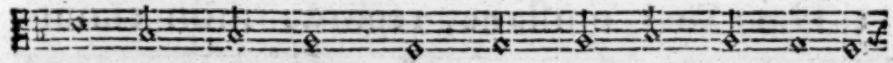
PSEAUME LXIX.



ACcorde-moi, Seigneur, un prompt ſe-



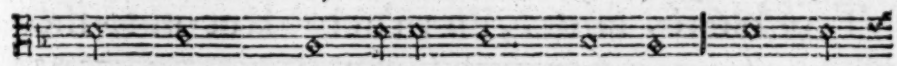
cours, Viens délivrer celui qui te reclame :



Couvert de flots, & prêt de rendre l'ame,



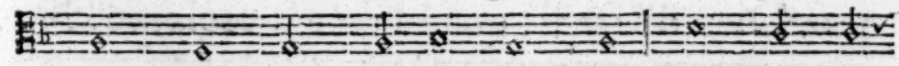
Dans le limon je m'enfonce toujours. L'onde



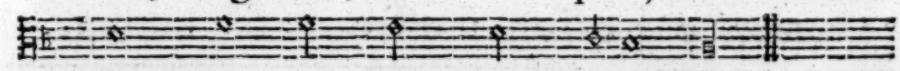
m'emporte ; & déjà foible & las, Je perds



l'halaine à force de me plaindre : A mon ſe-



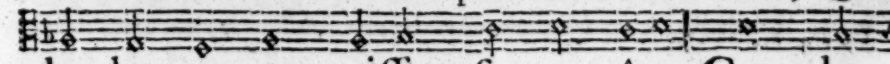
cours, Seigneur, tu ne viens pas ; La voix me



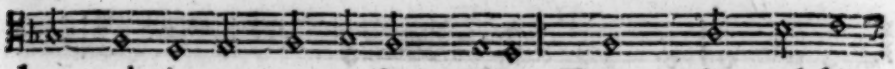
manque & mes yeux vont s'éteindre.



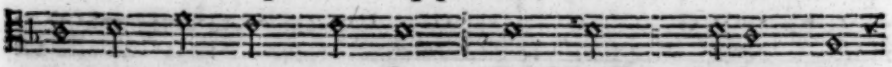
2. Plus d'ennemis me pourſuivent à tort, Que



de cheveux ne croiſſent ſur ma tête ; Ceux dont



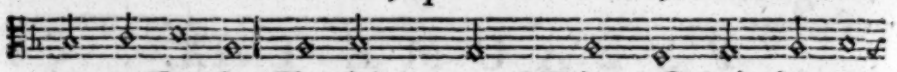
la main à ma perte s'apprête, Pour m'accabler,



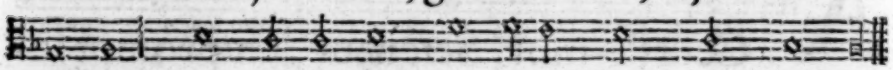
ont un nouveau renfort : Je ſouffre, hélas ! ſans



l'avoir mérité. Toi, qui vois tout, tu connois



mon offenſe ; Tu ſais, grand Dieu, ſi j'ai rien at-



tenté, Qui dût ainſi m'attirer leur vengeance.



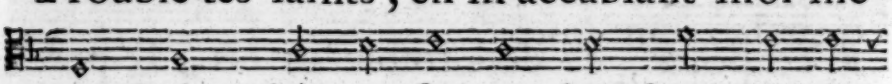
3. Dieu tout puiſſant, regarde mon ennui ;



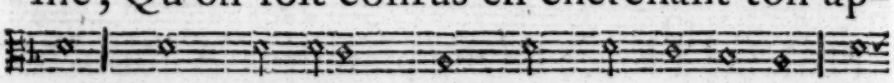
Ne permets pas que mon malheur extrême,



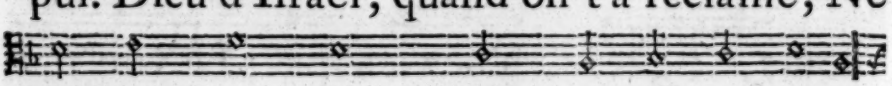
Trouble tes ſaints, en m'accablant moi-mê-



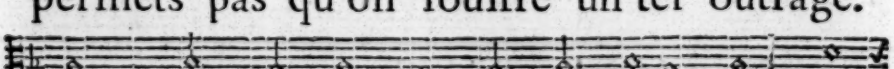
me, Qu'on ſoit confus en cherchant ton ap-



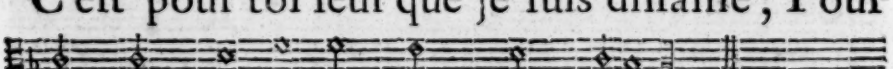
pui. Dieu d'Iſraël, quand on t'a reclamé, Ne



permets pas qu'on ſouffre un tel outrage.

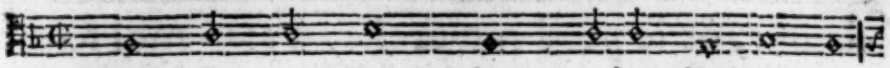


C'eſt pour toi ſeul que je ſuis diffamé ; Pour

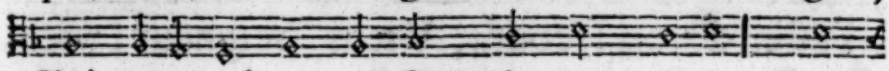


toi, la honte a couvert mon viſage.

PAUSE I.



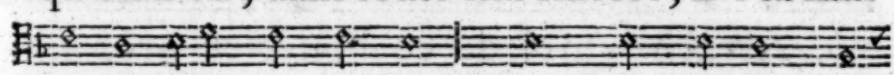
4. Ceux de mon ſang m'ont traité d'étranger ;



J'ai paru tel aux enfans de ma mère, Lorſ-



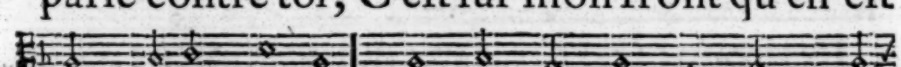
qu'on a vu, dans toute ma misère, De ta mai-



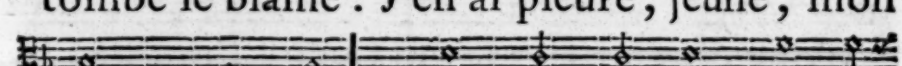
ſon le zèle me ronger. Quand les pervers ont



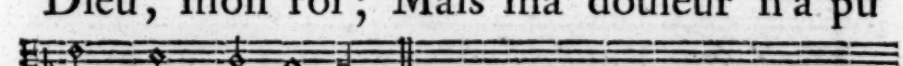
parlé contre toi, C'eſt ſur mon front qu'en eſt



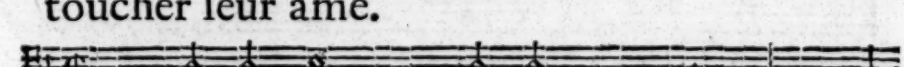
tombé le blâme : J'en ai pleuré, jeûné, mon



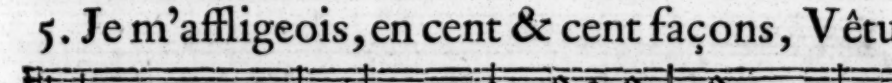
Dieu, mon roi ; Mais ma douleur n'a pu



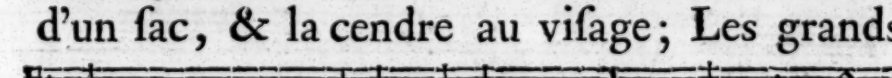
toucher leur ame.



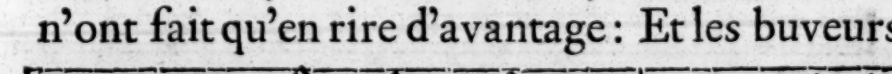
5. Je m'affligeois, en cent & cent façons, Vêtu



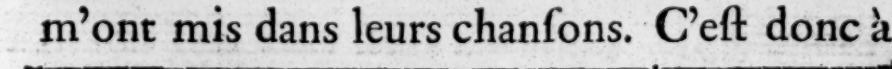
d'un ſac, & la cendre au viſage ; Les grands



n'ont fait qu'en rire d'avantage : Et les buveurs



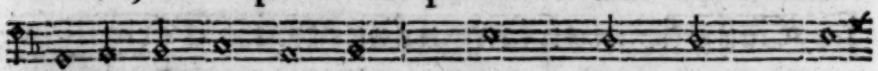
m'ont mis dans leurs chanſons. C'eſt donc à



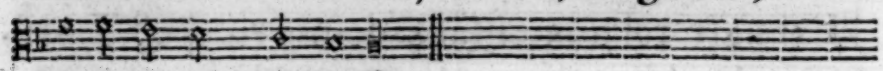
toi, mon Dieu, que j'ai recours ; J'attens ton



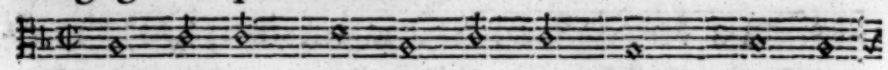
heure, & le péril me preſſe: Fais-moi ſentir



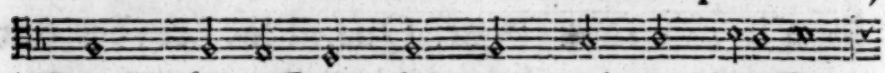
l'effet de ton ſecours; Viens, Seigneur, viens



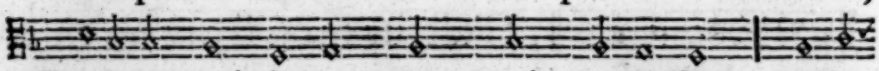
dégager ta promeſſe.



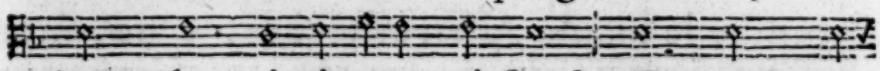
6. Arrache-moi de ce bourbier profond;



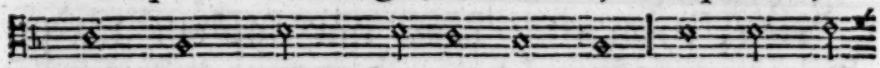
Romps les efforts de ceux qui me haïſſent;



Retire-moi de ces eaux qui groſſiſſent, Elles



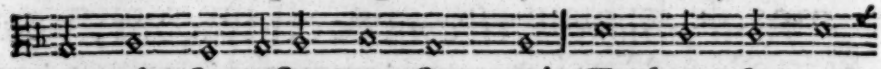
n'ont plus ni rivage, ni fond; Empêche, ô



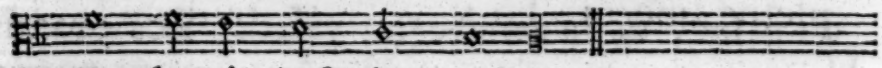
Dieu, que l'onde, où je me vois, Ne me ſur-



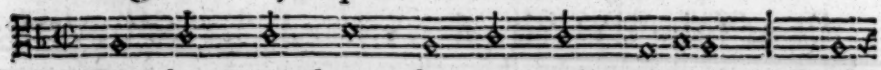
monte, & qu'au gouffre je n'entre; On le



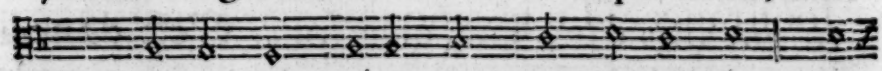
verroit ſe refermer ſur moi, Et dans ſes eaux



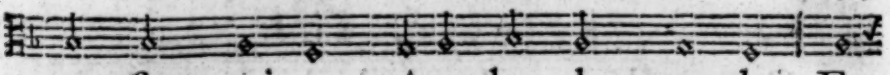
m'engloutir juſqu'au centre.



7. Par la grandeur de tes compaſſions, Dai-



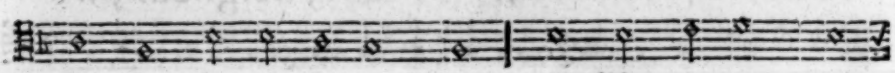
gne, en ce jour, écouter mes demandes; Ré-



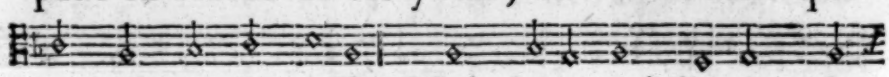
pans ſur moi tes grâces les plus grandes, Et



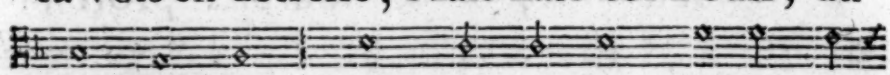
me ſoutien dans mes afflictions. Ne cache



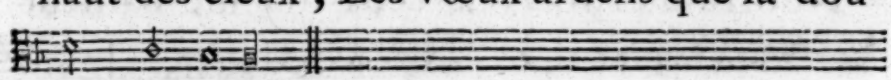
plus la clarté de tes yeux, A l'innocent que



tu vois en détreſſe; Mais hâte-toi d'ouïr, du

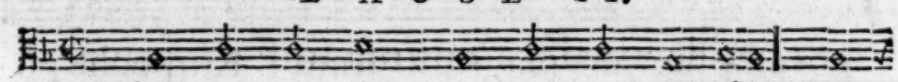


haut des cieux, Les vœux ardens que ſa dou-



leur t'adreſſe.

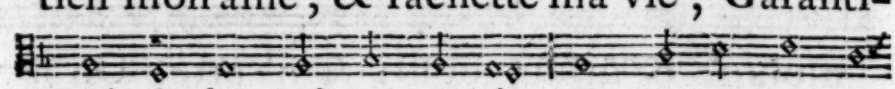
PAUSE II.



8. Viens à mon aide, en cette extrêmité; Sou-



tien mon ame, & rachette ma vie; Garanti-



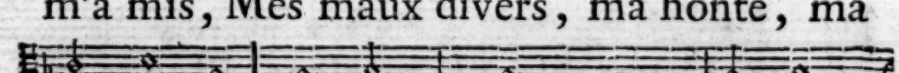
moi de la main ennemie, Et me remets en



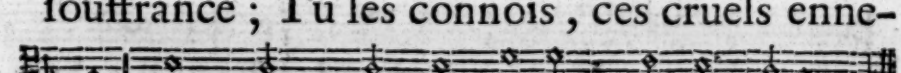
pleine liberté. Tu vois l'état, où leur fureur



m'a mis, Mes maux divers, ma honte, ma



ſouffrance; Tu les connois, ces cruels enne-



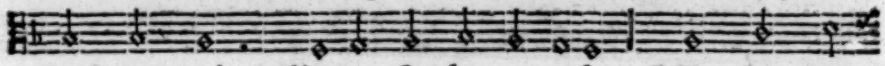
mis; Ce qu'ils me font ſe paſſe en ta préſence.



9. Ce grand opprobre a déchiré mon cœur:



En vain j'attends qu'un ami me conſole ; Un



ſeul jamais, d'une ſeule parole, N'a de ma



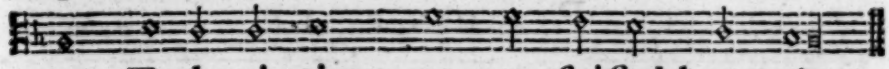
peine adouci la rigueur. De ces méchans, qui



veulent mon trépas, Juſqu'à la fin j'ai la rage-



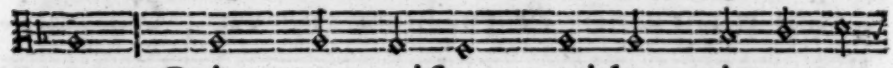
'éprouvée ; Ils m'ont donné du fiel en mon re-



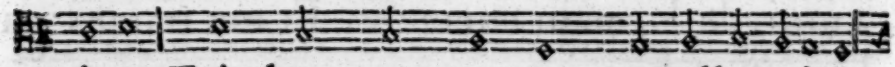
pas, Et de vinaigre ont ma ſoif abbreuvée.



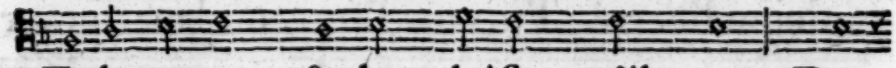
10. Fais, qu'à leur tour, les feſtins qu'ils fe-



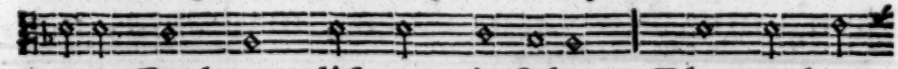
ront, Soient un poiſon, qui leur vie exter-



mine ; Fais-leur tourner en mortelle ruine,



Et le repos, & les plaiſirs qu'ils ont, Pour

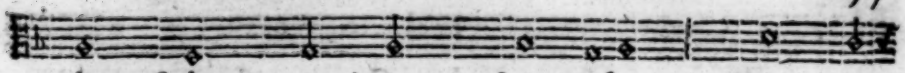


étouffer leurs diſcours inſolens, Plonge leurs

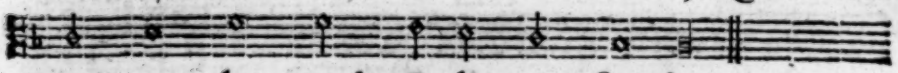


yeux dans une nuit profonde, Fais que leurs

reins

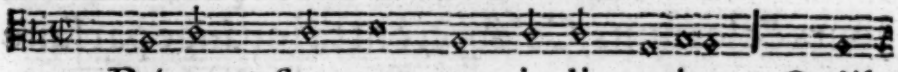


reins ſoient toujours chancelans, Que ton

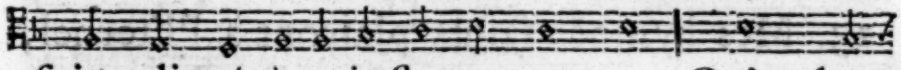


courroux les perde & les confonde.

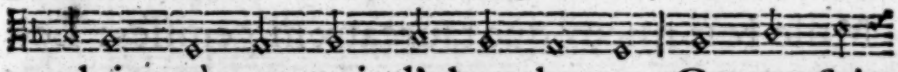
PAUSE III.



11. Répans ſur eux ton indignation; Qu'ils



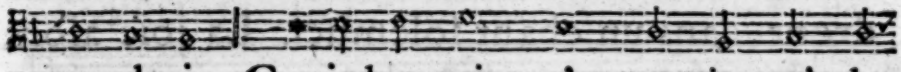
ſoient livrés à ta juſte vengeance; Qu'en leur



palais, où regnoit l'abondance, Ce ne ſoit



plus que déſolation. Car d'inſulter le fidelle



aux abois, Ces inhumains n'eurent jamais de



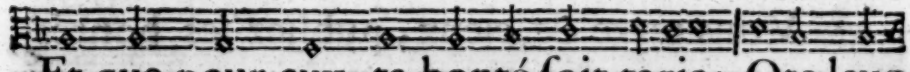
honte; Et ſi ta main le frappe quelquefois,



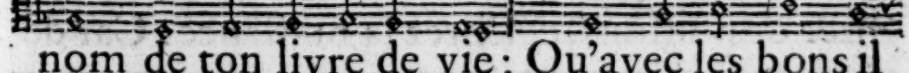
Loin de le plaindre, ils en vont faire un conte.



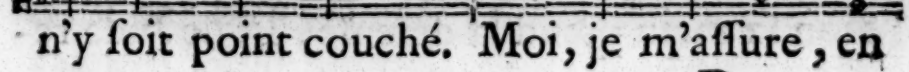
12. Mets mal ſur mal, pour punir leur péché;



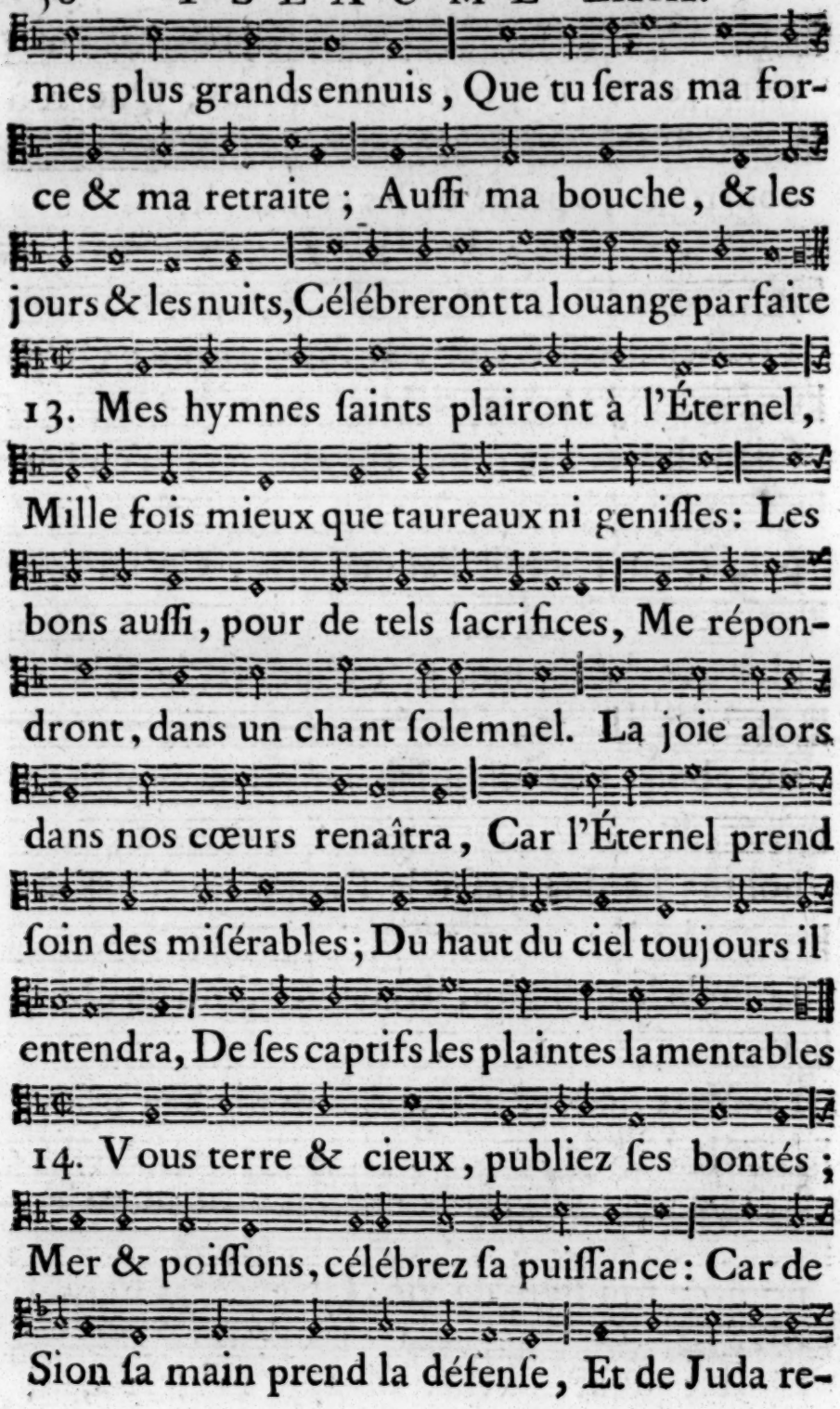
Et que pour eux, ta bonté ſoit tarie; Ote leur



nom de ton livre de vie; Qu'avec les bons il



n'y ſoit point couché. Moi, je m'aſſure, en



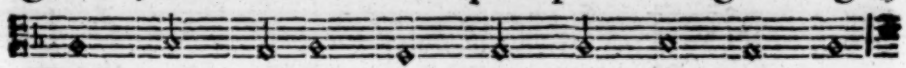
mes plus grands ennuis, Que tu ſeras ma for-
ce & ma retraite; Auſſi ma bouche, & les
jours & les nuits, Célébreront ta louange parfaite
13. Mes hymnes ſaints plairont à l'Éternel,
Mille fois mieux que taureaux ni geniſſes: Les
bons auſſi, pour de tels ſacrifices, Me répon-
dront, dans un chant ſolemnel. La joie alors
dans nos cœurs renaîtra, Car l'Éternel prend
ſoin des miſérables; Du haut du ciel toujours il
entendra, De ſes captifs les plaintes lamentables
14. Vous terre & cieux, publiez ſes bontés;
Mer & poiſſons, célébrez ſa puiſſance: Car de
Sion ſa main prend la défenſe, Et de Juda re-



bâtit les cités. Là ſe verront les élus du Sei-



gneur, Eux & leurs fils proſpérer d'âge en âge.



Tous ceux, enfin, qui cherchent ſon honneur,

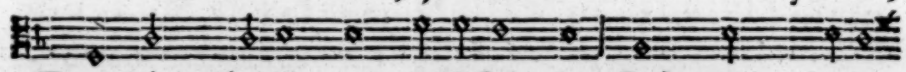


Poſſéderont la terre en héritage.

PSEAUME LXX.



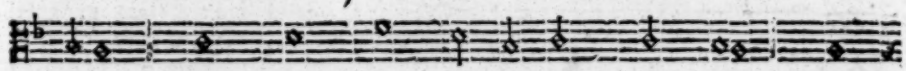
GRand Dieu, je m'abas ſous tes yeux,



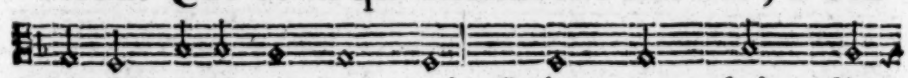
Pour implorer ton aſſiſtance; Seigneur, hâte



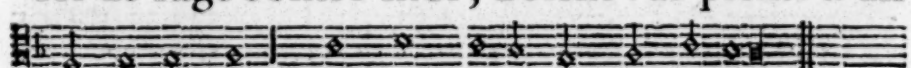
ma délivrance; Viens confondre mes en-



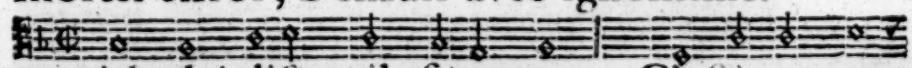
vieux. Que ceux qui ménacent ma vie, Pouſ-



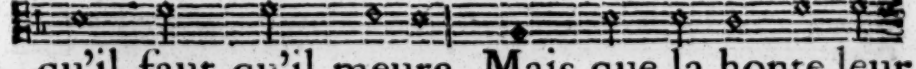
ſés de rage contre moi, Soient vus pleins d'un



mortel effroi, S'enfuir avec ignominie.



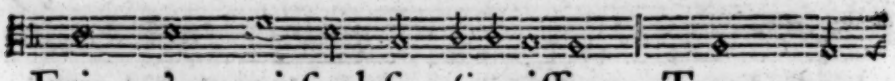
2. Ah ah! diſent-ils fièrement, C'eſt à ce coup



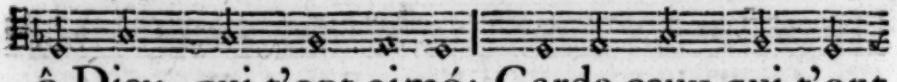
qu'il faut qu'il meure. Mais que la honte leur



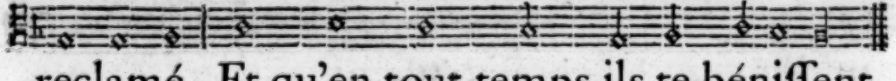
demeure, Pour prix de leur emportement.



Fais qu'en toi ſeul ſe réjouiſſent, Tous ceux,



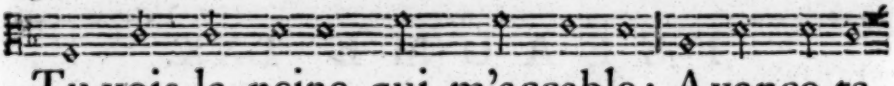
ô Dieu, qui t'ont aimé; Garde ceux qui t'ont



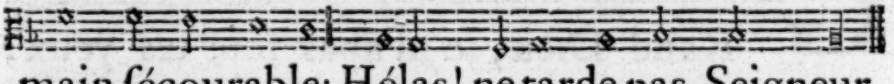
reclamé, Et qu'en tout temps ils te béniſſent.



3. Grand Dieu, mon aide, & mon Sauveur,

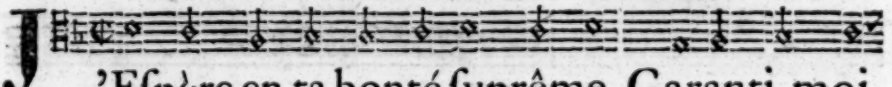


Tu vois la peine qui m'accable: Avance ta

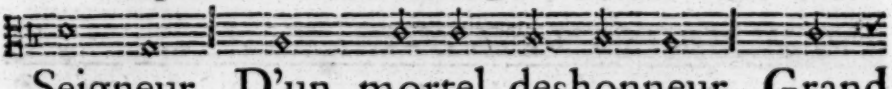


main ſécourable; Hélas! ne tarde pas, Seigneur.

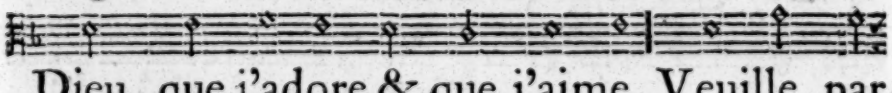
PSEAUME LXXI.



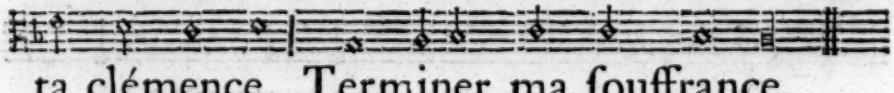
J'Eſpère en ta bonté ſuprême, Garanti-moi,



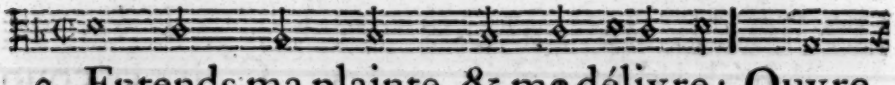
Seigneur, D'un mortel deshonneur. Grand



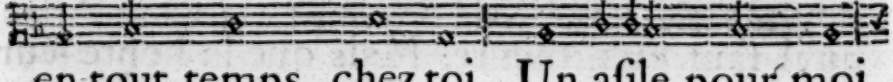
Dieu, que j'adore & que j'aime, Veuille, par



ta clémence, Terminer ma ſouffrance.



2. Entends ma plainte, & me délivre; Ouvre,



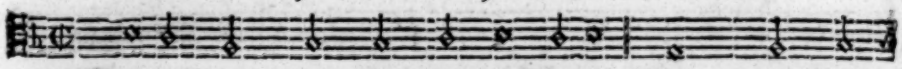
en tout temps, chez toi, Un aſile pour moi.



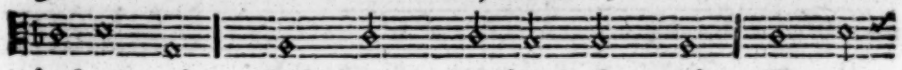
Par ton ſecours, je vais revivre; Mon Dieu



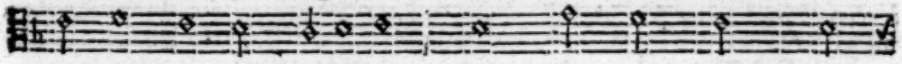
ſera ſans ceſſe, Ma tour, ma fortereſſe.



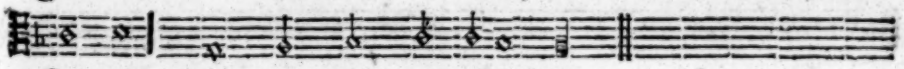
3. Garantis-moi de l'injuſtice, Du méchant



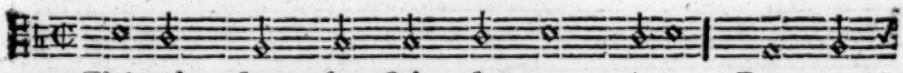
inhumain ; Seigneur, retiens ſa main, Et me



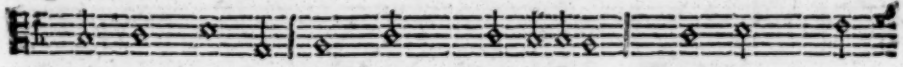
garde de ſa malice : Car, dès ma tendre en-



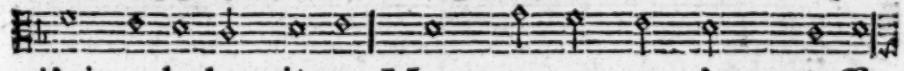
fance, J'eus en toi confiance.



4. J'étois dans le ſein de ma mère, Sur ton



bras appuyé; Je t'ai glorifié, D'abord que



j'ai vu la lumière: Mon ame encor s'empreſſe,

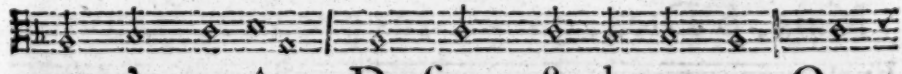


A te louer ſans ceſſe.

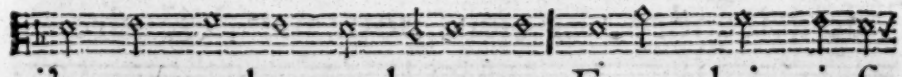
PAUSE I.



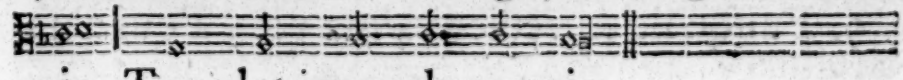
5. J'ai paſſé pour un monſtre étrange ; Mais



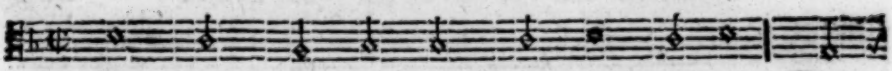
tu m'as revêtu, De force & de vertu : Que



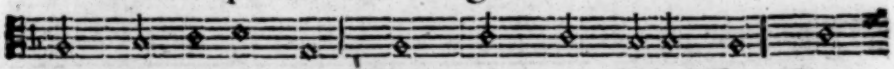
j'annonce dont ta louange ; Et ta gloire infi-



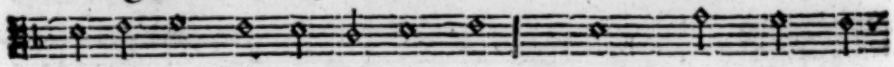
nie, Tous les jours de ma vie.



6. Au temps de ma langueur extrême, Dans



un âge avancé, M'aurois-tu délaiſſé? Que



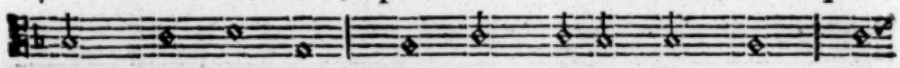
plutôt ta force ſuprême, Quand ma vigueur



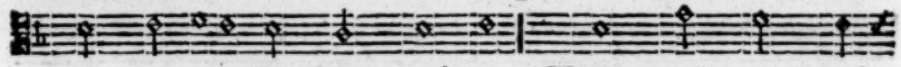
me laiſſe, Soutienne ma foibleſſe.



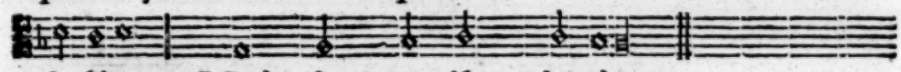
7. Ces méchans, qu'anime la haine, Propo-



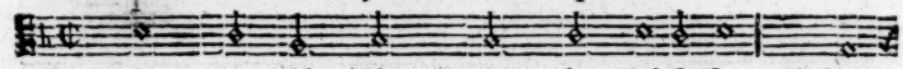
ſent, tour à tour, De me priver du jour; Et



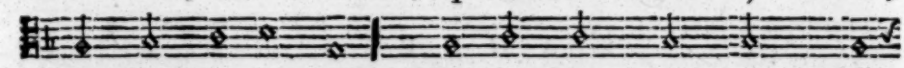
pour y réuſſir ſans peine, Tous contre moi



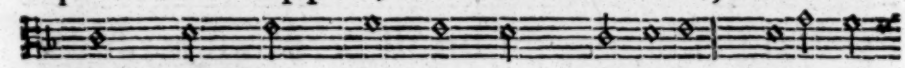
ſe lient, Nuit & jour ils m'épient.



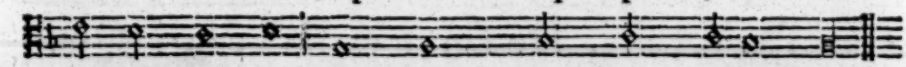
8. Vite, ont-ils dit, qu'on le ſaiſiſſe; Dieu,



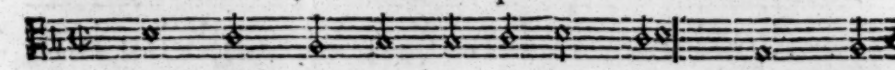
qui fut ſon appui, L'abandonne aujourd'hui.



Mais, ô Dieu, qui me fus propice, Hâte-toi



de deſcendre, Et viens pour me défendre.



9. Puiſqu'ils en veulent à ma vie, Tous d'un



commun accord, Repouſſe leur effort, Et

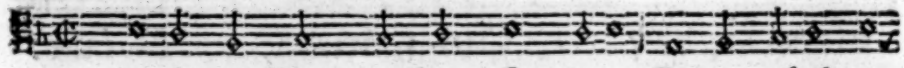


confons leur cruelle envie : Pendant qu'avec

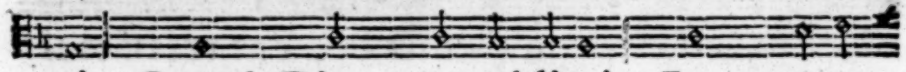


conſtance, J'attens ton aſſiſtance.

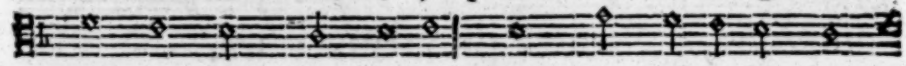
PAUSE II.



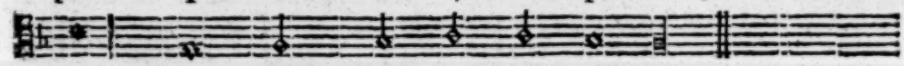
10. Animé d'une ardeur ſincère, Je te célébre-



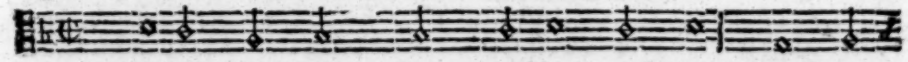
rai. Grand Dieu, je publirai, Les grâces



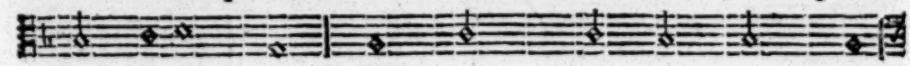
qu'il te plait me faire ; Bien que, ſi je les com-



pte, Leur nombre me ſurmonte.



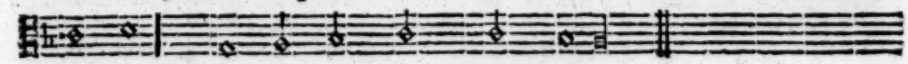
11. J'irai par tout ſans nulle crainte, Ne pen-



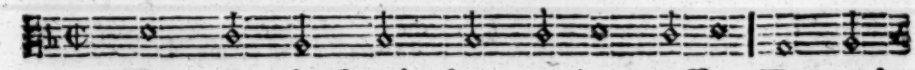
ſant déſormais, Seigneur, qu'à tes hauts faits.



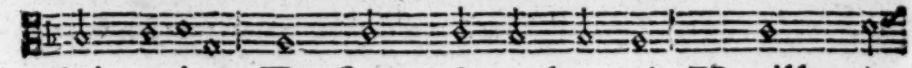
De ta juſtice pure & ſainte, Je conterai l'hiſ-



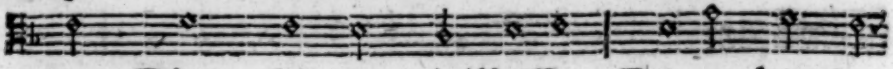
toire, Gravée en ma mémoire.



12. Tu m'as inſtruit dès ma jeuneſſe ; Et moi,



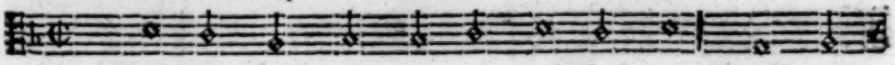
j'ai récité, Ta force & ta bonté. Veuille, ô



mon Dieu, ſur ma vieilleſſe, Répandre ta



lumière, Juſqu'à l'heure dernière.



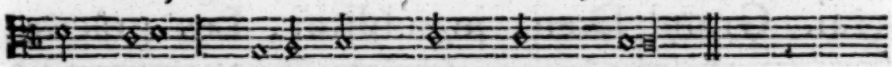
13. Laiſſe moi vanter ta puiſſance, Tant au



vivans qu'à ceux, Qui naîtront après eux:

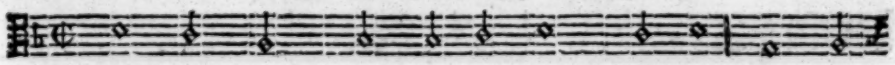


Car ta juſtice & ta clémence, Par tes faits ſi

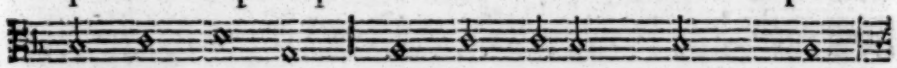


connues, S'élèvent juſqu'aux nues.

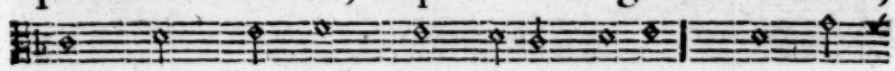
PAUSE. III.



14. Eſt-il quelqu'un à toi ſemblable? Après



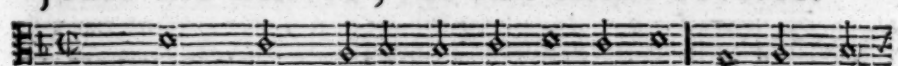
pluſieurs aſſauts, Après de ſi grands maux,



Ta main puiſſante & ſécourable, Qui tou-



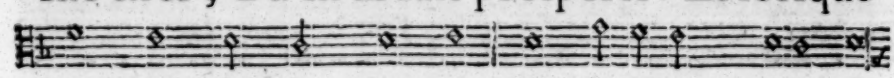
jours me délivre, Me fait encor revivre.



15. Des creux abîmes de la terre, Il t'a plu



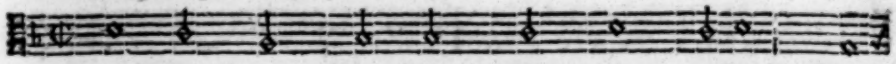
me tirer, Tu m'as fait proſpérer. Et lorſque



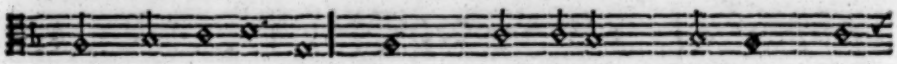
l'on m'a fait la guerre, Ta divine préſence,



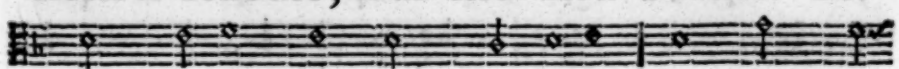
M'a rempli d'aſſurance.



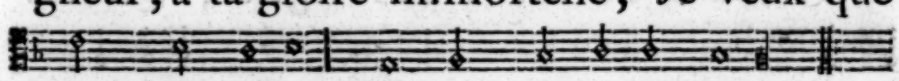
16 Auſſi dans l'ardeur de mon zèle, Ton



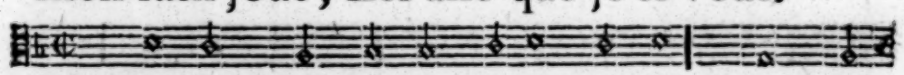
nom ſi redouté, Par moi ſera chanté. Sei-



gneur, à ta gloire immortelle, Je veux que



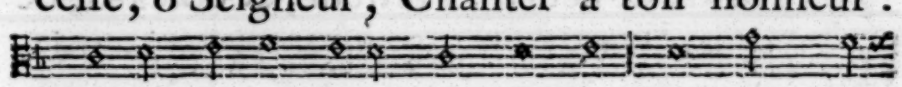
mon luth joue, Les airs que je te voue.



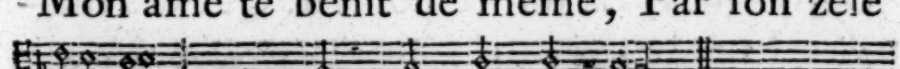
17. Ma bouche, d'une joie extrême, Veut ſans



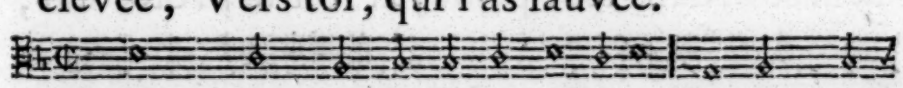
ceſſe, ô Seigneur, Chanter à ton honneur:



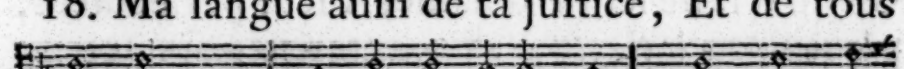
Mon ame te bénit de même, Par ſon zèle



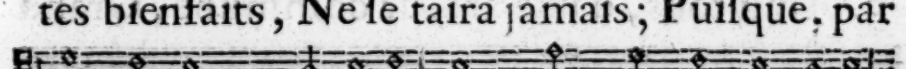
élevée, Vers toi, qui l'as ſauvée.



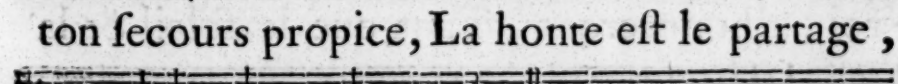
18. Ma langue auſſi de ta juſtice, Et de tous



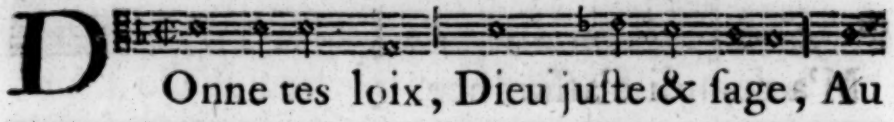
tes bienfaits, Ne ſe taira jamais; Puiſque, par



ton ſecours propice, La honte eſt le partage,



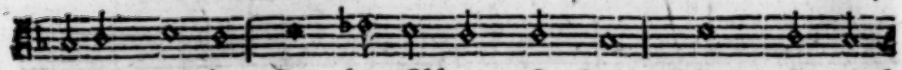
De celui qui m'outrage.



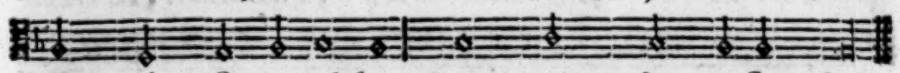
DOnne tes loix, Dieu juſte & ſage, Au roi, pour bien regner; Au fils du roi, des ſon jeune âge, Daigne les enſeigner. Qu'à ton peuple il rende juſtice, Avec intégrité; Qu'à tes pauvres il ſoit propice, Dans leur néceſſité.

2. Que l'on puiſſe voir, aux montagnes, La paix croitre & fleurir, Puiſſent, & côteaux, & campagnes, La juſtice nourrir. Que des malheureux, dans leur peine, Il ſoit le protecteur; Et qu'il faſſe ſentir ſa haine, A leur perſécuteur.

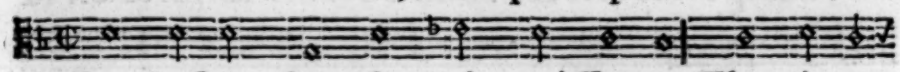
3. Ainſi tous, d'une ardeur commune, Grand roi, t'honoreront, Tant que le ſoleil & la lune, Au monde éclaireront: Telle vient la ro-



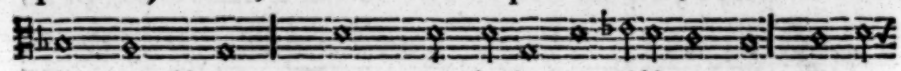
ſée aimable, Sur les ſillons ſechés; L'eau du ciel



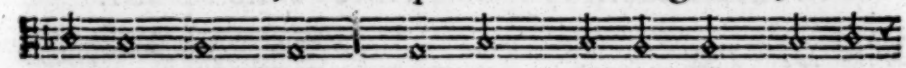
eſt moins favorable, Aux prés qu'on a fauchés.



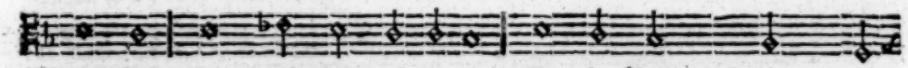
4. Les juſtes, ſous ſa main puiſſante, Fleuriront



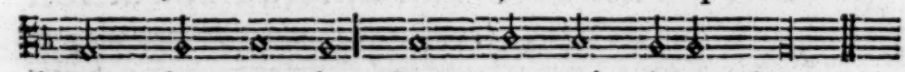
en tous lieux, Tant que la lune diligente, Fera



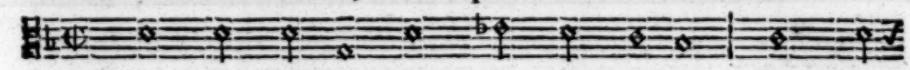
le tour des cieux. Par tout, ſur la terre & ſur



l'onde, Ce roi dominera; Et de l'Euphrate aux



bouts du monde, Son pouvoir s'étendra.



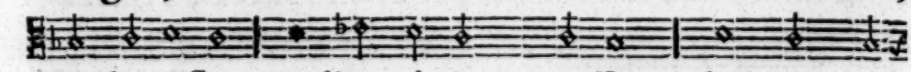
5. Ceux des déſerts les plus ſauvages, Ses plus



fiers ennemis, Viendront lui rendre leurs hom-



mages, Et lui ſeront ſoumis. Les rois de Tarſis,

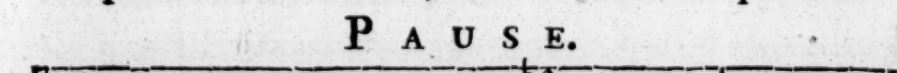


& des Iſles, A l'envi s'empreſſans; l'Arabe, &

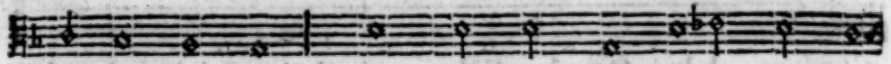


ſes plus riches villes, Lui feront des préſens.

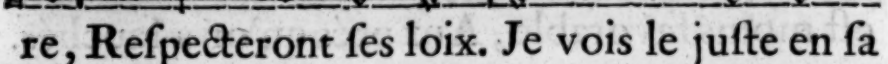
PAUSE.



6. Sans fin, du couchant à l'aurore, Les peu-



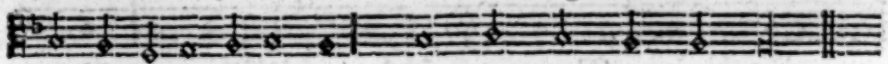
ples & les rois, Ceux de Tyr, l'Indien, le Mo-



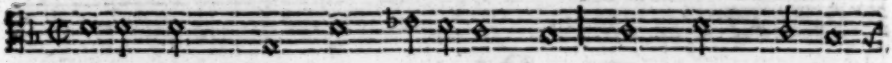
re, Reſpecteront ſes loix. Je vois le juſte en ſa



ſouffrance, N'avoir recours qu'à lui. Son bras



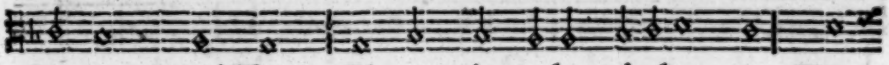
eſt la ſûre défenſe, Des foibles ſans appui.



7. Il entend les cris pitoyables, Du pauvre lan-



guiſſant; Il rend la vie aux miſérable, Par ſon



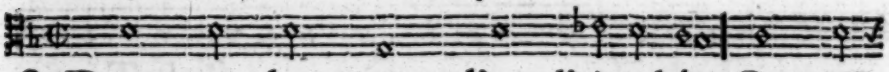
ſecours puiſſant. Il reprime la violence, Des



méchans furieux: Des bons la vie & l'inno-



cence, Sont chères à ſes yeux.



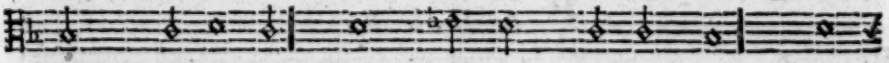
8. Dans tous les temps, l'or d'Arabie, Ses tré-



ſors remplira; Tous feront des vœux pour ſa



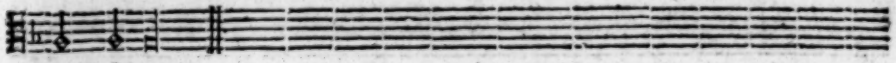
vie, Chacun le bénira. Aux monts peu de grains



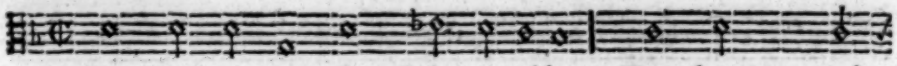
vont produire, Tant d'épics chacun an, Qu'au



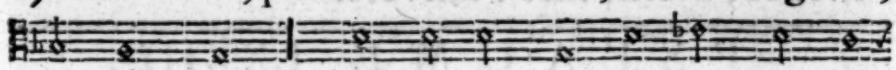
vent on entendra moins bruire, Les cendres



du Liban.



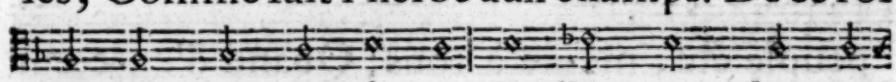
9. On verra, par ſes ſoins utiles, Les bourgeois,



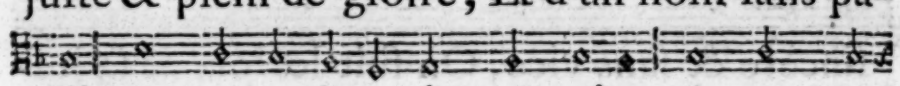
les marchands, Fleurir & croitre dans les vil-



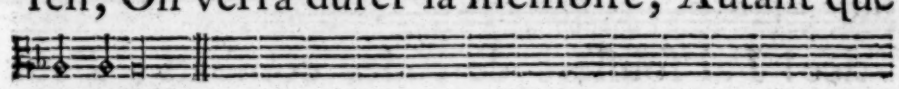
les, Comme fait l'herbe aux champs. De ce roi



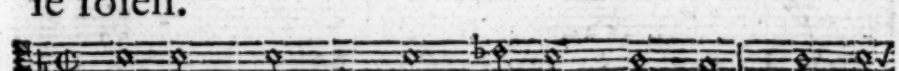
juſte & plein de gloire, Et d'un nom ſans pa-



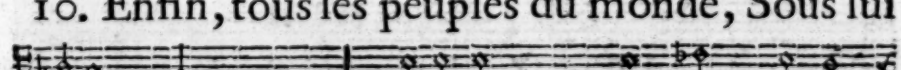
reil, On verra durer la mémoire, Autant que



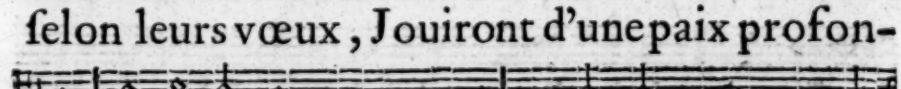
le ſoleil.



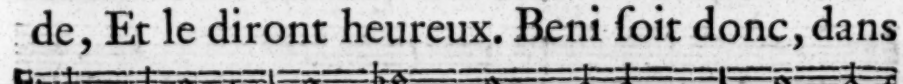
10. Enfin, tous les peuples du monde, Sous lui



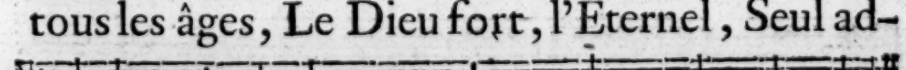
ſelon leurs vœux, Jouiront d'une paix profon-



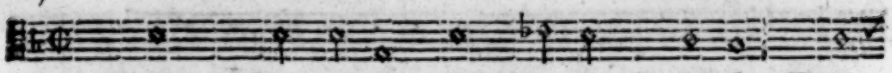
de, Et le diront heureux. Beni ſoit donc, dans



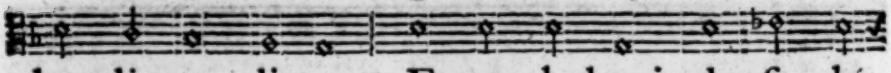
tous les âges, Le Dieu fort, l'Éternel, Seul ad-



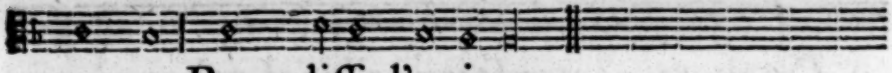
mirable en ſes ouvrages, Et ſeul Dieu d'Iſraël.



11. Qu'on chante ſa grandeur immenſe, Dans



les climats divers; Et que le bruit de ſa clé-



mence, Rempliſſe l'univers.

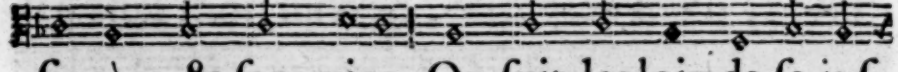
PSEAUME LXXIII.



QUe le Dieu d'Iſraël eſt doux, A ſon



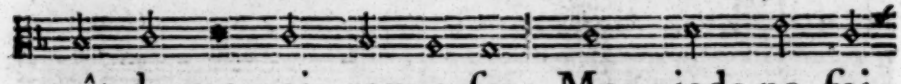
peuple élu, même à tous; Quand d'un cœur



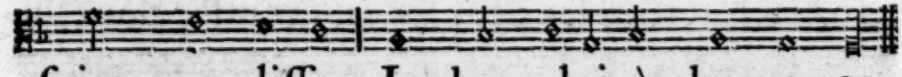
ſincère & ſans vice, On ſuit les loix de ſa juſ-



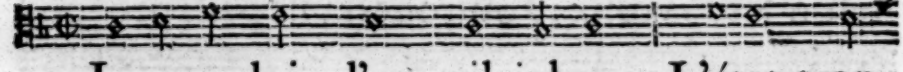
tice! J'ai ſouffert de rudes combats; Tout



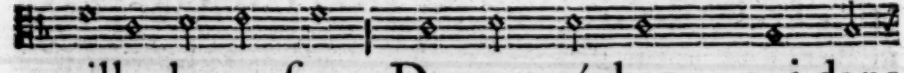
prêt de me voir renverſer; Mes pieds ne fai-



ſoient que gliſſer; Je chancelois à chaque pas.



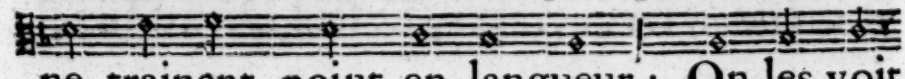
2. Je regardois d'un œil jaloux, L'état tran-



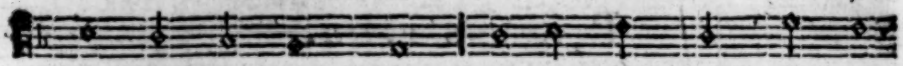
quille de ces fous, De ces méchans, qui dans



le monde, Jouiſſent d'une paix profonde. Ils



ne trainent point en langueur; On les voit



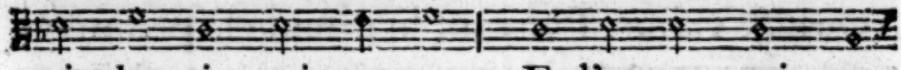
mourir ſans tourment, Et juſqu'à leur dernier



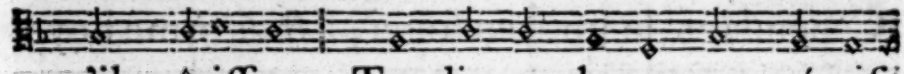
moment, Leur eſprit garde ſa vigueur.



3. Pendant qu'on ſouffre mille maux, Ils n'ont



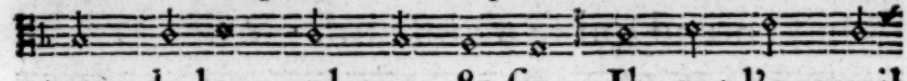
ni chagrin, ni travaux; Et l'on ne voit pas



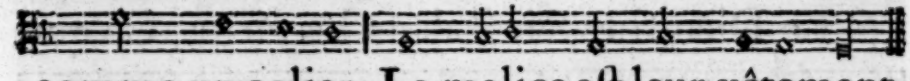
qu'ils pâtiſſent, Tandis que les autres gémiſ-



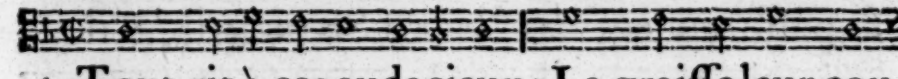
ſent. Pour parure, & pour ornement, Au-



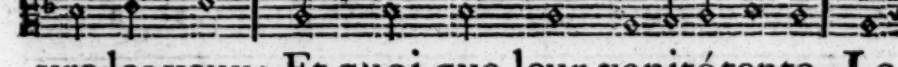
tour de leur col gros & fier, Ils ont l'orgueil



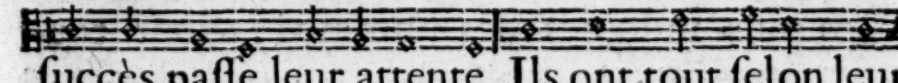
comme un colier; La malice eſt leur vêtement.



4. Tout rit à ces audacieux; La graiſſe leur cou-



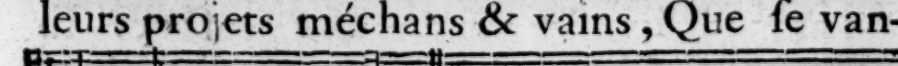
vre les yeux; Et quoi que leur vanité tente, Le



ſuccès paſſe leur attente. Ils ont tout ſelon leur



déſir; Ils ne font, ces eſprits hautains, Dans



leurs projets méchans & vains, Que ſe van-



ter, que s'applaudir.

PAUSE. I.



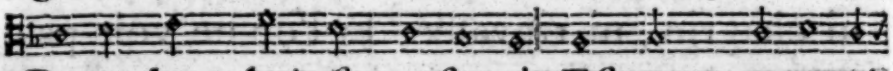
5. Leur bouche oſe bien, juſqu'au ciel, Por-



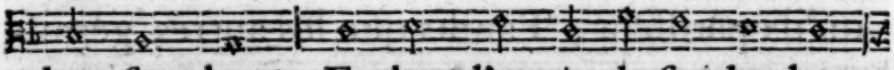
ter ſon venin & ſon fiel : Et leur langue, le-



gère & vaine, Par tout le monde ſe promène.



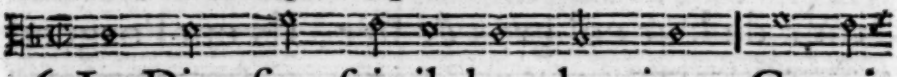
Cependant, le juſte en ſouci, Eſt comme noyé



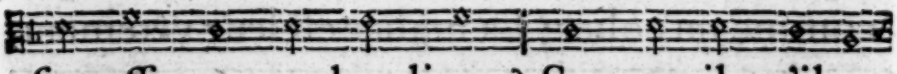
dans ſes pleurs ; Et dans l'excès de ſes douleurs,



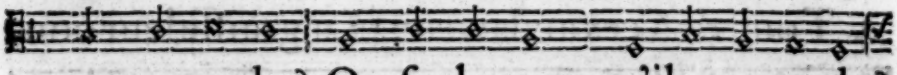
On l'entend qui ſe plaint ainſi :



6. Le Dieu fort ſait-il dans les cieux, Ce qui



ſe paſſe en ces bas lieux ? Se peut-il qu'il y



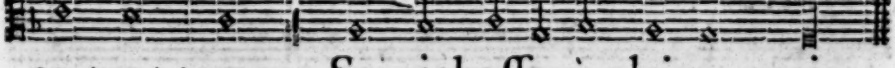
prenne garde ? Ou ſeulement qu'il y regarde ?



Les plus indignes des humains, Sont tou-

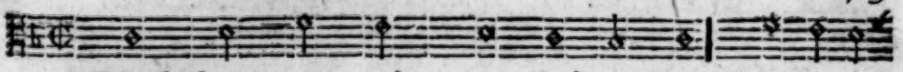


jours heureux & contens ; Le ciel ſur eux verſe,

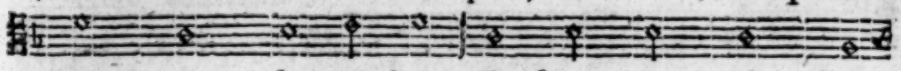


en tout temps, Ses richeſſes à pleines mains.

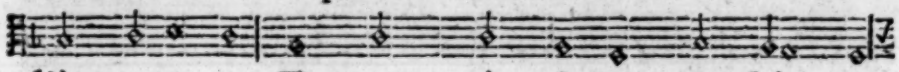
7. C'eſt



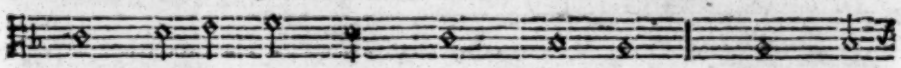
7. C'eſt donc en vain, que j'ai tâché, D'épurer



mon cœur de péché: Je lave en vain dans



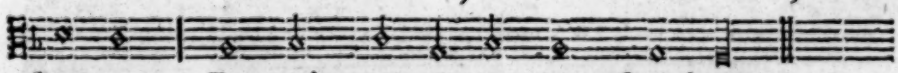
l'innocence, Et mes mains & ma conſcience.



Sans ceſſe, de nouveaux malheurs, Viennent



m'accabler tour à tour; Tous les matins, avec



le jour, Je vois renaître mes douleurs.



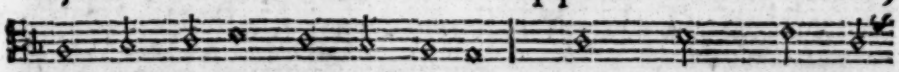
8. Mais quoi! ce diſcours emporté, Outrage la



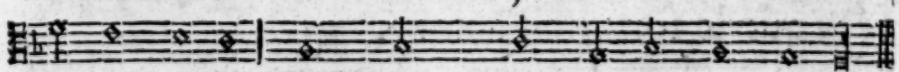
Divinité, Bleſſe ſes vertus immortelles, Et fait



injure à ſes fidelles. Ainſi rappellant ma raiſon,



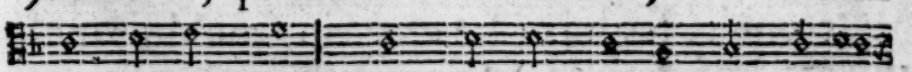
J'ai tâché de me redreſſer; Mais mon trouble



n'a pu ceſſer, Seigneur, qu'en ta ſainte maiſon.



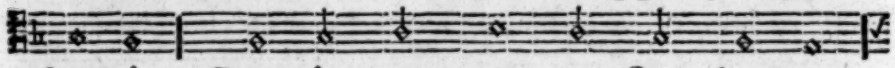
9. C'eſt là, qu'abattu devant Dieu, Et méditant



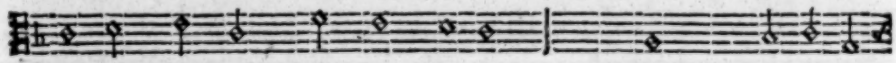
dans ce ſaint lieu, Des méchans la dernière iſſue,



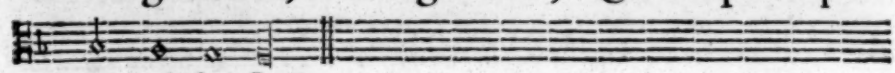
S'offrit auſſitôt à ma vue. Je m'apperçus que le



chemin, Que tiennent tous ces faux heureux,

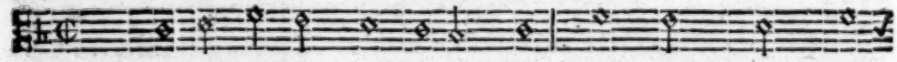


Eſt ſi gliſſant, ſi dangereux, Qu'un précipi-



ce en eſt la fin.

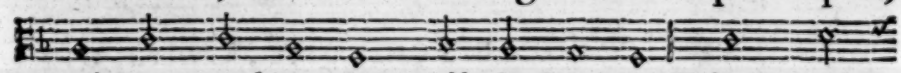
PAUSE. II.



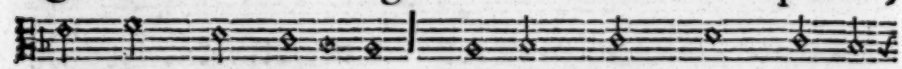
10. Chacun alors eſt étonné, De voir leur ſort



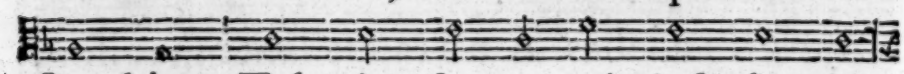
infortuné, Et cette chute grande & prompte,



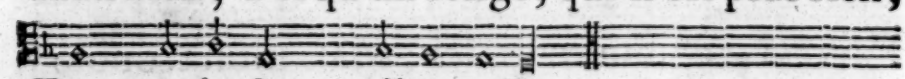
Qui couvre leur orgueil de honte. Dieu parle,



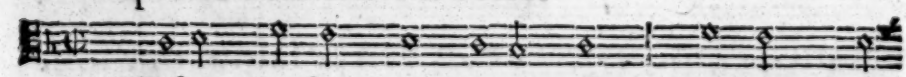
& l'on voit éffacé, L'éclat trompeur de leur



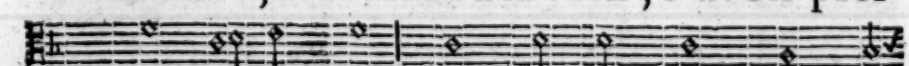
faux bien; Tel qu'un ſonge, qui n'eſt plus rien,



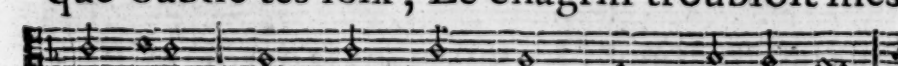
Dès que le ſommeil à ceſſé.



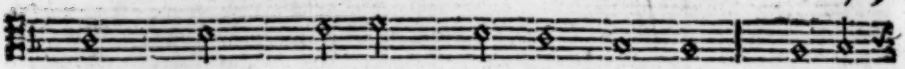
11. Hélas! je fus ſourd à ta voix; J'avois preſ-



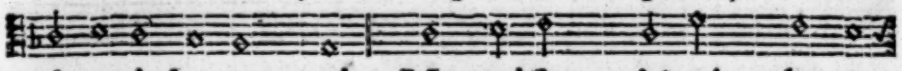
que oublié tes loix; Le chagrin troubloit mes



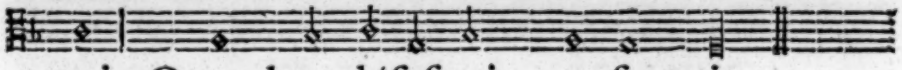
penſées; Je n'en formois que d'inſenſées.



Mon Dieu, j'avois perdu l'eſprit; J'étois



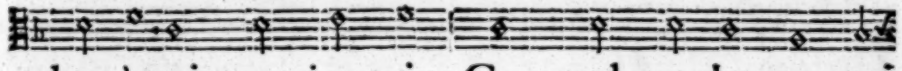
abruti devant toi; Ma raiſon n'étoit plus à



moi, Quand ce déſeſpoir me ſurprit.



12. Mais, Seigneur, je veux déſormais, Matta-



cher à toi pour jamais; Car quelque danger qui



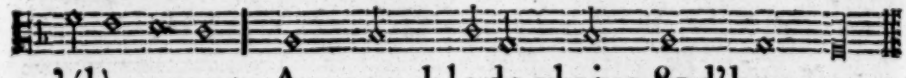
me preſſe, Ta main me ſoutien & m'adreſſe.



Tes conſeils, en tout temps, Seigneur, Heu-



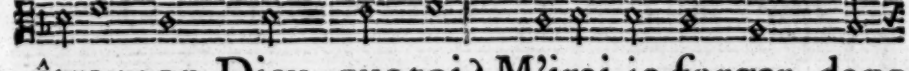
reuſement me conduiront; Tes ſoins, enfin,



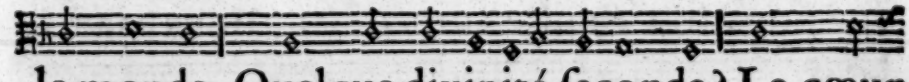
m'élèveront, Au comble de gloire & d'honneur.



13. De tout ce qu'au ciel j'apperçois, Qui peut



être mon Dieu, que toi? M'irai-je forger, dans



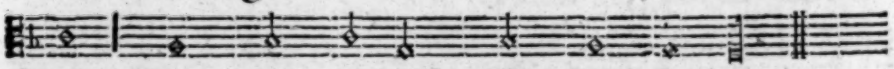
le monde, Quelque divinité ſeconde? Le cœur



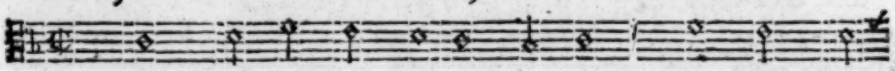
me manquoit, tous les jours, Et mon corps ſe-



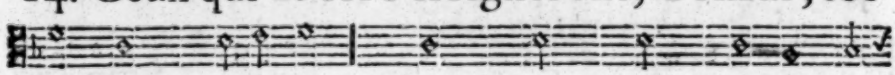
choit de langueur : Mais ta bonté, dans ce mal-



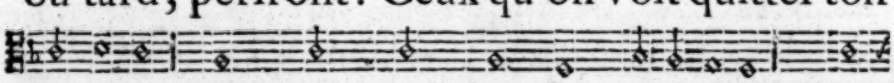
heur, Fut mon remède, & mon ſecours.



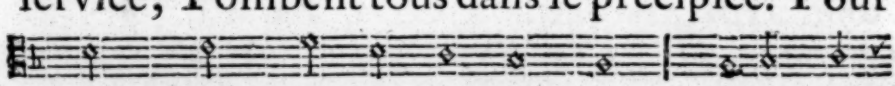
14. Ceux qui de toi s'éloigneront, Confus, tôt



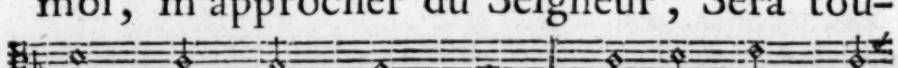
ou tard, périront : Ceux qu'on voit quitter ton



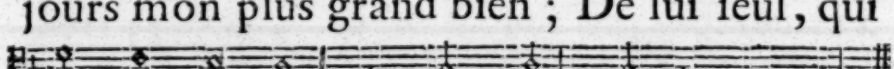
ſervice, Tombent tous dans le précipice. Pour



moi, m'approcher du Seigneur, Sera tou-

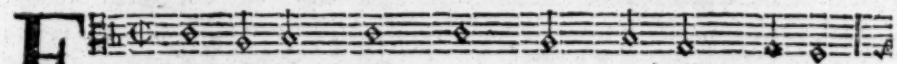


jours mon plus grand bien ; De lui ſeul, qui

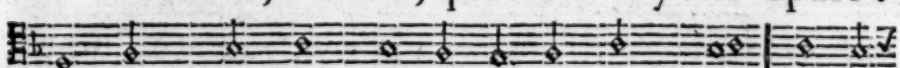


fut mon ſoutien, Je veux célebrer la grandeur.

PSEAUME LXXIV.



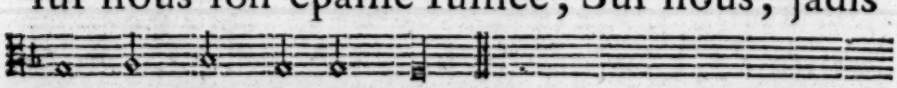
Faut-il, ô Dieu, que nous ſoyons épars ?



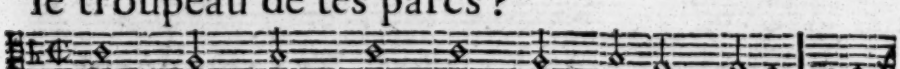
Et que, ſans fin, ta colère enflammée, Jette



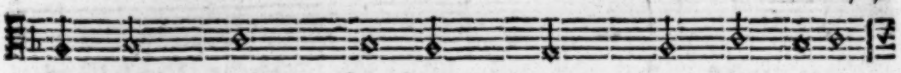
ſur nous ſon épaiſſe fumée, Sur nous, jadis



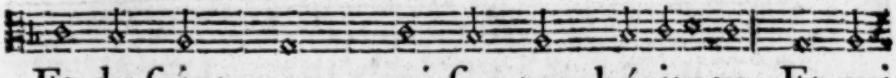
le troupeau de tes parcs ?



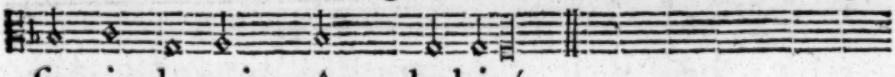
2. Ha ! ſouviens-toi d'un peuple racheté, Qui



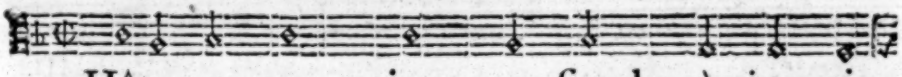
de tout temps t'échut, comme en partage ;



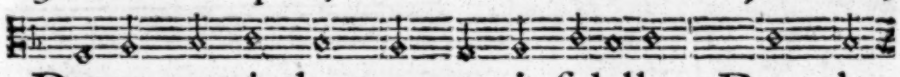
Et du ſaint mont, qui fut ton héritage, Et qui



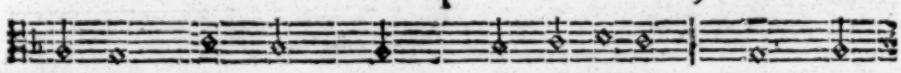
ſe vit de toi-même habité.



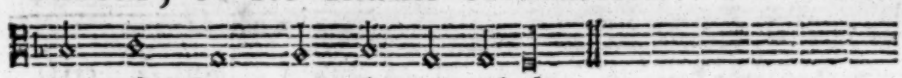
3. Hâte tes pas, viens confondre à jamais,



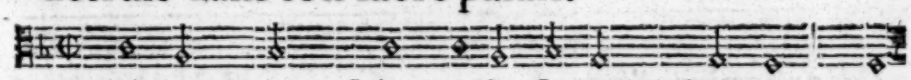
Des ennemis les troupes infidelles, Dont la



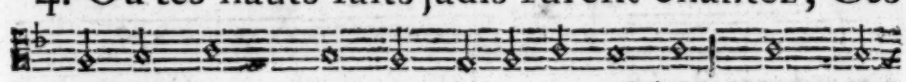
fureur, & les mains criminelles. Ont tout



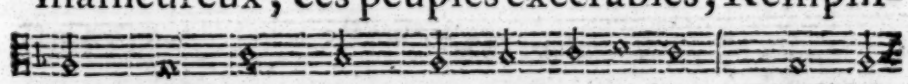
détruit dans ton ſacré palais.



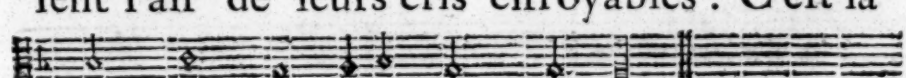
4. Où tes hauts faits jadis furent chantez, Ces



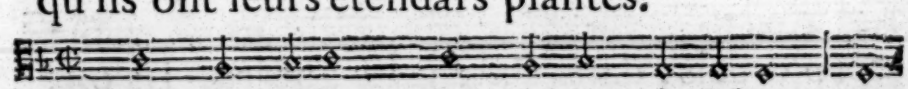
malheureux, ces peuples exécrables, Rempliſ-



ſent l'air de leurs cris effroyables : C'eſt là



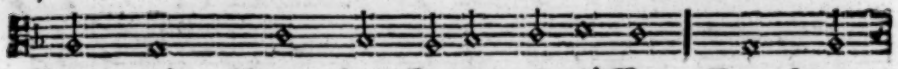
qu'ils ont leurs étendars plantés.



5. Sous les efforts des ſoldats inſolens, On



vit crouler tes ſaintes fortereſſes ; Comme



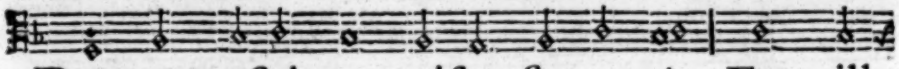
l'on voit, dans les forêts épaiſſes, Les hauts



ſapins ſous la hache tremblans.



6. Ces beaux lambris taillés ſi richement,



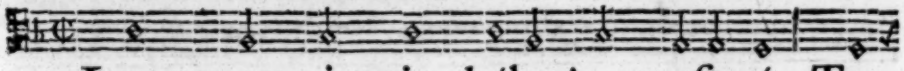
Dont autrefois ta maiſon fut ornée, En mille



éclats volant ſous la coignée, Sont renverſés



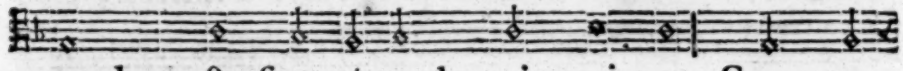
du faîte au fondement.



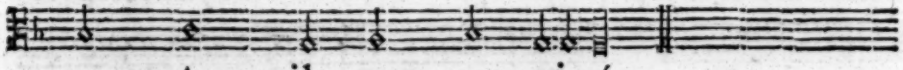
7. Leur troupe impie, hélas! a profané, Ton



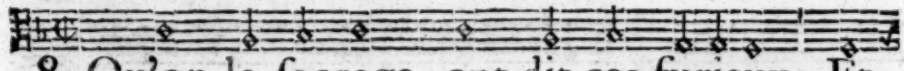
tabernacle, & ta demeure ſainte; L'a mis en



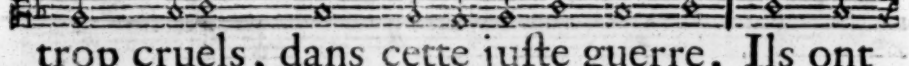
cendre, & ſans égard, ni crainte, Sous tes



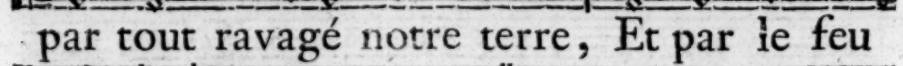
yeux même, ils ont tout ruiné.



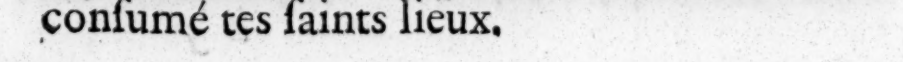
8. Qu'on le ſaccage, ont dit ces furieux; Et



trop cruels, dans cette juſte guerre, Ils ont

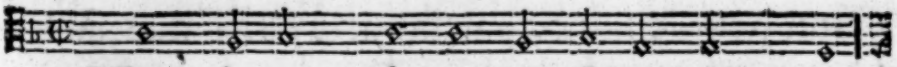


par tout ravagé notre terre, Et par le feu



conſumé tes ſaints lieux.

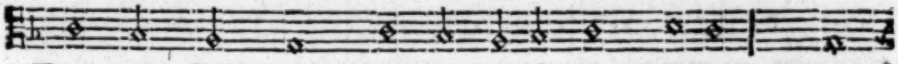
PAUSE I.



9. Nous n'avons plus aucun ſigne pour nous :



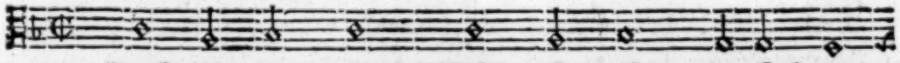
Déjà par tout nous manquent les prophètes ,



Les conducteurs, les ſacrés interprètes. Quand



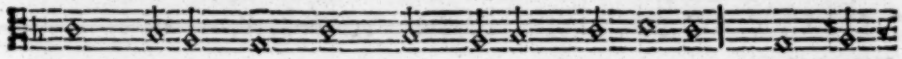
s'éteindra le feu de ton courroux?



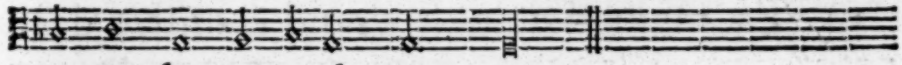
10. Juſques à quand, Dieu ſi juſte, & ſi bon ,



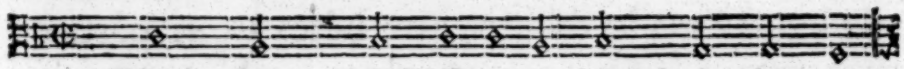
Juſques à quand faut-il qu'on nous outrage ?



Souffriras-tu que leur aveugle rage, Mépriſe



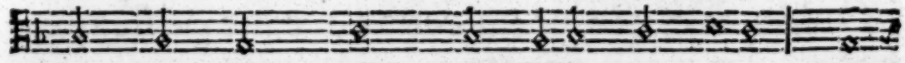
encor la vertu de ton nom ?



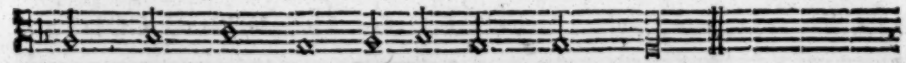
11. D'où vient qu'ainſi tu te tiens loin de nous,



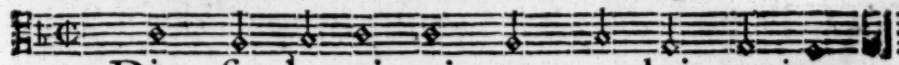
Et que ta main dans ton ſein ſe retire ? Il



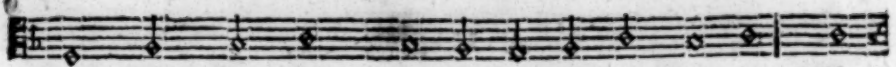
faut pourtant qu'un jour elle s'en tire, Que



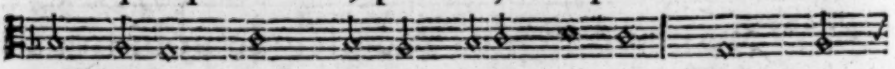
les méchans en reſſentent les coups.



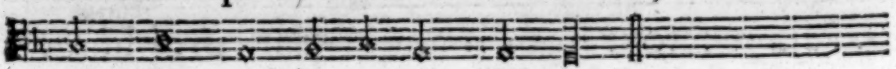
12. Dieu fut le roi qui nous gardoit toujours,



Son peuple ſaint, par ſa juſte puiſſance, Vit



autrefois plus d'une délivrance, Par tout,



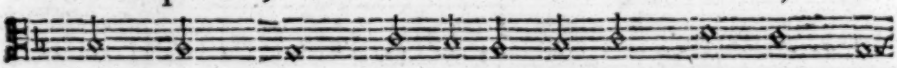
Seigneur, éprouva ton ſecours.



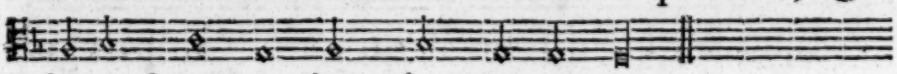
13. Ton bras fendit la mer en un moment;



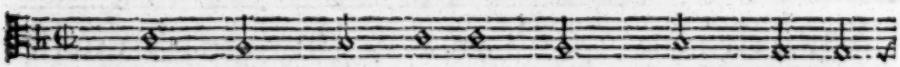
Tu fis périr, dans les eaux les baleines; De



monſtres morts les rives furent pleines, Qui



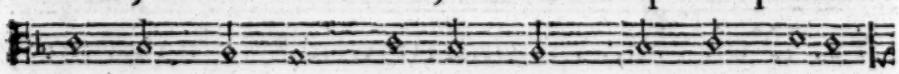
de ta force étoient le monument.



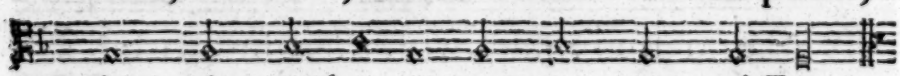
14. Ta main donna le grand monſtre des



eaux, Dans le déſert, aux bêtes pour pâture:



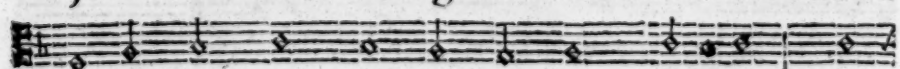
Tu fis, du roc, ſortir l'eau vive & pure,



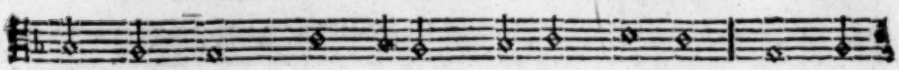
Qu'on vit couler en cent & cent ruiſſeaux.



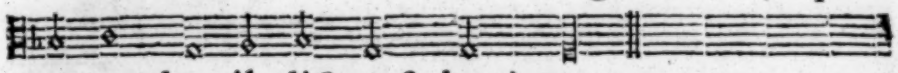
15. Tu fis tarir des grands fleuves le cours:



Tu fis le jour; ſur la nuit tu préſides: Tu



donnas l'être au ſoleil, tu le guides, Et par



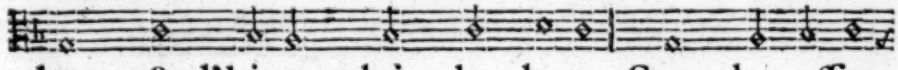
ton ordre il diſpenſe les jours.



16. C'eſt toi, Seigneur, de qui la volonté,



Borna jadis de ce monde l'eſpace : L'été brû-



lant, & l'hiver plein de glace, Sont les effets

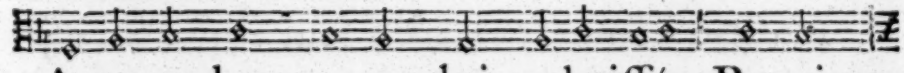


de ta ſage bonté.

PAUSE. II.



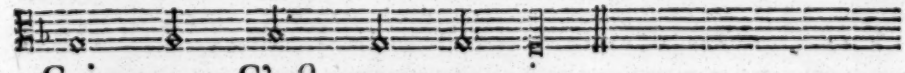
17. Souviens-toi donc comment tes ennemis,



Avec audace ont ta gloire abaiſſée. Reprime,



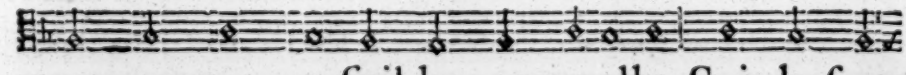
enfin, cette race inſenſée, Qui contre toi,



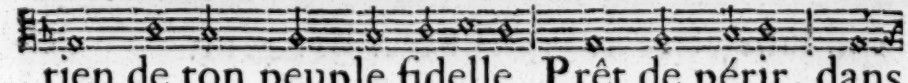
Seigneur, S'eſt tout permis.



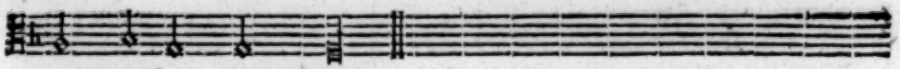
18. Reviens à nous, & n'abandonne pas, A



ces vautours ta foible tourterelle. Sois le ſou-



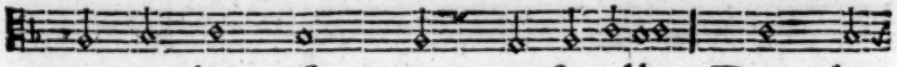
tien de ton peuple fidelle, Prêt de périr, dans



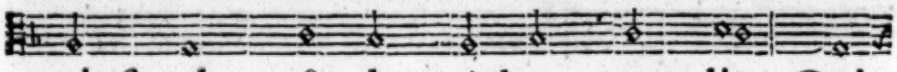
ces rudes combats.



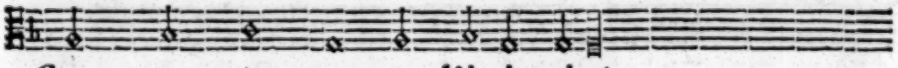
19. Jette les yeux, ô Dieu, ſur ton traité: La



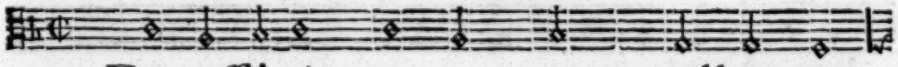
terre entière eſt comme enſevelie, Dans la



nuit ſombre, & de méchans remplie, Qui



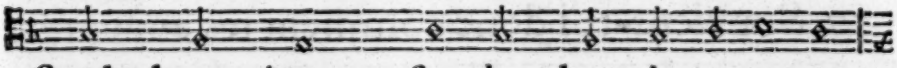
font par tout regner l'iniquité.



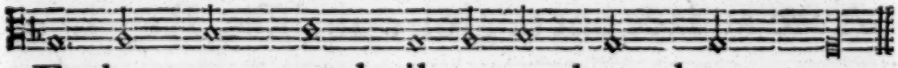
20. Des affligés, en ce temps malheureux,



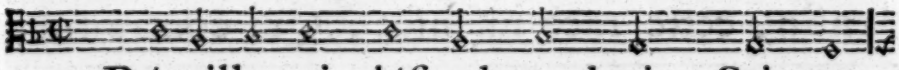
Soit la retraite & la ferme eſpérance; Dé-



fends leurs jours, ſoutien leur innocence;



Et dans ton temple, ils te rendront leurs vœux.



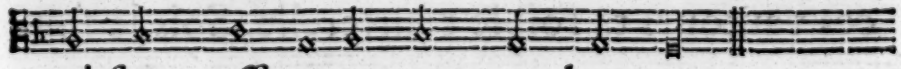
21. Réveille-toi, défends tes droits, Seigneur:



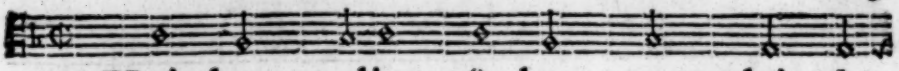
Vois ces pervers, de qui la langue infâme,



T'oſe charger de reproche & de blâme, Et



qui ſans ceſſe attaquent ton honneur.



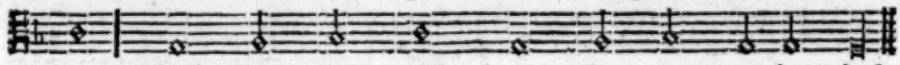
22. Vois leur malice, & leur cœur plein de



fiel : En nous bravant, ils te bravent toi-même:

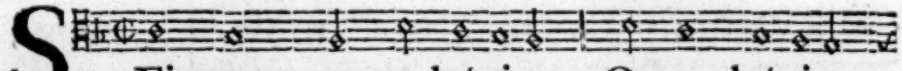


Entends leurs cris, qui vont juſqu'au blaſphê-

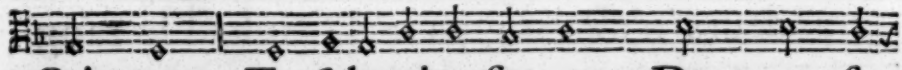


me, Tels que des traits pouſſés contre le ciel.

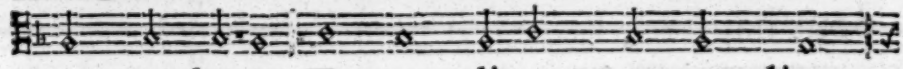
PSEAUME LXXV.



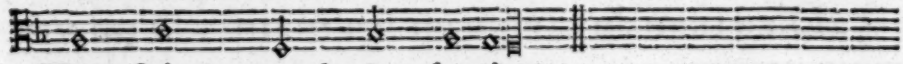
SEigneur, on te bénira ; On te bénira,



Seigneur : Ta ſalutaire faveur, De nous ſe



rapprochera ; Et nous dirons, en tous lieux,



Tes faits grands & glorieux.



2. Quand l'heureux temps paroîtra, Qui doit



remplir mes ſouhaits, Sur la juſtice & la paix,



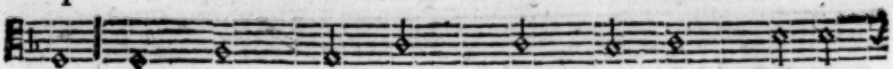
Mon trône s'affermira ; Et l'on verra refleu-



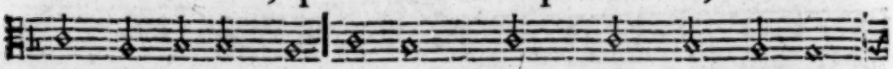
rir, L'état, tout prêt de périr.



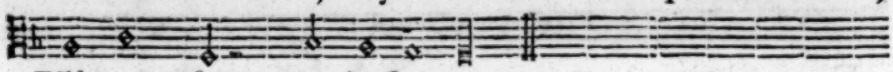
3. Quittez cette vanité, Dirai-je, à ces étour-



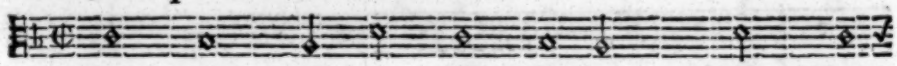
dis : Et vous, pécheurs trop hardis, Rabaiſ-



ſez votre fierté ; Ayez moins d'emportement ;



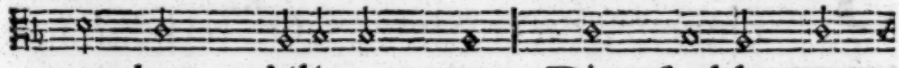
Vivez plus modeſtement.



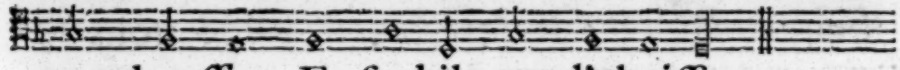
4. Ce n'eſt d'aucun des climats, Que vient



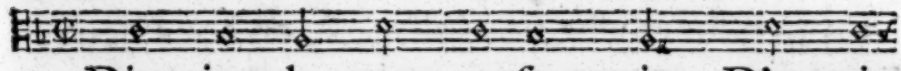
l'élevation ; Le ſoin, ni l'ambition, Aux



grandeurs n'élèvent pas : Dieu ſeul le rang



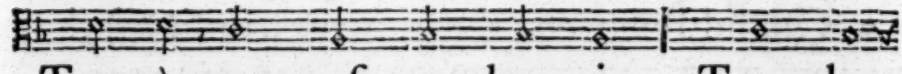
peut hauſſer, Et ſeul il peut l'abaiſſer.



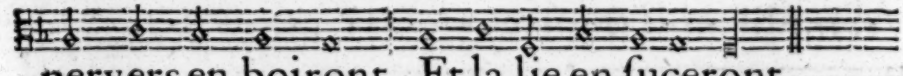
5. Dieu tient la coupe en ſes mains, D'un vin



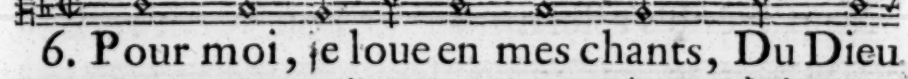
trouble, & préparé, Que ſa juſtice, à ſon gré,



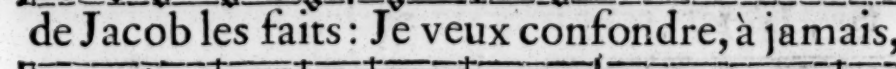
Tour à tour verſe aux humains : Tous les



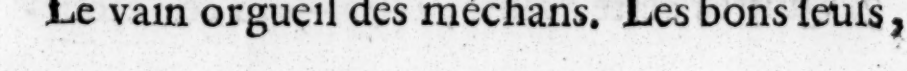
pervers en boiront, Et la lie en ſuceront.



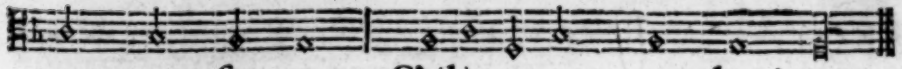
6. Pour moi, je loue en mes chants, Du Dieu



de Jacob les faits : Je veux confondre, à jamais,



Le vain orgueil des méchans. Les bons ſeuls,



par mon ſecours, S'élèveront tous les jours.

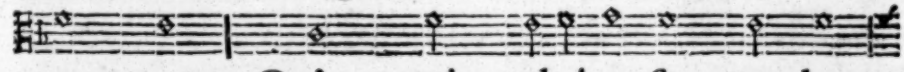
PSEAUME LXXVI.



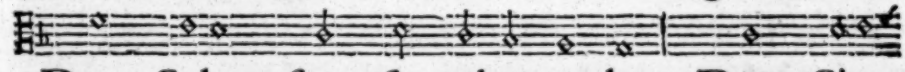
C'Eſt en Judée, où proprement, Se fait



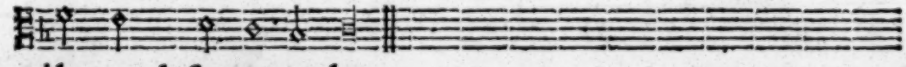
connoître le Seigneur: C'eſt en Iſraël, conſ-



tamment, Qu'on voit reluire ſa grandeur:



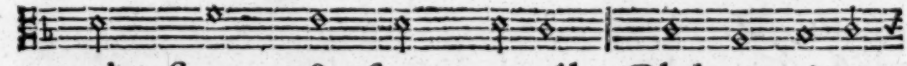
Dans Salem ſont ſes tabernacles; Dans Sion



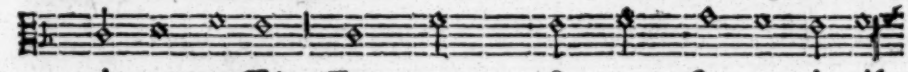
il rend ſes oracles.



2. C'eſt-là, que l'on voit fracaſſés, Par ſa



main forte, & ſans travail, Glaives, écus,



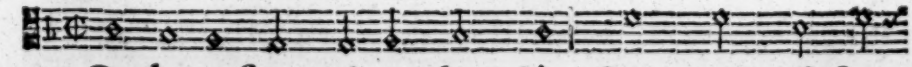
traits entaſſés, La guerre, & tout ſon attirail:



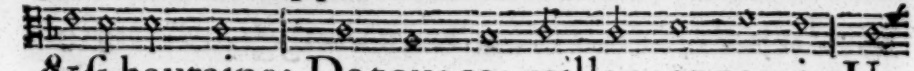
Les monts ſont moins haut que la gloire,



Qui ſuit l'éclat de ta victoire.



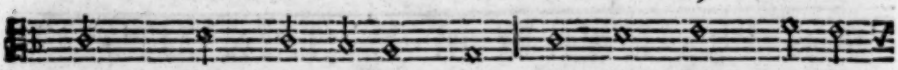
3. On les a frappés endormis, Ces cœurs ſi fiers



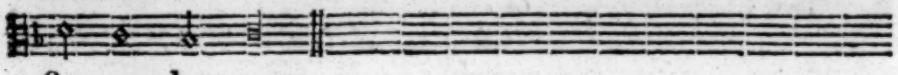
& ſi hautains: De tous ces vaillans ennemis, Un



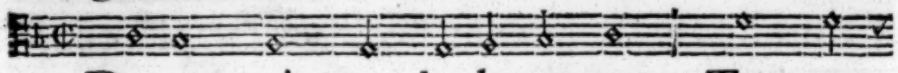
ſeul n'a ſu trouver ſes mains. Dieu, d'un ſeul



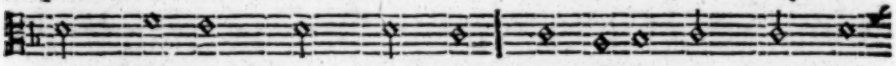
mot, dans ces allarmes, Endormit chevaux



& gendarmes.



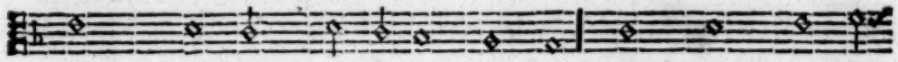
4. Devant toi marche la terreur, Tes yeux



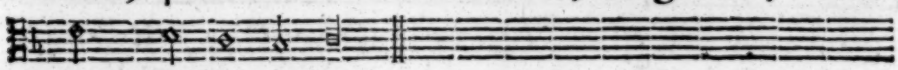
rempliſſent tout d'effroi ; Et ſi tu te mets en



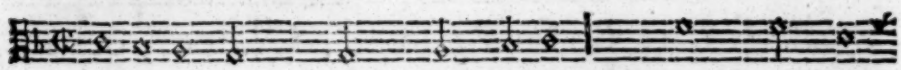
fureur, Qui peut ſubſiſter devant toi? Ta



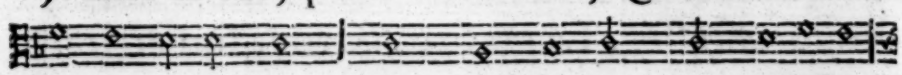
voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Seigneur, a fait



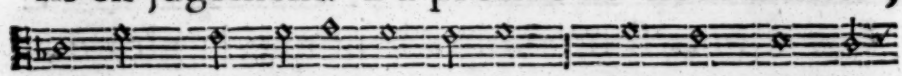
trembler la terre.



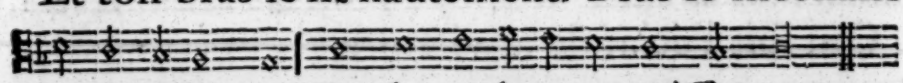
5. Elle ſe tut, pour t'écouter, Quand tu t'aſ-



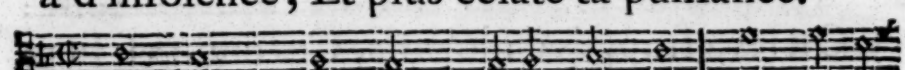
ſis en jugement. Tu promis de nous aſſiſter,



Et ton bras le fit hautement. Plus le méchant



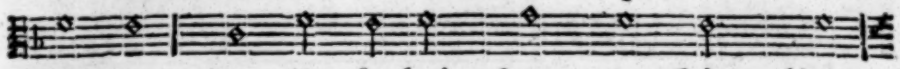
a d'inſolence, Et plus éclate ta puiſſance.



6. Un jour, Dieu viendra ſe venger, Du reſte



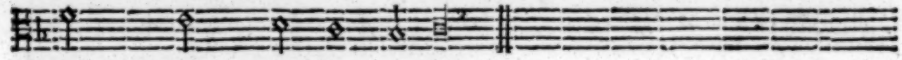
de ces furieux. Vous donc, qui ſavez vous



ranger, Auprès de lui, dans ces ſaints lieux,



Fidelles offrez-lui, ſans ceſſe, Vos vœux &



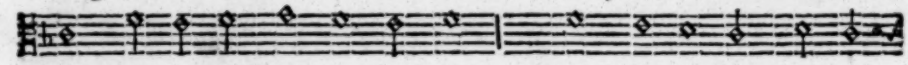
vos chants d'allegreſſe.



7. Offrez-lui vos vœux à genoux, Avec de ſaints



empreſſemens: Déſarmez ſon juſte courroux,

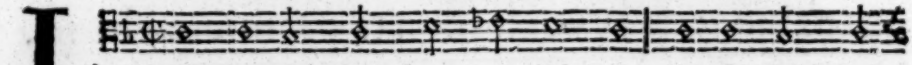


Et prévenez ſes jugemens, Dans ſa colère épou-



vantable, Aux rois même il eſt redoutable.

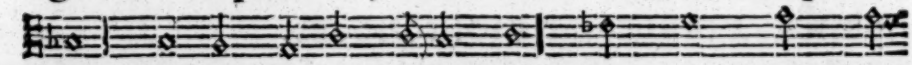
PSEAUME LXXVII.



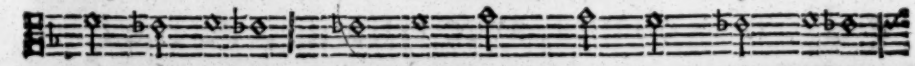
L'Ame de douleur atteinte, Je fis au Sei-



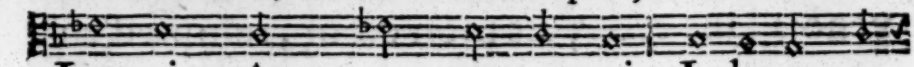
gneur ma plainte; Mes vœux vers le ciel pouſ-



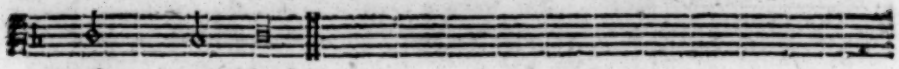
ſez, De lui furent exaucez. Dans les jours de



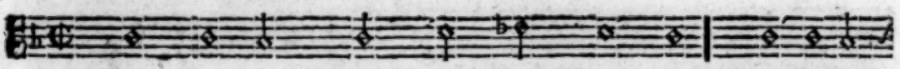
ma détreſſe, C'eſt à Dieu que je m'adreſſe:



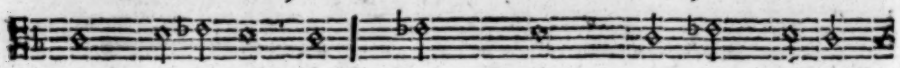
La nuit même, en mon ennui, Je leve mes



mains vers lui.



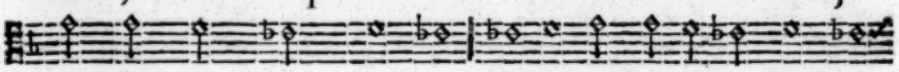
2. Mon ame, dans ſa ſouffrance, Refuſoit



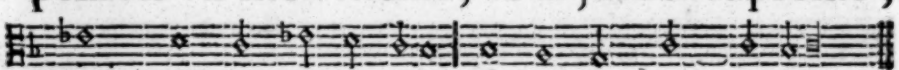
toute aſſiſtance; Mon Dieu même m'éton-



noit, Si-tôt qu'il m'en ſouvenoit. Plus je



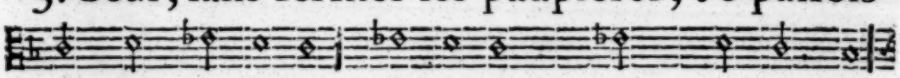
penſois en moi-même, A ſa juſtice ſuprême,



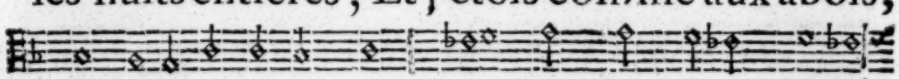
Plus mon eſprit agité, Étoit en perplexité.



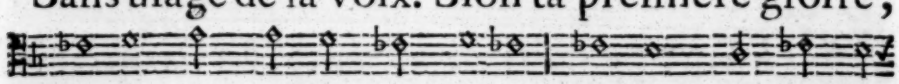
3. Seul, ſans fermer les paupières, Je paſſois



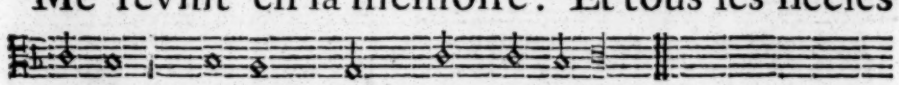
les nuits entières; Et j'étois comme aux abois,



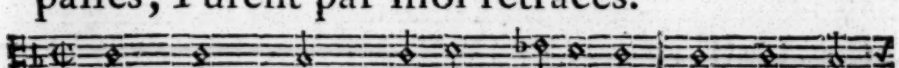
Sans uſage de la voix. Sion ta première gloire,



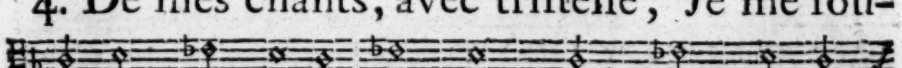
Me revint en la mémoire: Et tous les ſiècles



paſſés, Furent par moi retracés.

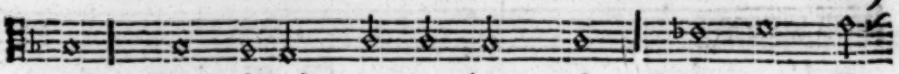


4. De mes chants, avec triſteſſe, Je me ſou-

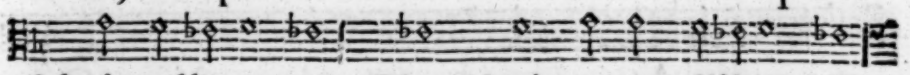


venois ſans ceſſe; Et mon cœur, rempli d'en

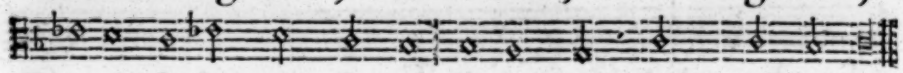
nuis,



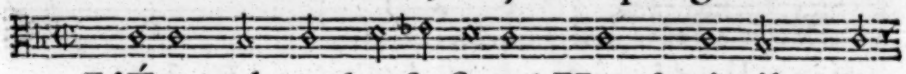
nuis, Soupiroit toutes les nuits. Ma trop foi-



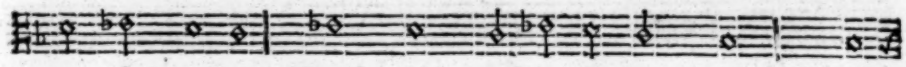
ble intelligence, Cherchoit, avec diligence,



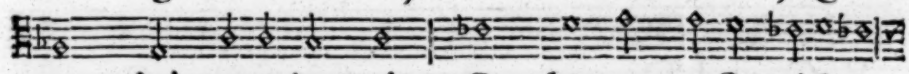
La cauſe de mon ſouci, Et je me plaignois ainſi.



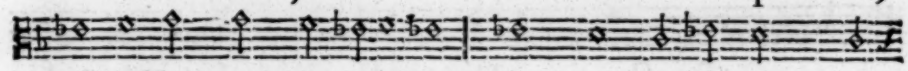
5. L'Éternel cache ſa face' Voudroit-il m'ô-



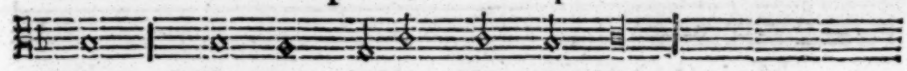
ter ſa grâce? Dois-je croire déſormais, Qu'il



ne m'aimera jamais? Sa clémence ſi priſée,

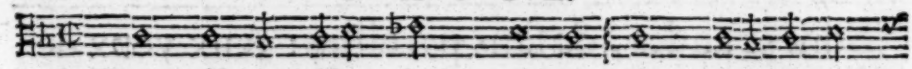


Eſt-elle toute épuiſée? La promeſſe de mon

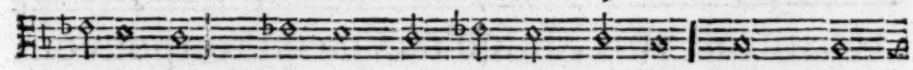


Dieu, N'aura-t-elle plus de lieu?

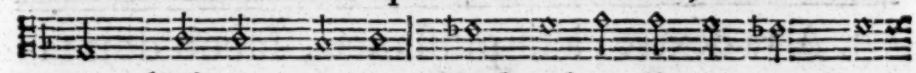
PAUSE.



6. Peut-il oublier lui-même, Sa miſéricorde



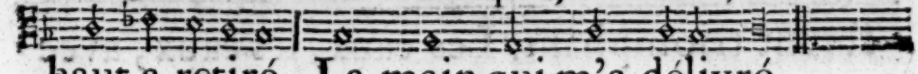
extrême? Faut-il que ſur ſa bonté, Son cour-



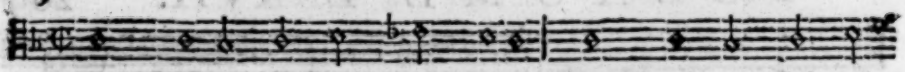
roux l'ait emporté? C'eſt, ai-je dit, à cette heu-



re, Que mon Dieu veut que je meure; Le Très-



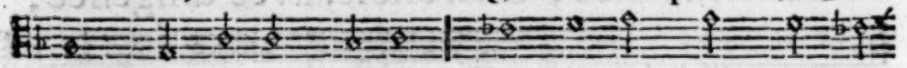
haut a retiré, La main qui m'a délivré.



7. Sa gloire, ſi fort connue, S'offroit enſuite à



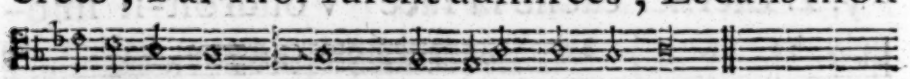
ma vue, Avec tous les grands exploits, Que



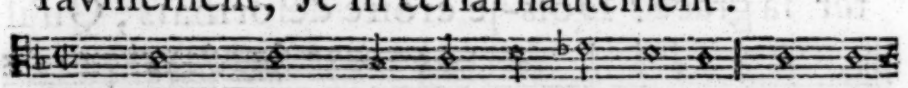
ſon bras fit autrefois. Toutes ſes œuvres ſa-



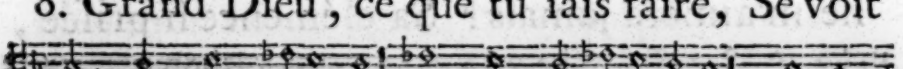
crées, Par moi furent admirées; Et dans mon



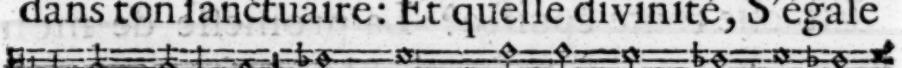
raviſſement, Je m'écriai hautement:



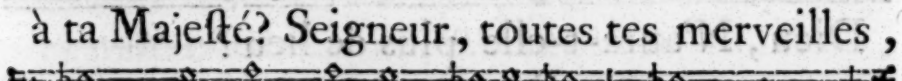
8. Grand Dieu, ce que tu ſais faire, Se voit



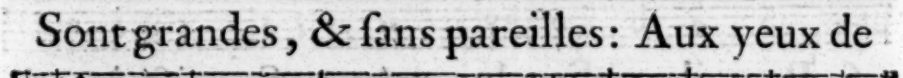
dans ton ſanctuaire: Et quelle divinité, S'égale



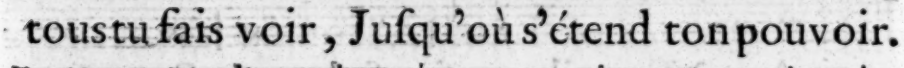
à ta Majeſté? Seigneur, toutes tes merveilles,



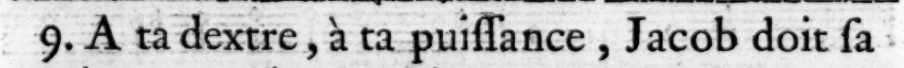
Sont grandes, & ſans pareilles: Aux yeux de



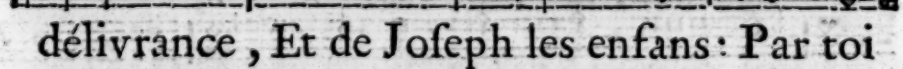
tous tu fais voir, Juſqu'où s'étend ton pouvoir.



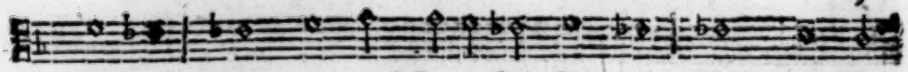
9. A ta dextre, à ta puiſſance, Jacob doit ſa



délivrance, Et de Joſeph les enfans: Par toi



furent triomphans. Les eaux, les eaux, avec



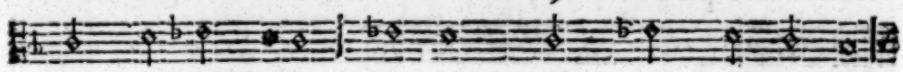
crainte, Ont vu ta Majeſté ſainte : Le gouffre



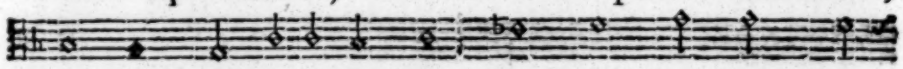
le plus profond, En a tremblé, juſqu'au fond.



10. On vit éclater les nues, Comme en tor-



rens répandues ; Et du bruit qu'on entendit,



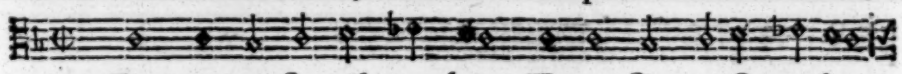
Le ciel même ſe fendit. Tes traits en tous lieux



volèrent ; Tes gros tonnerres roulèrent ; Et l'on



crut voir l'univers, Enflammé par mille éclairs.



11. La terre fut ébranlée ; Et ta force ſignalée,



Au travers des grandes eaux, Ouvrit des che-



mins nouveaux. Enfin Aaron & Moïſe, Juſ-

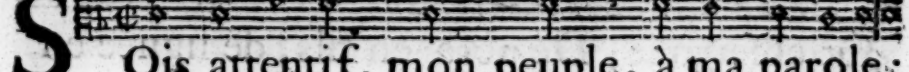


qu'à la terre promiſe, Comme un troupeau,

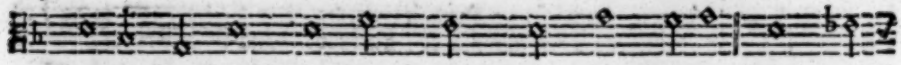


jour & nuit, Ton Iſraël ont conduit.

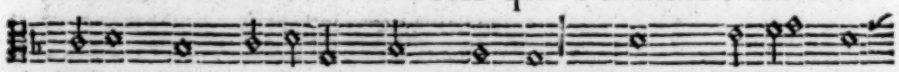
PSEAUME LXXVIII.



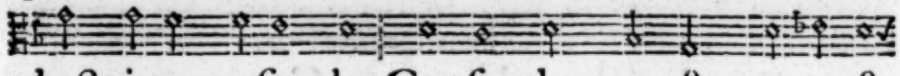
SOis attentif, mon peuple, à ma parole ;



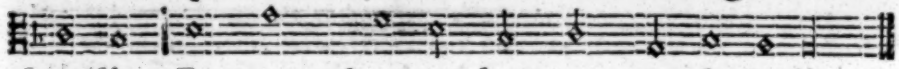
Prête l'oreille à ma voix qui conſole. Et mé-



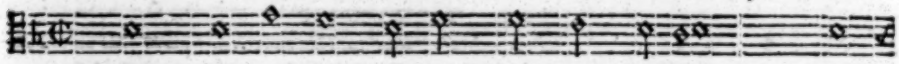
priſan tles vanités du monde, Vient méditer ma



doctrine profonde; Car ſur des tons & graves &



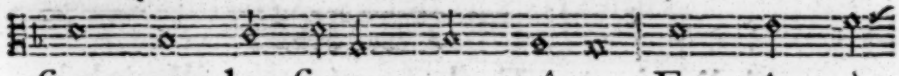
hardis, Je veux chanter les œuvres de jadis.



2. Nous les avons avec ſoin écoutées, Quand



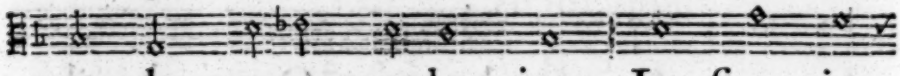
nos ayeux nous les ont racontées; A nos en-



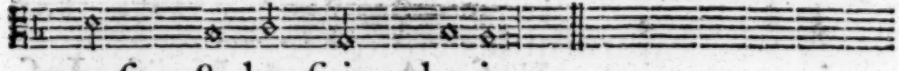
fans nous les ferons connoître, Et même à



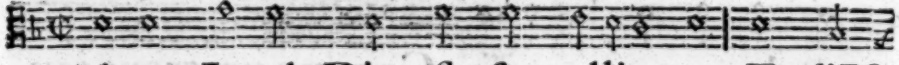
ceux qui ſont encore à naître: Nous leur di-



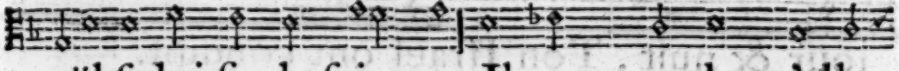
rons du monarque des cieux, La force im-



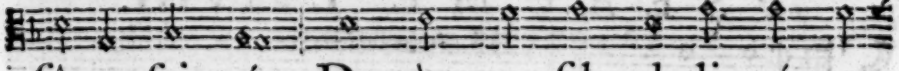
menſe, & les faits glorieux.



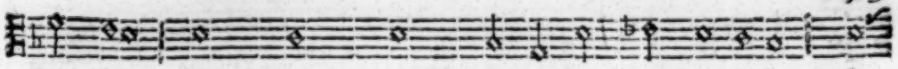
3. Avec Jacob Dieu fit ſon alliance, Et d'Iſ-



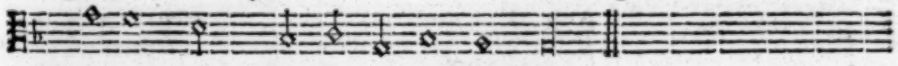
raël ſa loi fut la ſcience; Il commanda qu'elle



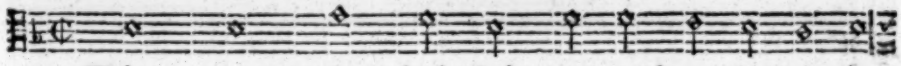
fût enſeignée, De père en fils, de lignée en



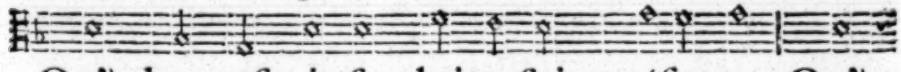
lignée; Et qu'on tranſmit à la poſtérité, Ce



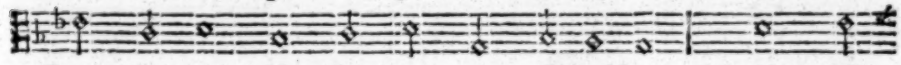
monument de ſa rare bonté.



4. Dieu veut qu'en lui ſoit toute leur attente,



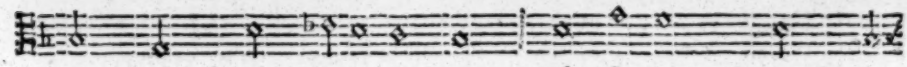
Qu'à leur eſprit ſa gloire ſoit préſente, Qu'à



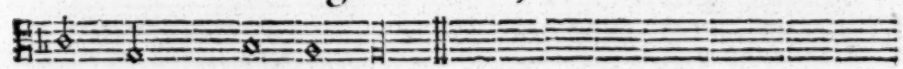
ſon ſervice ils demeurent fidelles; Loin d'i-



miter leurs ancêtres rebelles, Quand, obſti-

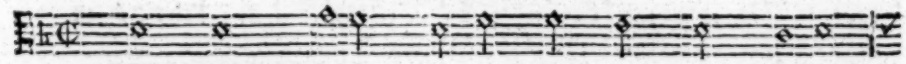


nés dans leurs égaremens, Ils furent ſourds à

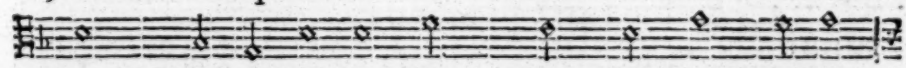


ſes commandemens.

PAUSE I.



5. Tels d'Ephraïm les enfans ſe montrèrent:



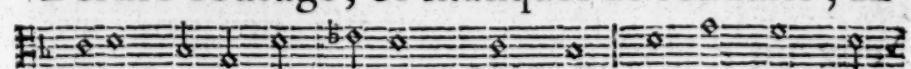
Bien qu'exercés à l'arc, dont ils s'armèrent,



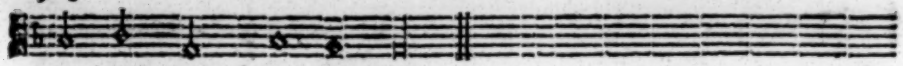
Dans les combats on les vit tous en fuite,



Perdre courage, & manquer de conduite; A



l'Éternel ils fauſsèrent leur foi, Abandonnant



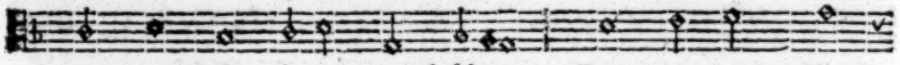
les ſentiers de ſa loi.



6. Du Souverain les divines merveilles, Qu'il



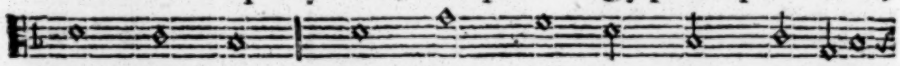
fit pour eux, grandes & ſans pareilles, En un



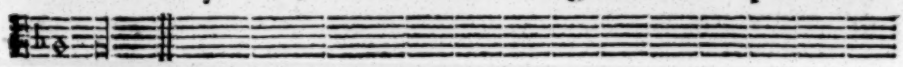
moment ſe virent oubliées : Ses vertus, dis-je



en Soan déployées, Et que l'Egypte éprouva,



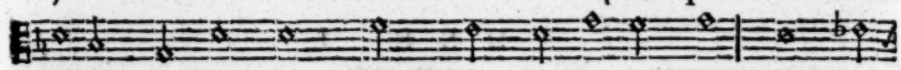
ſous les yeux, De leurs ingrats & perfides



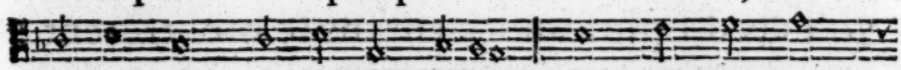
ayeux.



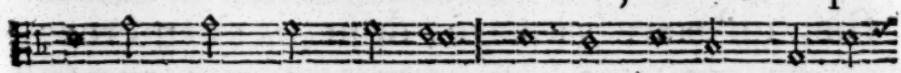
7. Son bras fendit les eaux les plus profondes:



Il fit paſſer ſon peuple entre les ondes, En re-



tenant la mer amoncelées. De jour la troupe



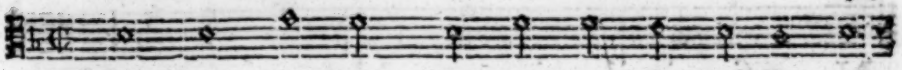
eſt conduite & voilée, Par le nuage ; & la-



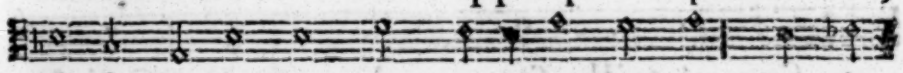
flamme à ſon tour, Fait, dans la nuit, pour



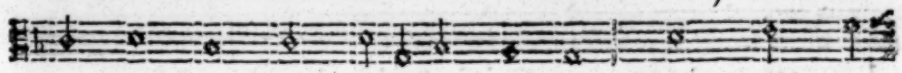
eux un nouveau jour.



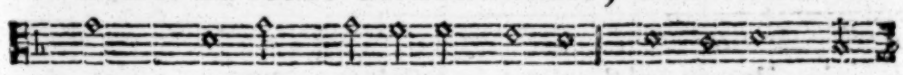
8. Des durs rochers trappés par ſa puiſſance,



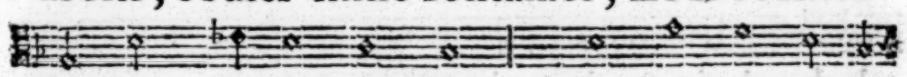
Il fit ſortir des eaux en abondance; On vit



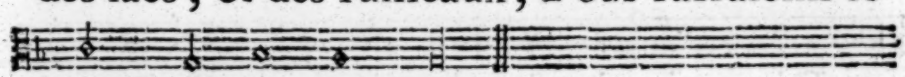
ſoudain de leurs arides veines, Par mille en-



droits, couler mille fontaines, Et ſe former

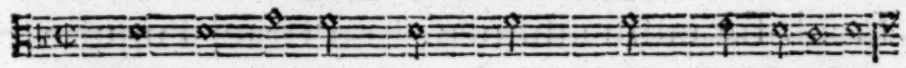


des lacs, & des ruiſſeaux, Pour rafraichir le



peuple & ſes troupeaux.

PAUSE II.



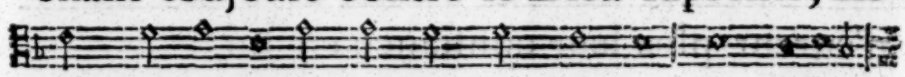
9. Mais endurcis dans leur vielle habitude,



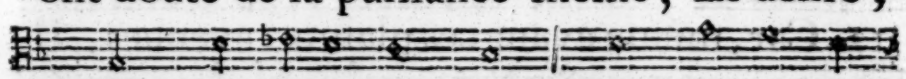
Ils n'ont montré que de l'ingratitude; Pé-



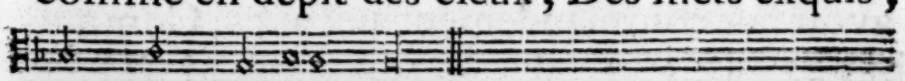
chant toujours contre le Dieu ſuprême, Ils



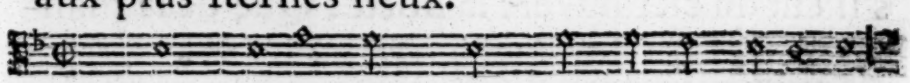
ont douté de ſa puiſſance même; Et déſiré,



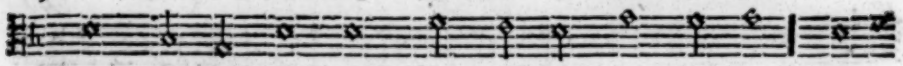
comme en dépit des cieux, Des mets exquis,



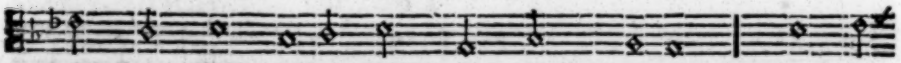
aux plus ſtériles lieux.



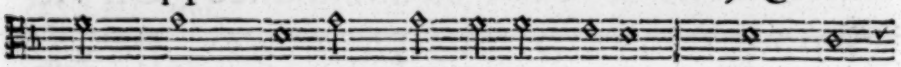
10. Dieu, dirent-ils, dans ces terres déſertes,



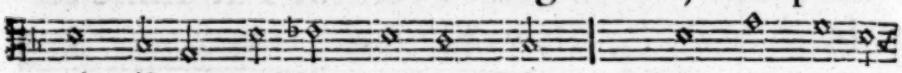
Nous feroit-il voir nos tables couvertes? Du



roc frappé mille ſources s'ouvrirent, Qui de



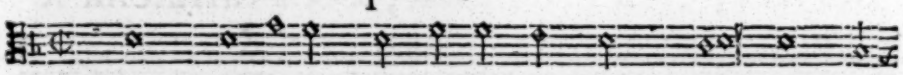
leurs eaux notre ſoif éteignirent; Ne pour-



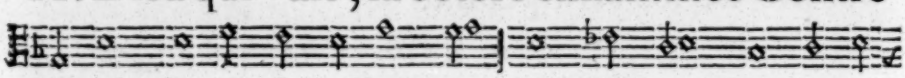
roit-il appaiſer notre faim, Nous envoyer



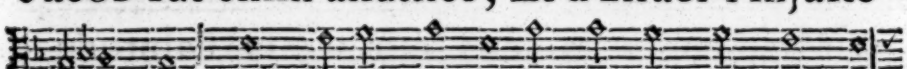
de la chair & du pain?



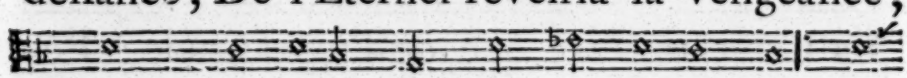
11. Dieu qui ouit; ſa colère enflammée Contre



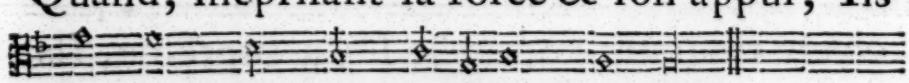
Jacob fut enfin allumée, Et d'Iſraël l'injuſte



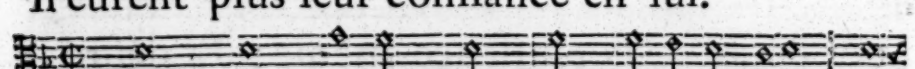
défiance, De l'Éternel réveilla la vengeance;



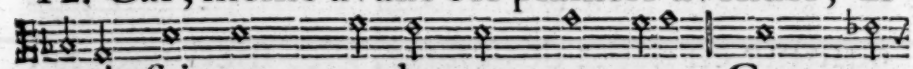
Quand, mépriſant ſa force & ſon appui, Ils



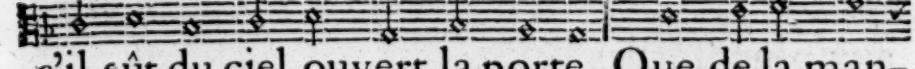
n'eurent plus leur confiance en lui.



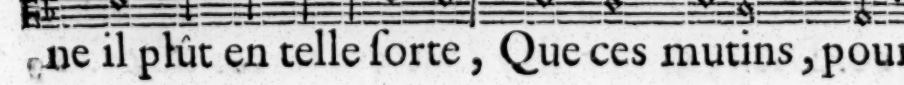
12. Car, même avant ces plaintes avenues, Il



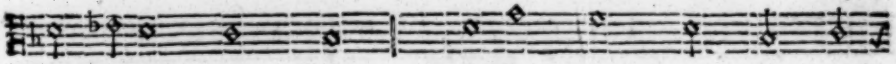
avoir fait commandement aux nues, Comme



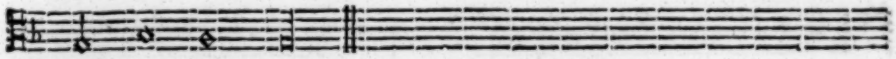
s'il eût du ciel ouvert la porte, Que de la man-



ne il plût en telle ſorte, Que ces mutins, pour



appaiſer leur faim, Viſſent tomber, du ciel

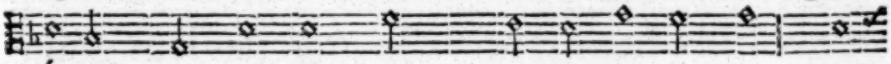


même, du pain.

PAUSE. III.



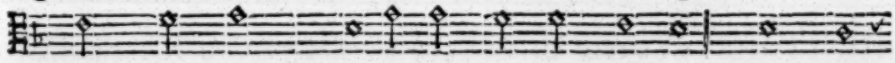
13. L'homme mortel, ô merveilles étranges !



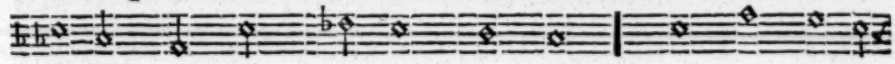
Étoit nourri du pain même des anges, Qu'à



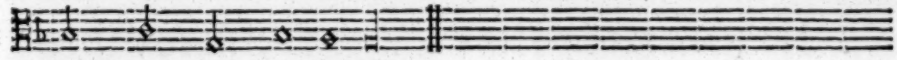
pleines mains on recueilloit ſans peine. Ce



n'eſt pas tout : d'une force ſoudaine, Dien fit



lever, en l'air, un double vent, L'un au midi,



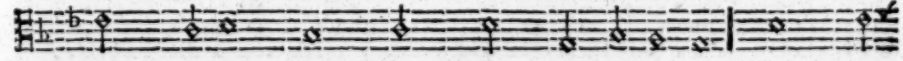
l'autre vers le levant.



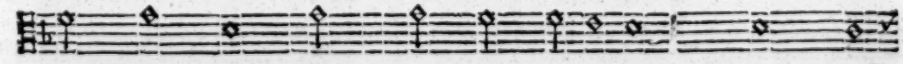
14. Un tourbillon de vent & de pouſſière, Eſt



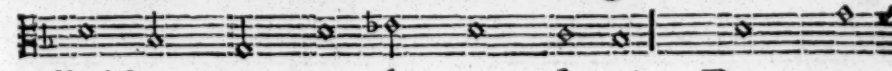
moins obſcur, que n'eſt la fourmillière, D'oi-



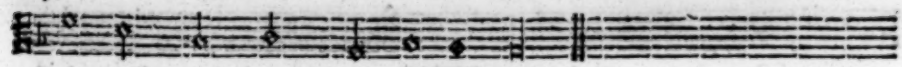
ſeaux volans tombés dans cet orage : La mer



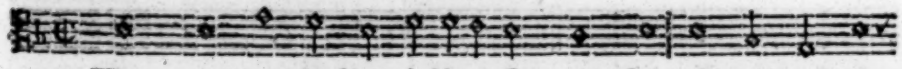
a moins de ſable en ſon rivage, Qu'il n'eſt



d'oiſeaux par tout le camp ſemés, Pour con-



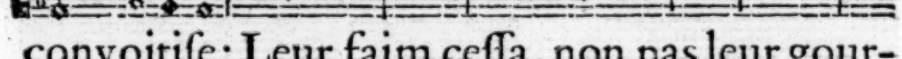
tenter ces ventres affamés.



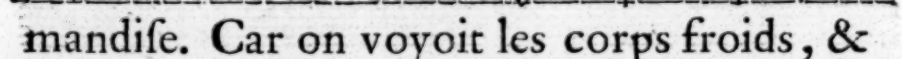
15. De tous auſſi l'avidité ſi grande, Avec excès



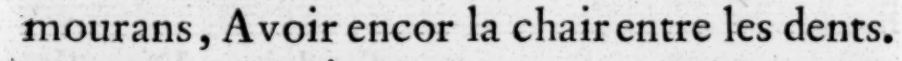
ſe gorgea de viande, Dieu rempliſſant leur vaſte



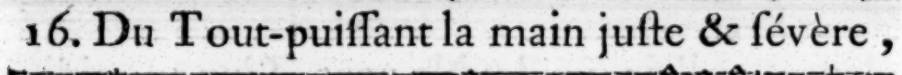
convoitiſe: Leur faim ceſſa, non pas leur gour-



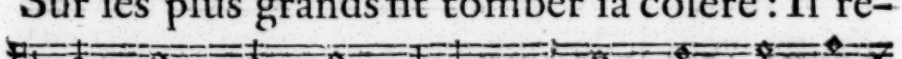
mandiſe. Car on voyoit les corps froids, &



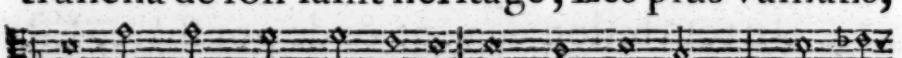
mourans, Avoir encor la chair entre les dents.



16. Du Tout-puiſſant la main juſte & ſévère,



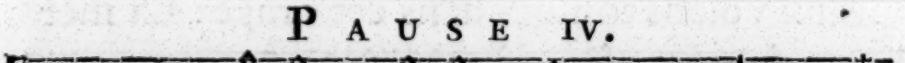
Sur les plus grands fit tomber ſa colère: Il re-



trancha de ſon ſaint héritage, Les plus vaillans,

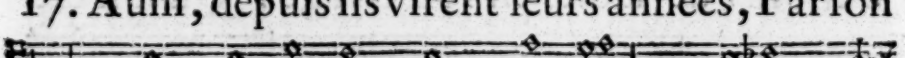


dans la fleur de leur âge: Et toutefois, ce peuple

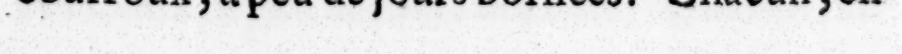


criminel, N'entendit pas la voix de l'Éternel.

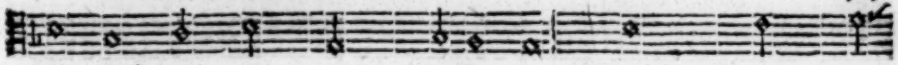
PAUSE IV.



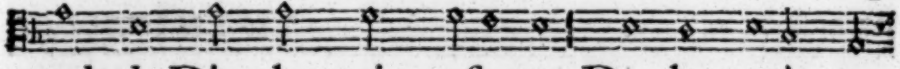
17. Auſſi, depuis ils virent leurs années, Par ſon



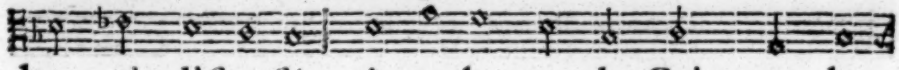
courroux, à peu de jours bornées: Chacun, en-



fin, ſentant ſa mort préſente, Craint, mais trop



tard, de Dieu la main peſante, Dès le matin, on



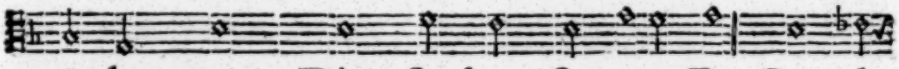
les voit diſpoſés, A reclamer du Seigneur les



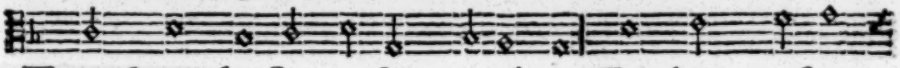
bontés.



18. Chacun, alors, dit & redit ſans ceſſe, Qu'en



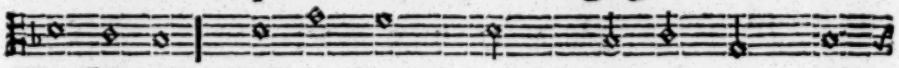
tous les temps, Dieu fut leur fortereſſe; Que du



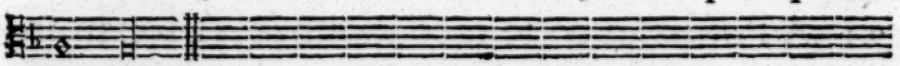
Très-haut la force ſouveraine, Fut leur refuge,



& les tira de peine: Mais ce langage, & ſoumis,



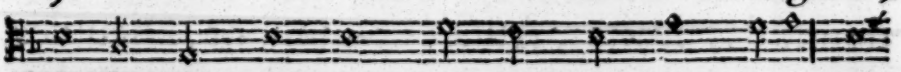
& flateur, Eſt en leur bouche, & ne part point



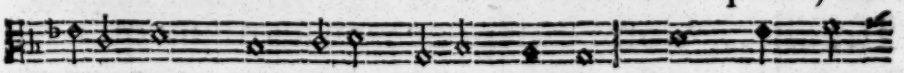
du cœur.



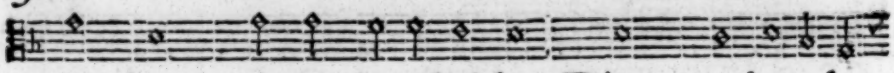
19. Jamais leur ame inconſtante & légère,



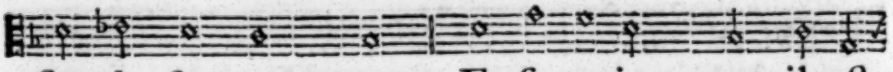
Ne fut ſoumiſe aux loix de Dieu leur père; Et



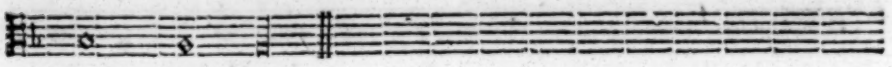
cependant, ſa pitié ſecourable, Couvrit ſou-



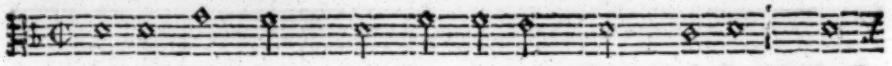
vent leur crime déteſtable: Dieu modera le



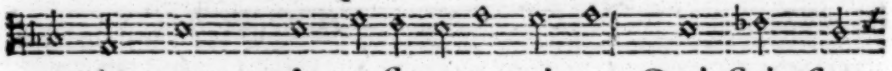
feu de ſon courroux, Et ſe retint, tant il eſt



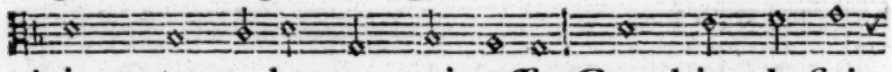
tendre & doux.



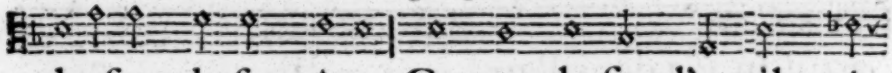
20. Il ſe ſouvint, que la nature humaine, N'eſt,



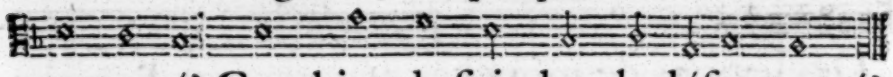
après tout, qu'une figure vaine, Qui fuit ſou-



dain, comme le vent qui paſſe. Combien de fois,



abuſant de ſa grâce, Ce peuple fier l'a-t-il mé-

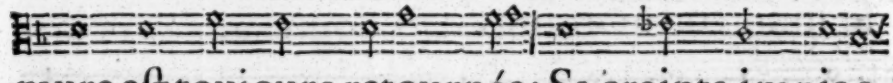


contenté? Combien de fois dans le déſert tenté?

PAUSE V.



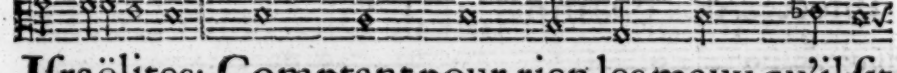
21. A l'offenſer cette race adonnée, A ſon mur-



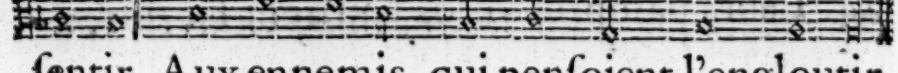
mure eſt toujours retournée: Sa crainte impie a



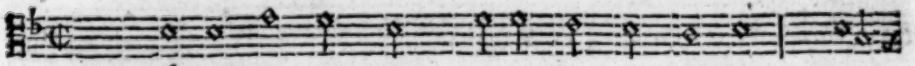
donné des limites, Au Tout-puiſſant, Dieu des



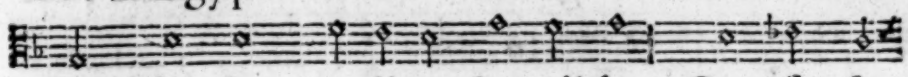
Iſraëlites; Comptant pour rien les maux qu'il fit



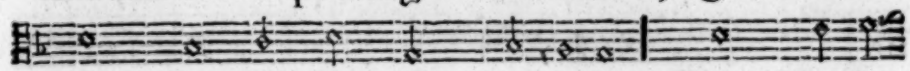
ſentir, Aux ennemis, qui penſoient l'engloutir.



22. L'Égypte vit ſes miracles terribles : Soan



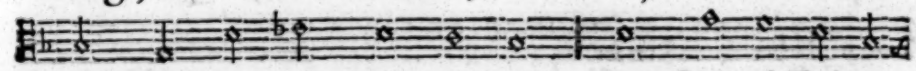
trembla des prodiges horribles, Que fit ſa



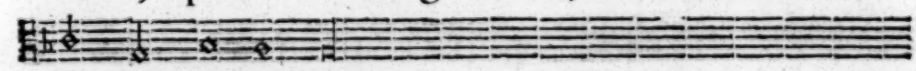
dextre en cent & cent manières : L'eau devint



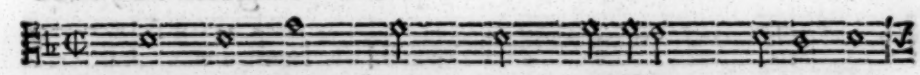
ſang, aux ſources aux, rivières ; Et loin d'en



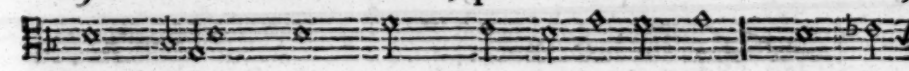
boire, après ce changement, On frémiſſoit à



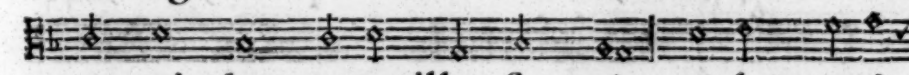
la voir ſeulement.



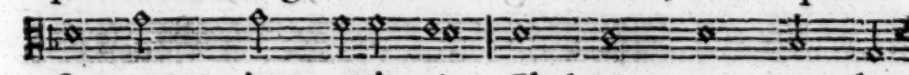
23. On vit dans l'air, par millions volantes,



Des légions de mouches dévorantes : Par ſon



pouvoir des grenouilles formées, A les punir



ſe montroient animées. Il donne aux vers les



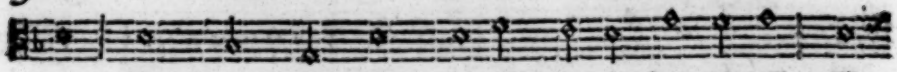
fruits de ces méchans, Et leurs moiſſons aux



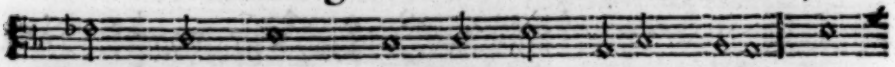
inſectes des champs.



24. Leurs pampres verds ſentirent ſes tempê-



tes: De leurs figuiers il abbattit les têtes ; Et



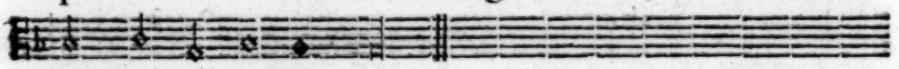
leurs troupeaux, confondus pêle-mêle, Fu-



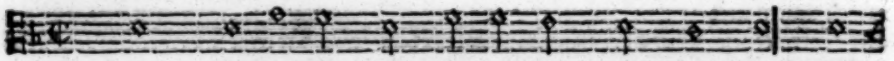
rent frappés des feux & de la grêle : Tout



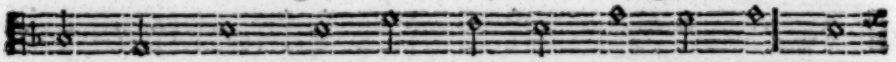
éprouva ſon courroux rigoureux, Et ſa fureur



fondit toute ſur eux.



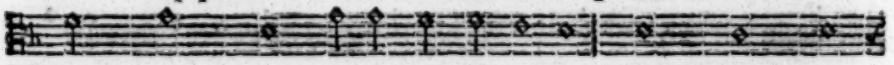
25. Les meſſagers de ſa juſte vengeance, Les



pourſuivoient par tout, à toute outrance. Pour



leur ſupplice, une mortelle peſte, Fit, en



tous lieux, un ravage funeſte, Et, tout d'un

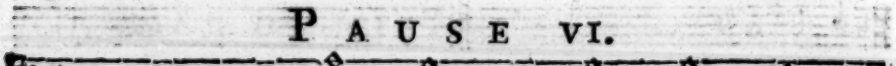


coup, leurs yeux virent périr, Tout le bétail

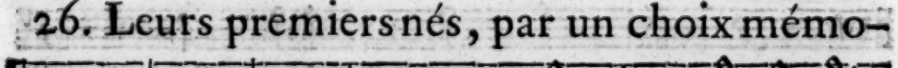


qui les devoit nourrir.

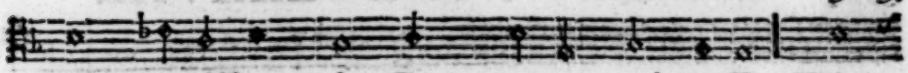
PAUSE VI.



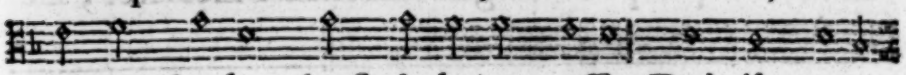
26. Leurs premiers nés, par un choix mémo-



rable, Furent frappés de l'ange redoutable ;



Aux pavillons de Cam, race traitreſſe, Dieu



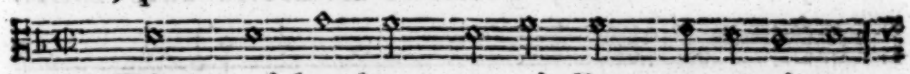
retrancha les chefs de la jeuneſſe: Puis il mena



ſon peuple, à grands troupeaux, Dans le dé-



ſert, par des ſentiers nouveaux.



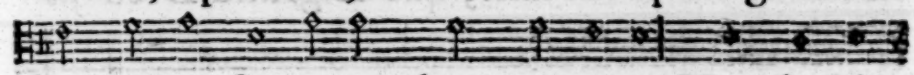
27. D'un roi barbare on vit l'armée éteinte,



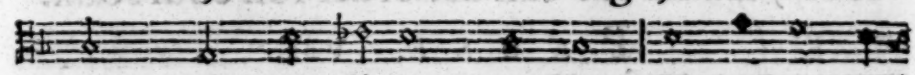
Dans cette mer, où nos ayeux, ſans crainte,



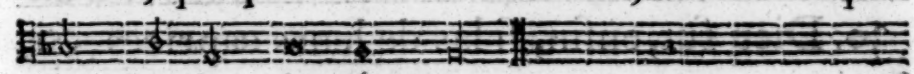
Tous, à pied ſec, avoient trouvé paſſage. Dieu



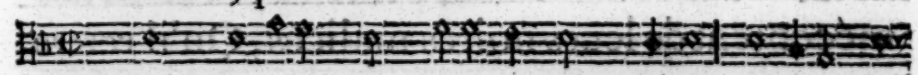
les mena, ſoutenant leur courage, Vers le ſaint



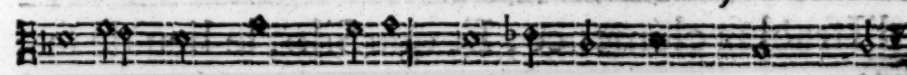
mont, qu'aprés divers combats, Il s'eſt acquis



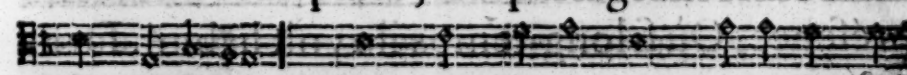
lui même, par ſon bras.



28. De Canaan les nations il chaſſe, Il établit



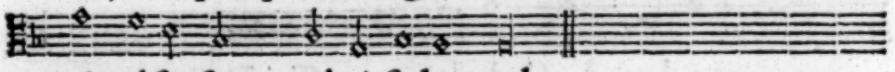
Iſraël en leur place, Lui partageant leurs mai-



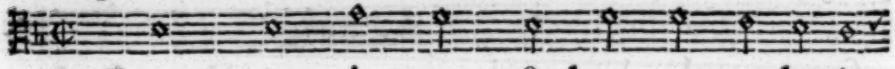
ſons défolées: Mais, oubliant ces grâces ſigna-



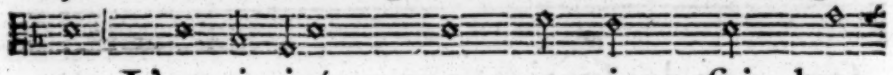
lées, Ce peuple indigne offenſa l'Éternel, Et



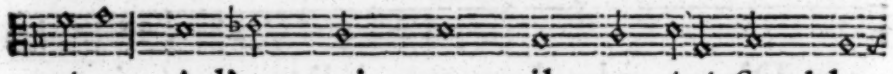
mépriſa ſon traité ſolennel.



29. Leurs cœurs ingrats, & leurs ames legè-



res, L'ont irrité, comme avoient fait leurs



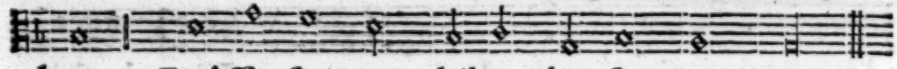
péres; A l'arc qui trompe ils ont été ſembla-



bles, Servant l'idole, en leurs hauts lieux dam-

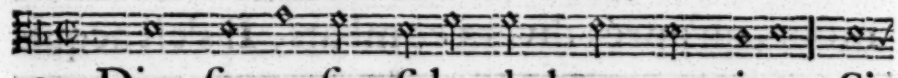


nables. Ils firent tant, que le grand Dieu ja-

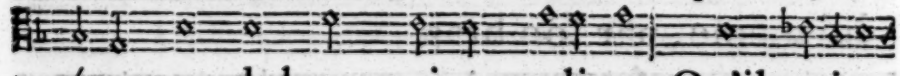


loux, Laiſſa ſur eux déborder ſon courroux.

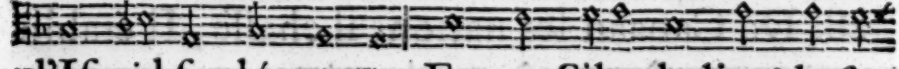
PAUSE. VII.



30. Dieu fut, enfin, ſi las de leurs caprices, Si



mécontent de leurs noires malices, Qu'il retira



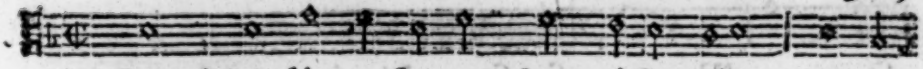
d'Iſraël ſa clémence, Et que Silo, le lieu de ſa



préſence, Où ſi long-temps il avoit habité, Dans



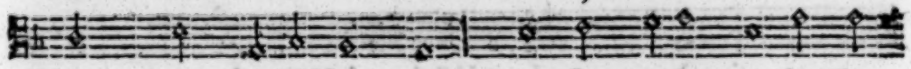
ſon courroux fut pour toujours quitté. 31.



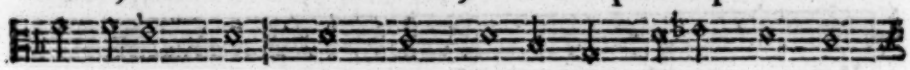
31. Son bras livra ſon arche priſonnière, A la



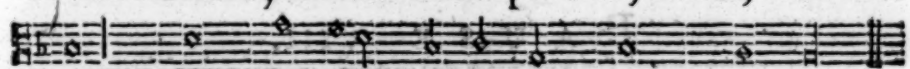
merci d'une main meurtrière; Et délaiſſant les



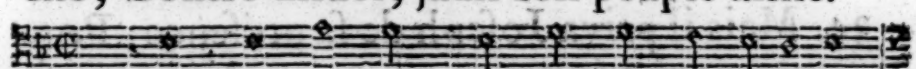
ſiens, dans les allarmes, Les fit périr par la for-



ce des armes; Tant ſon dépit fut, alors, enflam-



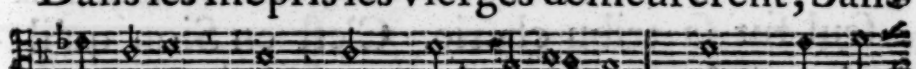
mé, Contre Iſraël, jadis ſon peuple aimé.



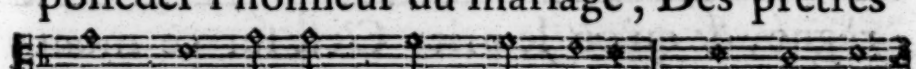
32. Des feux ardens les jeunes dévorèrent;



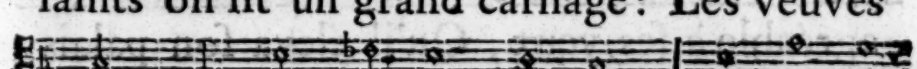
Dans les mépris les vierges demeurèrent, Sans



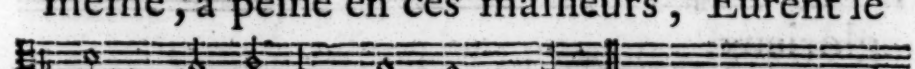
poſſeder l'honneur du mariage; Des prêtres



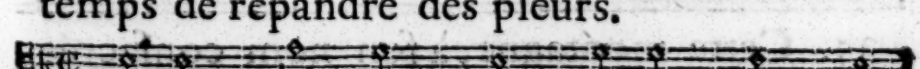
ſaints on fit un grand carnage: Les veuves



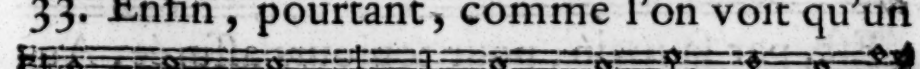
même, à peine en ces malheurs, Eurent le



temps de répandre des pleurs.



33. Enfin, pourtant, comme l'on voit qu'un



homme, Plein de vapeurs, & vaincu par le



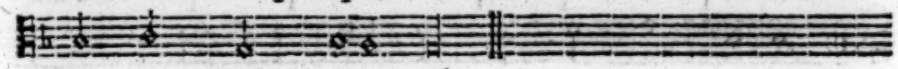
ſomme, Tout en ſurſaut s'écrie, & ſe réveille;



Dieu ſe leva, pour rendre la pareille, Aux



ennemis du peuple d'Iſraël, Et les couvrit

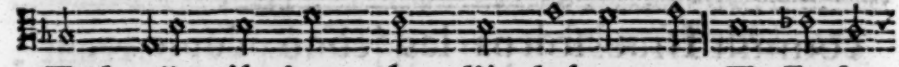


d'un opprobre éternel.

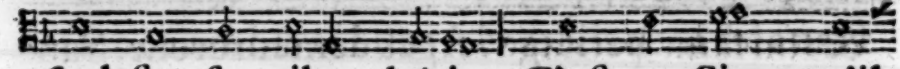
PAUSE VIII.



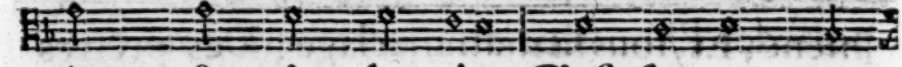
34. Mais il priva Joſeph de ſa préſence; Pour



Ephraïm il n'eut plus d'indulgence; Et Juda



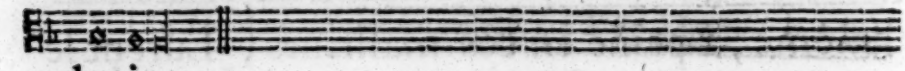
ſeul fut ſa tribu chérie. C'eſt en Sion qu'il



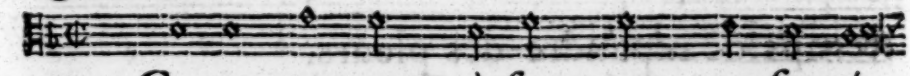
règne, & qu'on le prie; C'eſt ſur ce mont,



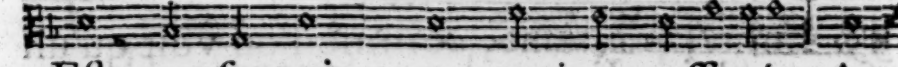
agréable à ſes yeux, Qu'il éleva ſon palais



glorieux.



35. Cette montagne, à ſon nom conſacrée,



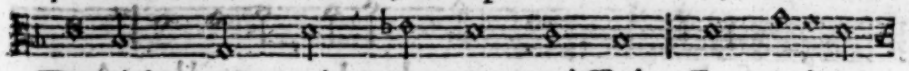
Eſt, par ſa main, pour toujours aſſurée, Au-



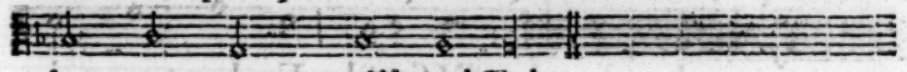
tant & plus, que le globe du monde: Et Dieu,



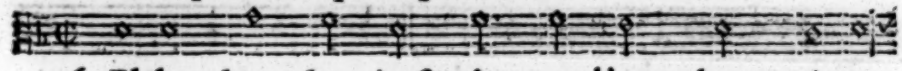
qui voit les cœurs, & qui les ſonde, Choiſit



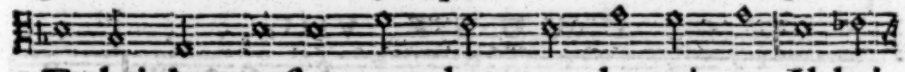
David, qu'à peine on connoiſſoit, Le retirant



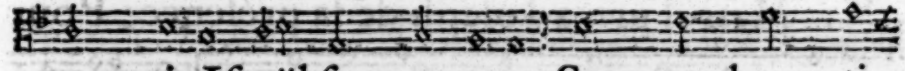
des troupeaux qu'il paiſſoit.



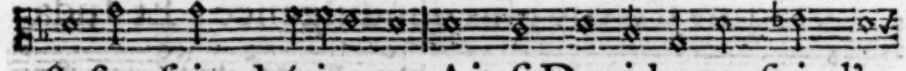
36. Il le chercha, juſqu'en ce lieu champêtre,



Et lui donna ſon peuple, pour le paitre; Il lui



commit Iſraël ſon partage, Son peuple acquis,

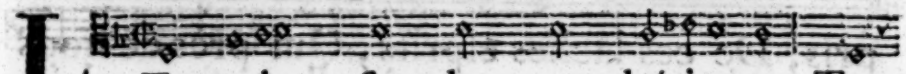


& ſon ſaint héritage: Ainſi David avec ſoin l'a

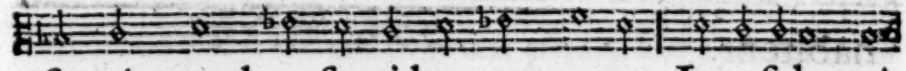


mené, Et, ſous ſa main, juſtement gouverné.

PSEAUME LXXIX.



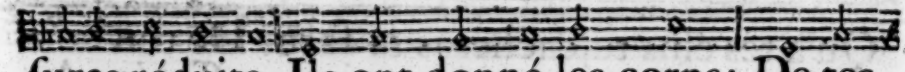
LEs nations ſon dans ton héritage; Ton



ſacré temple a ſenti leur outrage; Jeruſalem ô



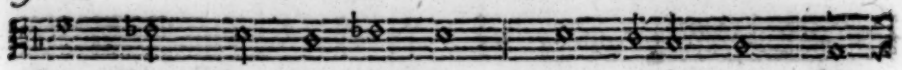
Seigneur, eſt détruite, Et par leur rage en ma-



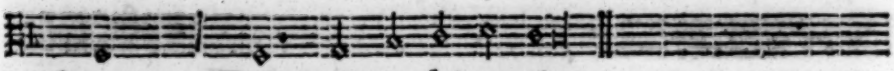
ſures réduite. Ils ont donné les corps; De tes



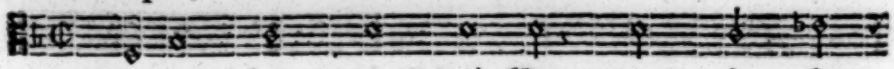
ſerviteurs morts, Aux oiſeaux, pour curée;



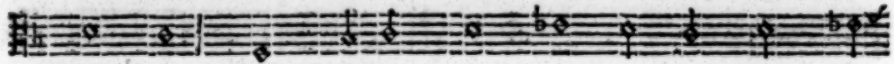
La chair de tes enfans, Aux animaux des



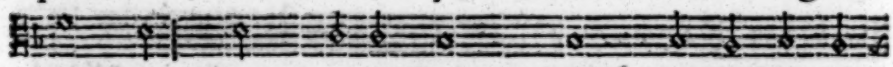
champs, Pour être dévorée.



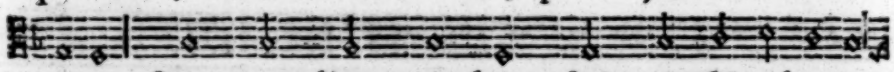
2. Autour des murs, où l'on nous vint ſur-



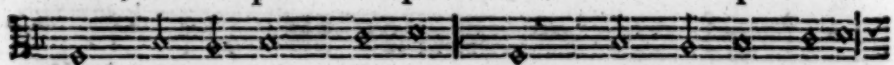
prendre, Nos triſtes yeux ont vu leur ſang ré-



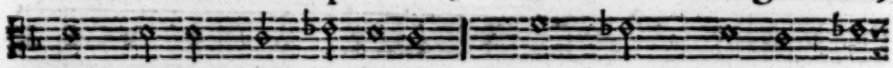
pandre, Comme de l'eau, qu'on jette à l'aven-



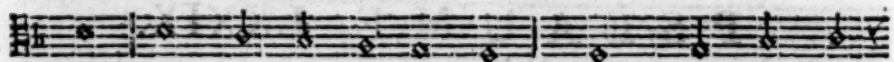
ture, Sans que l'on pût leur donner ſépulture.



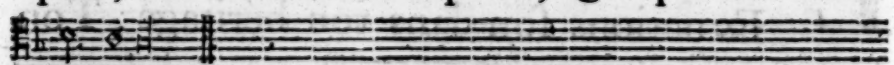
Nos voiſins emportés, Par mille indignités,



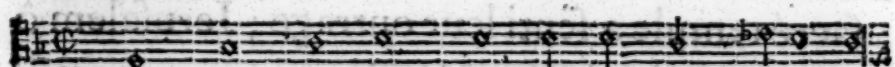
Sans ceſſe nous irritent: Nons ſommes le mé-



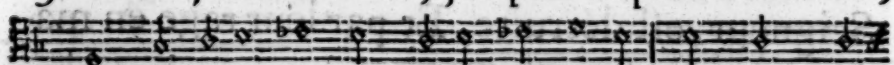
pris, De ces lâches eſprits, Qui près de nous



habitent.



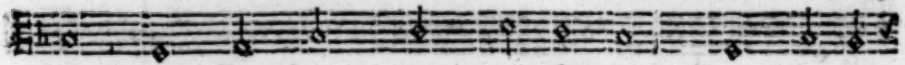
3. Dieu juſte & bon, juſques à quand ſera-ce,



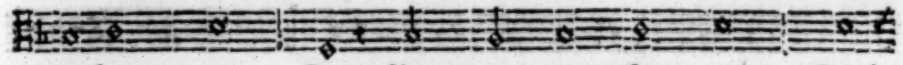
Qu'à tes élus tu cacheras ta face? De ton cou-



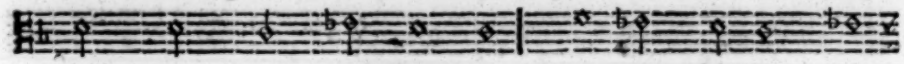
roux, qui contre nous s'allume, Faut-il, hé-



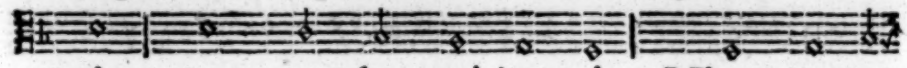
las ! que l'ardeur nous conſume ? Frappe tes



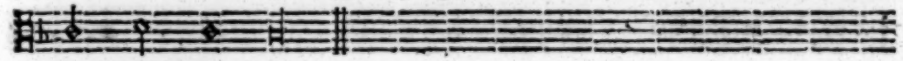
rudes coups, Sur d'autres que ſur nous, Qui



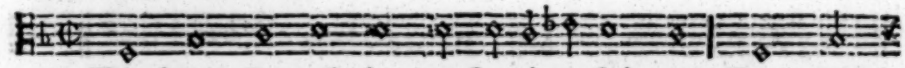
craignons ta puiſſance ; Lance plutôt ces



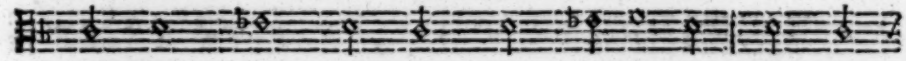
traits, Aux peuples qui jamais, N'ont eu ta



connoiſſance.



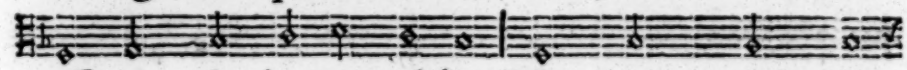
4. Du bon Jacob la poſtérité ſainte, Par ces



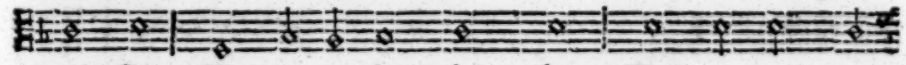
méchans eſt preſque toute éteinte : Ils ont



changé ſon palais admirable, En un déſert



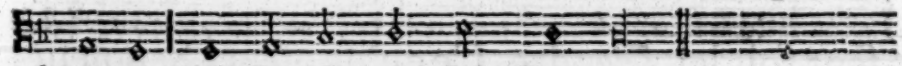
affreux & lamentable. Ne nous rends pas



confus ; Et ne te ſouvien plus, De toutes nos

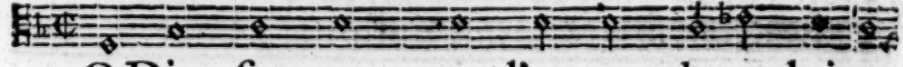


offenſes : Dans cette extrêmité, Hâte, par ta

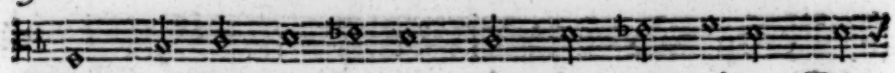


bonté, La fin de nos ſouffrances.

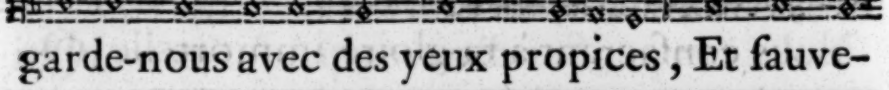
PAUSE.



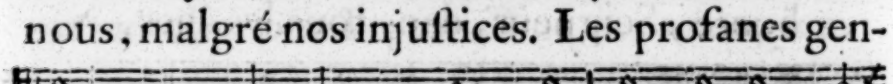
5. O Dieu ſauveur, pour l'amour de ta gloire,



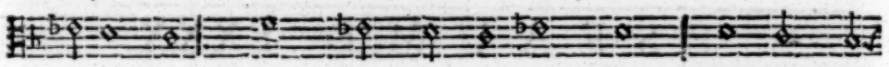
Pour conſerver de ton nom la mémoire, Re



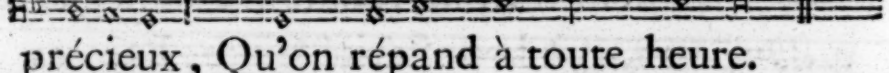
garde-nous avec des yeux propices, Et ſauve-



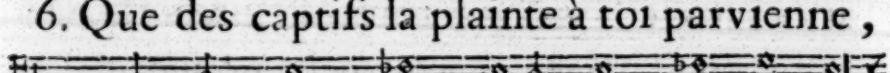
nous, malgré nos injuſtices. Les profanes gen-



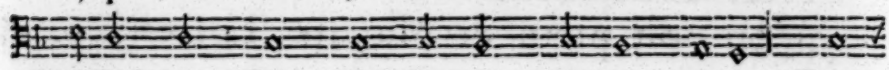
tils, Nous demanderoient-ils, Où notre Dieu



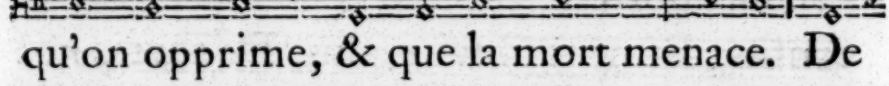
demeure? Viens venger, à nos yeux, Ce ſang ſi



précieux, Qu'on répand à toute heure.



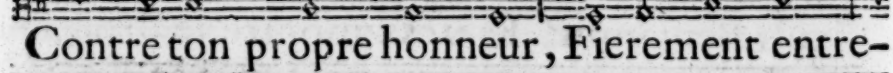
6. Que des captifs la plainte à toi parvienne,



Et; par ton bras, leur délivrance obtienne:



Briſe leurs fers, & ſauve, par ta grâce, Ceux



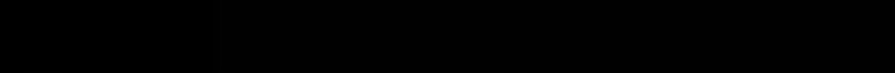
qu'on opprime, & que la mort menace. De



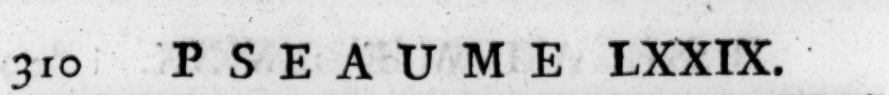
nos voiſins auſſi, Vois le cœur endurci; Veuille



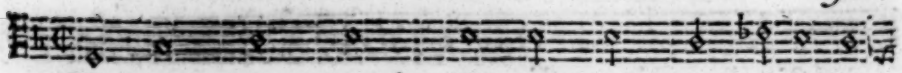
ſept fois leur rendre, Ce qu'ils oſent, Seigneur,



Contre ton propre honneur, Fierement entre-



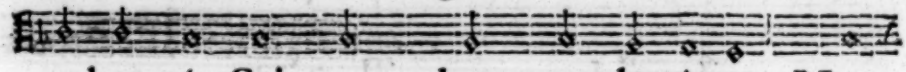
prendre.



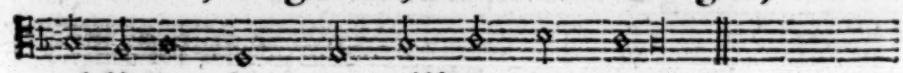
7. Et nous, ton peuple, & ton troupeau fidelle,



Nous conſacrant à ta gloire immortelle, De

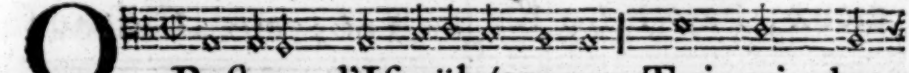


ta bonté, Seigneur, dans tous les âges, Nous

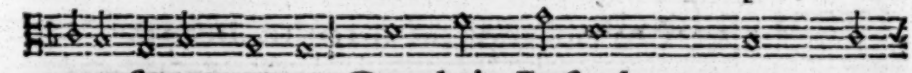


publirons les merveilleux ouvrages.

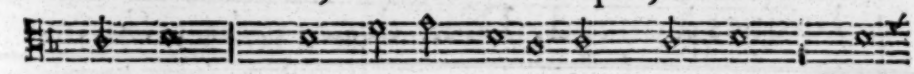
PSEAUME LXXX.



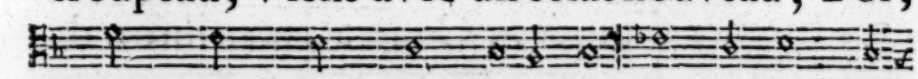
O Paſteur d'Iſraël écoute: Toi qui, dans



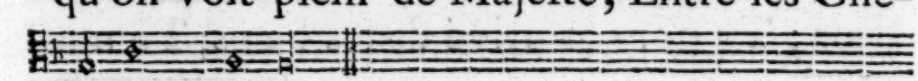
une ſure route, Conduis Joſeph, comme un



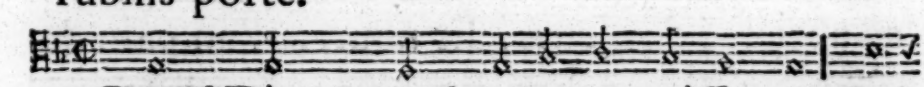
troupeau, Viens avec un éclat nouveau; Toi,



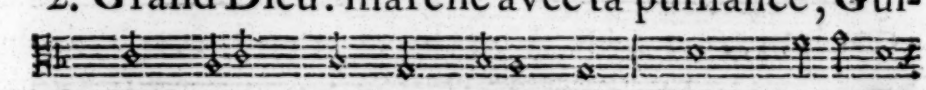
qu'on voit plein de Majeſté, Entre les Ché-



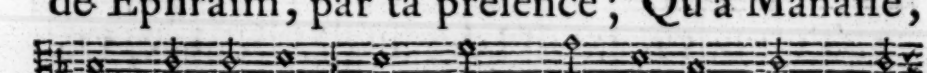
rubins porté.



2. Grand Dieu: marche avec ta puiſſance; Gui-



de Ephraïm, par ta préſence; Qu'à Manaſſé,



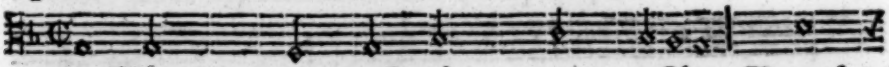
qu'à Benjamin, Ta voix montre le droit che-



min; Qu'enfin, après tant de travaux, Nous



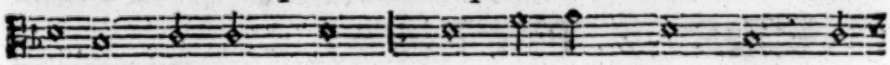
puiſſions voir ceſſer nos maux.



3 O Dieu ; notre eſpoir, notre aſile, Rends-



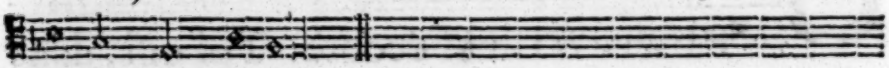
nous un état plus tranquille ? Donne-nous



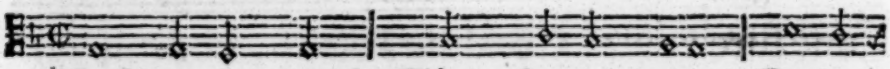
encor, de tes yeux, Un regard doux & gra-



cieux ; Fais luire ſur nous ta clarté, Et nous



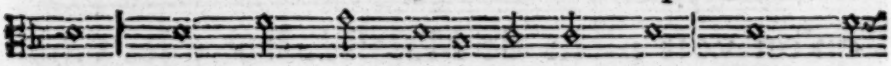
ſerons en ſureté.



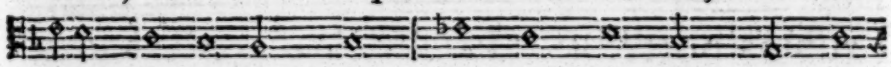
4. Juſques à quand, Dieu des armées, Seront



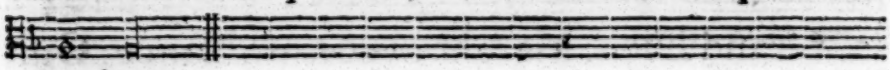
tes fureurs allumées, Contre les prières des



tiens ; Tu nous as privé de tes biens; Tu nous



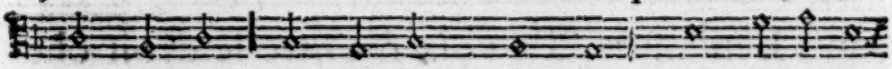
as abreuvé de pleurs, Et nourris d'un pain de



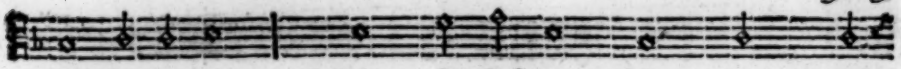
douleurs.



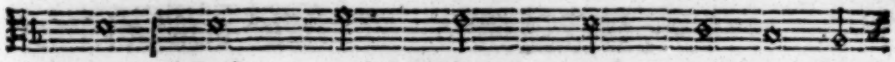
5. Tu nous mets en bute aux reproches, De



nos voiſins, & de nos proches : Nos injuſtes



perſecuteurs, Nous inſultent dans nos mal-

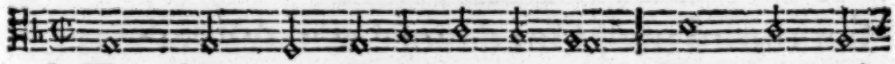


heurs: Mais, grand Dieu, rends nous ta clar-



te, Et nous ſerons en ſureté.

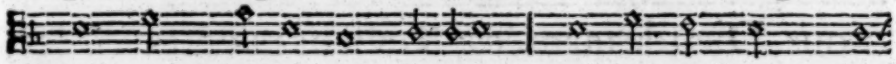
PAUSE.



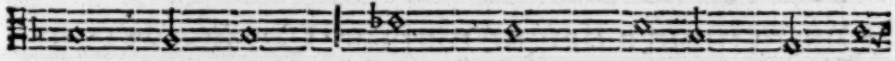
6. Ta vigne en Egypte portée, Fut par toi,



depuis, tranſplantée, Dans ces fertiles régions,



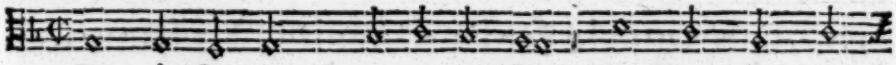
D'où tu chaſſas les nations; Et de ſes pampres



beaux & verds, Les champs furent bientôt



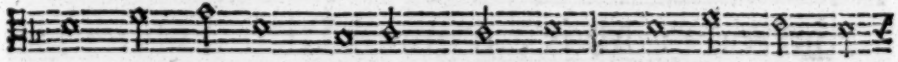
couvers.



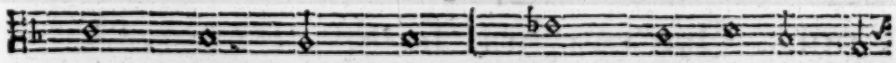
7. On vit ſon ombre répandue, Cacher des hauts



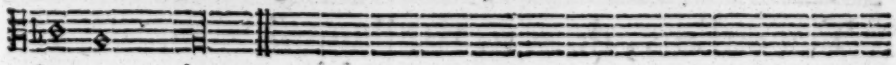
monts l'étendue; Ses jets à la hauteur montés,



Des cèdres au Liban plantés: Même, les ra-



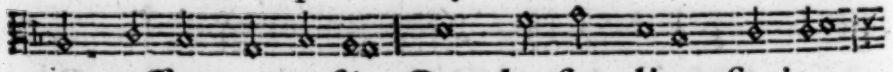
meaux qu'ils pouſſoient; Du fleuve à la mer



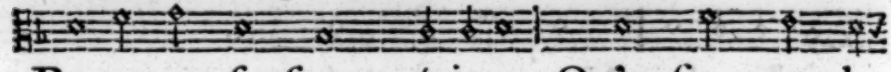
s'avançoient.



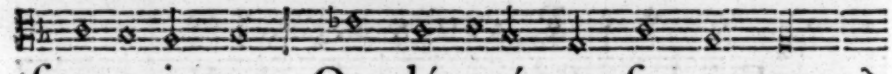
8. D'où vient que ſa haye eſt briſée; Qu'elle eſt



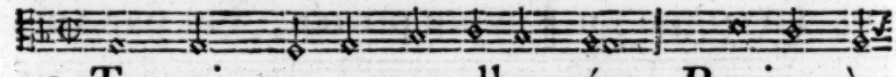
aux paſſans expoſée; Que des ſangliers furieux,



Ravagent ſes ſeps précieux; Qu'enfin, tant de



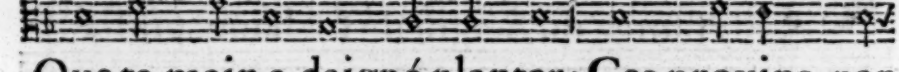
fiers animaux, Ont dévoré tous ſes rameaux?



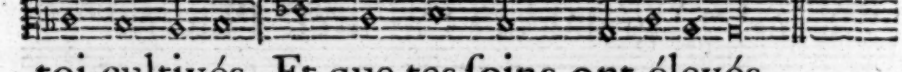
9. Tu vois nos ames allarmées; Reviens à



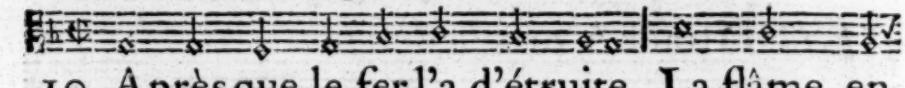
nous, Dieu des armées; Reviens ta vigne viſiter,



Que ta main a daigné planter; Ces provins, par



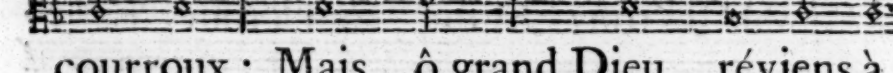
toi cultivés, Et que tes ſoins ont élevés.



10. Après que le fer l'a d'étruite, La flâme en



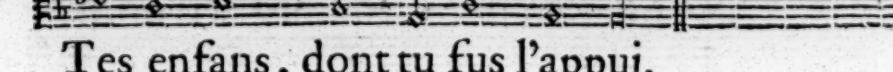
cendre l'a réduite. Nous périſſons, par ton



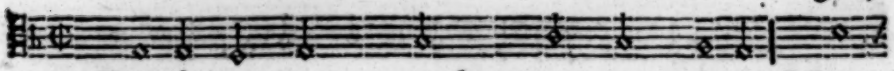
courroux: Mais, ô grand Dieu, réviens à



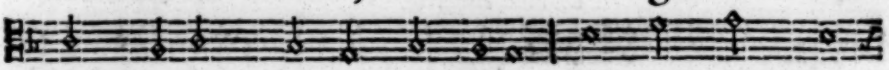
nous. Que ton bras ſoutienne aujourd'hui



Tes enfans, dont tu fus l'appui.



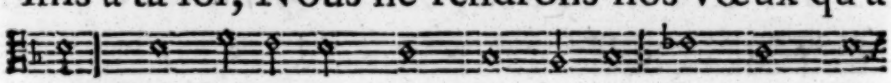
11. Ranime-nous, rends-nous ta grâce: Nous



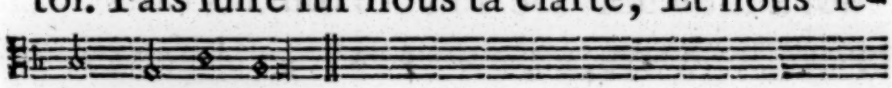
marcherons devant ta face, Et toujours ſou-



mis à ta loi, Nous ne rendrons nos vœux qu'à

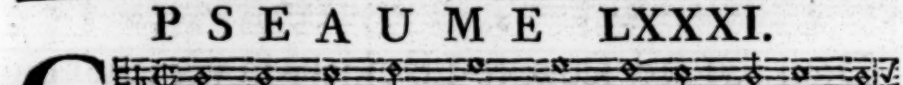


toi. Fais luire ſur nous ta clarté, Et nous ſe-

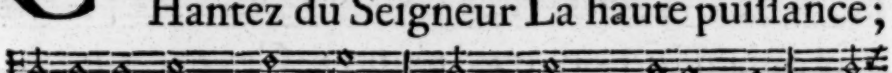


rons en ſureté.

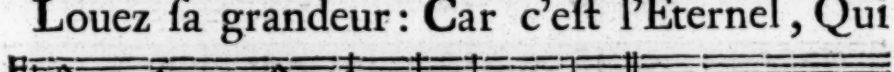
PSEAUME LXXXI.



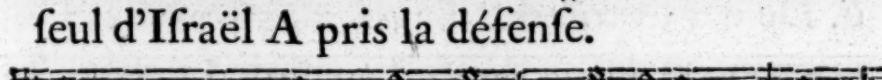
CHantez du Seigneur La haute puiſſance;



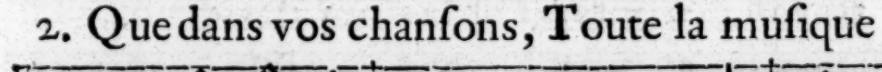
Louez ſa grandeur: Car c'eſt l'Éternel, Qui



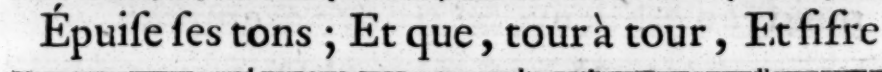
ſeul d'Iſraël A pris la défenſe.



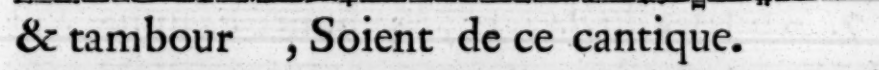
2. Que dans vos chanſons, Toute la muſique,



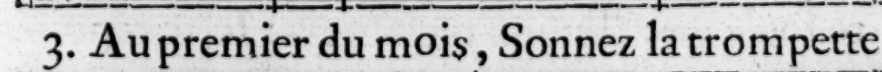
Épuiſe ſes tons; Et que, tour à tour, Et fifre,



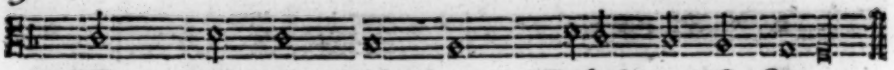
& tambour, Soient de ce cantique.



3. Au premier du mois, Sonnez la trompette;



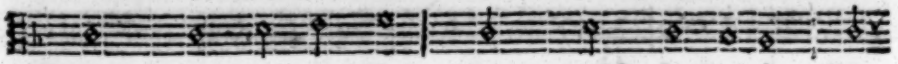
Et tous à la fois, Pour rendre l'honneur,



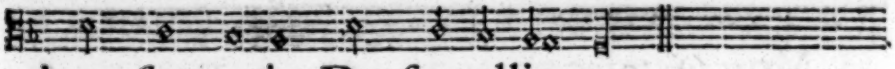
Qu'on doit au Seigneur, Célébrez ſa fête.



8. Jadis, notre Dieu en fit l'ordonnance,



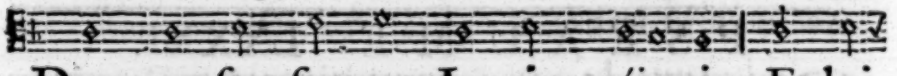
Pour être en ce lieu, Au peuple à venir, Un



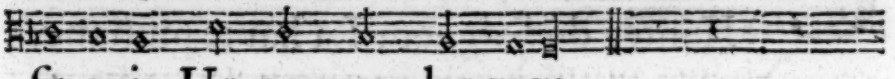
doux ſouvenir De ſon alliance.



5. Quand, après le cours D'un long eſclavage,

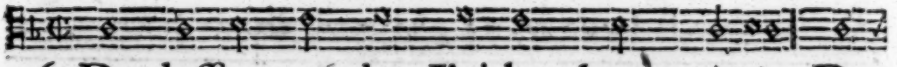


Dieu par ſon ſecours Le vint réjouir, Et lui



fit ouir Un nouveau langage.

PAUSE. I.



6. De deſſus ton dos J'ai la charge ôtée, Du



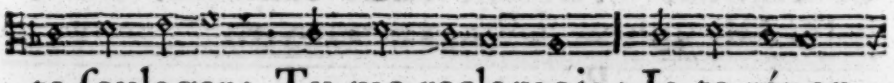
travail des pots, Dit la voix des cieux, Ta



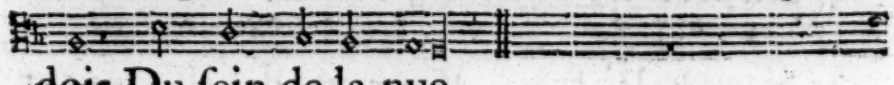
main, en ces lieux, Se trouve exemptée.



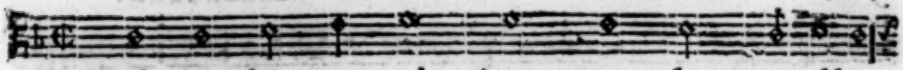
7. Au fort du danger, Ma bonté connue, Sut



te ſoulager: Tu me reclamois: Je te répon-



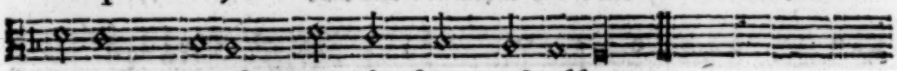
dois Du ſein de la nue.



8. Puis je t'éprouvai, Aux eaux de querelle;



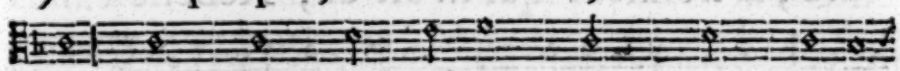
Et quand je trouvai Ton cœur endurci, Ma



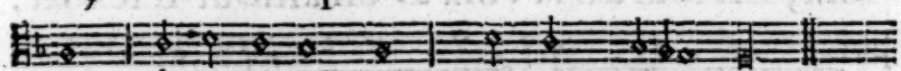
parole ainſi Reprit les rebelles.



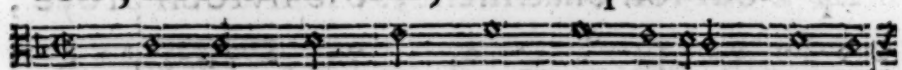
9. Mon peuple, entends-moi, Avec confian-



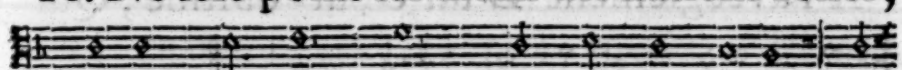
ce; Ton Dieu parle à toi: Au moins cette



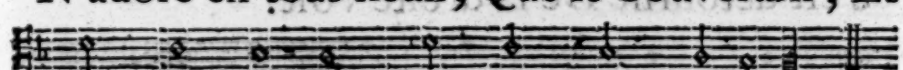
fois, Écoute ſa voix, Sans impatience.



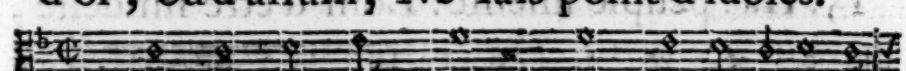
10. Ne ſers point les dieux des nations folles;



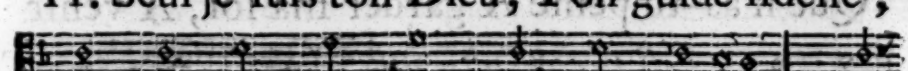
N'adore en tous lieux, Que le Souverain; Et



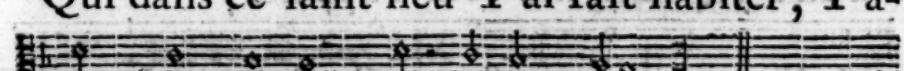
d'or, ou d'airain, Ne fais point d'idoles.



11. Seul je ſuis ton Dieu, Ton guide fidelle,

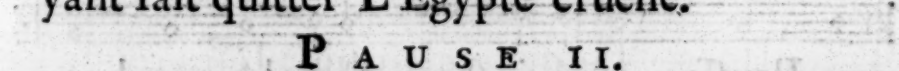


Qui dans ce ſaint lieu T'ai fait habiter; T'a-

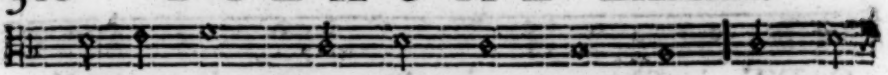


yant fait quitter L'Égypte cruelle.

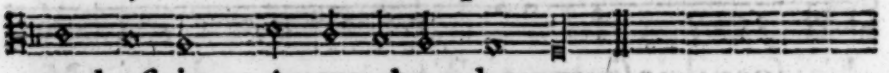
PAUSE II.



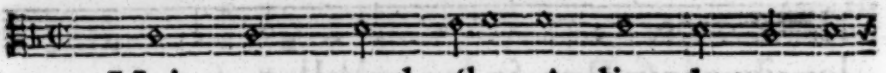
12. Parle tu le peux, Avec confiance; Déſor-



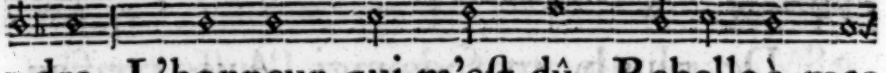
mais je veux Pourvoir par mes ſoins, A tous



tes beſoins, Avec abondance.



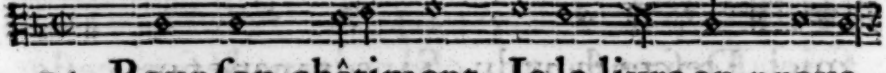
13. Mais mon peuple élu, Aulieu de me ren-



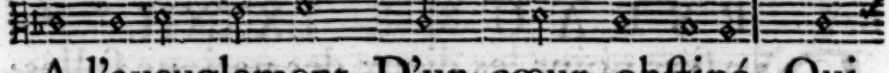
dre, L'honneur qui m'eſt dû, Rebelle à mes



loix, Eſt ſourd à la voix D'un amour ſi tendre.



14. Pour ſon châtiment, Je le livre en proye,



A l'aveuglement D'un cœur obſtiné, Qui



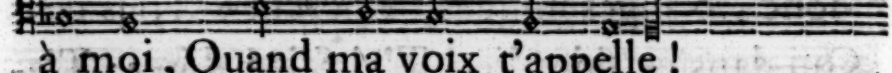
s'eſt détourné De la droite voie.



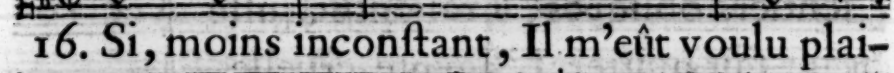
15. Ha! peuple inſenſé! Loin d'être infidelle,



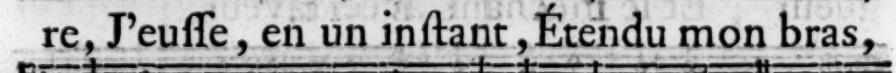
Que n'as-tu penſé A garder ma loi, A venir



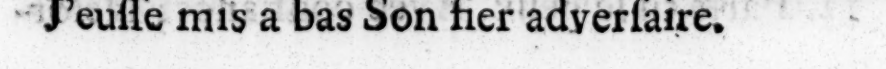
à moi, Quand ma voix t'appelle!



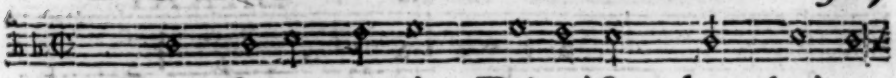
16. Si, moins inconſtant, Il m'eût voulu plai-



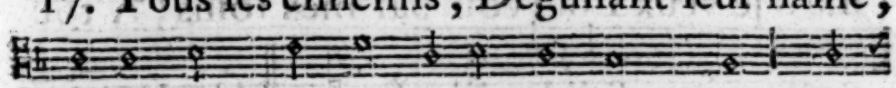
re, J'euſſe, en un inſtant, Étendu mon bras,



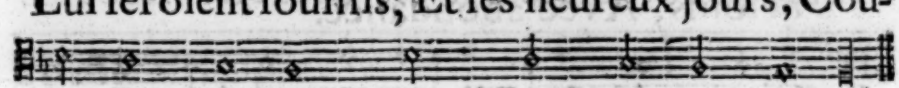
J'euſſe mis a bas Son fier adverſaire.



17. Tous ſes ennemis, Déguiſant leur haine,



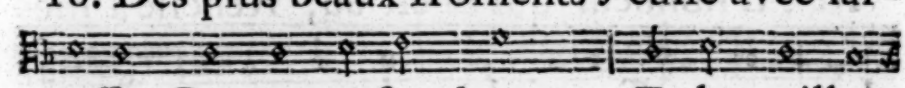
Lui ſeroient ſoumis; Et ſes heureux jours, Cou-



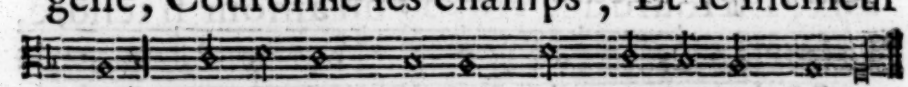
leroient toujours Sans trouble & ſans peine.



18. Des plus beaux froments J'euſſe avec lar-

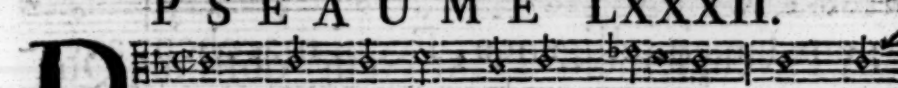


geſſe, Couronné ſes champs ; Et le meilleur

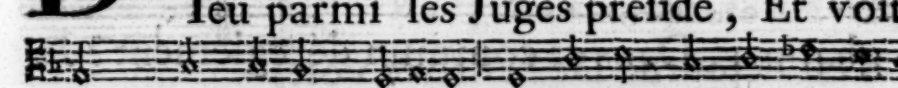


miel, Deſcendant du ciel, eut coulé ſans ceſſe.

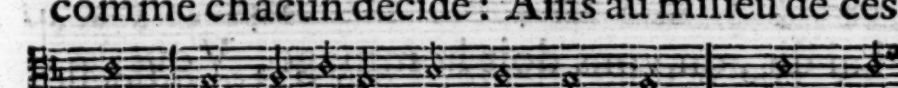
PSEAUME LXXXII.



Dieu parmi les Juges préſide, Et voit



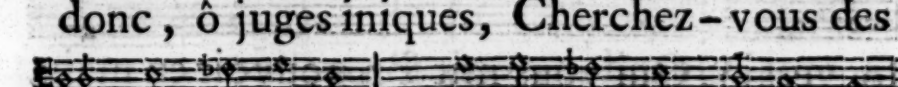
comme chacun décide: Aſſis au milieu de ces



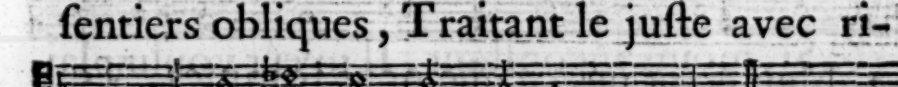
Dieux, Il pénétre tout de ſes yeux, Pourquoi



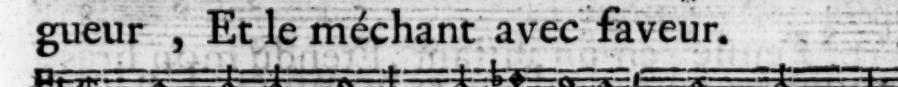
donc, ô juges iniques, Cherchez-vous des



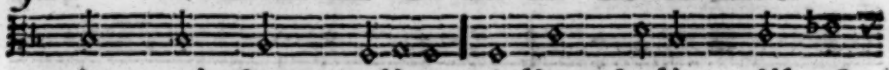
ſentiers obliques, Traitant le juſte avec ri-



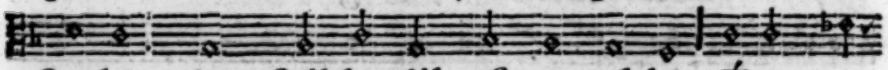
gueur, Et le méchant avec faveur.



2. Rendez à chacun la juſtice; Au pauvres,



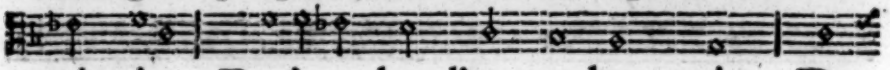
qu'on voit ſans malice ; A l'orphelin, s'il eſt



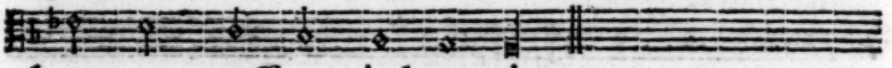
foulé ; Au foible s'il eſt accablé. Écoutez



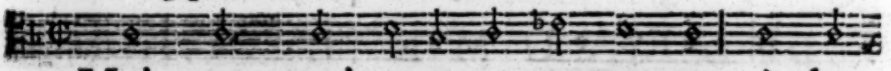
l'affligé, qui prie ; L'innocent, qui ſouffre &



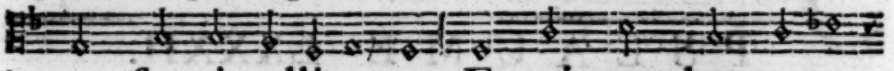
qui crie : Retirez-les d'entre les mains, De



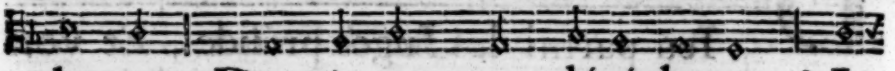
leurs oppreſſeurs inhumains.



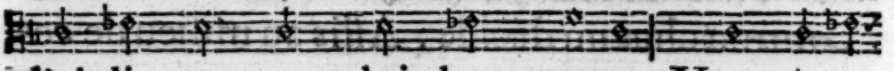
3. Mais pourquoi cette remontrance, A des



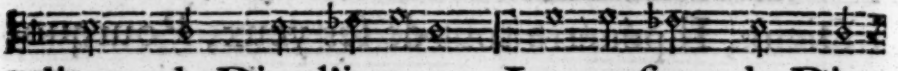
gens ſans intelligence, Et qui marchent aveu-



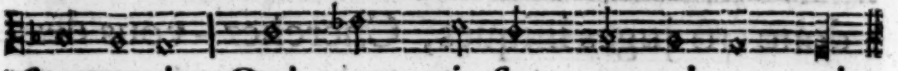
glement, Dans ce commun déréglement ? Je



l'ai dit, on vous doit hommage, Vous êtes



dieux, de Dieu l'image, Les enfans du Dieu



ſouverain, Qui vous mit ſon pouvoir en main.

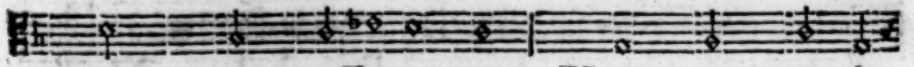


4. Mais étant nés ce que nous ſommes, Vous

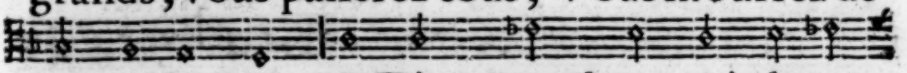


mourrez comme d'autres hommes : Un jour,

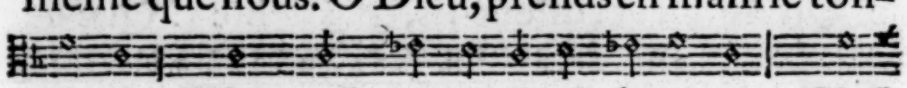
grands,



grands, vous paſſerez tous, Vous mourrez de



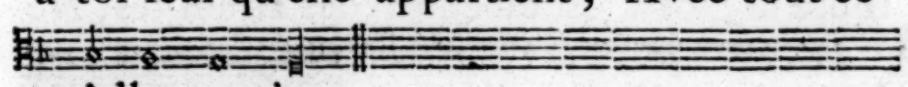
même que nous. O Dieu, prends en main le ton-



nerre ; Viens toi même juger la terre : C'eſt

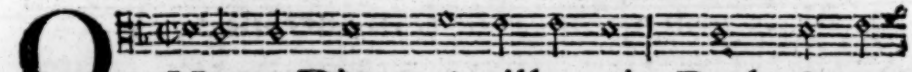


à toi ſeul qu'elle appartient, Avec tout ce

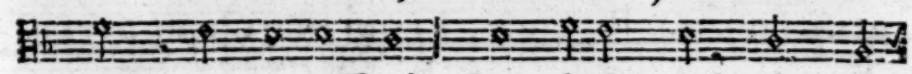


qu'elle contient.

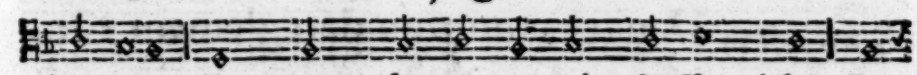
PSEAUME LXXXIII.



O Notre Dieu, réveille-toi ; Parle & te



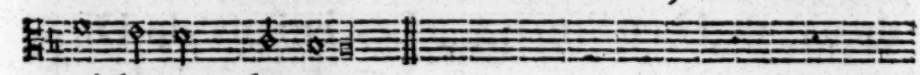
montre en cet effroi ; Que déſormais rien ne



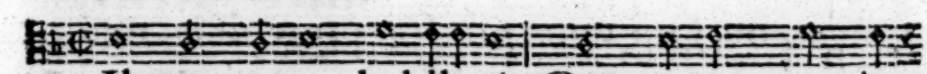
t'arrête : Le camp des ennemis s'aſſemble, Sur



nous ils fondent tous enſemble, Et contre



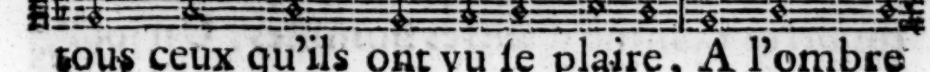
toi lèvent la tête.



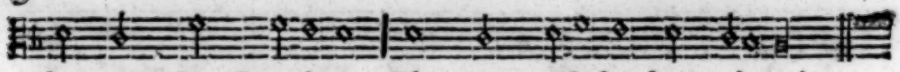
2. Ils ont, avec habileté, Contre ton peuple



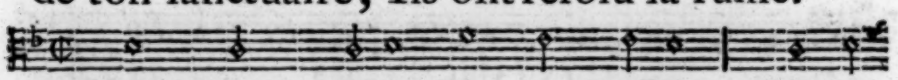
concerté, Ce que leur malice imagine : De



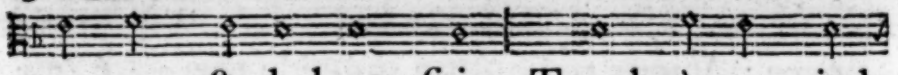
tous ceux qu'ils ont vu ſe plaire, A l'ombre



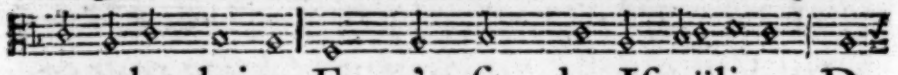
de ton ſanctuaire, Ils ont réſolu la ruine.



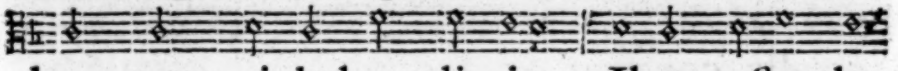
3. Qu'ils ſoient, diſent-ils, tous défaits : Que de



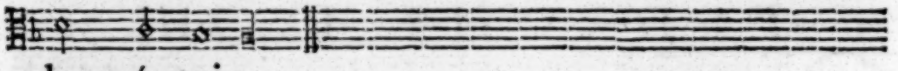
ces gens, & de leurs faits, Tombe à nos pieds



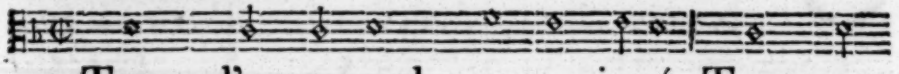
toute la gloire ; Et qu'enfin, des Iſraëlites, De



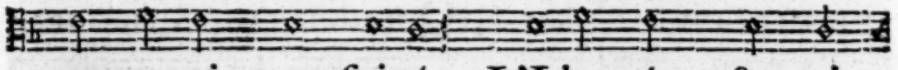
leur nom, ni de leurs limites, Il ne reſte plus



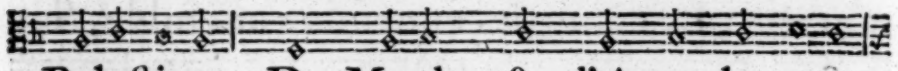
de mémoire.



4. Tous, d'un accord, ont conjuré ; Tous ont,



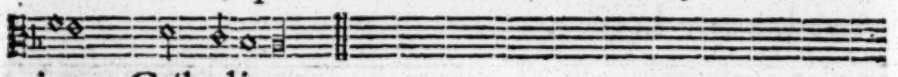
contre toi, conſpiré ; L'Idumée, & toi,



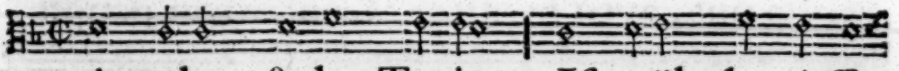
Paleſtine ; De Moab, & d'Agar la race,



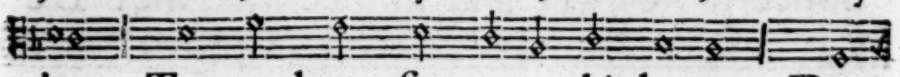
Hammon, qui ſuit la même trace, Et la na-



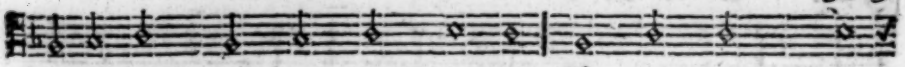
tion Gébaline



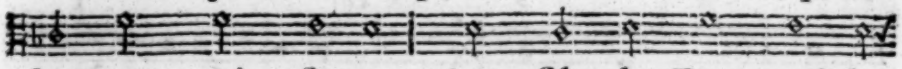
5. Amalec, & les Tyriens, Iſmaël, les Aſſy-



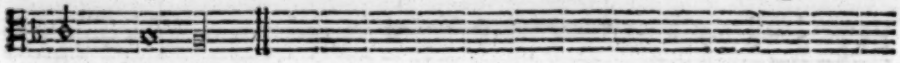
riens, Toutes leurs forces y déployent : Dans



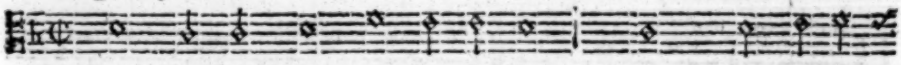
la fureur qui les tranſporte, Ils courent, pour



donner main forte, Aux fils de Lot qui les



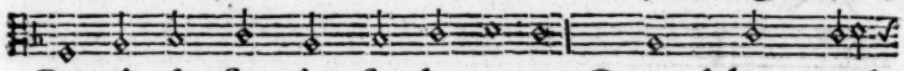
employent.



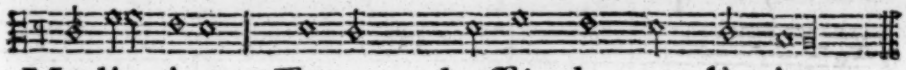
6. Rappelle l'heureuſe ſaiſon, Lorſque Jabin,



ſur le Ciſon, Vaincu dans une juſte guerre,

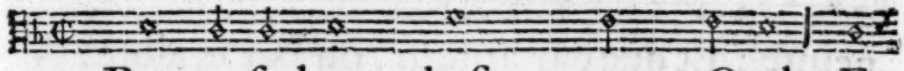


Servit de fumier ſur la terre; Quand les cruels

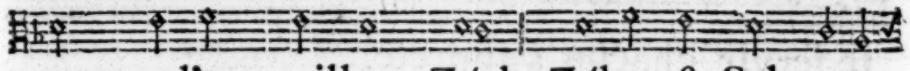


Madianites, Furent chaſſés de nos limites.

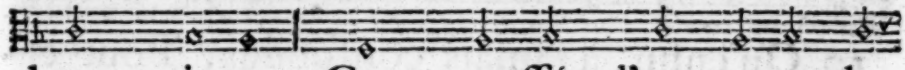
PAUSE.



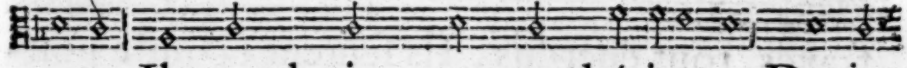
7. Renverſe leurs chefs, comme Oreb, Et



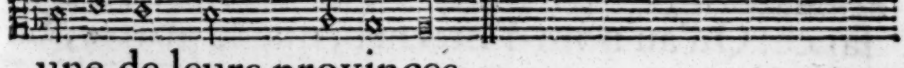
comme l'orgueilleux Zéeb, Zébac & Salmuna,



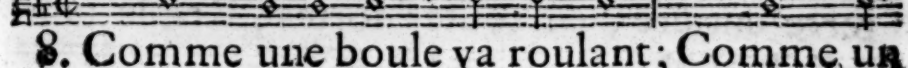
leurs princes: Car, pouſſés d'une aveugle



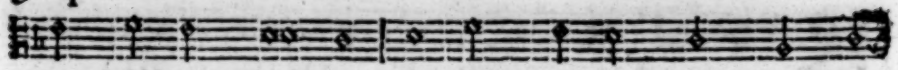
rage, Ils voudroient que ton héritage, Devint



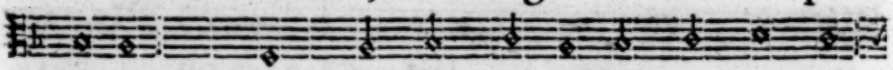
une de leurs provinces.



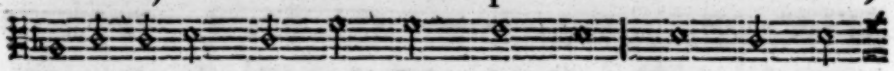
8. Comme une boule va roulant; Comme un



tourbillon violent, A ſon gré le chaume pro-



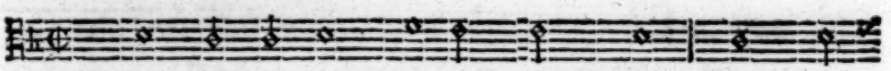
mène ; Comme un feu qui réduit en cendre,



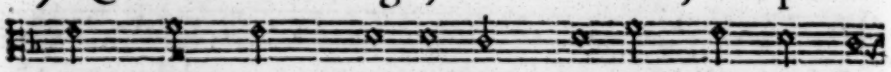
Une forêt, & qui fait fendre, Des rochers



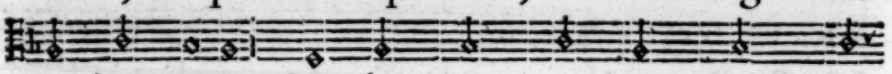
la cime hautaine.



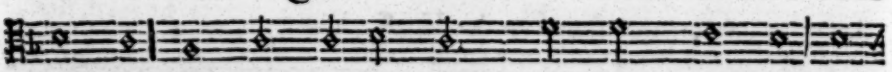
9. Qu'ainſi ton orage, ô mon Dieu, Les pour-



ſuive, & qu'en chaque lieu, Ta foudre gronde



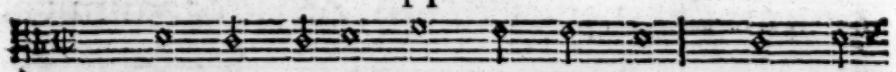
ſur leur tête : Que la honte en leur front ſoit



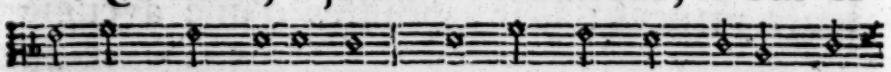
peinte ; Et que par amour, ou par crainte, A



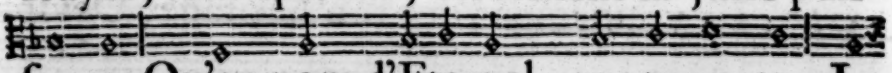
te ſervir chacun s'apprête.



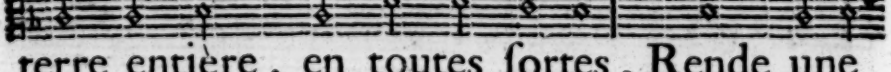
10. Qu'enfin, à jamais confondus, Tout ef-



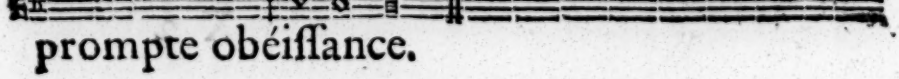
frayés, tout éperdus, Ils ſentent ta juſte puiſ-



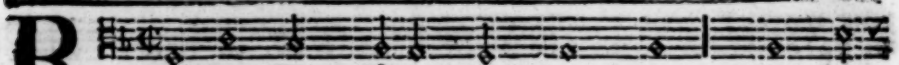
ſance : Qu'au nom d'Eternel, que tu portes, La



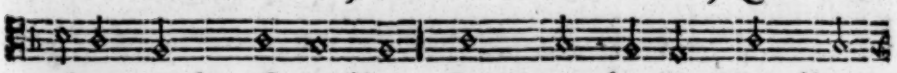
terre entière, en toutes ſortes, Rende une



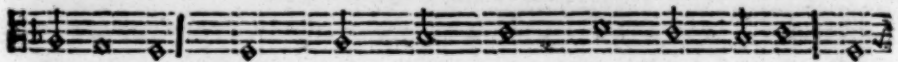
prompte obéiſſance.



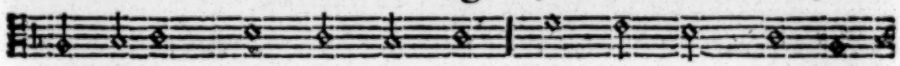
ROi des rois, Éternel mon Dieu, Que ton



tabernacle eſt un lieu, Sur tous les autres lieux



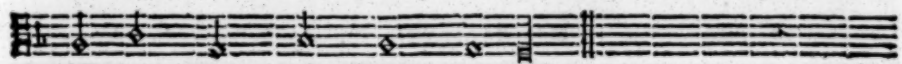
aimable! Mon cœur languit, mes ſens ravis, Ne



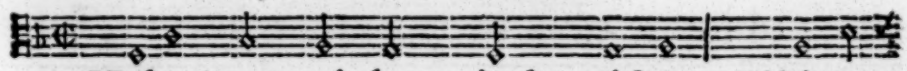
reſpirent que tes parvis, Et que ta préſence



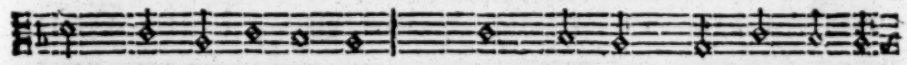
adorable: Mon ame, vers toi s'élevant, Cher-



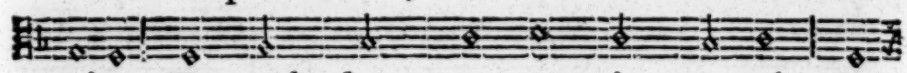
che ta face, ô Dieu vivant.



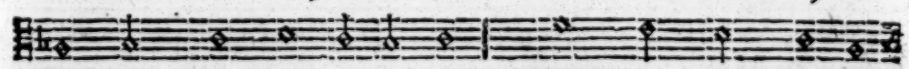
2. Hélas! on voit le moindre oiſeau, L'hiron-



delle & le paſſereau, Trouver ſon nid & ſa re-



traite: Et moi, dans mes ennuis mortels, Je



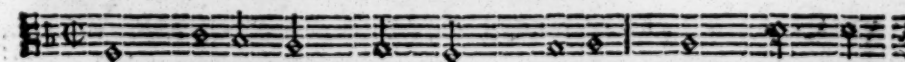
languis loin de tes autels; C'eſt en vain que je



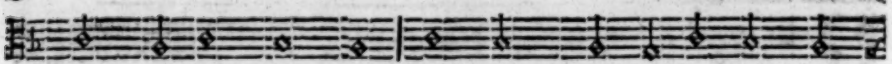
m'y ſouhaite. Heureux, qui peut, dans ta mai-



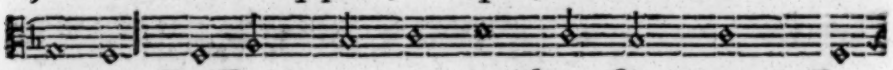
ſon, Te louer en toute ſaiſon!



3. O mille fois heureux celui, De qui tou-



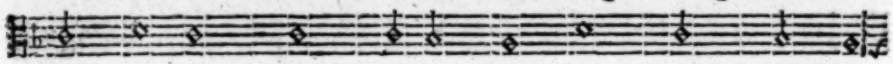
jours tu fus l'appui, Et qui, d'une route conſ-



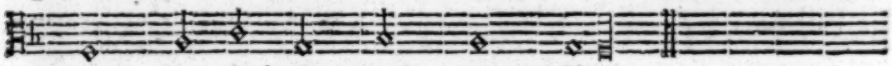
tante, Paſſe, pour te rendre ſes vœux, Le



vallon ſec & ſablonneux, Sans que la peine l'é-

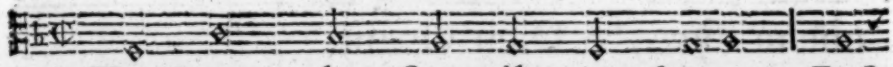


pouvante! L'eau vive ſous ſa main naîtra,

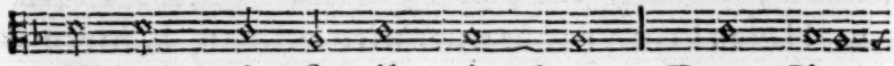


L'eau du ciel ſes puits remplira.

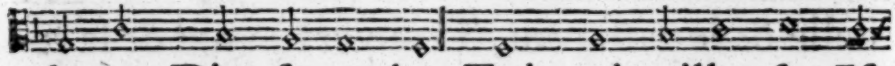
PAUSE.



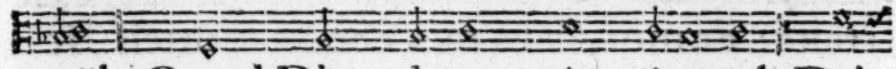
4. Toujours plus forts ils marcheront, Juſ-



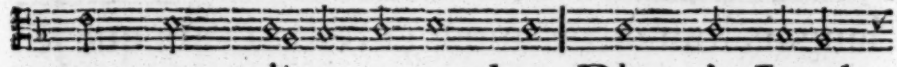
qu'à ce qu'enfin ils viendront, Dans Sion,



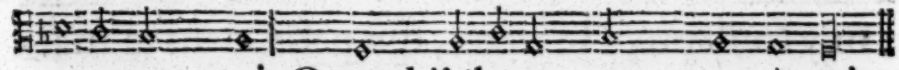
devant Dieu ſe rendre. Toi, qui veilles ſur Iſ-



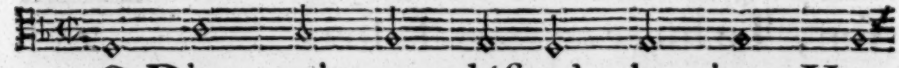
raël, Grand Dieu, de ton trône éternel, Dai-



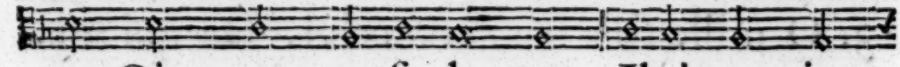
gne mes prières entendre; Dieu de Jacob,



exauce-moi. Quand j'éleve mon cœur à toi.



5. O Dieu, qui nous défends des cieux Vers



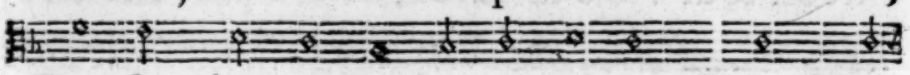
ton Oint tourne enfin les yeux; Il aime mieux,



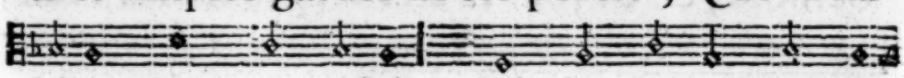
en toutes ſortes, Un jour chez toi, que mille



ailleurs; Il croit les emplois bien meilleurs,



Des ſimples gardes de tes portes, Que d'ha-



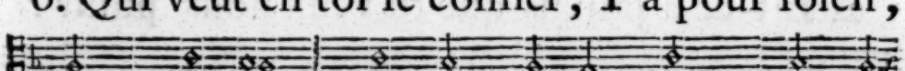
biter dans ces palais, Où la vertu n'entre



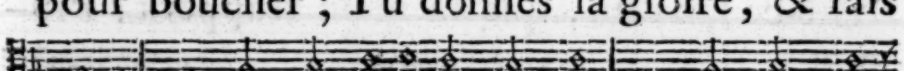
jamais.



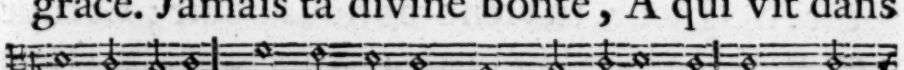
6. Qui veut en toi ſe confier, T'a pour ſoleil,



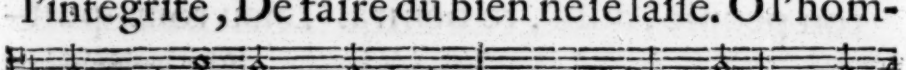
pour bouclier; Tu donnes la gloire, & fais



grâce. Jamais ta divine bonté, A qui vit dans



l'intégrité, De faire du bien ne ſe laſſe. O l'hom-

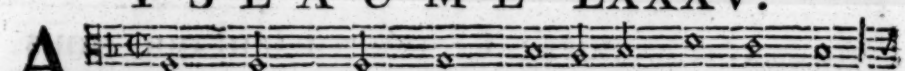


me mille fois heureux, Qui n'adreſſe qu'à

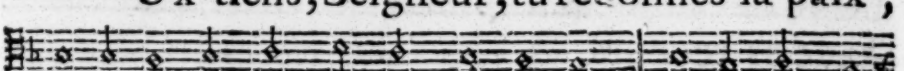


toi ſes vœux!

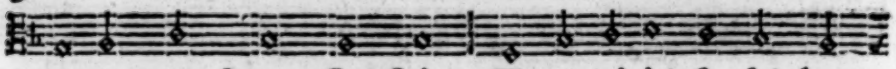
PSEAUME LXXXV.



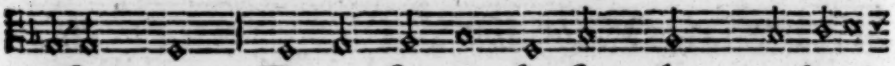
AUx tiens, Seigneur, tu redonnes la paix;



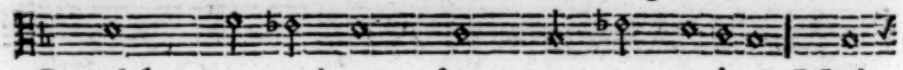
Jacob a vu ſes captifs de retour; A tes enfans



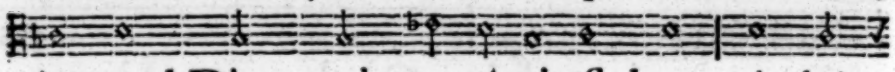
tu remets leurs forfaits, Et ta pitié ſe déclare,



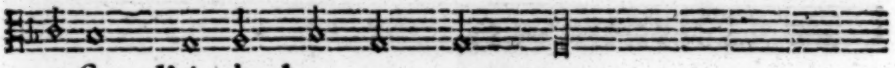
à ſon tour : De ta fureur le feu plus moderé,



Semble, en ce jour, s'être un peu retiré. Mais,



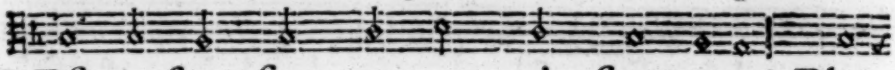
ô grand Dieu, qui nous étois ſi doux, Achéve



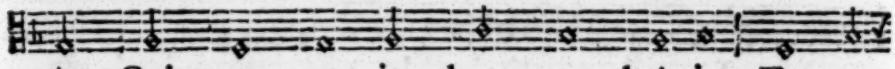
enfin d'éteindre ton courroux.



2. Eſt-ce à jamais que tu veux nous punir ?



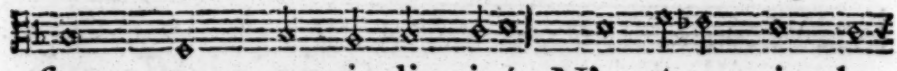
Eſt-ce ſans fin, que ta main frappera ? Plu-



tôt, Seigneur, tu viendras nous bénir ; Et tout



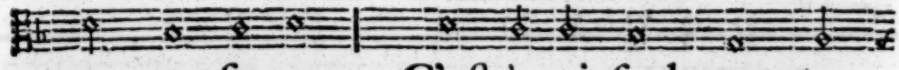
ton peuple, auſſi, te bénira. Dieu tout-puiſ-



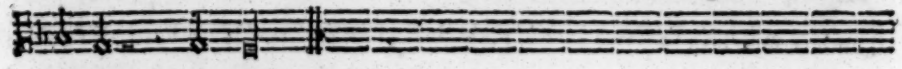
ſent, que notre indignité, N'arrête point le



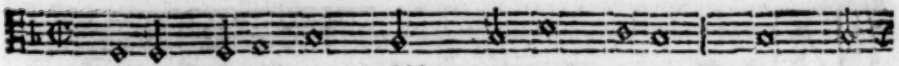
cours de ta bonté. Tu vois nos maux, donne-



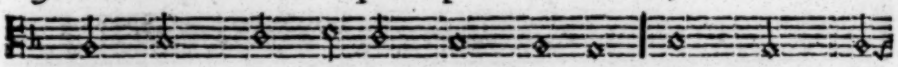
nous ton ſecours ; C'eſt à toi ſeul que nous



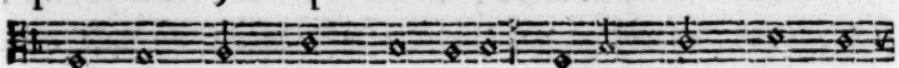
avons recours.



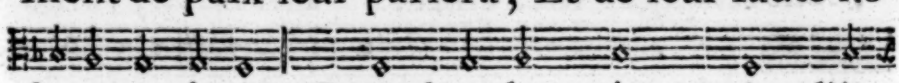
3. J'écouterai ce qu'il prononcera, Pour ceux



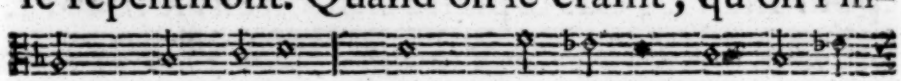
qu'il aime, & qui le chercheront. Ce Dieu clé-



ment de paix leur parlera; Et de leur faute ils



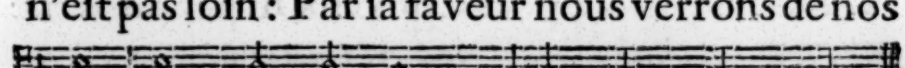
ſe repentiront. Quand on le craint, qu'on l'in-



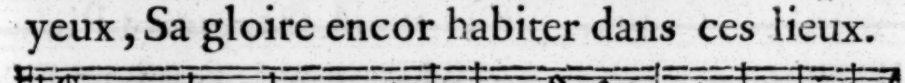
voque au beſoin, D'un Dieu ſi bon le ſecours



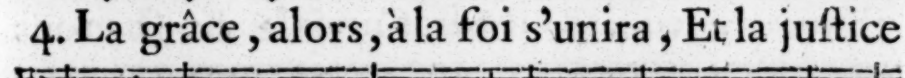
n'eſt pas loin: Par ſa faveur nous verrons de nos



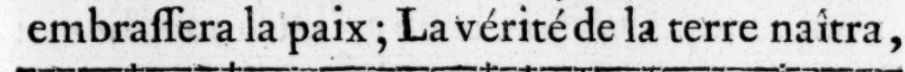
yeux, Sa gloire encor habiter dans ces lieux.



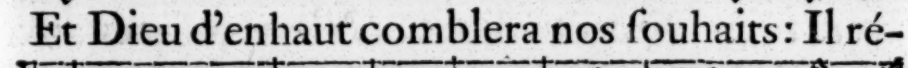
4. La grâce, alors, à la foi s'unira, Et la juſtice



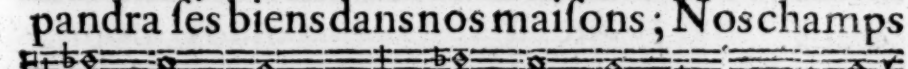
embraſſera la paix; La vérité de la terre naîtra,



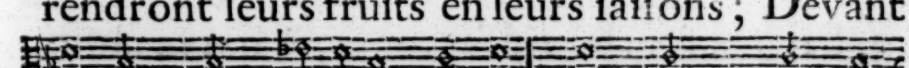
Et Dieu d'enhaut comblera nos ſouhaits: Il ré-



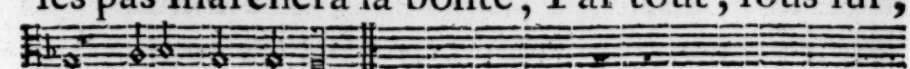
pandra ſes biens dans nos maiſons; Nos champs



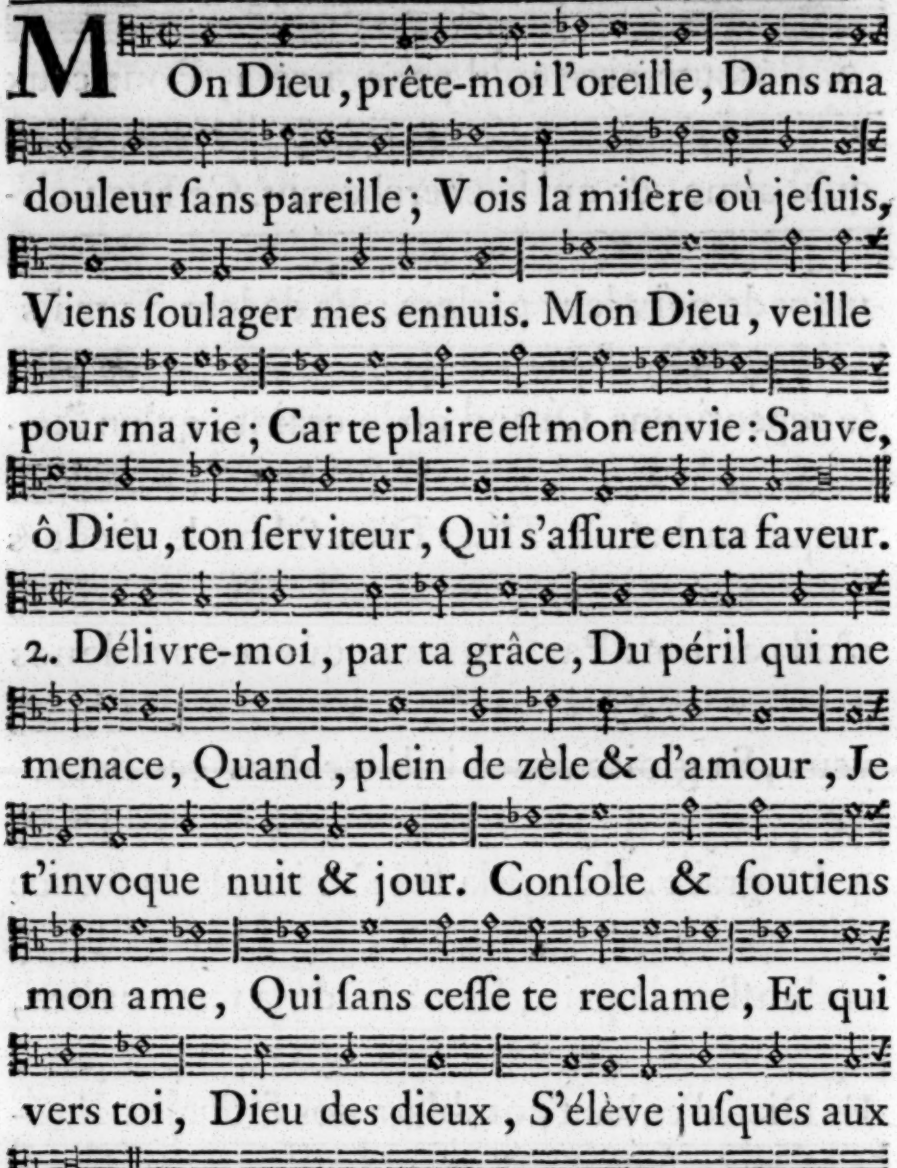
rendront leurs fruits en leurs ſaiſons; Devant

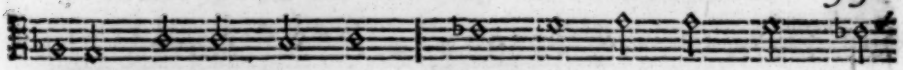


ſes pas marchera la bonté; Par tout, ſous lui,

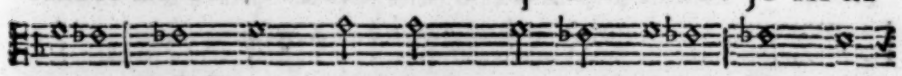


regnera l'équité.

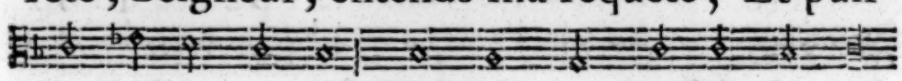

MOn Dieu, prête-moi l'oreille, Dans ma
douleur ſans pareille; Vois la miſère où je ſuis,
Viens ſoulager mes ennuis. Mon Dieu, veille
pour ma vie; Car te plaire eſt mon envie: Sauve,
ô Dieu, ton ſerviteur, Qui s'aſſure en ta faveur.
2. Délivre-moi, par ta grâce, Du péril qui me
menace, Quand, plein de zèle & d'amour, Je
t'invoque nuit & jour. Conſole & ſoutiens
mon ame, Qui ſans ceſſe te reclame, Et qui
vers toi, Dieu des dieux, S'élève juſques aux
cieux.
3. Seigneur, ta bonté ſuprême, A qui te craint,
à qui t'aime, Fait reſſentir tous les jours, Les



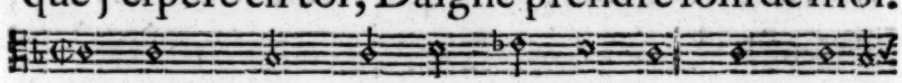
effets de ton ſecours. Puiſqu'à toi ſeul je m'ar-



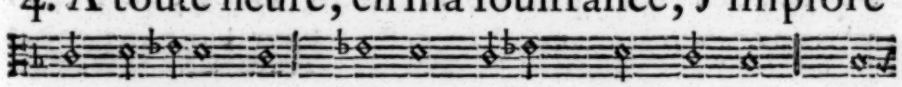
rête, Seigneur, entends ma requête; Et puiſ-



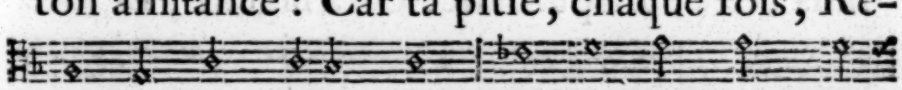
que j'eſpère en toi, Daigne prendre ſoin de moi.



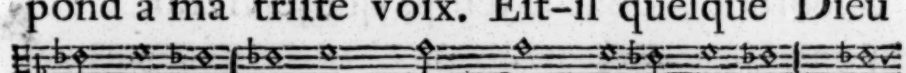
4. A toute heure, en ma ſouffrance, J'implore



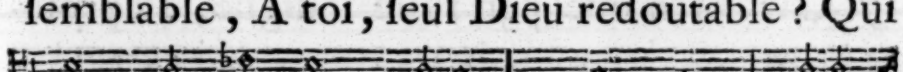
ton aſſiſtance: Car ta pitié, chaque fois, Ré-



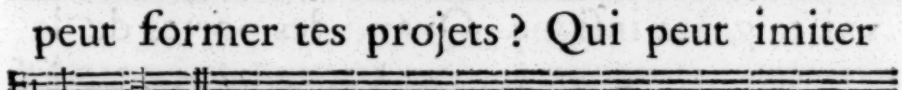
pond à ma triſte voix. Eſt-il quelque Dieu



ſemblable, A toi, ſeul Dieu redoutable? Qui

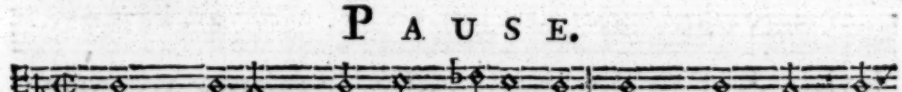


peut former tes projets? Qui peut imiter

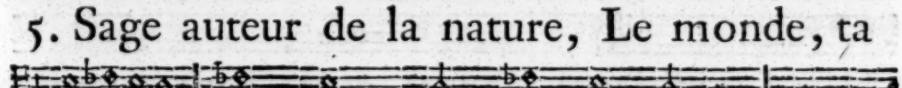


tes faits?

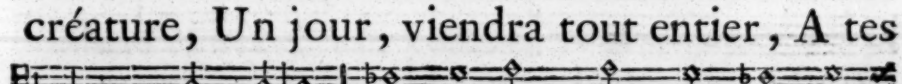
PAUSE.



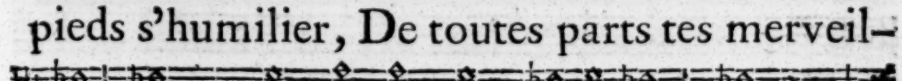
5. Sage auteur de la nature, Le monde, ta



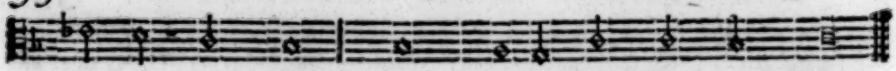
créature, Un jour, viendra tout entier, A tes



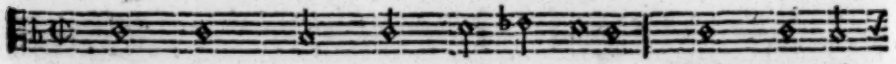
pieds s'humilier, De toutes parts tes merveil-



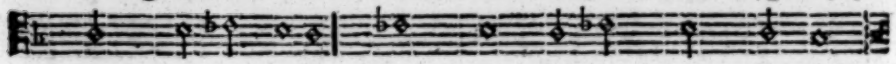
les, Sont grandes & ſans pareilles; Et tu re-



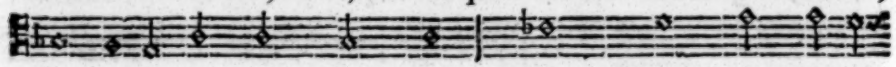
gnes en tout lieu, Comme le ſeul & vrai Dieu.



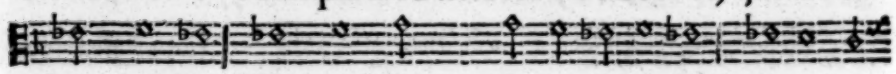
6. Seigneur montre-moi ta voie, Fais que j'y



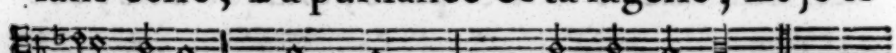
marche avec joie ; Fais que ſelon mon devoir ;



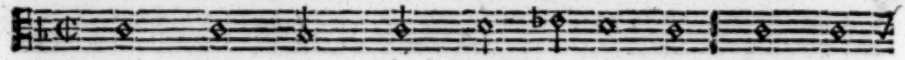
Je revère ton pouvoir. Mon Dieu, je bénis



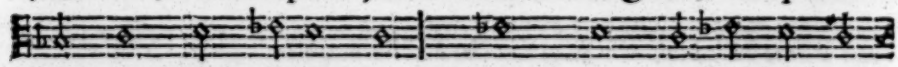
ſans ceſſe, Ta puiſſance & ta ſageſſe ; Et je te



célébrerai, Tout le temps que je vivrai.



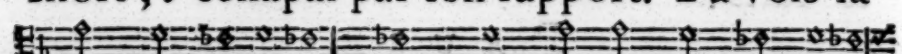
7. Car, bien que j'en fuſſe indigne, J'éprou-



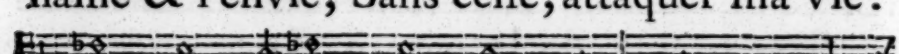
vai ta grâce inſigne, Quand des portes de la



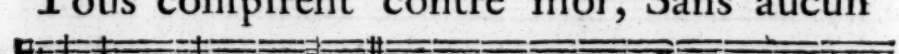
mort, J'échapai par ton ſupport. Tu vois la



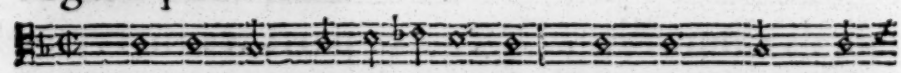
haine & l'envie, Sans ceſſe, attaquer ma vie :



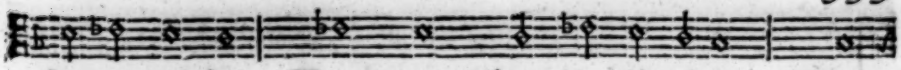
Tous conſpirent contre moi, Sans aucun



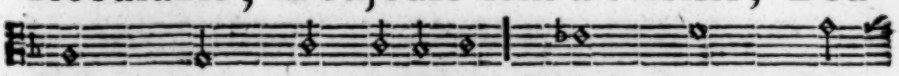
égard pour moi.



8. Mais ta bonté favorable, Te rend toujours



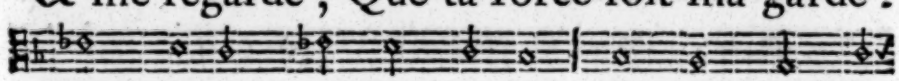
ſécourable ; Toujours lent à t'irriter, Tou-



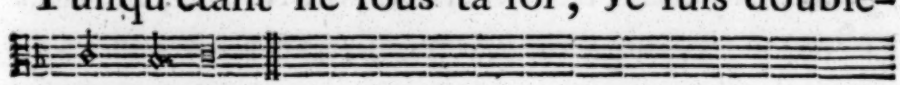
jours prompt à m'aſſiſter. Viens donc, viens,



& me regarde ; Que ta force ſoit ma garde :



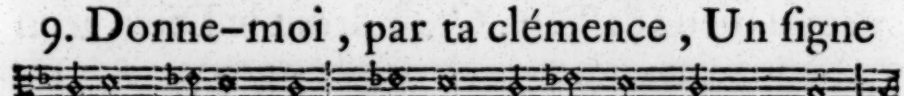
Puiſqu'étant né ſous ta loi, Je ſuis double-



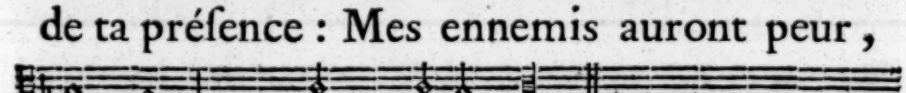
ment à toi.



9. Donne-moi, par ta clémence, Un ſigne

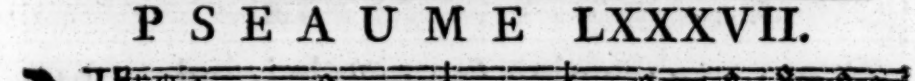


de ta préſence : Mes ennemis auront peur,



Te voyant mon protecteur.

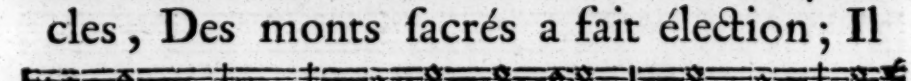
PSEAUME LXXXVII.



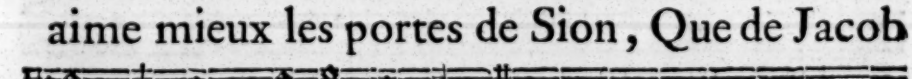
NOtre grand Dieu, pour rendre ſes ora-



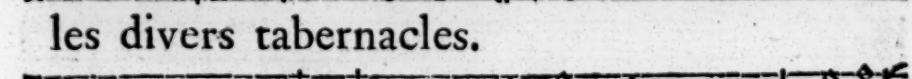
cles, Des monts ſacrés a fait élection ; Il



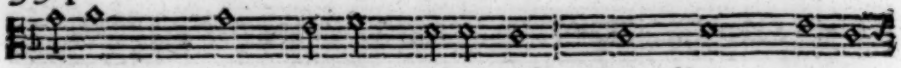
aime mieux les portes de Sion, Que de Jacob



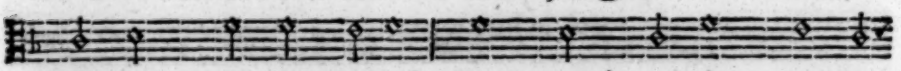
les divers tabernacles.



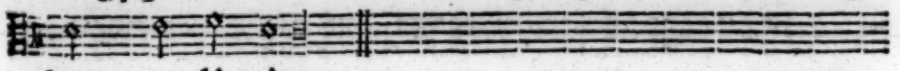
2. O que de toi de merveilles ſont dites, Jeru-



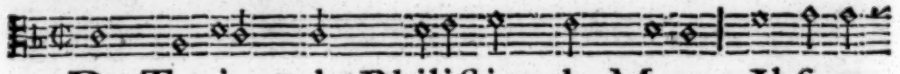
ſalem ! ton deſtin ſera tel, Que l'on verra



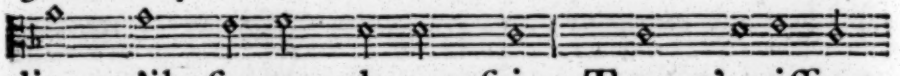
d'Egypte & de Babel, Le peuple entier, rangé



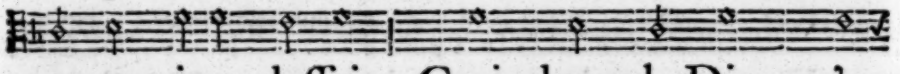
dans tes limites.



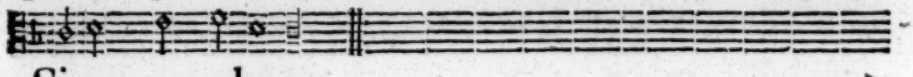
3. Du Tyrien, du Philiſtin, du More, Il ſera



dit, qu'ils ſortent de ton ſein ; Tous s'uniſſant,



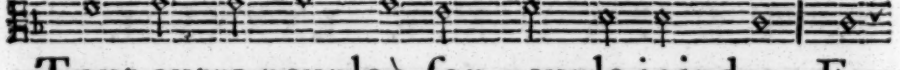
par un pieux deſſein, Craindront le Dieu qu'en



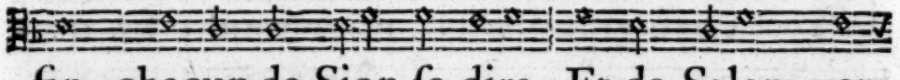
Sion on adore.



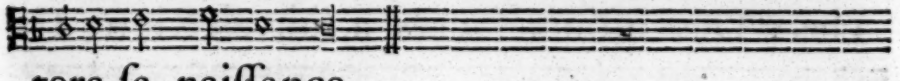
4. C'eſt là que Dieu, déployant ſa puiſſance,



Tout autre peuple à ſon peuple joindra : En-



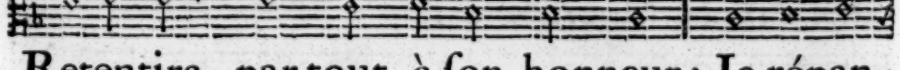
fin, chacun de Sion ſe dira, Et de Salem ven-



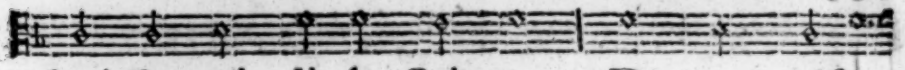
tera ſa naiſſance.



5. Des chantres ſaints l'agréable harmonie,



Retentira, par tout, à ſon honneur : Je répan-

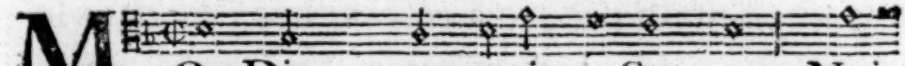


drai ſur toi, dit le Seigneur, De mes tréſors

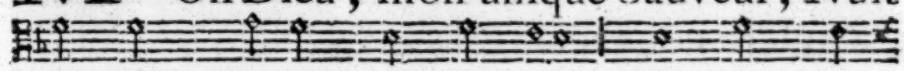


l'abondance infinie.

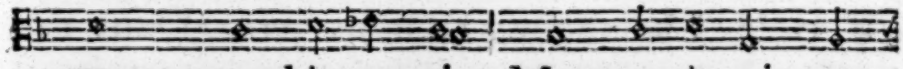
PSEAUME LXXXVIII.



MOn Dieu, mon unique Sauveur, Nuit



& jour, devant toi; je crie; Fais que mes



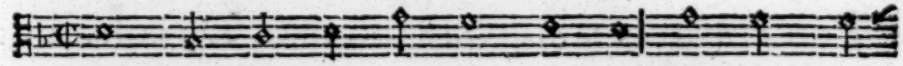
vœux, quand je te prie, Montent à toi, par



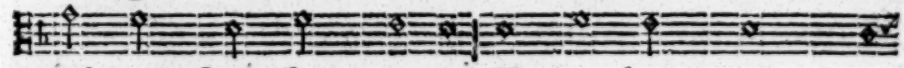
leur ferveur : Daigne ton oreille me tendre,



Et mes triſtes clameurs entendre.



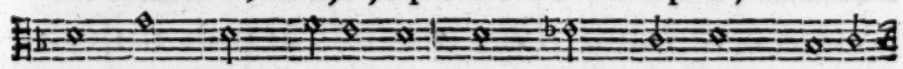
2. Seigneur tu me vois ſurmonté, Par les maux



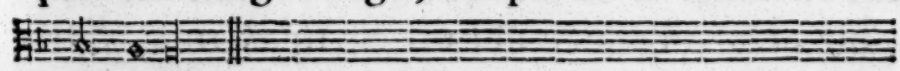
qui me font la guerre: Entre les morts, que



l'on enterre, Déja je puis être compté; Abattu



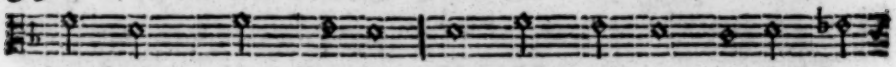
par un long orage, Je perds la force & le



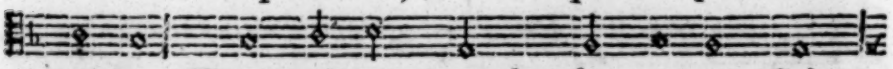
courage.



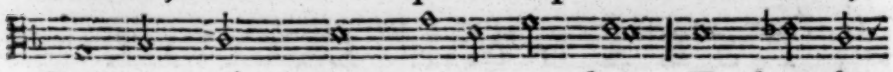
3. On me laiſſe ſeul au beſoin, Preſſé d'une



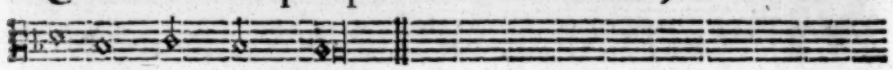
douleur trop forte ; Et tel qu'une perſonne



morte, Dont tu ne prends plus aucun ſoin,



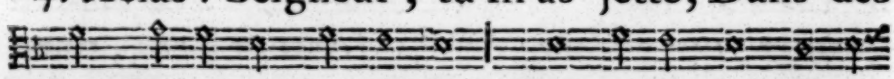
Que ta main propre a retranchée, Et dans le



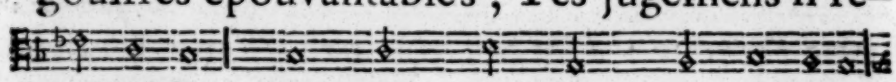
ſepulcre couchée.



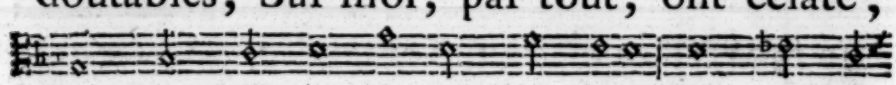
4. Hélas ! Seigneur, tu m'as jetté, Dans des



gouffres épouvantables ; Tes jugemens ſi re-



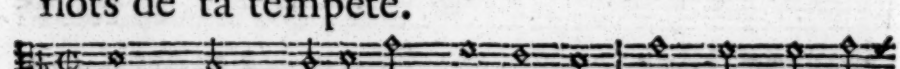
doutables, Sur moi, par tout, ont éclaté ;



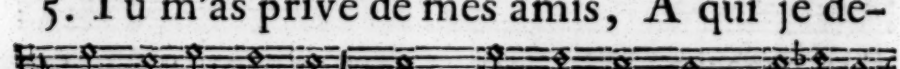
Ton couroux a couvert ma tête, De tous les



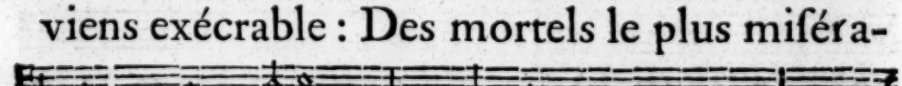
flots de ta tempête.



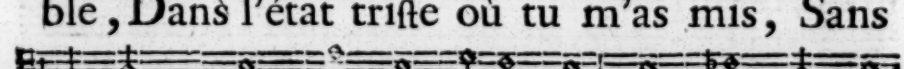
5. Tu m'as privé de mes amis, A qui je de-



viens exécrable : Des mortels le plus miſéra-

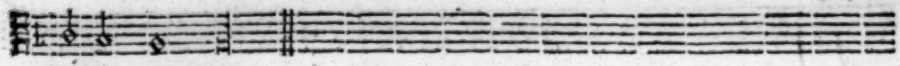


ble, Dans l'état triſte où tu m'as mis, Sans



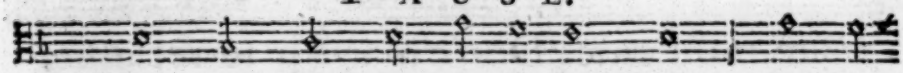
ſecours, ſans nulle eſpérance, De voir jamais

ma

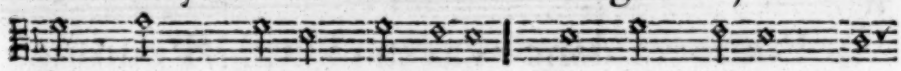


délivrance.

PAUSE.



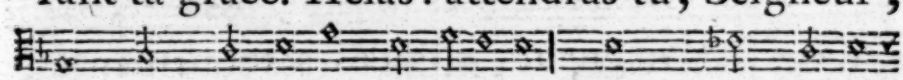
6. Mes yeux ſont ternis de langueur ; Et tous



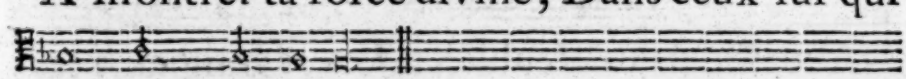
les jours, devant ta face, Tu me vois implo-



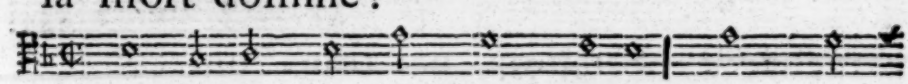
rant ta grâce. Hélas ! attendras-tu, Seigneur,



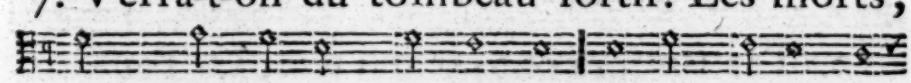
A montrer ta force divine, Dans ceux ſur qui



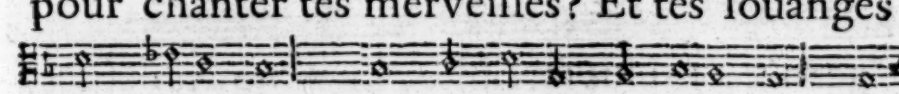
la mort domine ?



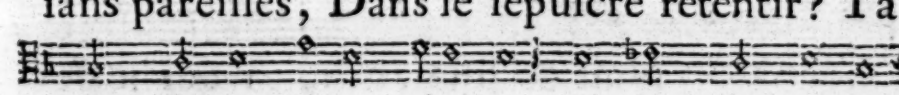
7. Verra-t-on du tombeau ſortir. Les morts,



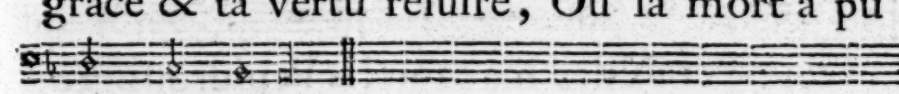
pour chanter tes merveilles ? Et tes louanges



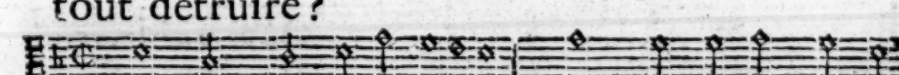
ſans pareilles, Dans le ſepulcre retentir ? Ta



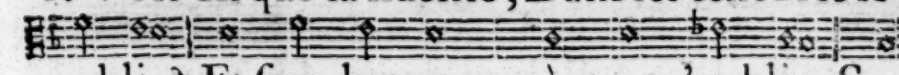
grâce & ta vertu reluire, Où la mort a pu



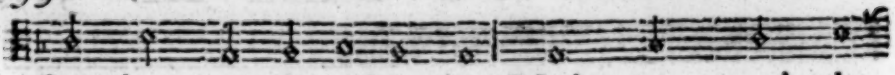
tout détruire ?



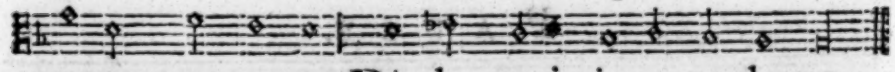
8. Voit-on que ta fidélité, Dans les ténèbres ſe



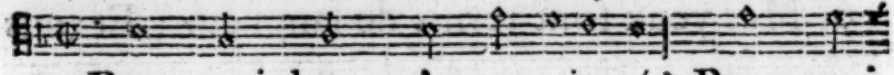
publie ? Et ſous la terre, où tout s'oublie, Se



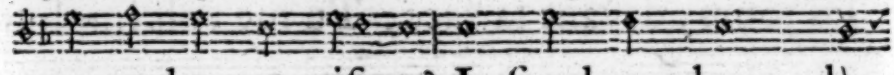
ſouvient-on de ta bonté? Mais pour moi, de



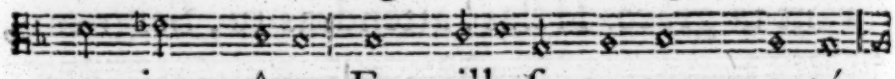
toute mon ame, Dès le matin je te reclame.



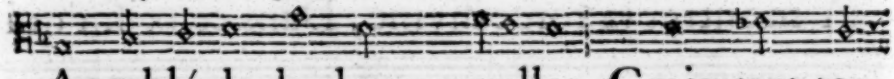
9. Pourquoi donc m'as tu rejetté? Pourquoi



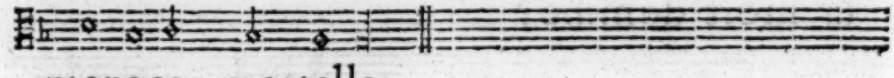
me cacher ton viſage? Je fonds en pleurs, dès



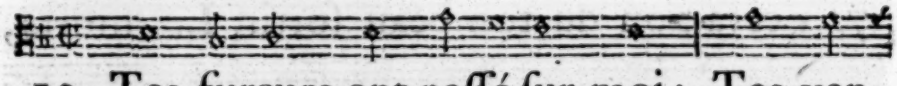
mon jeune âge, En mille ſortes tourmenté,



Accablé de douleurs cruelles, Craignant tes



menaces mortelles.



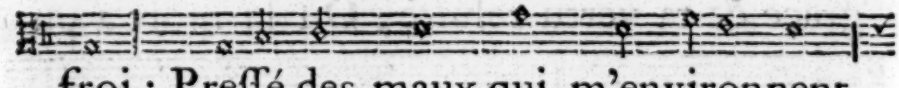
10. Tes fureurs ont paſſé ſur moi: Tes ven-



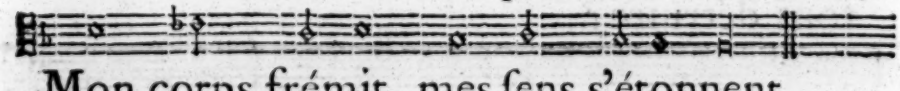
geances les plus terribles, Comme des déluges



horribles, Nuit & jour, m'ont rempli d'ef-



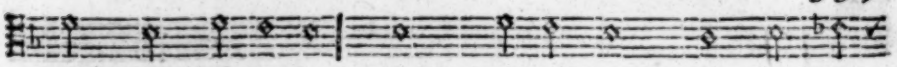
froi: Preſſé des maux qui m'environnent,



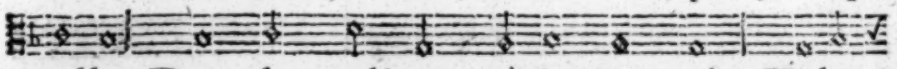
Mon corps frémit, mes ſens s'étonnent.



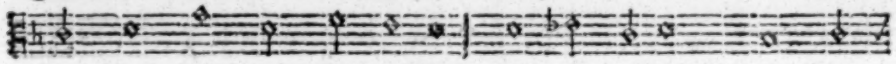
11. Ta colère éloigne de moi, L'ami que j'a-



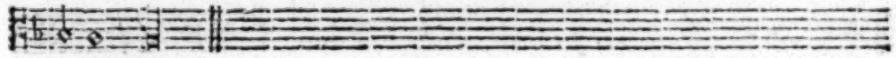
vois cru fidelle; C'eſt vainement que je l'ap-



pelle, Dans le malheur où je me vois. Hélas!



au fort de ma détreſſe, On ſe retire, on me

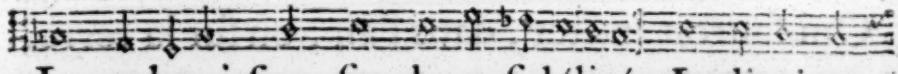


délaiſſe.

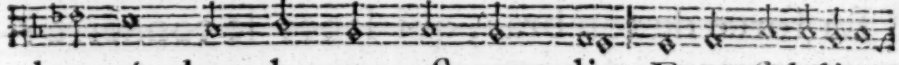
PSEAUME LXXXIX.



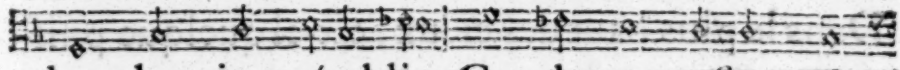
JE chanterai, Seigneur, ſans ceſſe ta bonté;



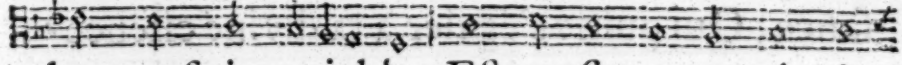
Je parlerai ſans fin de ta fidélité; Je dirai ta



bonté, dont la terre eſt remplie, Et ta fidélité,



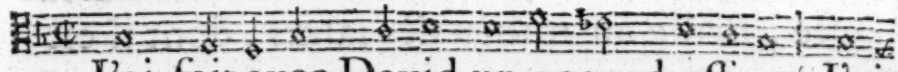
dans les cieux établie. Car de ces vaſtes corps



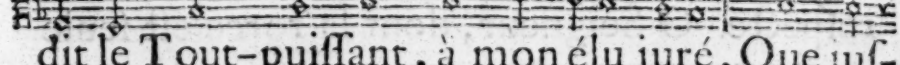
la courſe invariable, Eſt un ſigne certain de



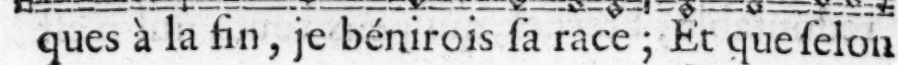
ta grâce immuable.



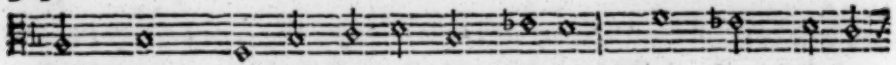
2. J'ai fait avec David un accord aſſuré J'ai,



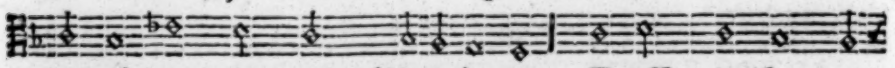
dit le Tout-puiſſant, à mon élu juré, Que juſ-



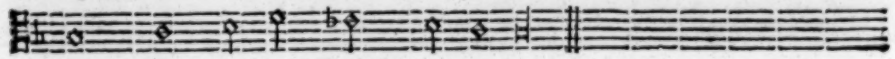
ques à la fin, je bénirois ſa race; Et que ſelon



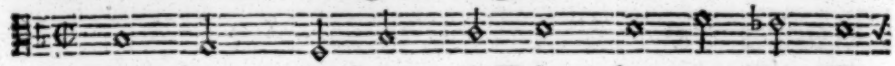
ſes vœux, je lui ferois la grâce, Que du trône



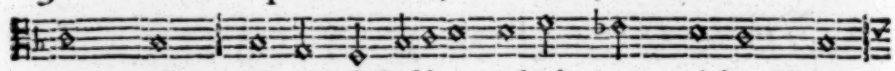
royal on verroit l'héritage, Paſſer à ſes en-



fans, & durer d'âge en âge.



3. Les cieux prêchent, ô Dieu, les œuvres de



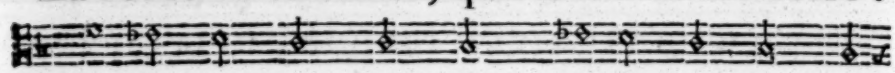
tes mains, Et ta fidélité reluit parmi les ſaints.



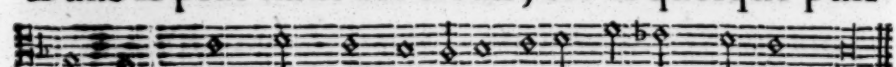
Qui ſauroit imiter, dans l'air, ou ſur la terre,



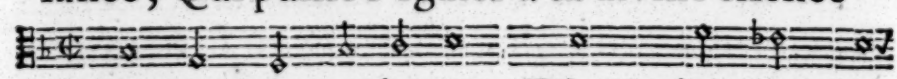
La force de ton bras, qui lance le tonnerre?



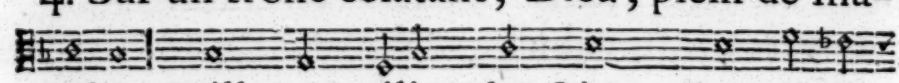
Dans le plus haut des cieux, eſt-il quelque puiſ-



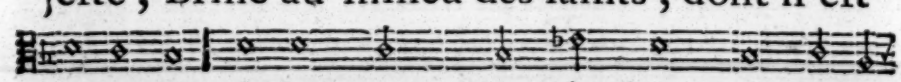
ſance, Qui puiſſe s'égaler à ta divine eſſence?



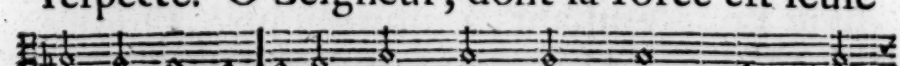
4. Sur un trône éclatant, Dieu, plein de ma-



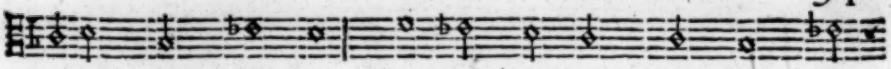
jeſté, Brille au milieu des ſaints, dont il eſt



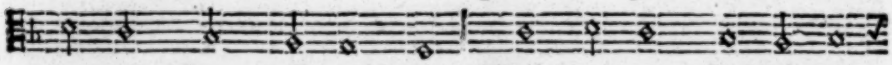
reſpecté. O Seigneur, dont la force eſt ſeule



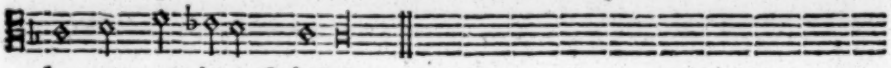
redoutable, Éternel, qui peux tout, nul n'eſt



à toi ſemblable; Ta ſuprême grandeur de

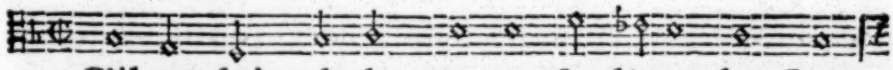


toutes parts eſt ceinte, Des rayons lumineux

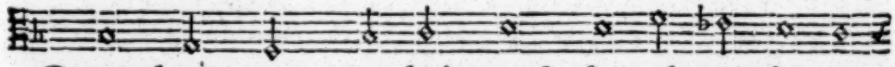


de ta vérité ſainte.

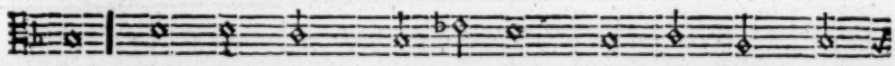
PAUSE I.



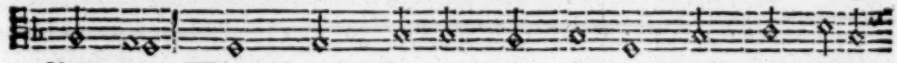
5. S'il te plait, de la mer tu ſoulèves les flots;



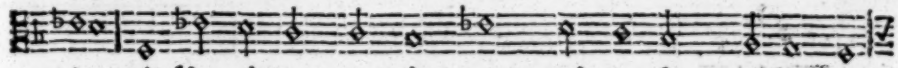
Quand tu veux, tu lui rends le calme, le re-



pos: Tu ſus vaincre l'Egypte; ainſi qu'à coups



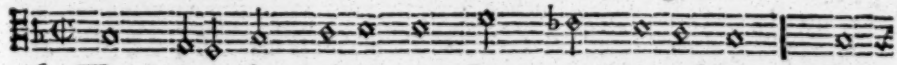
d'épée: Ton bras des ennemis la force a diſſi-



pée: A l'univers entier ta main a donné l'être.



Et la terre & les cieux t'ont reconnu pour maître.



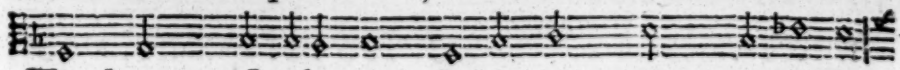
6. Tu créas le midi, tu formas l'aquilon. Her-



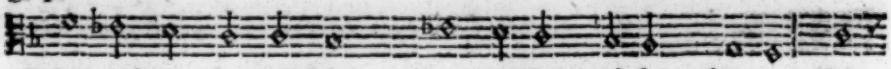
mon & le Tabor font réſonner ton nom: Ton



bras eſt tout-puiſſant; ta main forte & robuſte:



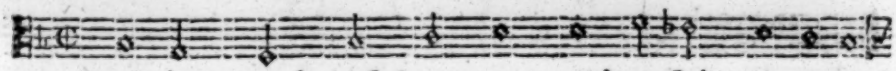
Ta dextre eſt élevée, & de ton trône auguſte,



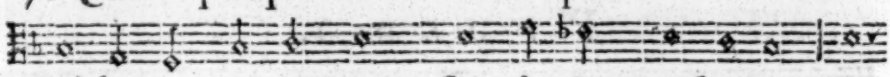
L'équité, la juſtice, ont affermi la place ; La



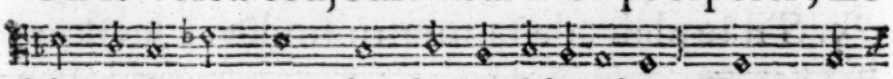
clémence & la foi marchent devant ta face.



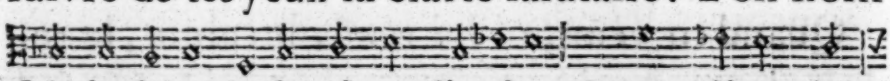
7. Que le peuple eſt heureux qui te ſait révérer !



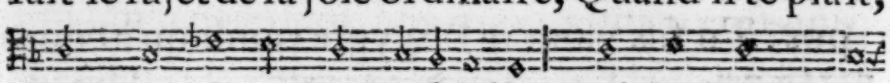
On le verra toujours fleurir & proſpérer, Et



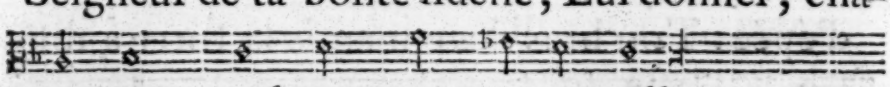
ſuivre de tes yeux la clarté ſalutaire: Ton nom



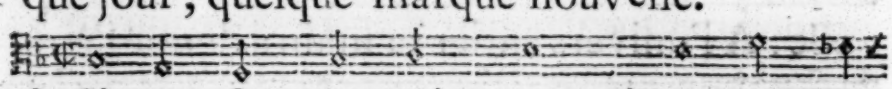
fait le ſujet de ſa joie ordinaire, Quand il te plaît,



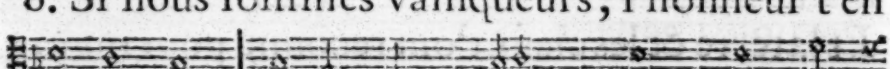
Seigneur de ta bonté fidelle, Lui donner, cha-



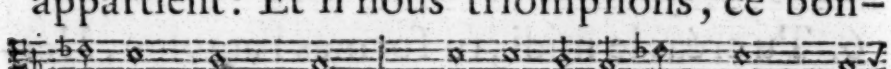
que jour, quelque marque nouvelle.



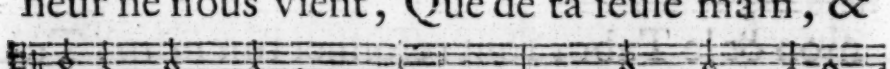
8. Si nous ſommes vainqueurs, l'honneur t'en



appartient: Et ſi nous triomphons, ce bon-



heur ne nous vient, Que de ta ſeule main, &



de ta bienveillance: Elle eſt, dans les périls,



notre unique aſſurance: Du roi qui nous dé-



fend, la force, ni l'adreſſe, Sans le Saint d'Iſ-



raël, ne ſeroient que foibleſſe.

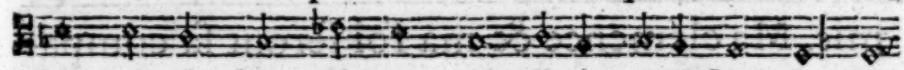
PAUSE II.



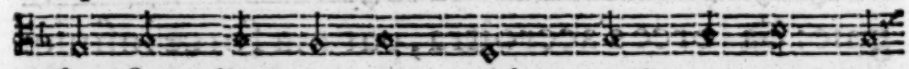
9. Autrefois, dans ta grâce, avant tous nos mal-



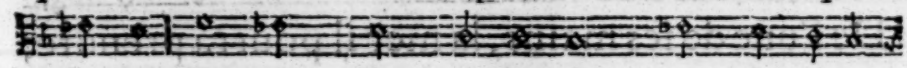
heurs, Parlant par viſions à nos prédéceſſeurs,



Je promis, leur dis-tu, ma divine aſſiſtance, Au



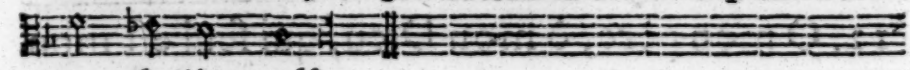
plus fort d'entre vous, qui marche en ma pré-



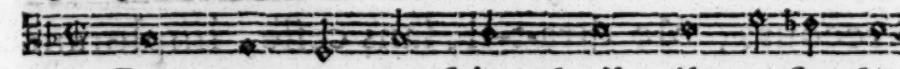
ſence; Je veux dire, à David, mon ſerviteur



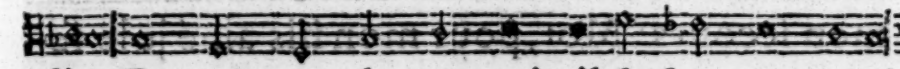
fidelle, Que j'ai pris d'entre ceux que mon



peuple j'appelle.



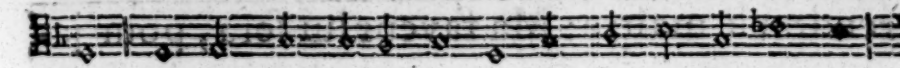
10. Comme, par ma ſainte huile, il me fut dé-



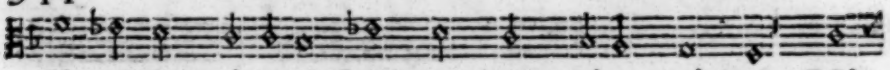
dié, Je veux que de ma main il ſe ſente appuyé:



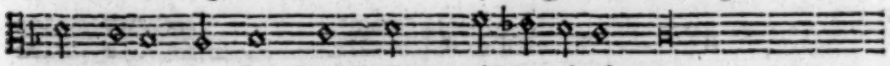
Mon bras le ſoutiendra, dans toutes les allar-



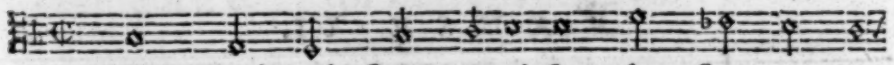
mes; Et jamais abattu par la force des armes,



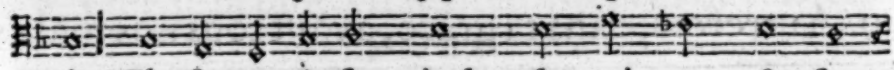
Il ne ſoupirera ſous un joug tirannique, Ni



ne ſera foulé d'aucun tribut inique.



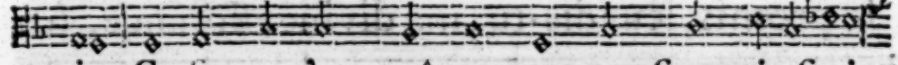
11. C'eſt moi qui frapperai ſes plus fiers enne-



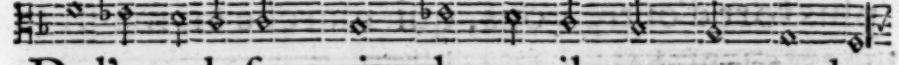
mis: Ils ſeront à ſes pieds, & vaincus, & ſou-



mis. Ma clémence & ma foi ſeront ſa compa-



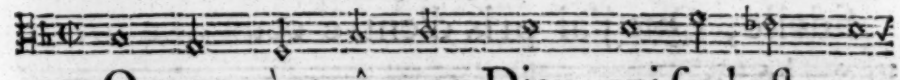
gnie: Sa force s'accroîtra, par ma force infinie:



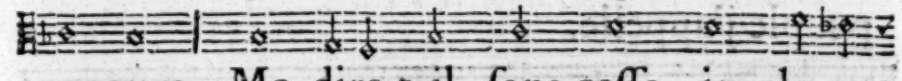
De l'une de ſes mains, la mer il pourra prendre;



Et de l'autre, il ſaura juſqu'aux fleuves s'étendre.



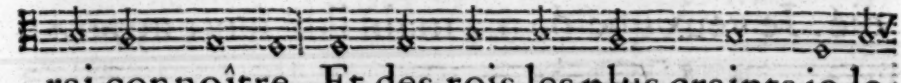
12. O mon père, ô mon Dieu, qui ſeul eſt mon



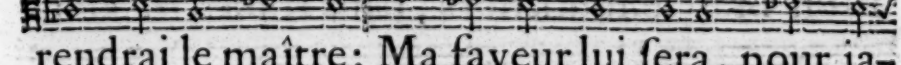
recours, Me dira-t-il, ſans ceſſe, implorant



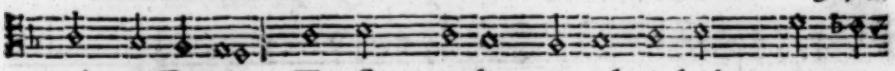
mon ſecours: Moi, pour mon fils ainé je le fe-



rai connoître, Et des rois les plus craints je le



rendrai le maître: Ma faveur lui ſera, pour ja-

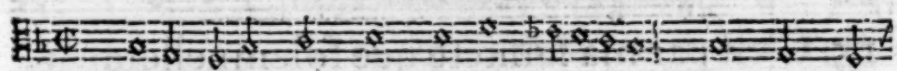


mais, aſſurée, Et ferme la parole à lui-même

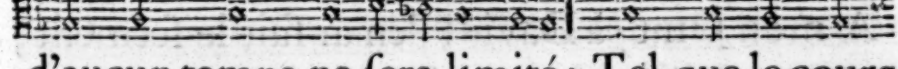


jurée.

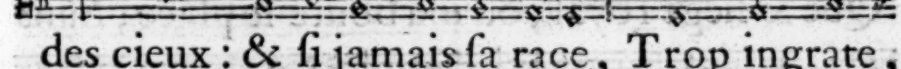
PAUSE III.



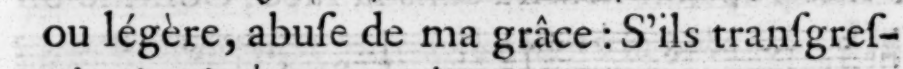
13. J'établirai les ſiens à perpétuité; Son règne,



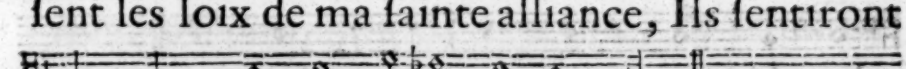
d'aucun temps ne ſera limité; Tel que le cours



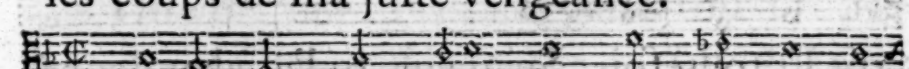
des cieux: & ſi jamais ſa race, Trop ingrate,



ou légère, abuſe de ma grâce: S'ils tranſgreſ-



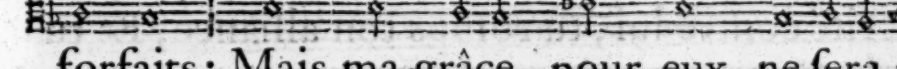
ſent les loix de ma ſainte alliance, Ils ſentiront



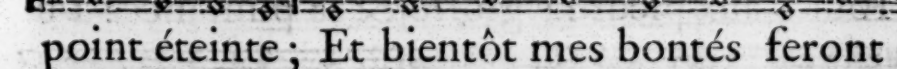
les coups de ma juſte vengeance.



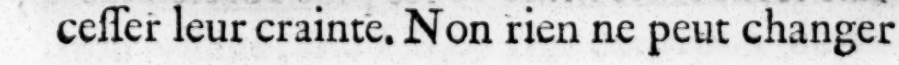
14. Je ſaurai m'enquerir, & d'eux, & de leurs



faits; Leur reprocher leur faute, & punir leurs



forfaits: Mais ma grâce, pour eux, ne ſera

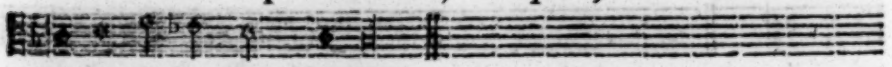


point éteinte; Et bientôt mes bontés feront

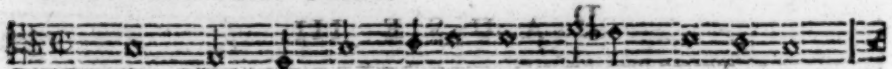
ceſſer leur crainte. Non rien ne peut changer



l'effet de ma promeſſe; Ce que j'ai dit eſt ſtable,



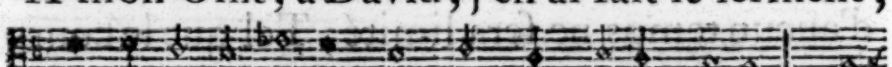
& le ſera ſans ceſſe.



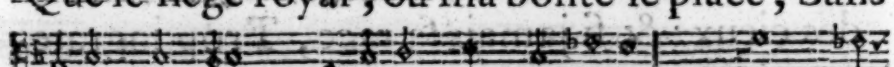
15. C'eſt par ma ſainteté que ſolemnellement,



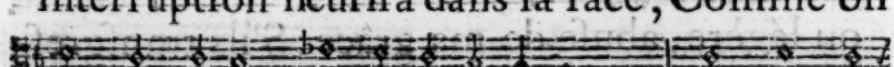
A mon Oint, à David, j'en ai fait le ſerment;



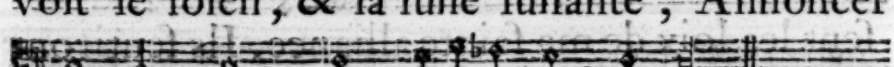
Que le ſiége royal, où ma bonté le place, Sans



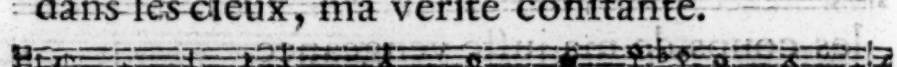
interruption fleurira dans ſa race; Comme on



voit le ſoleil, & la lune luiſante, Annoncer



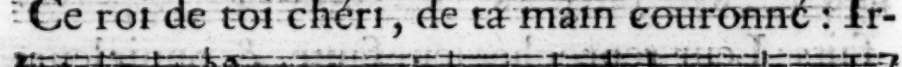
dans les cieux, ma vérité conſtante.



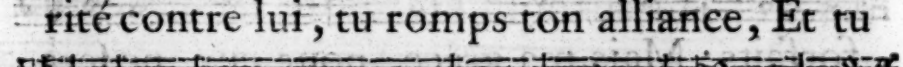
16. Et toutefois, Seigneur, tu l'as abandonné,



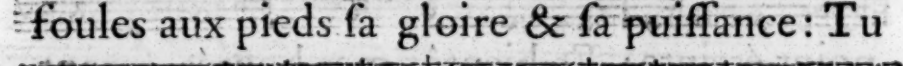
Ce roi de toi chéri, de ta main couronné: Ir-



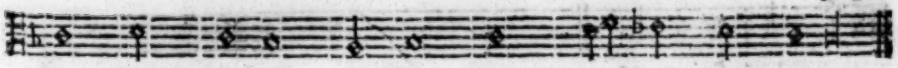
rité contre lui, tu romps ton alliance, Et tu



foules aux pieds ſa gloire & ſa puiſſance: Tu



fais tomber les murs de ſes plus fortes places;

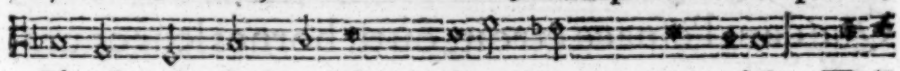


Et rien n'égale, enfin, ſes cruelles diſgrâces.

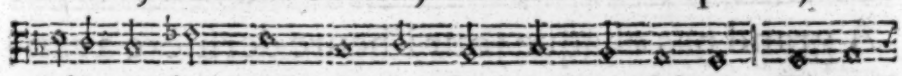
PAUSE IV.



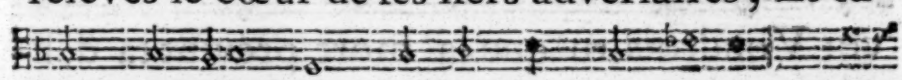
17. Il ſe voit, ſans ſecours, aux paſſans expoſé,



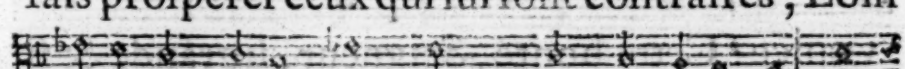
Il eſt, de ſes voiſins, durement mépriſé; Tu



relèves le cœur de ſes fiers adverſaires, Et tu



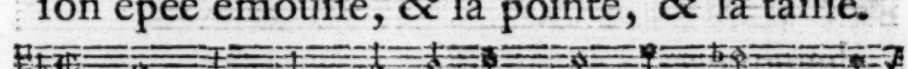
fais proſpérer ceux qui lui ſont contraires; Loin



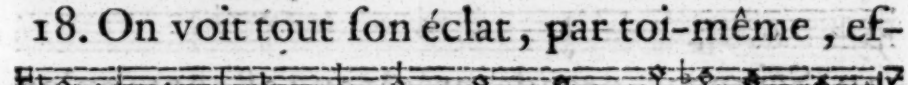
de le ſoutenir, ta main, dans la bataille, De



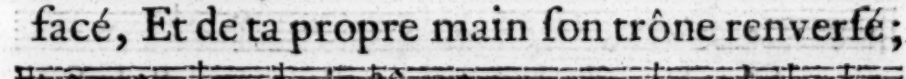
ſon épée émouſſe, & la pointe, & la taille.



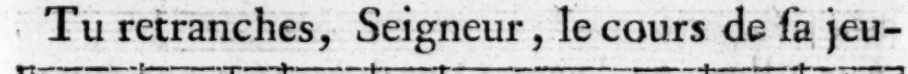
18. On voit tout ſon éclat, par toi-même, ef-



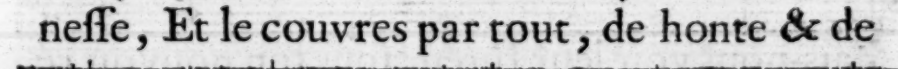
facé, Et de ta propre main ſon trône renverſé;



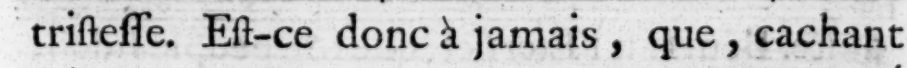
Tu retranches, Seigneur, le cours de ſa jeu-



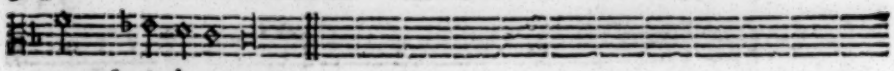
neſſe, Et le couvres par tout, de honte & de



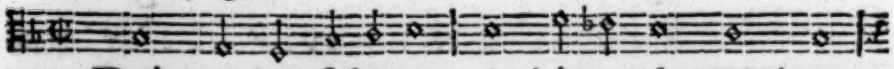
triſteſſe. Eſt-ce donc à jamais, que, cachant



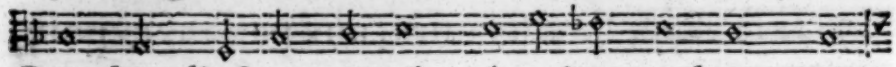
ton viſage, Le feu de ton courroux détruit



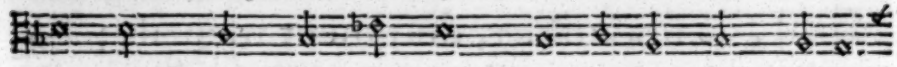
ton héritage?



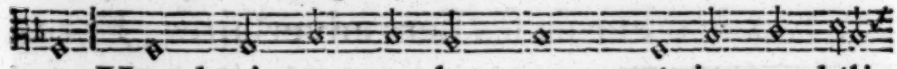
19. Daigne conſidérer, Arbitre de nos jours,



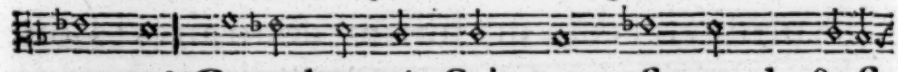
Que dans l'eſpace étroit, où tu bornes leur cours,



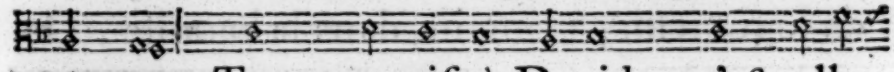
A grand pas chaque jour l'heure dernière avan-



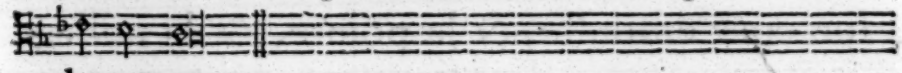
ce: Voudrois-tu que la mort prévint ta déli-



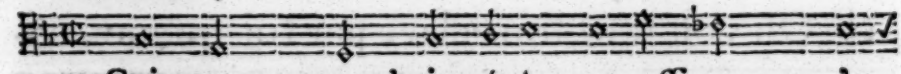
vrance? Cette bonté, Seigneur, ſi grande & ſi



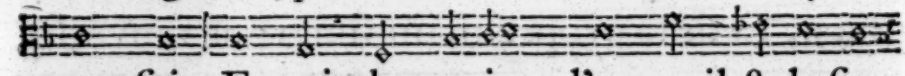
connue, Tant promiſe à David, qu'eſt-elle



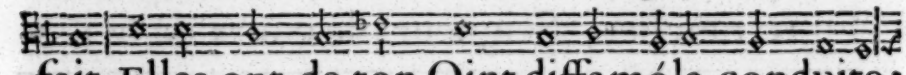
devenue;



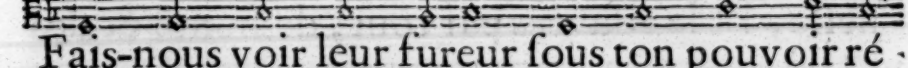
20. Seigneur, prends intérêt aux affronts qu'on



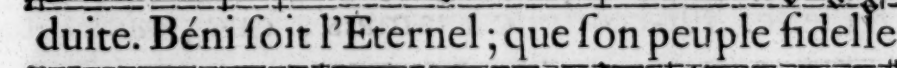
nous fait, Et vois des nations l'orgueil & le for-



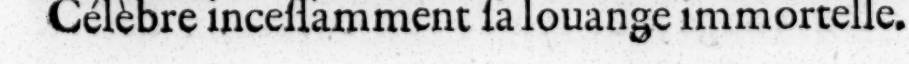
fait. Elles ont de ton Oint diffamé la conduite:



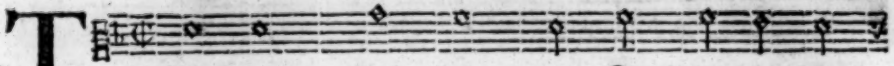
Fais-nous voir leur fureur ſous ton pouvoir ré-



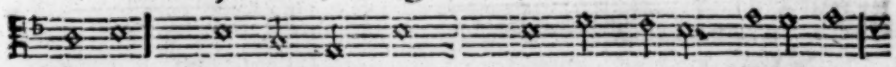
duite. Béni ſoit l'Eternel; que ſon peuple fidelle



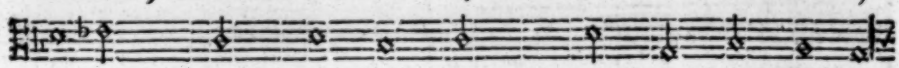
Célèbre inceſſamment ſa louange immortelle.



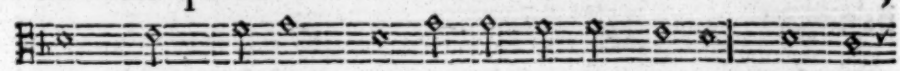
TOujours, Seigneur, tu fut notre re-



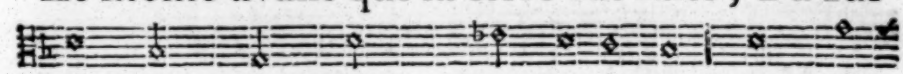
traite, Notre ſecours, notre ſure défenſe;



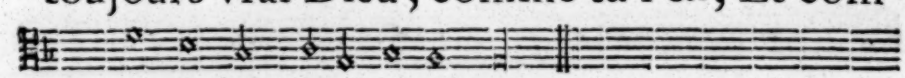
Avant qu'on vît des hauts monts la naiſſance,



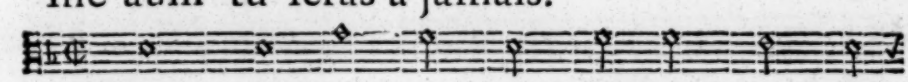
Et même avant que la terre fût faite, Tu fus



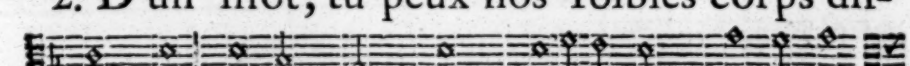
toujours vrai Dieu, comme tu l'eſt, Et com-



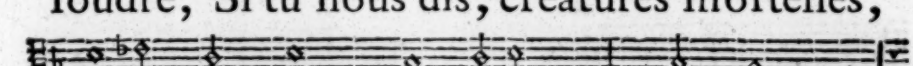
me auſſi tu ſeras à jamais.



2. D'un mot, tu peux nos foibles corps diſ-



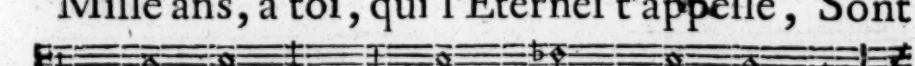
ſoudre, Si tu nous dis, créatures mortelles,



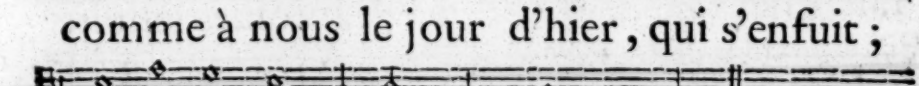
Ceſſez de vivre, & retournez en poudre.



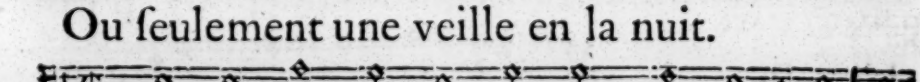
Mille ans, à toi, qui l'Éternel t'appelle, Sont



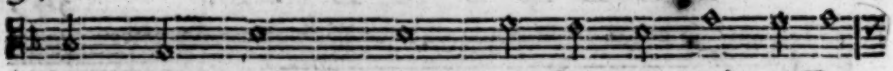
comme à nous le jour d'hier, qui s'enfuit;



Ou ſeulement une veille en la nuit.



3. Dès que ſur eux tu fais tomber l'orage, Ils



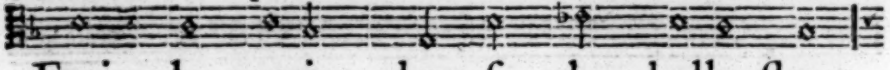
s'en vont tous, comme un ſonge qui paſſe,



Qu'avec le jour, un prompt reveil efface: Ou



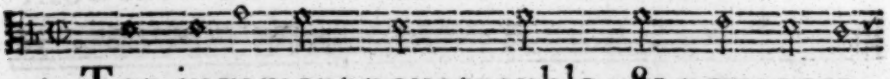
comme aux champs on voit un verd herbage,



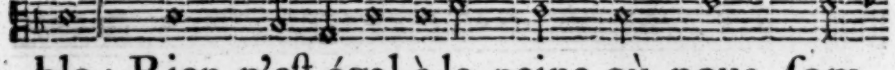
Frais, le matin, dans ſa plus belle fleur,



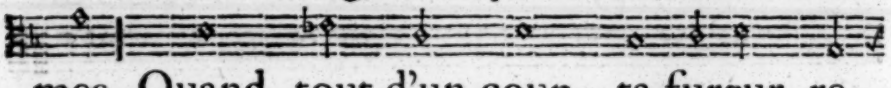
Perdre, le ſoir, ſa grâce & ſa couleur.



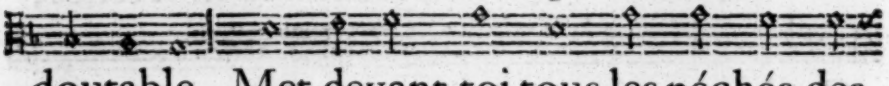
4. Ton jugement nous trouble, & nous acca-



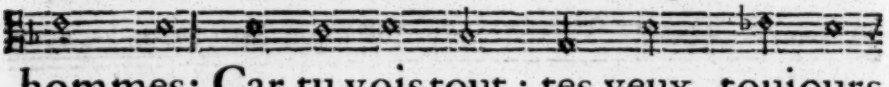
ble: Rien n'eſt égal à la peine où nous ſom-



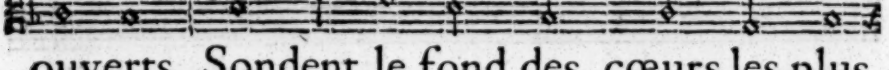
mes, Quand, tout d'un coup, ta fureur re-



doutable, Met devant toi tous les péchés des



hommes: Car tu vois tout; tes yeux, toujours

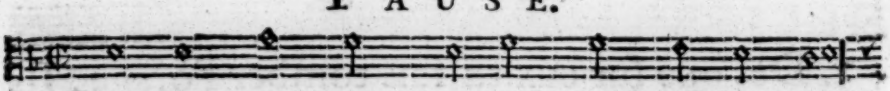


ouverts, Sondent le fond des cœurs les plus

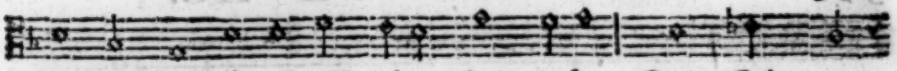


couverts.

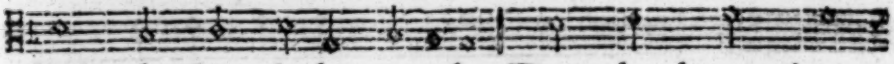
PAUSE.



5. Par ton courroux, notre courſe eſt bornée;



Et notre vie auſſi vite s'envole, Que fait, en



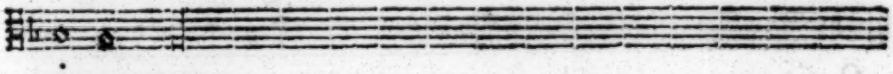
l'air, le ſon de la parole: Des plus longs jours



la ſuite eſt terminée, A ſeptante ans, à quatre-



vingts pour ceux, De qui le corps eſt fort &



vigoureux.



6. Même la fleur de cette vie eſt telle, Qu'on



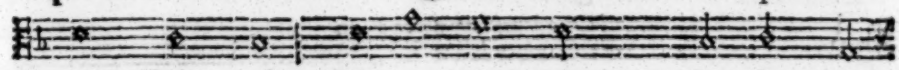
n'y reſſent que peine & que misère: Elle s'en-



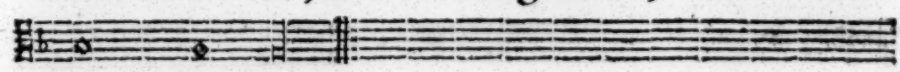
fuit; nous fuyons avec elle. Hélas! qui ſait juſ-



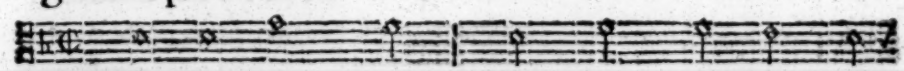
qu'où va ta colère? Qui craint aſſez ce qu'elle



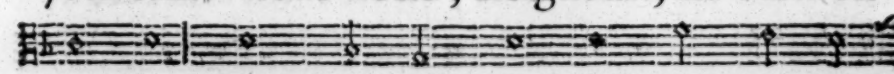
nous fait voir, De ta vengeance, & de ton



grand pouvoir?



7. Donne-nous donc, Seigneur, de bien en-



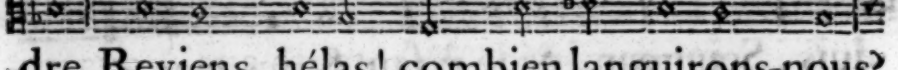
tendre, Combien eſt court le temps de no-



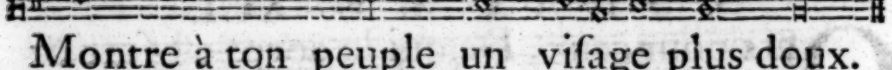
tre vie; Pour déſormais n'avoir plus d'autre



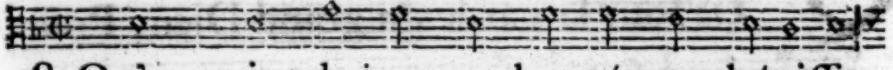
envie, Que de pouvoir tes ſaintes lois appren-



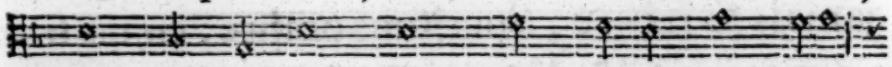
dre. Reviens, hélas! combien languirons-nous?



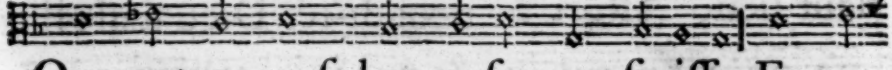
Montre à ton peuple un viſage plus doux.



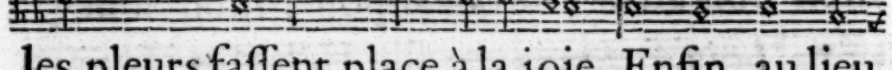
8. Qu'au point du jour, ta bonté nous béniſſe;



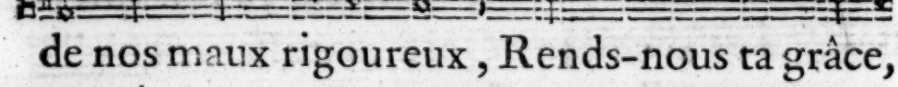
Qu'à nos beſoins, ſans ceſſe, elle pourvoie;



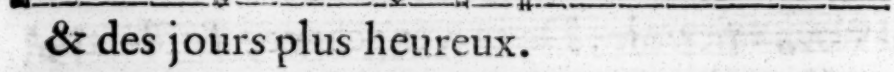
Que notre courſe heureuſement finiſſe, Et que



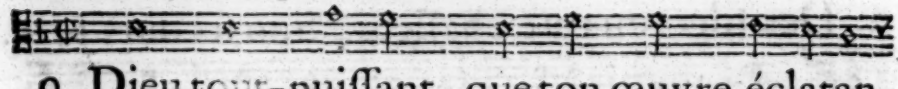
les pleurs faſſent place à la joie, Enfin, au lieu



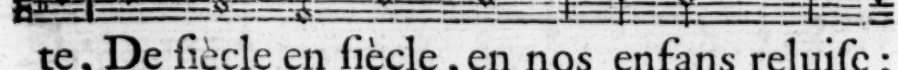
de nos maux rigoureux, Rends-nous ta grâce,



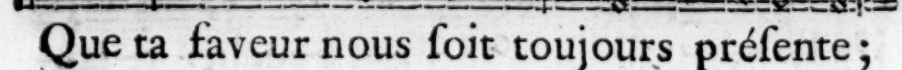
& des jours plus heureux.



9. Dieu tout-puiſſant, que ton œuvre éclatan-



te, De ſiècle en ſiècle, en nos enfans reluiſe;

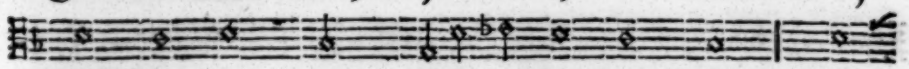


Que ta faveur nous ſoit toujours préſente;

Que



Que ta lumière, à jamais, nous conduiſe;

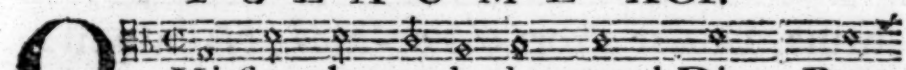


Oui, de nous tous, miſérables humains, Con-



duis, Seigneur, & le cœur & les mains.

PSEAUME XCI.



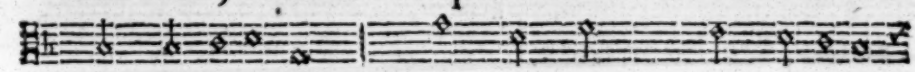
QUi ſous la garde du grand Dieu, Pour



jamais ſe reti-re, Sous ſon ombre, en un ſi



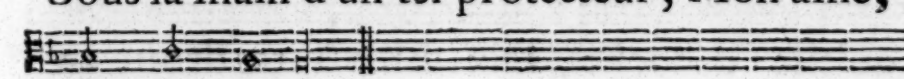
haut lieu, Aſſuré ſe peut di-re. Dieu ſeul eſt



mon libérateur, Mon eſpoir, mon aſile;



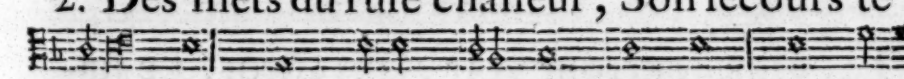
Sous la main d'un tel protecteur, Mon ame,



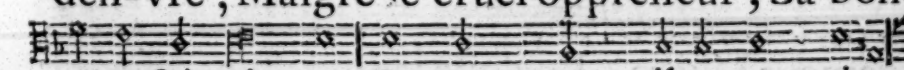
ſois tranquille.



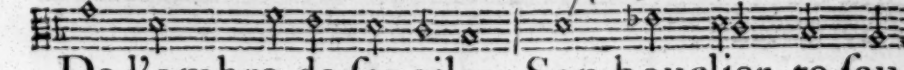
2. Des filets du ruſé chaſſeur, Son ſecours te



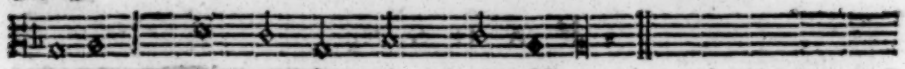
déli-vre; Malgré le cruel oppreſſeur, Sa bon-



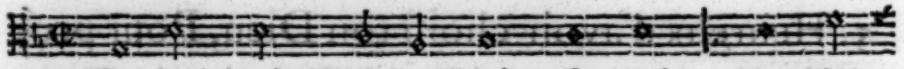
té te fait vi-vre. En tout temps, il te couvrira,



De l'ombre de ſes ailes; Son bouclier te ſau-



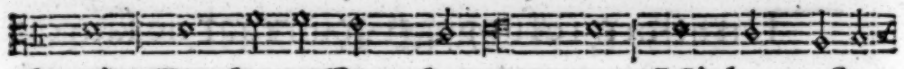
vera Des atteintes mortelles.



3. Tu ne craindras jamais, de nuit, Les ſou-



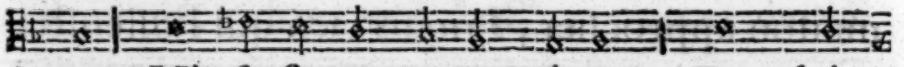
daines allarmes; Ni de jour, au milieu du



bruit, Le dur effort des ar-mes; Ni la peſte,



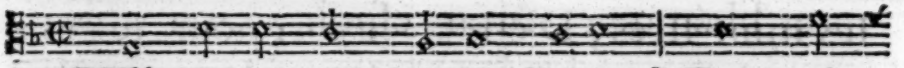
nous ſurprenant, Lorſqu'en dormis nous ſom-



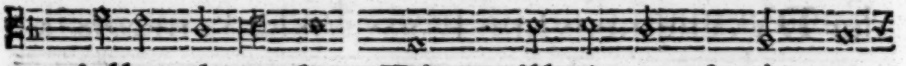
mes; Ni ſa fureur exterminant, En plein



midi, les hommes.



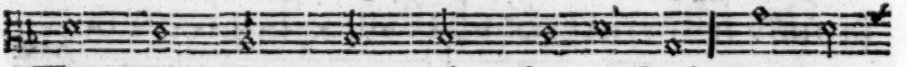
4. Mille à ta gauche tomberont, Des traits



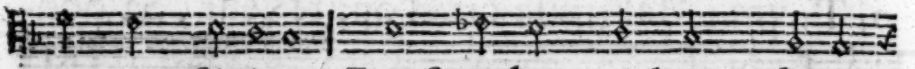
qu'elle décoche, Dix mille à ta droite en



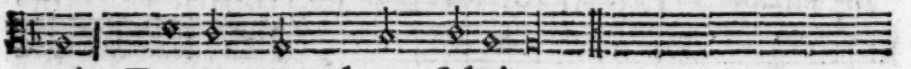
mourront, Sans qu'aucun mal t'appro-che.



Tes yeux pourront voir, ſans effroi, Le ju-

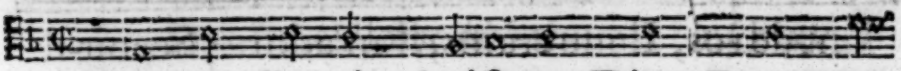


gement ſévère, Lorſque les méchans, devant

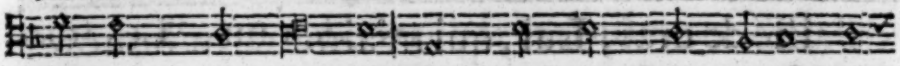


toi, Recevront leur ſalaire.

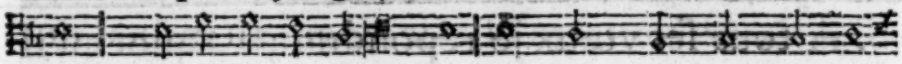
PAUSE.



5. Heureux d'avoir choiſi ton Dieu, Pour pro-



tecteur, pour ju-ge; Tu trouves, dans un ſi haut



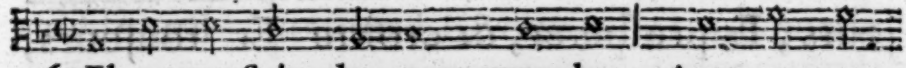
lieu, Un aſſuré refu-ge. Aucun mal ne ſauroit



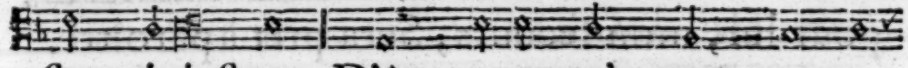
toucher, Qui l'a pour ſa défence, Ni de ſa



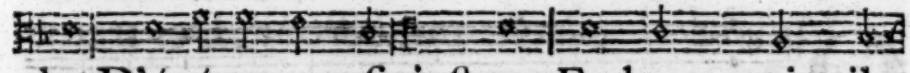
maiſon approcher, Jamais rien qui l'offenſe.



6. Il aura ſoin de commander, Aux anges,



ſes mini-ſtres, D'être avec toi, pour te gar-



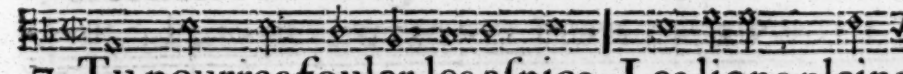
der D'événemens ſini-ſtres. En leurs mains ils



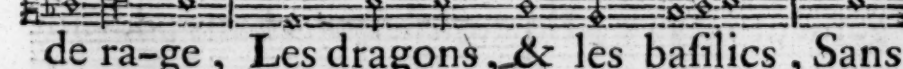
te porteront, Rendant ta route ſure, Tes pieds



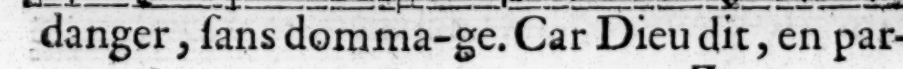
jamais ne heurteront, Contre la pierre dure.



7. Tu pourras fouler les aſpics, Les lions pleins



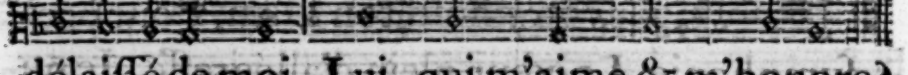
de ra-ge, Les dragons, & les baſilics, Sans



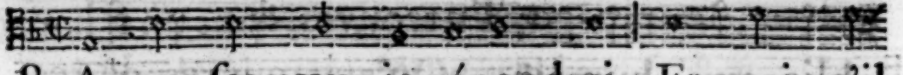
danger, ſans domma-ge. Car Dieu dit, en par-



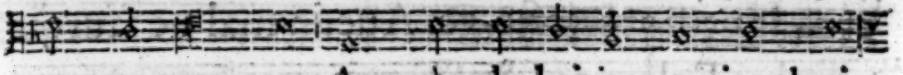
lant de toi, Il me crains, il m'adore ; Seroit-il



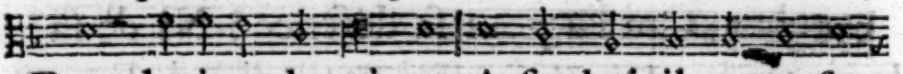
délaiſſé de moi, Lui, qui m'aime & m'honore?



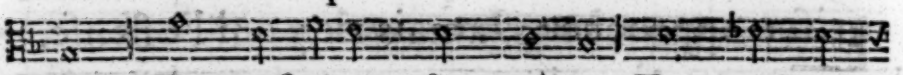
8. A tous ſes vœux je répondrai ; Et quoi qu'il



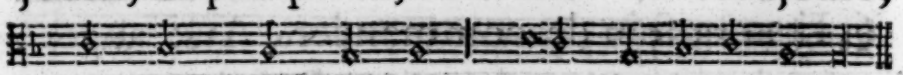
entrepren-ne, Auprès de lui je me tiendrai,



Pour le tirer de pei-ne. A ſouhait il verra ſes

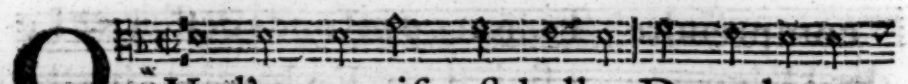


jours, Et proſpérer, & croître Et toujours,

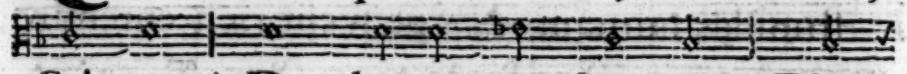


pour lui, mon ſecours, Sera prêt à paroître.

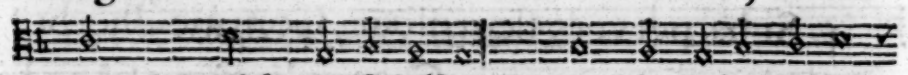
PSEAUME XCII.



QUe l'entrepriſe eſt belle, De te louer,



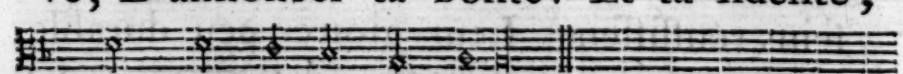
Seigneur! De chanter ton honneur, D'un



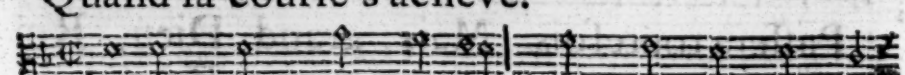
cœur humble & fidelle! Quand le ſoleil ſe lé-



ve, D'annoncer ta bonté! Et ta fidélité,



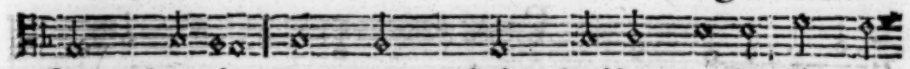
Quand ſa courſe s'acheve.



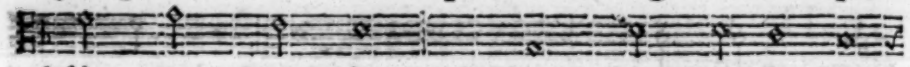
2. A la douce harmonie, Que ſait former la



voix, Des flutes, des hautbois, Joignons la



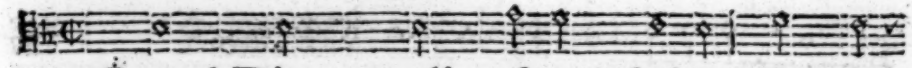
ſymphonie. Le cœur plein d'allégreſſe, Je pu-



blie aux humains, Qu'aux œuvres de tes



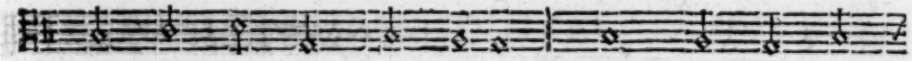
mains Eclate ta ſageſſe.



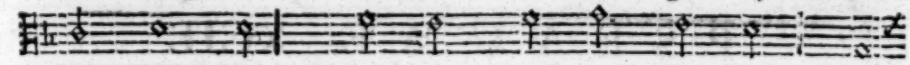
3. Grand Dieu, quelle eſt ta gloire, En tes



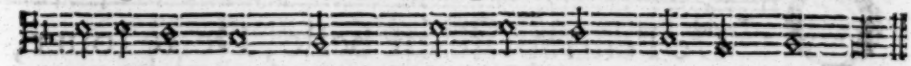
moindres projets ! Et que tous tes hauts faits



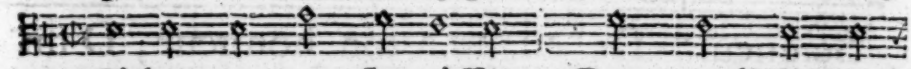
Sont dignes de mémoire ! Qui peut jamais



comprendre, Tous tes profonds deſſeins ? Les



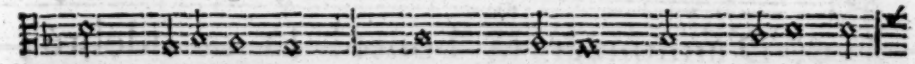
ſtupides humains N'y peuvent rien entendre,



4. Si les pervers fleuriſſent, Comme l'herbe



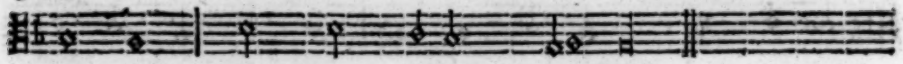
des champs, Si de tous ces méchans Les deſ-



ſeins réuſſiſſent; Leur gloire, peu durable,

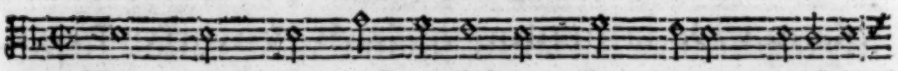


Paſſera toutefois. Mais, grand Dieu, Roi

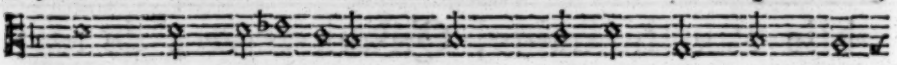


des rois, Ta force eſt immuable.

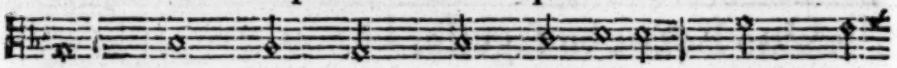
PAUSE.



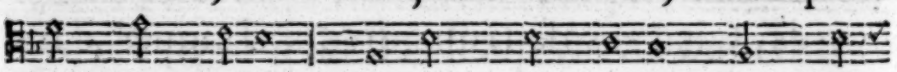
5. De tous tes adverſaires La race périra;



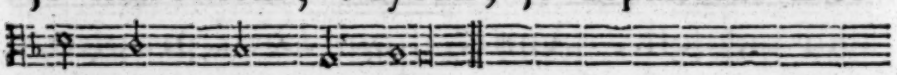
Ton bras diſſipéra Ceux qui te ſont contrai-



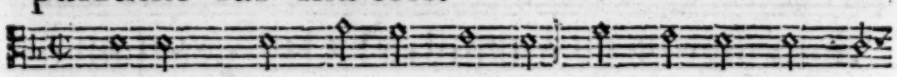
res. Moi, dans ces jours de fête, Sans peur



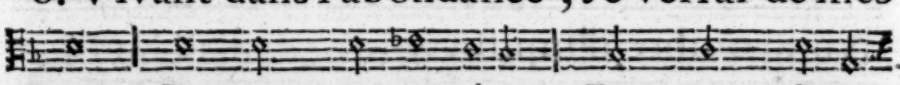
je marcherai; Joyeux, je repandrai Des



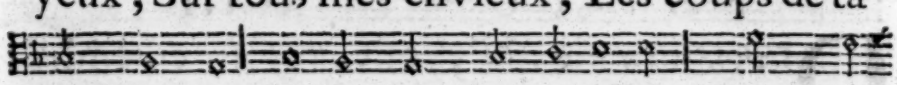
parfums ſur ma tête.



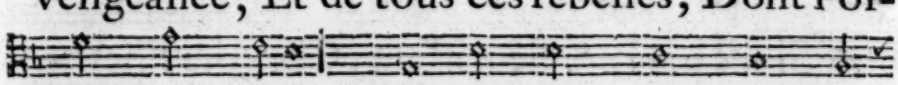
6. Vivant dans l'abondance, Je verrai de mes



yeux, Sur tous mes envieux, Les coups de ta



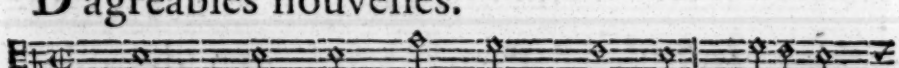
vengeance; Et de tous ces rebelles, Dont l'or-



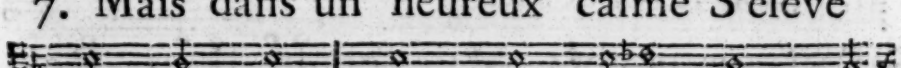
gueil tombera, Chaque jour m'apprendra



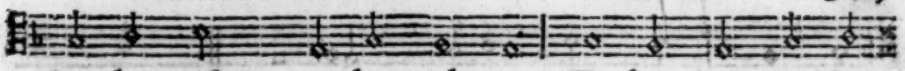
D'agréables nouvelles.



7. Mais dans un heureux calme S'élève



l'homme droit, Tel qu'au Liban on voit,



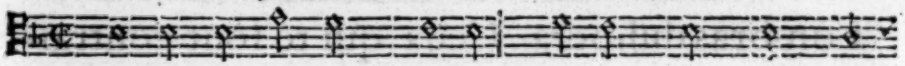
Ou le cèdre, ou la palme: Et les heureuſes



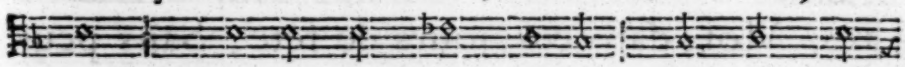
plantes De la maiſon de Dieu, Croîtront en



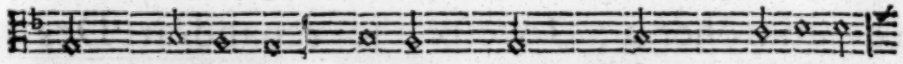
ce ſaint lieu, Belles & fleuriſſantes.



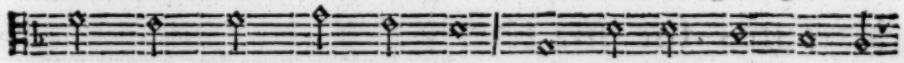
8. On y verra ſans ceſſe, Des arbres toûjours



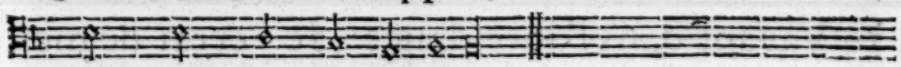
verds, Chargés de fruits divers, Juſques dans



leur vieilleſſe. Ainſi, mon Dieu propice,

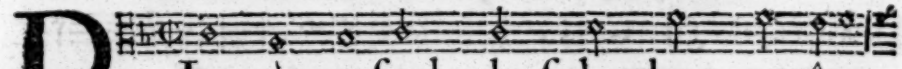


Qui des ſiens eſt l'appui, Ne laiſſe voir en lui

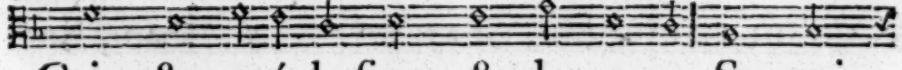


Nulle ombre d'injuſtice.

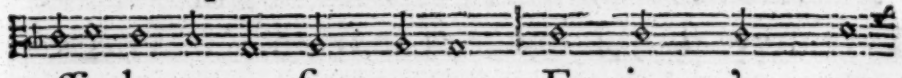
PSEAUME XCIII.



DIeu règne ſeul, de ſplendeur revêtu,



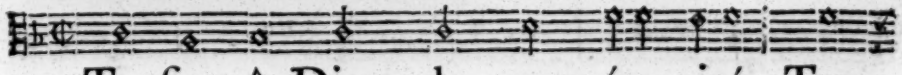
Ceint & paré de force & de vertu; Sa main



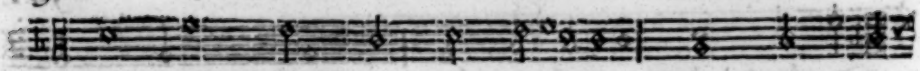
aſſit la terre fermement, Et rien n'en peut



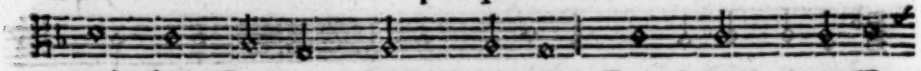
mouvoir le fondement.



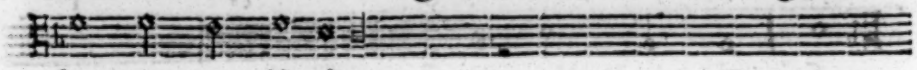
2. Tu fus, ô Dieu, de toute éternité; Ton



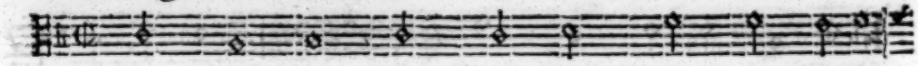
trône eſt ſtable à perpétuité : D'enhaut tu



vois les fleuves s'augmenter, Les eaux groſſir,



les vagues s'irriter.



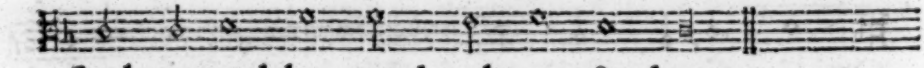
3. Tu vois les flots l'un ſur l'autre entaſſés,



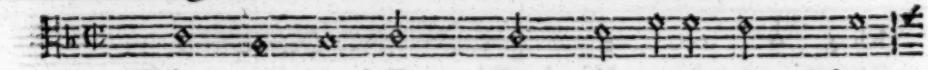
Comme en fureur juſqu'au ciel élancés ; Mais



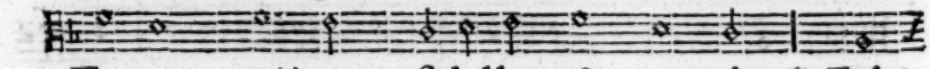
ton pouvoir reprime leur courroux, Ton



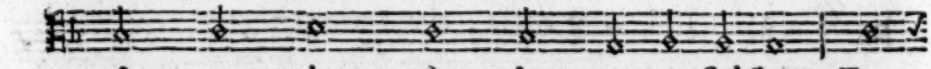
ſeul regard les rend calmes & doux.



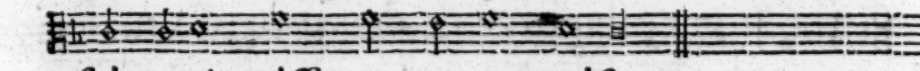
4. Dieu toutpuiſſant, dont les oracles ſaints,



Furent toûjours fidelles & certains, Fais

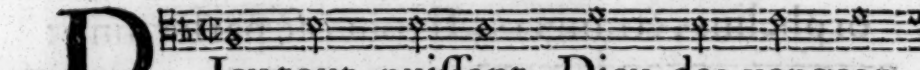


qu'on te craigne, & qu'en toute ſaiſon, La

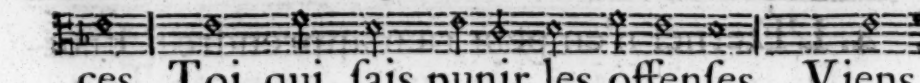


ſainteté puiſſe orner ta maiſon.

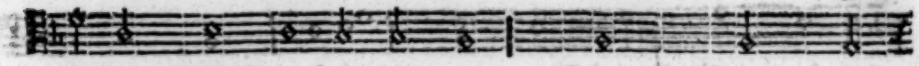
PSEAUME XCIV.



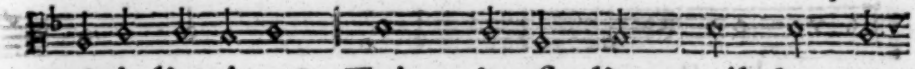
Dieu tout-puiſſant, Dieu des vengean-



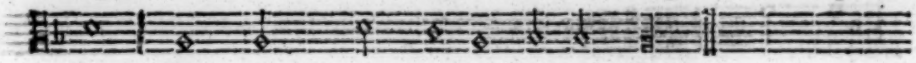
ces, Toi qui ſais punir les offenſes, Viens,



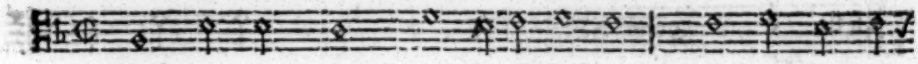
& te montre hautement : Grand Dieu, qui



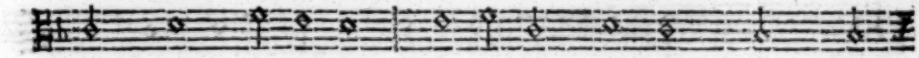
régis l'univers, Fais qu'enfin l'orgueil des per-



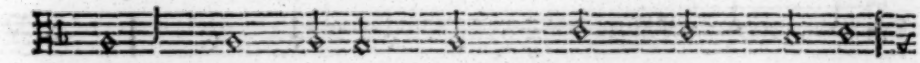
vers, Eprouve un juſte jugement.



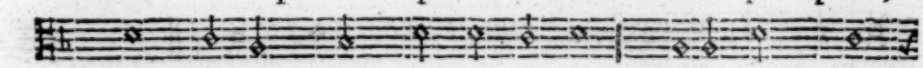
2. Juſques à quand ces infidelles, Qui te furent



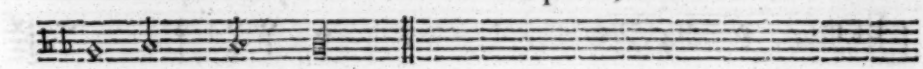
toujours rebelles, Jouiront-ils de leurs bon-



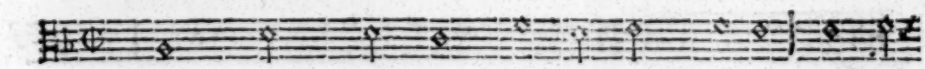
heur ? Juſques à quand leurs fiers propos,



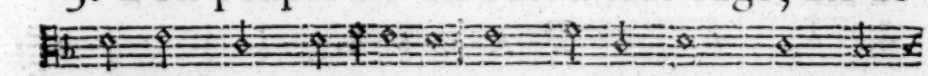
Troubleront-ils notre repos, S'élevant con-



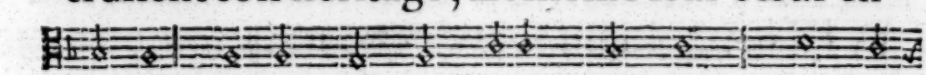
tre ton honneur. ?



3. Ton peuple eſt en bute à leur rage; Ils dé-



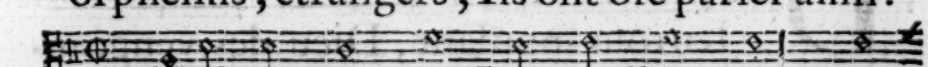
truiſent ton héritage; Et même leur cœur en-



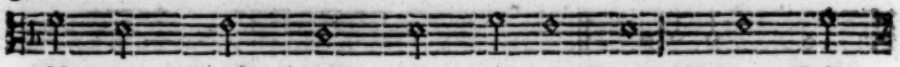
durci, Livrant à de cruels dangers, Veuves,



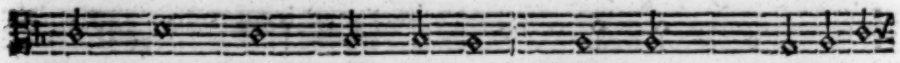
orphelins, étrangers, Ils ont oſé parler ainſi:



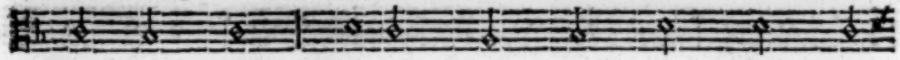
4. L'Éternel n'en peut rien apprendre : Peut-



il nous voir, ou nous entendre? Nos faits



ſont trop bien concertés. Méchans, miſéra-



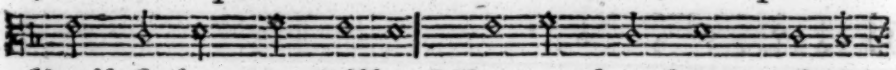
bles humains, Serez-vous toujours faux &



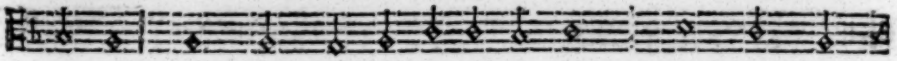
vains, Toujours follement emportés?



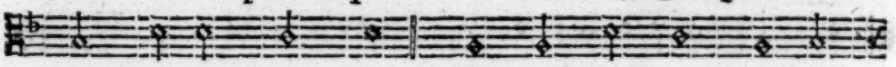
5. Celui qui ſut former l'oreille, Et qui de



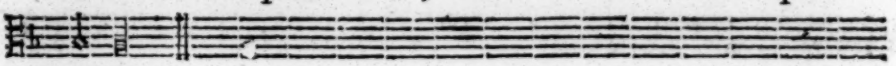
l'œil fit la merveille, N'entendra donc, ni ne



verra? Lui qui diſpenſe le ſavoir, Qui par tout



montre ſon pouvoir, Jamais ne vous repri-

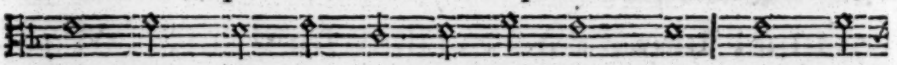


mera?

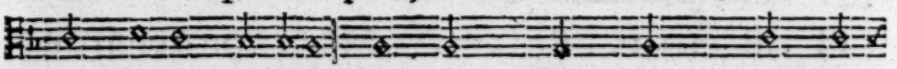
PAUSE.



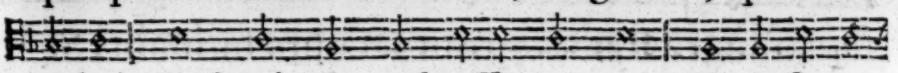
6. Dieu, qui connoit ce que nous ſommes,



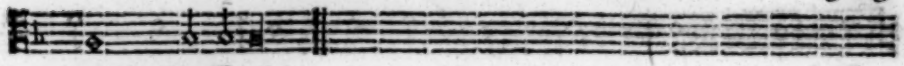
Sait bien que les projets des hommes, Ne ſont



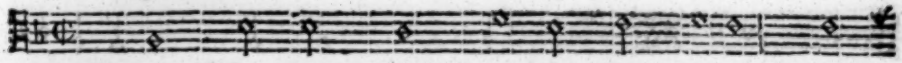
que pure vanité. Heureux, Seigneur, qui dans



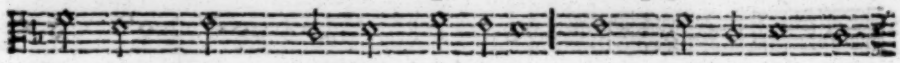
ta loi, Inſtruit & redreſſé par toi, En a ſage-



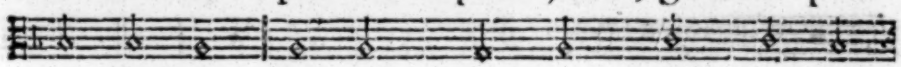
ment profité!



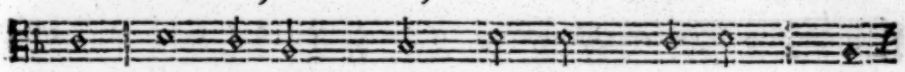
7. Quand le dur temps à lui s'oppoſe, C'eſt



ſur tes ſoins qu'il ſe repoſe; Et, garanti par



ton ſecours, Il voit, ſous ton ombre à cou-



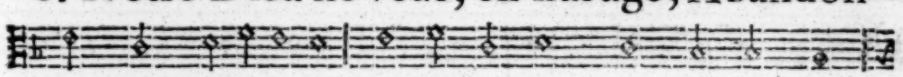
vert, Le ſépulcre au méchant ouvert, Au



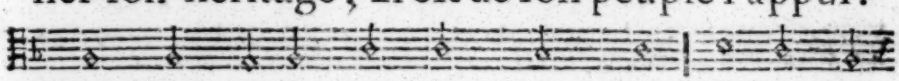
milieu de ſes plus beaux jours.



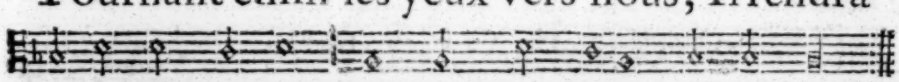
8. Notre Dieu ne veut, en nul âge, Abandon-



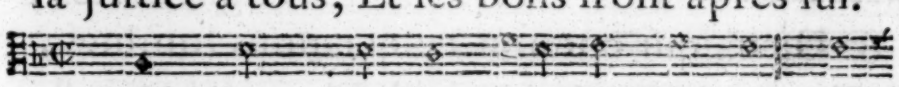
ner ſon héritage; Il eſt de ſon peuple l'appui:



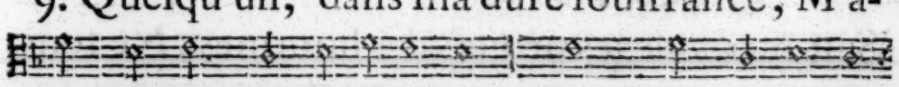
Tournant enfin les yeux vers nous, Il rendra



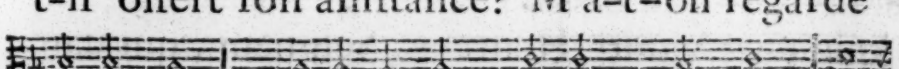
la juſtice à tous, Et les bons iront après lui.



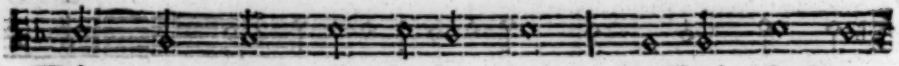
9. Quelqu'un, dans ma dure ſouffrance, M'a-



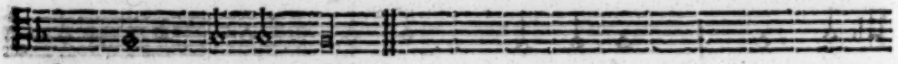
t-il offert ſon aſſiſtance? M'a-t-on regardé



ſeulement? Privé de tout ſecours humain, Si



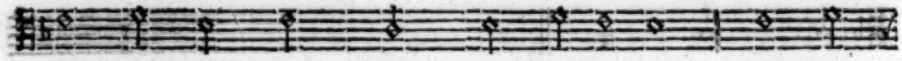
Dieu ne m'eût tendu la main, J'allois deſcen-



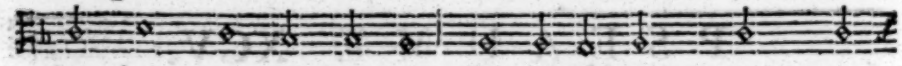
dre au monument.



10. Seigneur, quand les pieds me gliſsèrent,



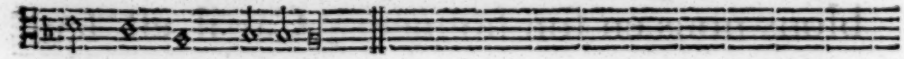
Et qu'à toi mes vœux s'adreſsèrent, Tu me



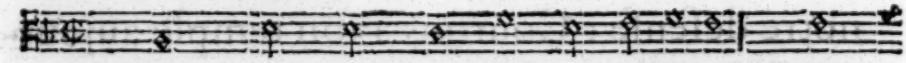
ſoutins par ta bonté; Et ranimant tous mes



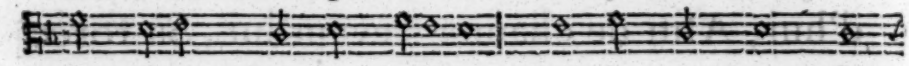
eſprits, Que la frayeur avoit ſurpris, Tu me



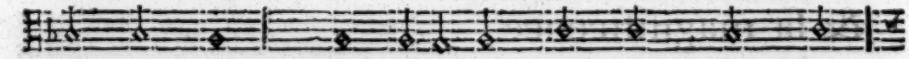
remis en ſureté.



11. Comment permettroit ta juſtice, Qu'on



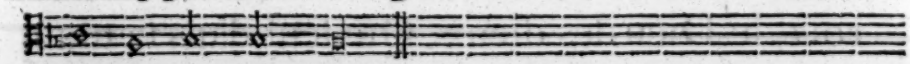
vît triompher la malice; Que le méchant fût



le plus fort? Ces furieux ne craignent rien,



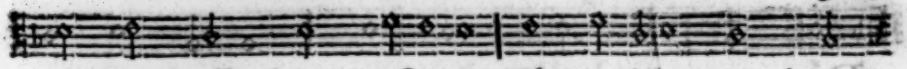
Ils oppriment les gens de bien, Ils mettent



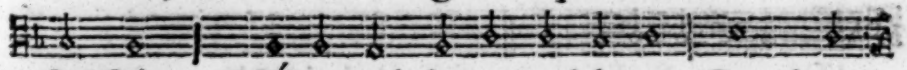
l'innocent à mort.



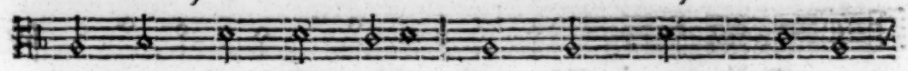
12. Mais le Dieu fort, ce juſte juge, Eſt mon



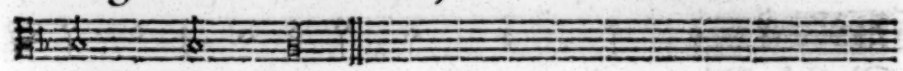
rocher, eſt mon refuge : Il punira tous leurs



forfaits ; L'Éternel les accablera ; Son bras

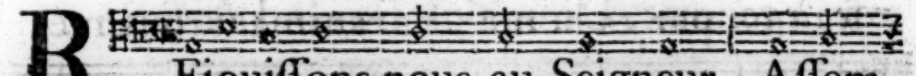


vengeur les détruira, Par les maux mêmes



qu'ils ont faits.

PSEAUME XCV.



RÉjouiſſons-nous au Seigneur, Aſſem-



blons-nous en ſon honneur, Car il eſt ſeul



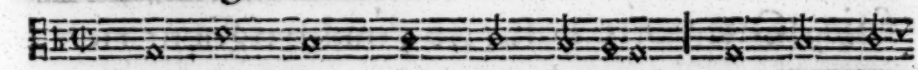
notre défenſe : Courons à ſon temple aujour-



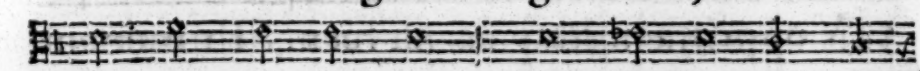
d'hui, Afin de chanter devant lui, Sa force



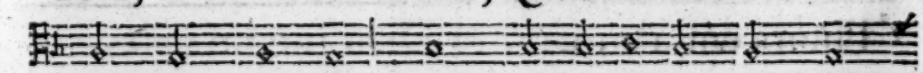
& ſa magnificence.



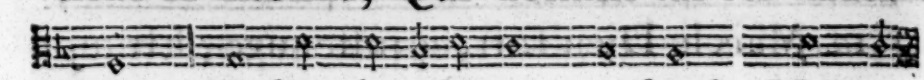
2. C'eſt le Dieu grand & glorieux, Le roi des



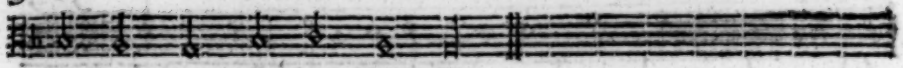
rois, le Dieu des dieux, Qui ſeul dans ſa main



tient le monde, Qui domine ſur les hauts



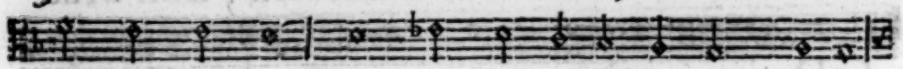
monts, Et dans les abîmes profonds, Maître



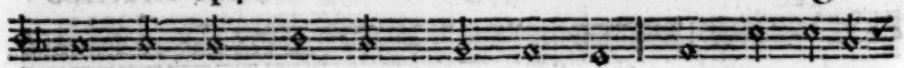
de la terre & de l'onde.



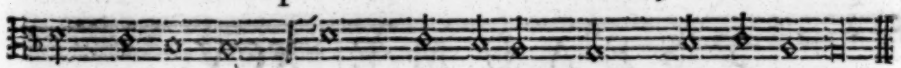
3. La mer & ſes eaux ſont à lui, Il en eſt l'au-



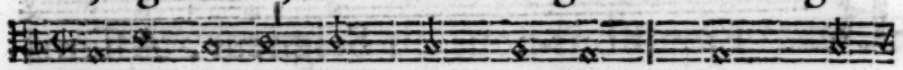
teur & l'appui : La terre eſt auſſi ſon ouvrage.



C'eſt le Dieu qui nous forma tous, Allons ado-



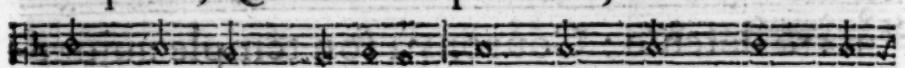
rer, à genoux, Un maître ſi grand & ſi ſage.



4. Il eſt notre Dieu tout-puiſſant, Nous, ſon



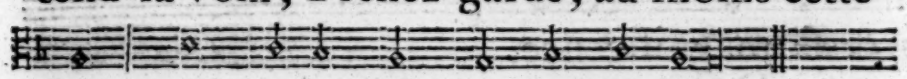
troupeau, Qu'on voit paiſſant, Sous ſa main:



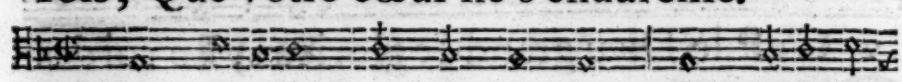
qui nous eſt propice. Aujourd'hui qu'on en-



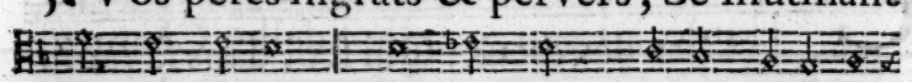
tend ſa voix, Prenez garde, au moins cette



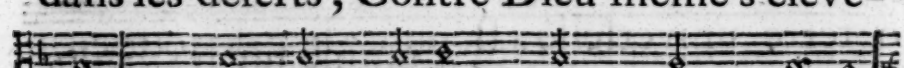
fois, Que votre cœur ne s'endurciſſe.



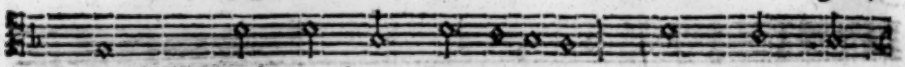
5. Vos pères ingrats & pervers, Se mutinant



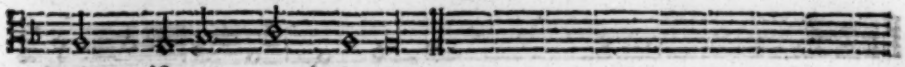
dans les déſerts, Contre Dieu même s'élevè-



rent, C'eſt-là, dit-il, qu'ils m'ont tenté,



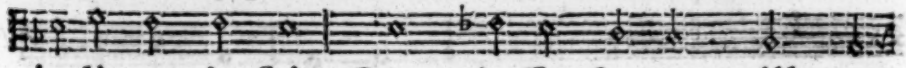
Quand, malgré leur légéreté, Cent fois ma



grâce ils éprouvèrent.



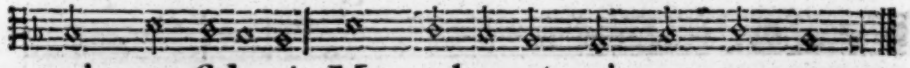
6. Durant quarante ans, en effet, Cette race



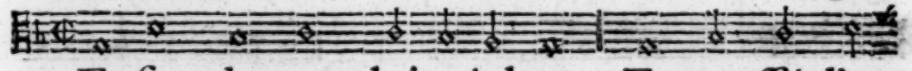
indigne n'a fait, Que m'offenſer par mille ou-



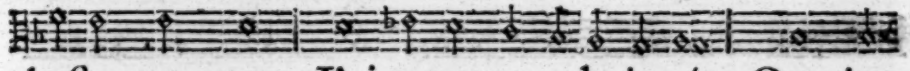
trages; Leur cœur ſéduit s'eſt égaré, Et n'a ja-



mais conſideré, Ma volonté, ni mes ouvrages.



7. Enfin, de ma gloire jaloux, Et pouſſé d'un



juſte couroux, J'ai cette parole jurée: Que ja-



mais ce peuple endurci, Puiſqu'il me réſiſtoit

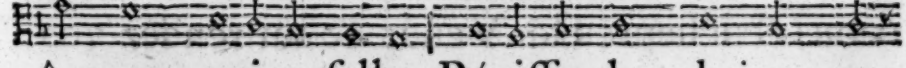


ainſi, Dans mon repos n'auroit entrée.

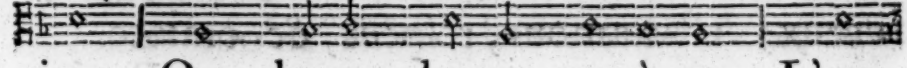
PSEAUME XCVI.



CHantez à Dieu, peuple fidelle; Chantez,



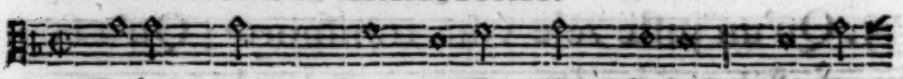
ô terre univerſelle: Béniſſez-le, de jour en



jour: Que chacun chante, tour à tour, L'œu-



vre de ſa main immortelle.



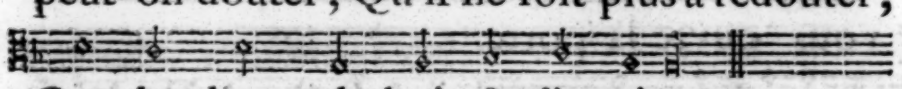
2. Célébrons, ſans ceſſe, ſa gloire, Et ſes



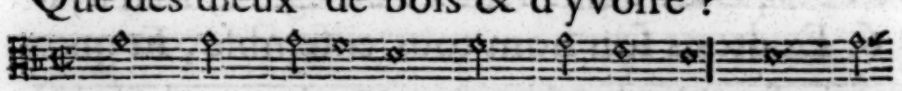
faits dignes de mémoire. C'eſt l'Éternel:



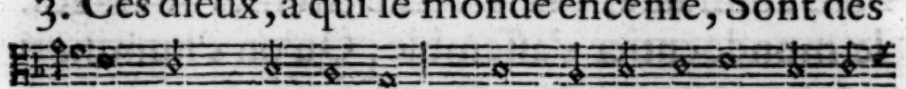
peut-on douter, Qu'il ne ſoit plus à redouter,



Que des dieux de bois & d'yvoire?



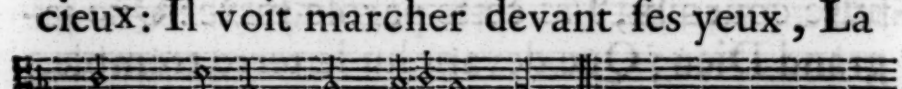
3. Ces dieux, à qui le monde encenſe, Sont des



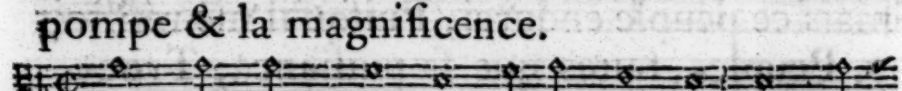
idoles ſans puiſſance: Mais l'Éternel a fait les



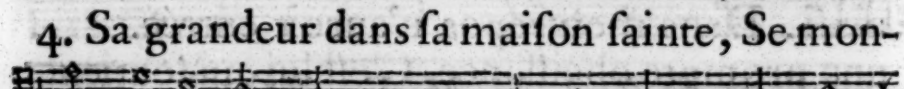
cieux: Il voit marcher devant ſes yeux, La



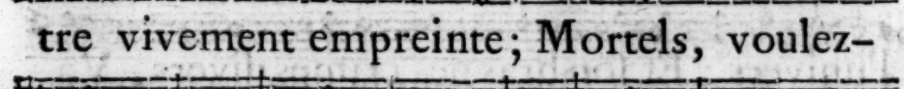
pompe & la magnificence.



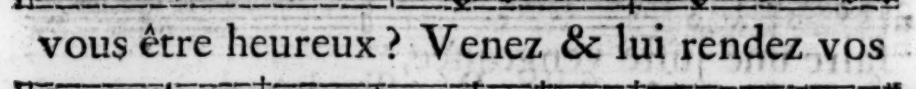
4. Sa grandeur dans ſa maiſon ſainte, Se mon-



tre vivement empreinte; Mortels, voulez-



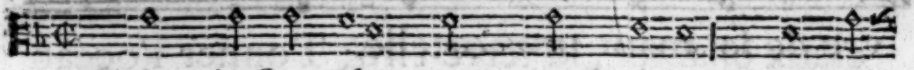
vous être heureux? Venez & lui rendez vos



vœux, Avec amour, reſpect, & crainte.

PAUSE.

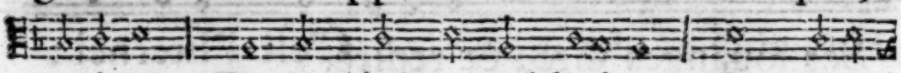
PAUSE.



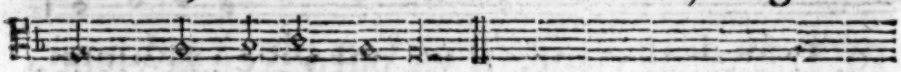
5. Qu'un juſte zèle vous tranſporte ; Qu'à ſa



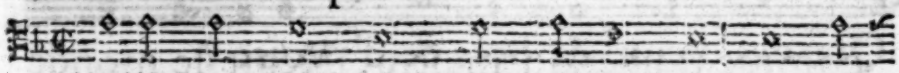
gloire tout ſe rapporte. Entrez au temple,



nations, Portez-lui vos oblations ; Sa grâce



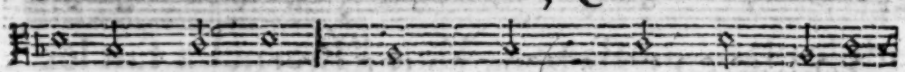
vous ouvre la porte.



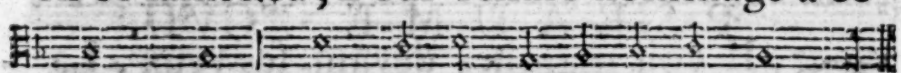
6. Exaltons ſon nom tous enſemble, Et que



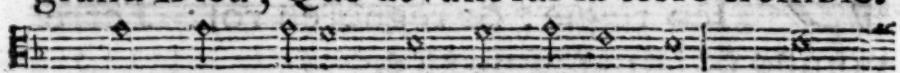
le monde entier s'aſſemble ; Qu'on s'humilie



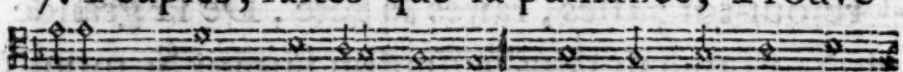
en ce ſaint lieu, Pour rendre hommage à ce-



grand Dieu ; Que devant lui la terre tremble.



7. Peuples, faites que ſa puiſſance, Trouve



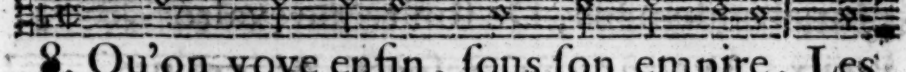
une prompte obéiſſance. C'eſt lui qui ſoutient



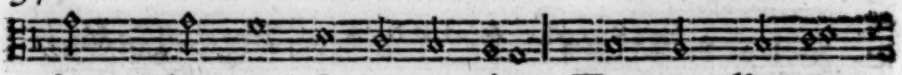
l'univers ; Et ſon bras des crimes divers, Va



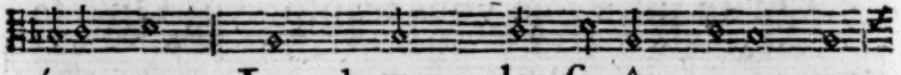
faire une juſte vengeance.



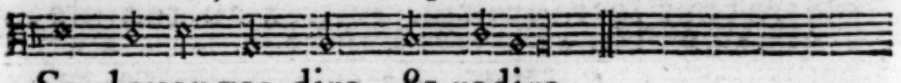
8. Qu'on voye enfin, ſous ſon empire, Les



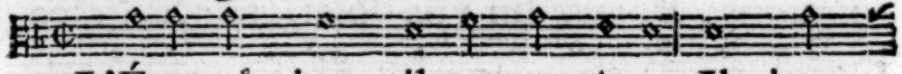
cieux chanter, la terre rire; Tonner l'océan



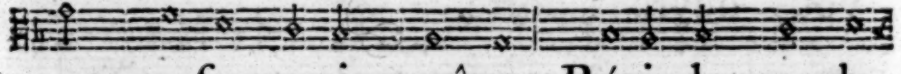
écumeux; Les champs, les forêts, avec eux,



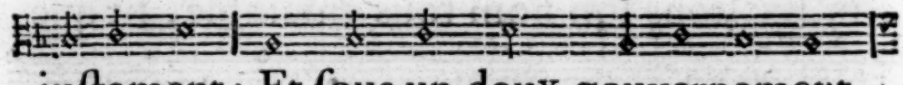
Ses louanges dire, & redire.



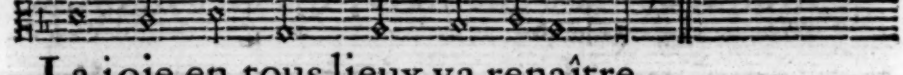
9. L'Éternel vient, il va paroître; Il vient,



comme ſouverain maître, Régir le monde

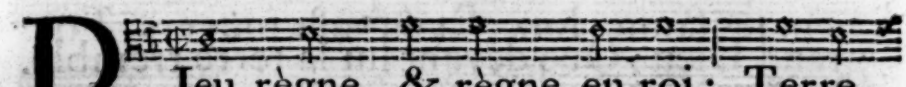


juſtement; Et ſous un doux gouvernement,



La joie en tous lieux va renaître.

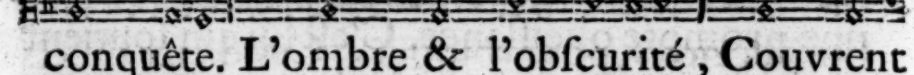
PSEAUME XCVII.



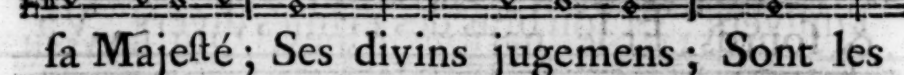
Dieu règne, & règne en roi: Terre,



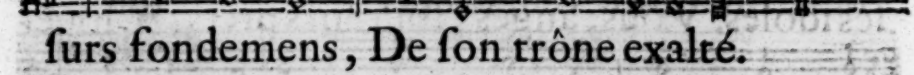
réjoui-toi; Iſles, faites la fête, De ſa grande



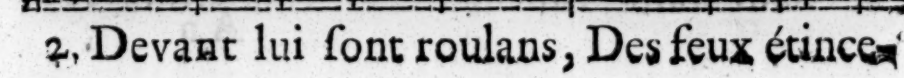
conquête. L'ombre & l'obſcurité, Couvrent



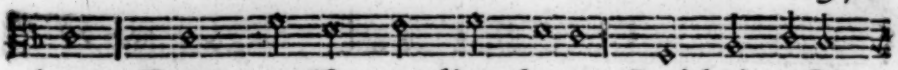
ſa Majeſté; Ses divins jugemens; Sont les



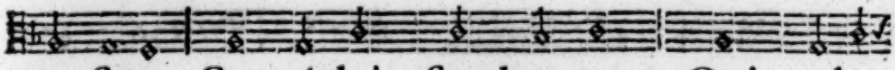
ſurs fondemens, De ſon trône exalté.



2. Devant lui ſont roulans, Des feux étince-



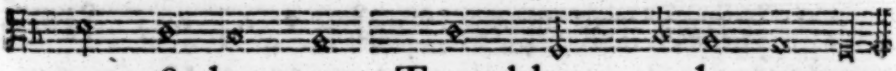
lans, Pour conſumer l'audace, Qui lui réſiſte



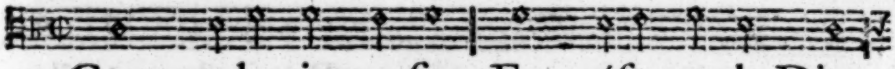
en face. Son éclair foudroyant, Qui vole



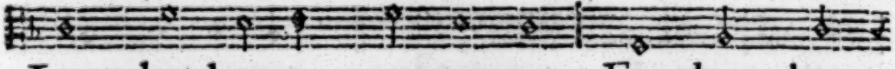
flamboyant, Fend le vuide des airs; Et la



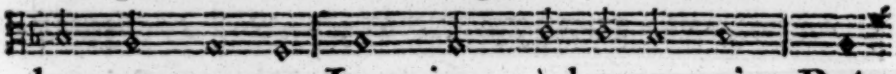
terre, & les mers, Tremblent; en le voyant.



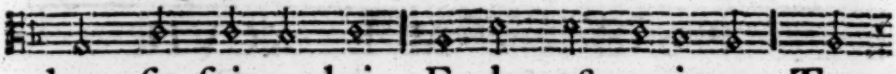
3. Comme la cire au feu, En préſence de Dieu,



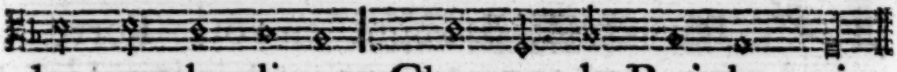
Les plus hautes montagnes, Fondent dans



les campagnes. Les cieux, à haute voix, Prê-



chent ſes ſaintes loix; Et du vaſte univers, Tous

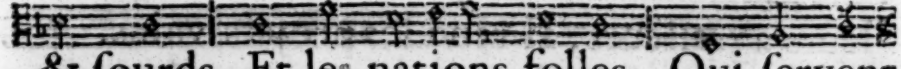


les peuples divers, Chantent le Roi des rois.

PAUSE.



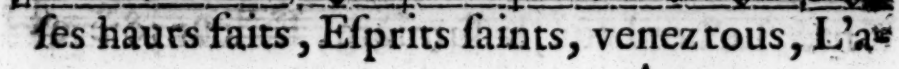
Loin de nous, pour toujours, Ces dieux muets



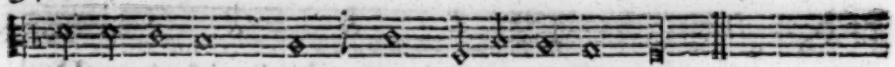
& ſourds, Et les nations folles, Qui ſervent



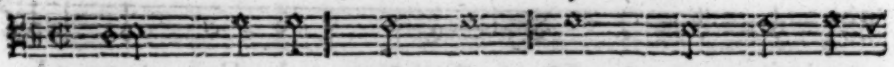
les idoles. Vous, anges, toujours prêts, A louer



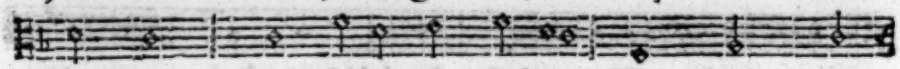
ſes hauts faits, Eſprits ſaints, venez tous, L'a-



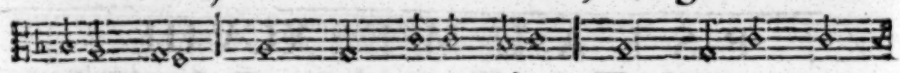
dorer avec nous, Le bénir à jamais.



5. Sion chante, Seigneur, Un hymne à ton



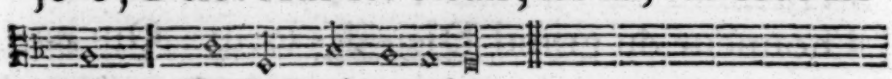
honneur ; Les filles de Judée, Ta gloire ont



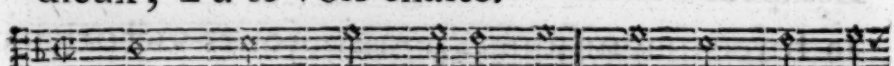
célebrée : De toute éternité, Ta haute ma-



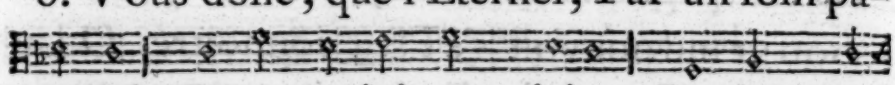
jeſté ; S'éleve ſur les cieux ; Et là, ſur tous les



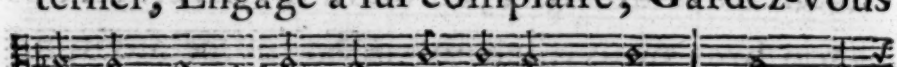
dieux, Tu te vois exalté.



6. Vous donc, que l'Éternel, Par un ſoin pa-



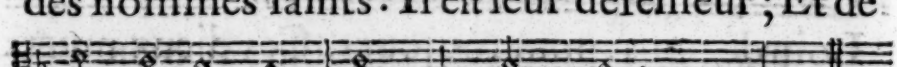
ternel, Engage à lui complaire, Gardez-vous



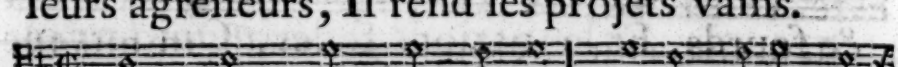
de mal faire. Il tient entre ſes mains, Les jours



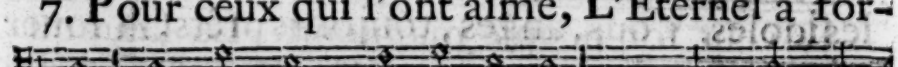
des hommes ſaints : Il eſt leur défenſeur ; Et de



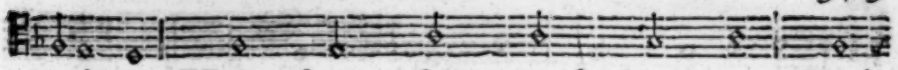
leurs agreſſeurs, Il rend les projets vains.



7. Pour ceux qui l'ont aimé, L'Éternel a for-



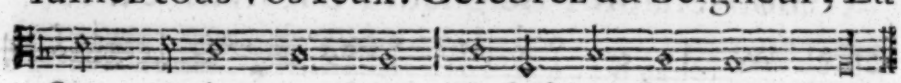
mé, Le bonheur, la lumière, Et leur joie eſt



entière, Vous donc, ſon peuple heureux, Ral-



lumez tous vos feux: Célébrez du Seigneur, La

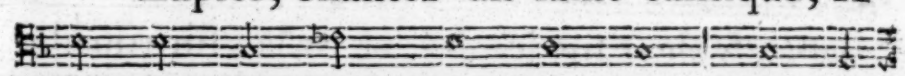


force & la grandeur, Et lui rendez vos vœux.

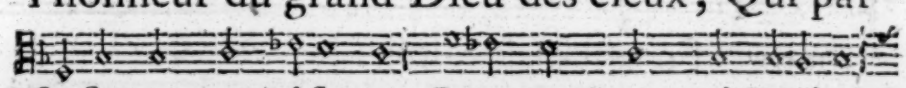
PSEAUME XCVIII.



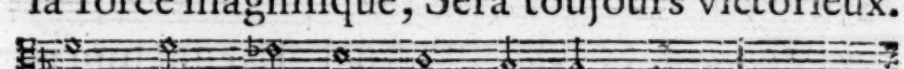
PEuples, chantez un ſaint cantique, A



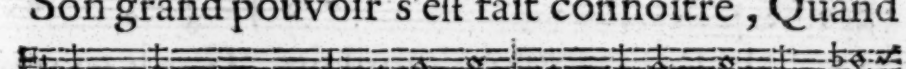
l'honneur du grand Dieu des cieux, Qui par



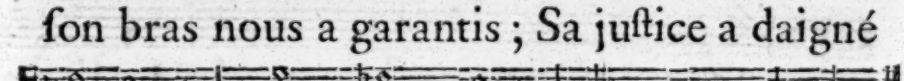
ſa force magnifique, Sera toujours victorieux.



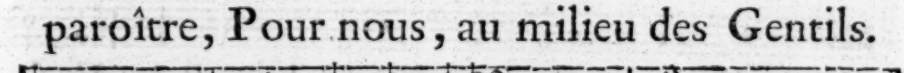
Son grand pouvoir s'eſt fait connoître, Quand



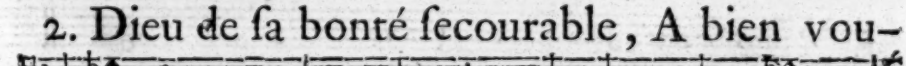
ſon bras nous a garantis; Sa juſtice a daigné



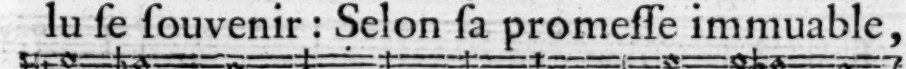
paroître, Pour nous, au milieu des Gentils.



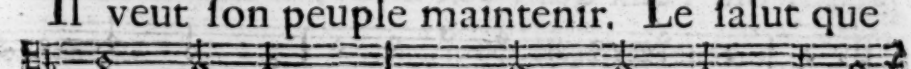
2. Dieu de ſa bonté ſecourable, A bien vou-



lu ſe ſouvenir: Selon ſa promeſſe immuable,



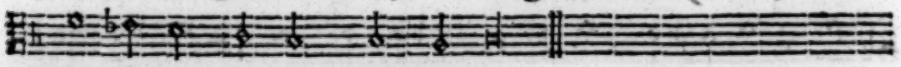
Il veut ſon peuple maintenir. Le ſalut que



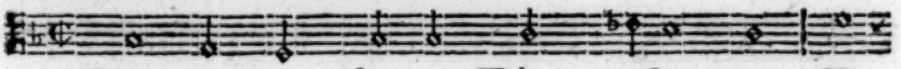
Dieu nous envoie, Juſqu'au bout du monde



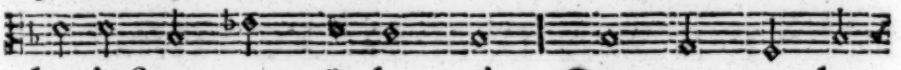
s'eſt vu, Que donc, d'allegreſſe & de joie,



L'univers entier ſoit ému.



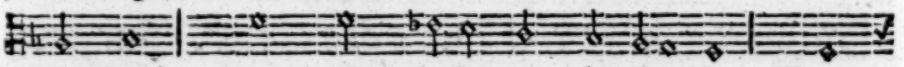
3. Que par tout, devant Dieu, reſonnent, Et



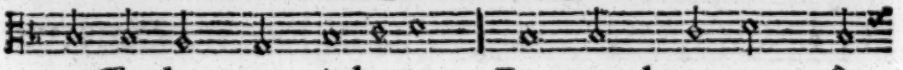
les inſtrumens, & les voix : Que par tout les



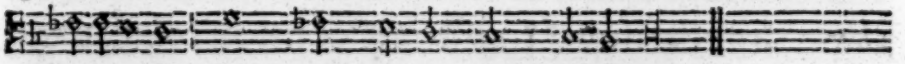
trompettes ſonnent, Et les clairons, & les



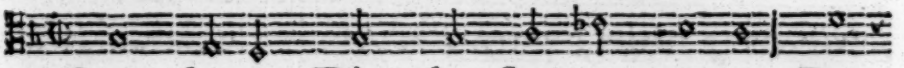
hautbois. Qu'en ſa préſence glorieuſe, Tout



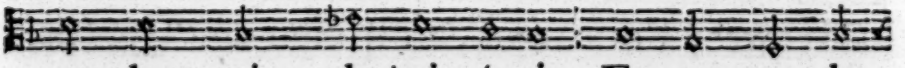
pouſſe des tons éclatans ; La mer bruyante &



furieuſe, La terre avec ſes habitans.



4. Que, devant Dieu, les fleuves mêmes, Bat-



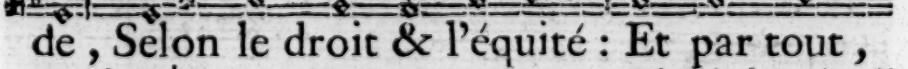
tent des mains, de joie épris ; Et que, par des



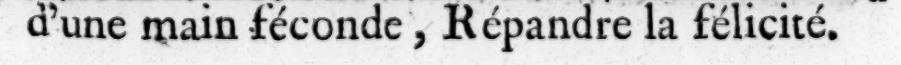
tranſports extrêmes, Les monts faſſent ouir



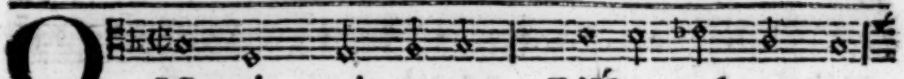
leurs cris. Dieu vient pour gouverner le mon-



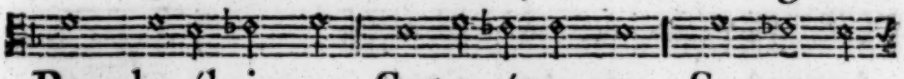
de, Selon le droit & l'équité : Et par tout,



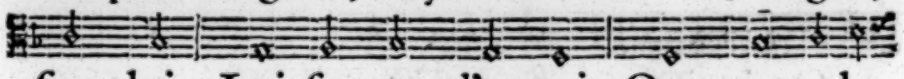
d'une main féconde, Répandre la félicité.



ON voit maintenant, L'Éternel regnant.



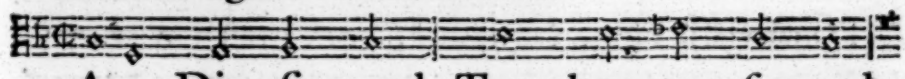
Peuples éloignez, Soyez étonnez : Ses anges,



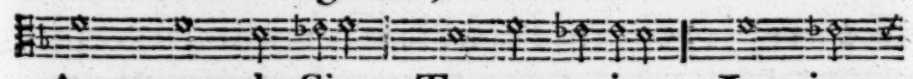
ſous lui, Lui ſervent d'appui. Que toute la



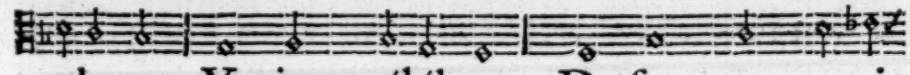
terre Craigne ſon tonnerre.



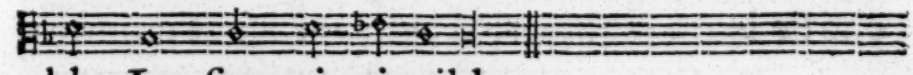
2. A ce Dieu ſi grand, Tout honneur ſe rend :



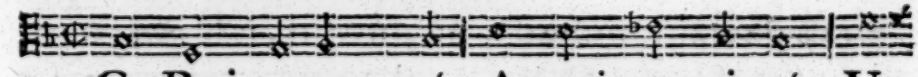
Au mont de Sion, Toute nation, Le vient



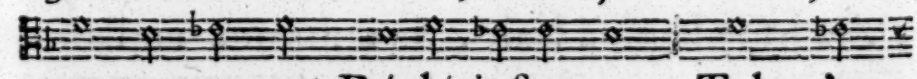
adorer, Y vient célébrer, De ſon nom terri-



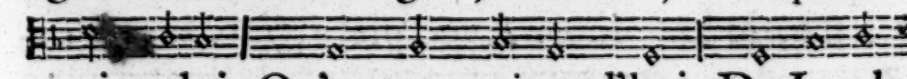
ble La force invincible.



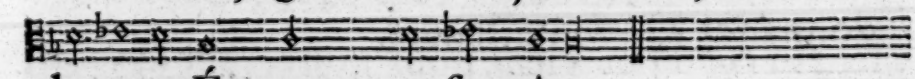
3. Ce Roi renommé, A toujours aimé, Un



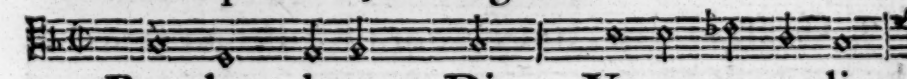
gouvernement Réglé juſtement ; Tel qu'on



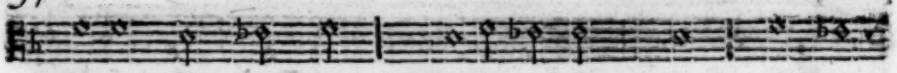
voit celui, Qu'encore aujourd'hui, De Jacob



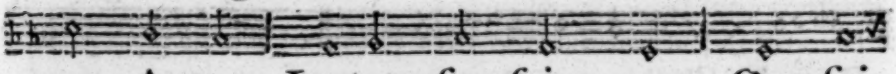
la race Éprouve, en ſa grâce.



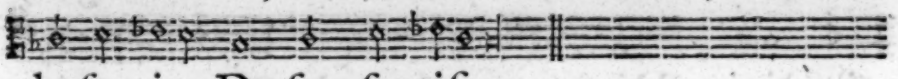
4. Peuples, devant Dieu, Venez en ce lieu,



Plions les genoux : Moïſe avant nous, Avant

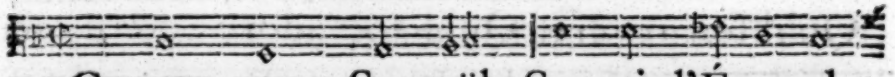


nous Aaron, Louant ſon ſaint nom, Ont fait

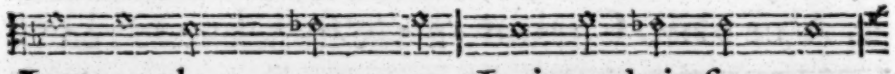


le ſervice De ſon ſacrifice.

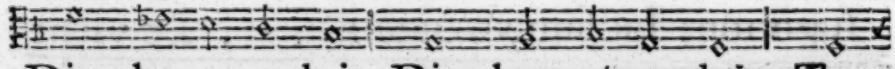
PAUSE.



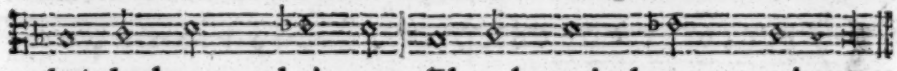
5. Comme eux, Samuël, Servoit l'Éternel ;



Le peuple, comme eux, Lui rendoit ſes vœux,



Dieu les entendoit, Dieu leur répondoit ; Tou-



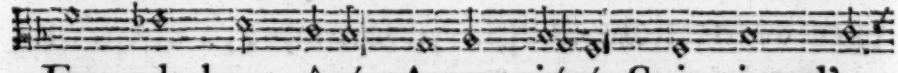
ché de leurs plaintes, Il calmoit leurs craintes



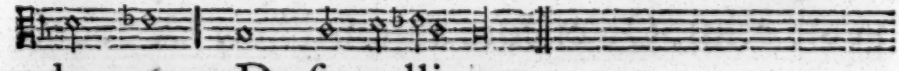
6. Il parla des cieux, Montrant, à leurs yeux,



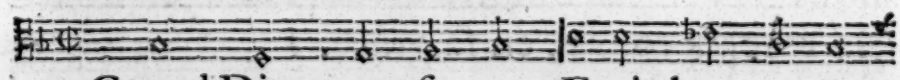
Au jour le plus clair, Sa colomne en l'air.



Eux, de leur côté, Avec piété, Suivoient l'or-



donnance De ſon alliance.



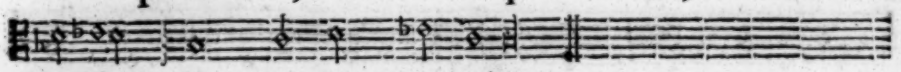
7. Grand Dieu, ton ſecours Etoit leur recours.



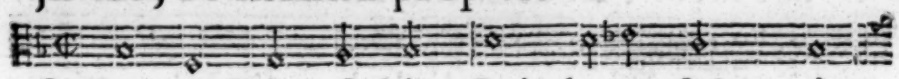
Tu les exauçois, Tu les conduiſois ; Et ton



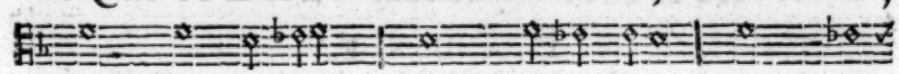
bras puiſſant, Même en puniſſant, Et faiſant



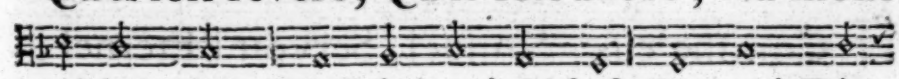
juſtice, Se montra propice.



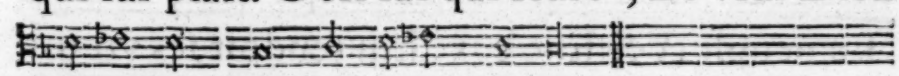
8. Que ce Dieu ſi ſaint Soit loué, ſoit craint;



Qu'il ſoit révéré, Qu'il ſoit adoré, Au mont



qui lui plaît. C'eſt lui qui ſeul eſt, Le vrai Dieu

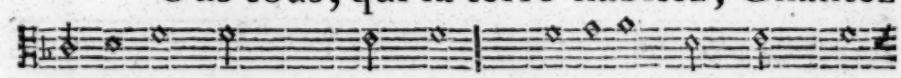


ſuprême, La ſainteté même.

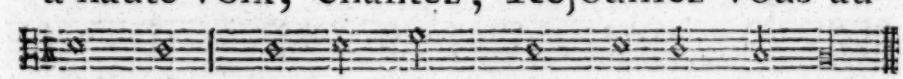
PSEAUME C.



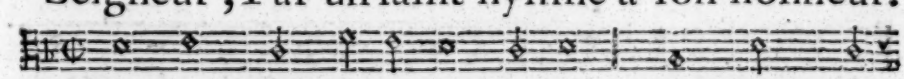
VOus tous, qui la terre habitez, Chantez



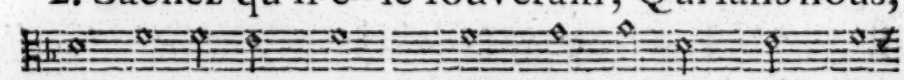
à haute voix, chantez; Réjouiſſez-vous au



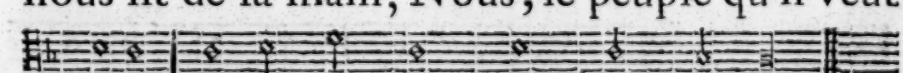
Seigneur, Par un ſaint hymne à ſon honneur.



2. Sachez qu'il eſt le ſouverain, Qui ſans nous,



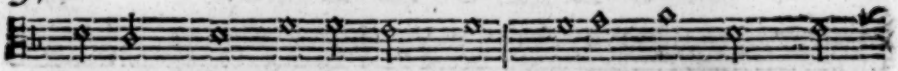
nous fit de ſa main; Nous, le peuple qu'il veut



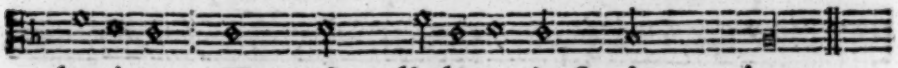
chérir, Et le troupeau qu'il veut nourrir.



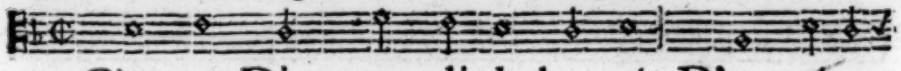
3. Entrez dans ſon temple, aujourd'hui: Que



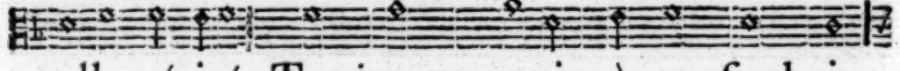
chacun vienne devant lui, Célébrer ſon nom



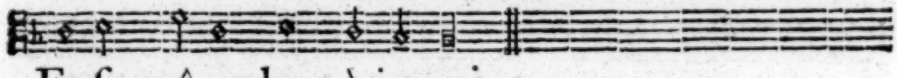
glorieux, Et qu'on l'élève juſqu'aux cieux.



4. C'eſt un Dieu rempli de bonté, D'une éter-

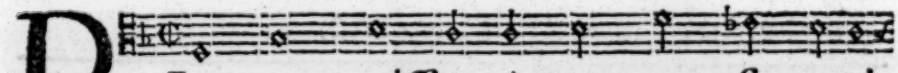


nelle vérité, Toujours propice à nos ſouhaits;

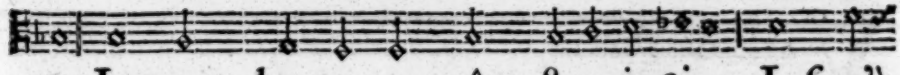


Et ſa grâce dure à jamais.

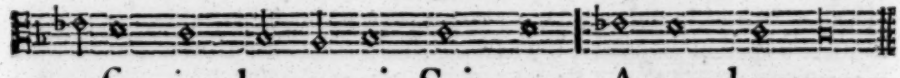
PSEAUME CI.



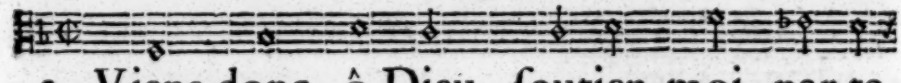
DIeu tout-puiſſant, à mes vœux ſi propi-



ce, Je veux chanter ta grâce & ta juſtice; Juſqu'à



ma fin, je chanterai, Seigneur, A ton honneur.



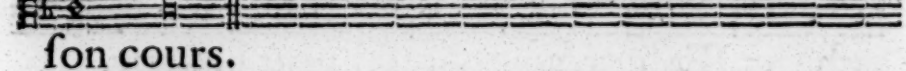
2. Viens donc, ô Dieu, ſoutien-moi, par ta



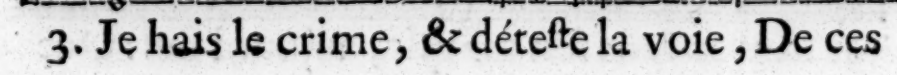
grâce : Tu me verras marcher devant ta face.



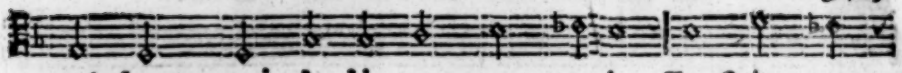
Dans ma maiſon la juſtice toujours, Aura



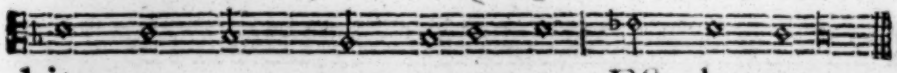
ſon cours.



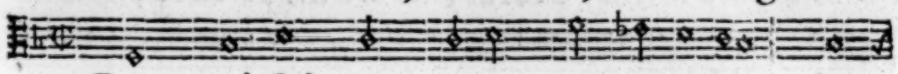
3. Je hais le crime, & déteſte la voie, De ces



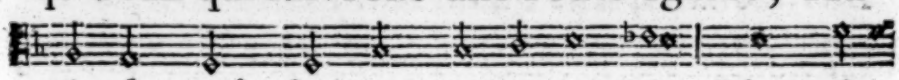
méchans qui s'y livrent en proie. Je ſais com-



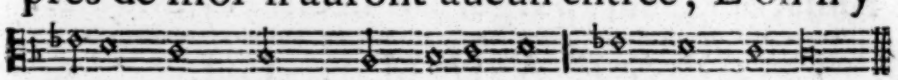
bien tout commerce, avec eux, Eſt dangereux.



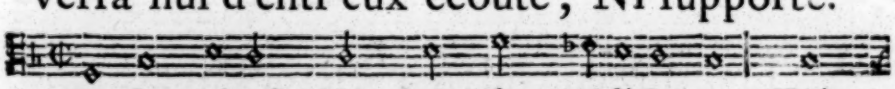
4. Ceux qui ſuivront une route égarée, Au-



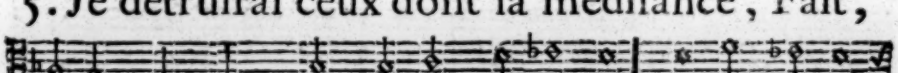
près de moi n'auront aucun entrée; L'on n'y



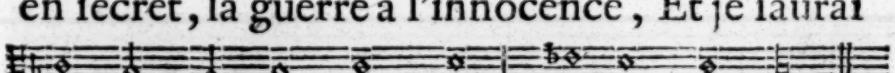
verra nul d'entr'eux écouté, Ni ſupporté.



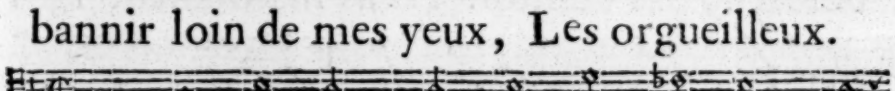
5. Je détruirai ceux dont la médiſance, Fait,



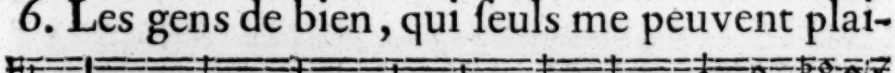
en ſecret, la guerre à l'innocence, Et je ſaurai



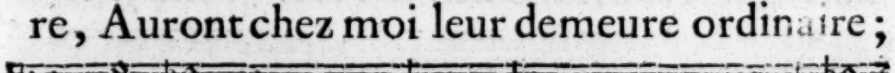
bannir loin de mes yeux, Les orgueilleux.



6. Les gens de bien, qui ſeuls me peuvent plai-



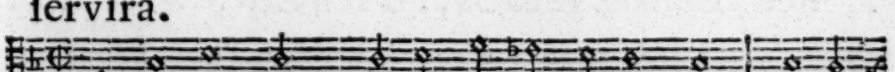
re, Auront chez moi leur demeure ordinaire;



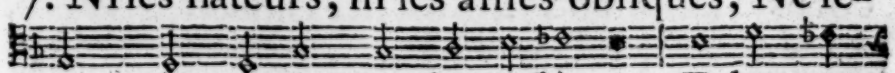
Et qui toujours le droit chemin tiendra, Me



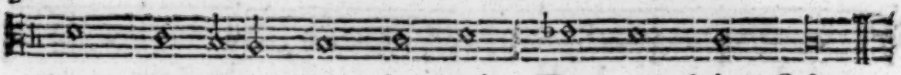
ſervira.



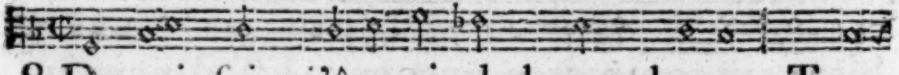
7. Ni les flateurs, ni les ames obliques, Ne ſe-



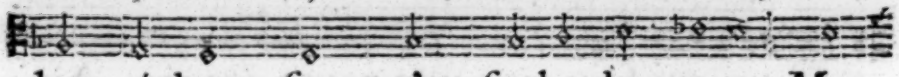
ront point entre mes domeſtiques; Et les men-



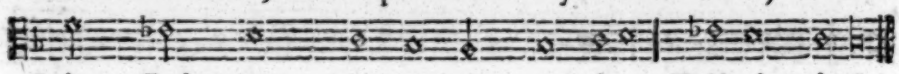
teurs ne recevront jamais, De mes bienfaits.



8 Du pais ſaint j'ôterai, de bonne heure, Tous

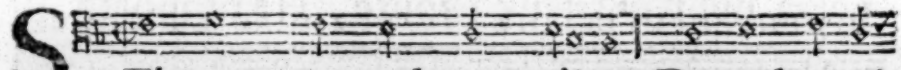


les méchans, ſans qu'un ſeul y demeure ; Mes

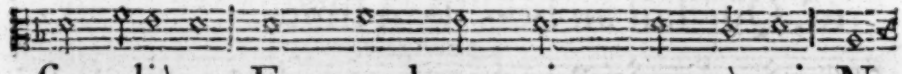


ſoins, Seigneur, purgeront ta cité, D'iniquité.

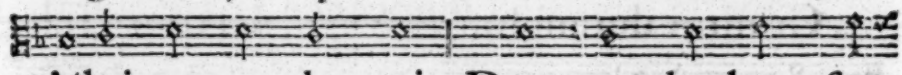
PSEAUME CII.



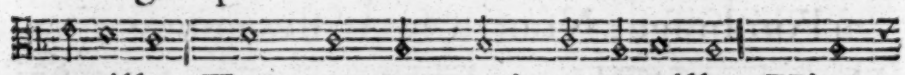
SEigneur, entends ma prière, Par ta bonté



ſingulière ; Et quand ma voix monte à toi, Ne



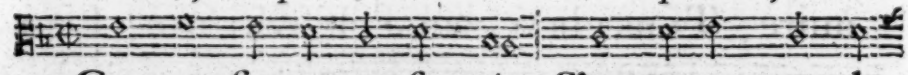
t'éloigne pas de moi. Dans ma douleur ſans



pareille, Tourne vers moi ton oreille ; Viens,



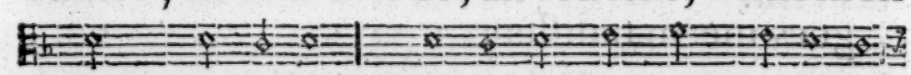
hâte-toi, je te prie, De m'exaucer quand je crie.



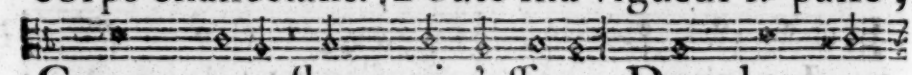
2. Car ma force conſumée, S'en va comme la



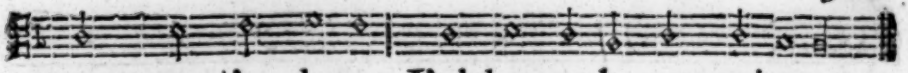
fumée ; Et dans mes os, un feu lent, Mine mon



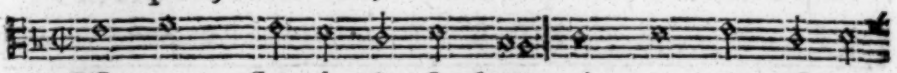
corps chancelant. Toute ma vigueur ſe paſſe,



Comme une fleur qui s'efface : Dans les tour-



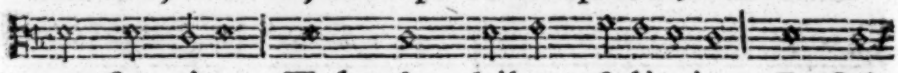
mens que j'endure, J'abhorre la nourriture.



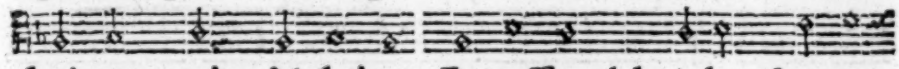
3. Ma peau, flétrie & ſechée, A mes os eſt at-



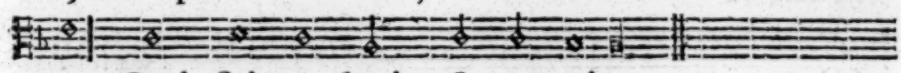
tachée, Et toujours prêt d'expirer, Je ne fais



que ſoupirer. Tel qu'un hibou ſolitaire, Je fuis



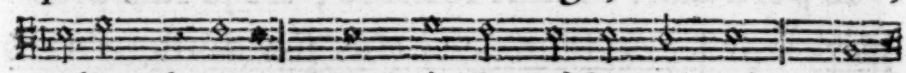
le jour qui m'éclaire ; Je reſſemble à la chouet-



te, Qui fait au bois ſa retraite.



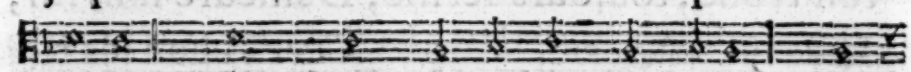
4. Comme durant ſon veuvage, La tourterelle,



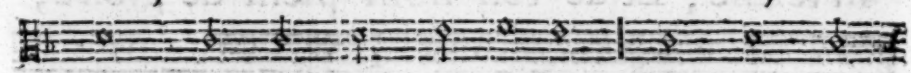
à l'ombrage, Nourrit ſes triſtes ennuis ; Seul



je paſſe ainſi les nuits. Chacun s'empreſſe à me



nuire ; Tous cherchent à me détruire ; Leurs

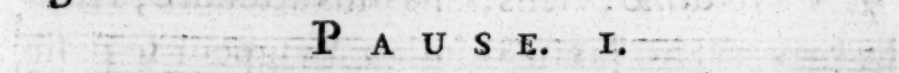


cœurs contre moi s'uniſſent, Et leurs lan-



gues me maudiſſent.

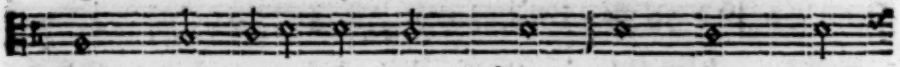
PAUSE. I.



5. Je n'ai pour pain ordinaire, Que la cendre &



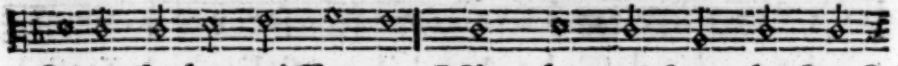
la pouſſière ; Et je fais, dans mes douleurs,



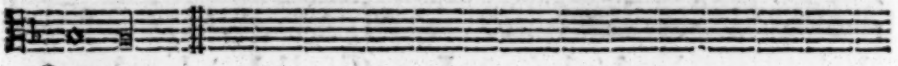
Mon breuvage de mes pleurs. O Dieu, c'eſt



dans ta colère, Que ta juſtice ſévère, Du



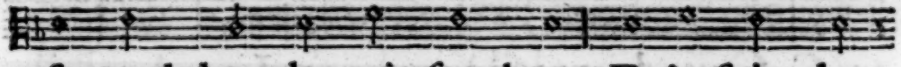
faîte de la puiſſance, M'a plongé dans la ſouf-



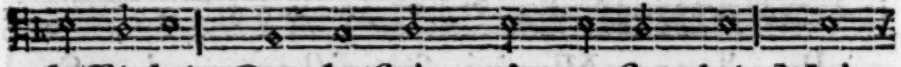
france.



6. Mes jours paſſent comme une ombre, Qui



ſe perd dans la nuit ſombre ; Et je ſuis plus



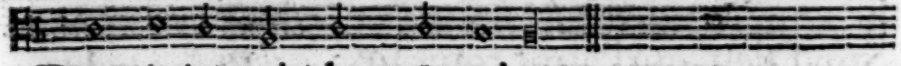
deſſéché, Que le foin qu'on a fauché. Mais



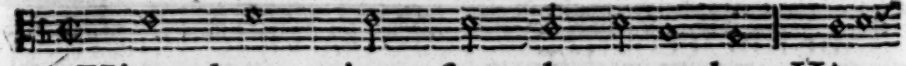
ton trône, toujours ferme, Demeure ſans fin,



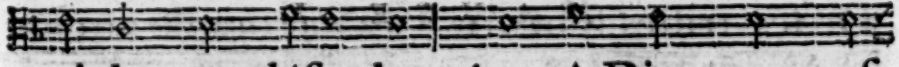
ni terme, Et de ton nom plein de gloire,



Dure à jamais la mémoire.



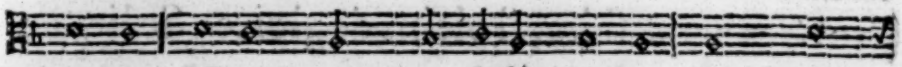
7. Viens donc, viens, ſans plus attendre, Hâte-



toi de nous défendre ; Aye, ô Dieu, compaſ-



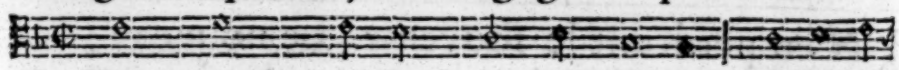
ſion, De ta fidelle Sion. Elle attend de ta clé-



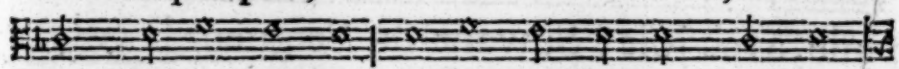
mence, Une prompte délivrance : Le temps



aſſigné te preſſe ; De dégager ta promeſſe.



8. Ton peuple, en ſes maux extrêmes, En aime



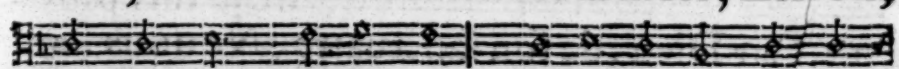
les prières mêmes : A l'aſpect de ſes malheurs,



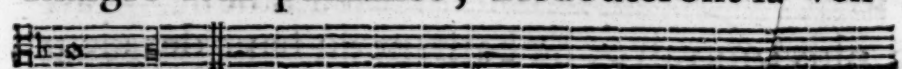
Il verſe un torrent de pleurs. Les nations allar-



mées, Craindront le Dieu des armées ; Les rois,



malgré leur puiſſance, Redouteront ſa ven-



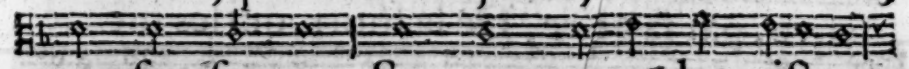
geance.



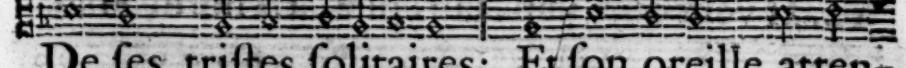
9. Car ſa cité démolie, Sera bientôt rétablie :



Son Dieu, qui l'aime toujours, Vient des cieux,



pour ſon ſecours. Ses yeux ont vû les miſères,

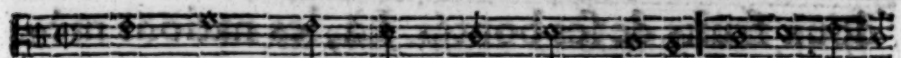


De ſes triſtes ſolitaires ; Et ſon oreille atten-

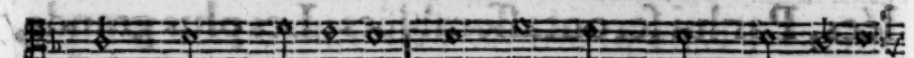


tive, Ecoute leur voix plaintive.

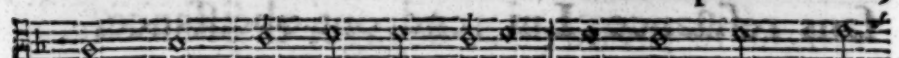
PAUSE II.



10. Ses hauts faits, ſi pleins de gloire, Se liront



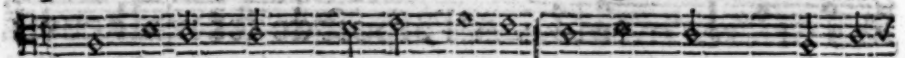
dans notre hiſtoire : Jamais les temps à venir,



N'en perdront le ſouvenir. Le nouveau peu-



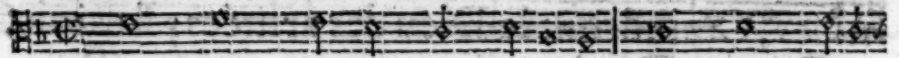
ple, avec joie, Suivant du Seigneur la voie,



Chantera plein d'allegreſſe, Et ſa force, & ſa



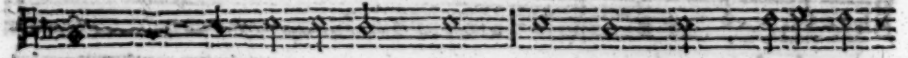
ſageſſe.



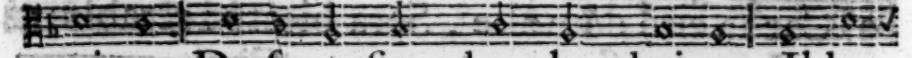
11. Car Dieu, de ſon ſanctuaire, Ne nous ſera



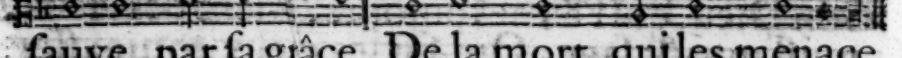
plus contraire ; Se baiſſant du haut des cieux,



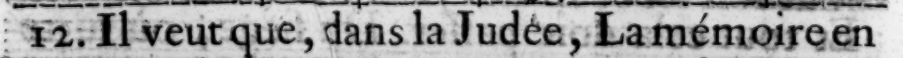
Sur nous il jette les yeux. Il voit les cruelles



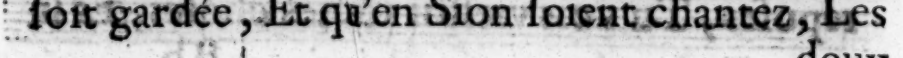
peines, De ſes enfans dans les chaines ; Il les



ſauve, par ſa grâce, De la mort, qui les menace.

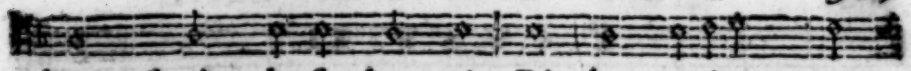


12. Il veut que, dans la Judée, La mémoire en

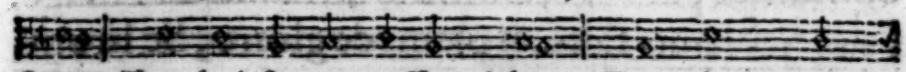


ſoit gardée, Et qu'en Sion ſoient chantez, Les

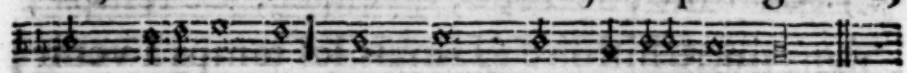
doux



doux fruits de ſes bontés. Là, les nations mê-



lées, Par lui ſeront aſſemblées; Les plus grands,



ſans réſiſtance, Lui rendront obéiſſance.

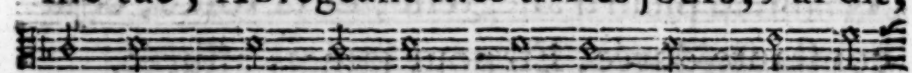
PAUSE III.



13 Ma force étoit abattue; Et la douleur qui



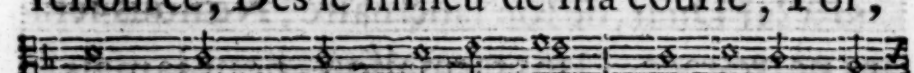
me tue, Abregeant mes triſtes jours, J'ai dit,



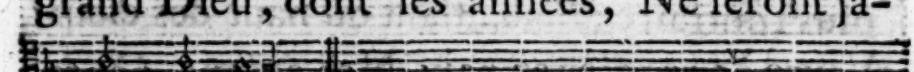
ô Dieu, mon ſecours, Ne me perds pas ſans



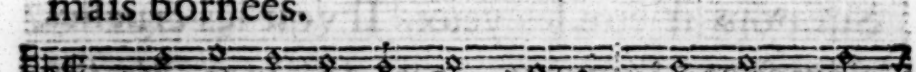
reſſource, Dès le milieu de ma courſe; Toi,



grand Dieu, dont les années, Ne ſeront ja-



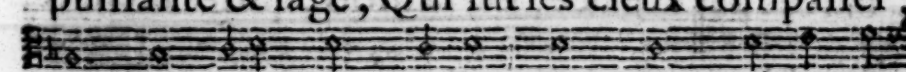
mais bornées.



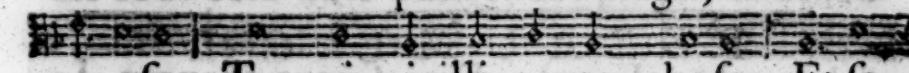
14. La terre fut ton ouvrage; C'eſt ta main



puiſſante & ſage, Qui ſut les cieux compaſſer;



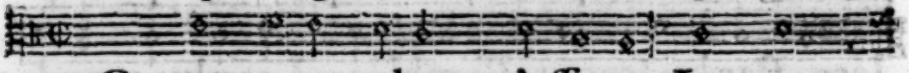
Et tout cela doit paſſer. Du ſiège, où tu te



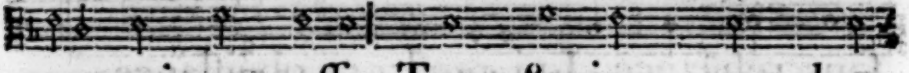
repoſes, Tu vois vieillir toutes choſes, Et ſe



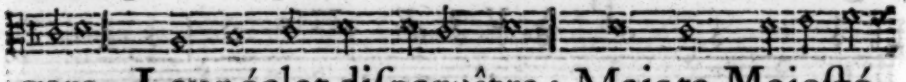
conſumer par l'âge, Comme un habit par l'uſage.



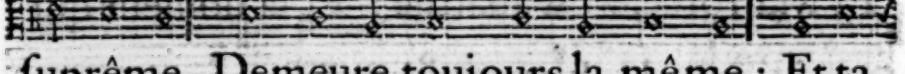
15. Comme une robe, qu'efface, Le temps,



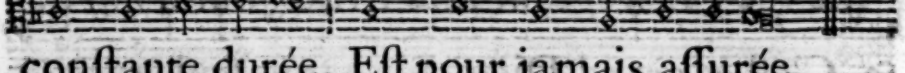
avec qui tout paſſe, Terre & cieux, tout chan-



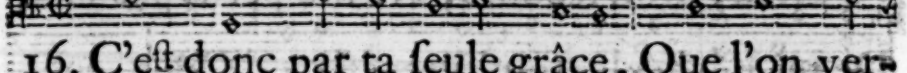
gera, Leur éclat diſparoîtra : Mais ta Majeſté



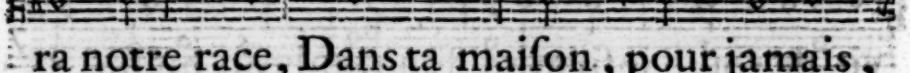
ſuprême, Demeure toujours la même ; Et ta



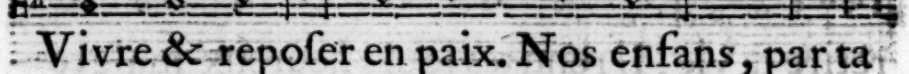
conſtante durée, Eſt pour jamais aſſurée.



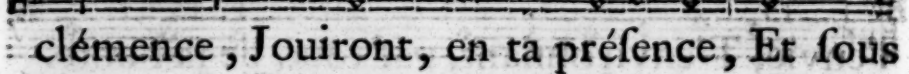
16. C'eſt donc par ta ſeule grâce, Que l'on ver-



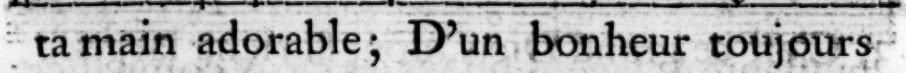
ra notre race, Dans ta maiſon, pour jamais,



Vivre & repoſer en paix. Nos enfans, par ta



clémence, Jouiront, en ta préſence, Et ſous



ta main adorable ; D'un bonheur toujours

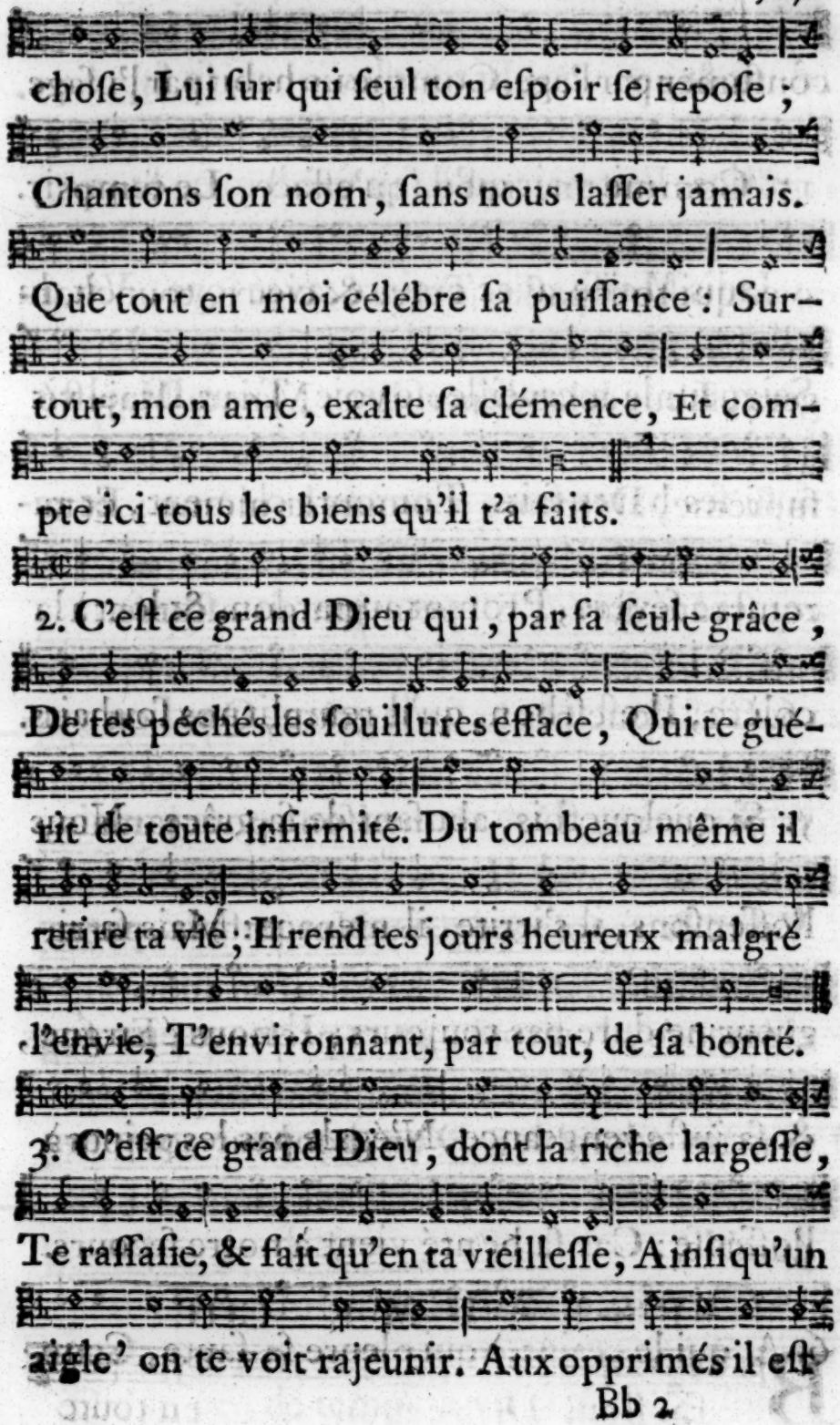


durable.

PSEAUME CIII.



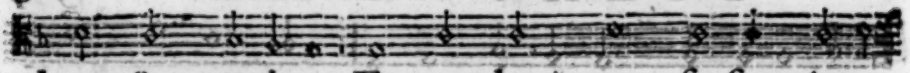
BEniſſons Dieu, mon ame, en toute



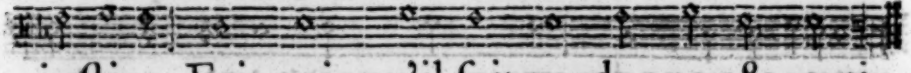
choſe, Lui ſur qui ſeul ton eſpoir ſe repoſe ;
Chantons ſon nom, ſans nous laſſer jamais.
Que tout en moi célébre ſa puiſſance : Sur-
tout, mon ame, exalte ſa clémence, Et com-
pte ici tous les biens qu'il t'a faits.

2. C'eſt ce grand Dieu qui, par ſa ſeule grâce,
De tes péchés les ſouillures efface, Qui te gué-
rit de toute infirmité. Du tombeau même il
retire ta vie ; Il rend tes jours heureux malgré
l'envie, T'environnant, par tout, de ſa bonté.

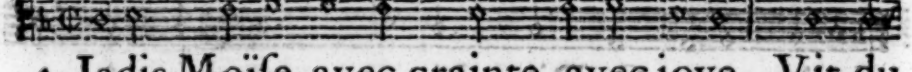
3. C'eſt ce grand Dieu, dont la riche largeſſe,
Te raſſaſie, & fait qu'en ta vieilleſſe, Ainſi qu'un
aigle on te voit rajeunir. Aux opprimés il eſt



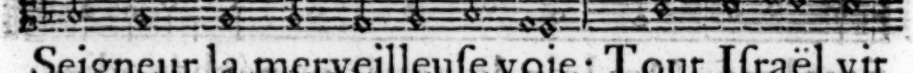
doux & propice; Et tous les jours, ſa ſuprême



juſtice, Fait voir qu'il ſait pardonner & punir.



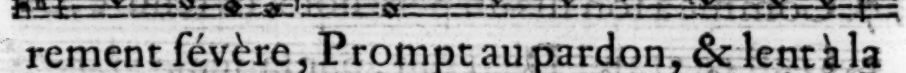
4. Jadis Moïſe, avec crainte, avec joye, Vit du



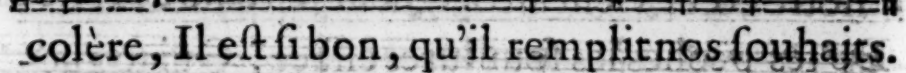
Seigneur la merveilleuſe voie; Tout Iſraël vit



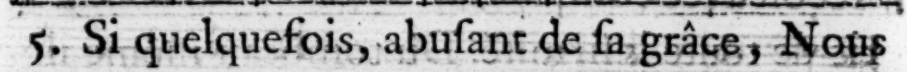
auſſi ſes hauts faits. Toujours clément, & ra-



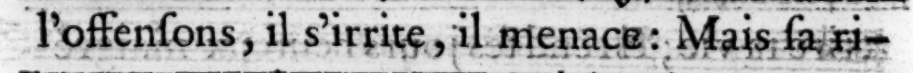
rement ſévère, Prompt au pardon, & lent à la



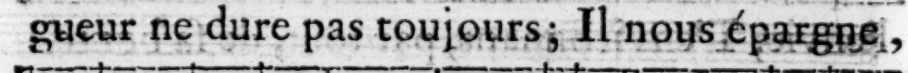
colère, Il eſt ſi bon, qu'il remplit nos ſouhaits.



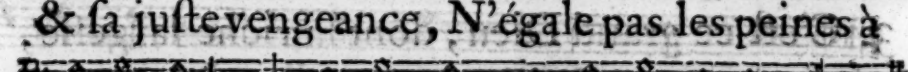
5. Si quelquefois, abuſant de ſa grâce, Nous



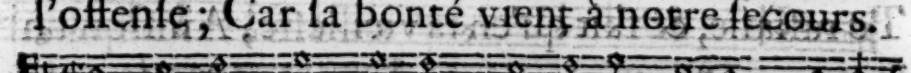
l'offenſons, il s'irrite, il menace: Mais ſa ri-



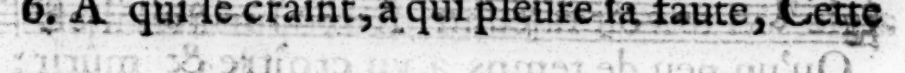
gueur ne dure pas toujours; Il nous épargne,



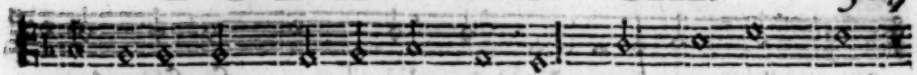
& ſa juſte vengeance, N'égale pas les peines à



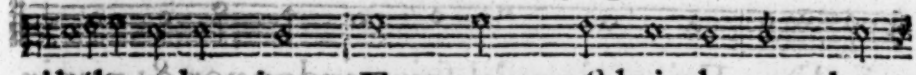
l'offenſe; Car ſa bonté vient à notre ſecours.



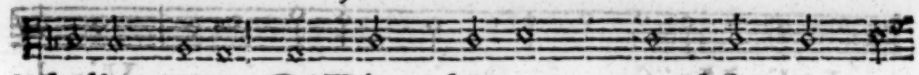
6. A qui le craint, à qui pleure ſa faute, Cette



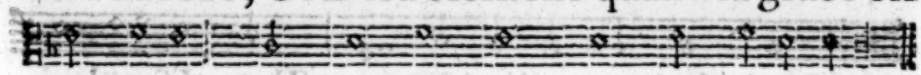
bonté ſe fait voir auſſi haute, Que ſur la terre



il éleva les cieux, Et comme eſt loin le couchant

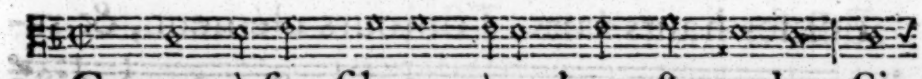


de l'aurore, Ce Dieu clément quand ſa grâce on

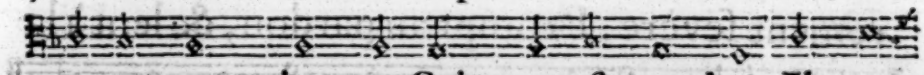


implore, Met loin de nous nos péchés odieux.

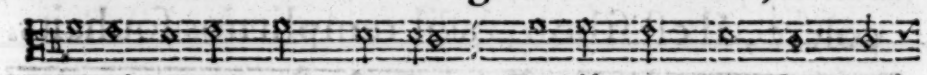
PAUSE.



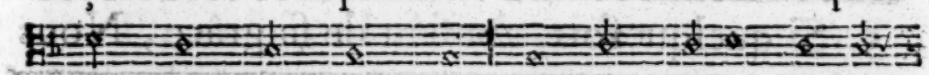
7. Comme à ſon fils un père doux & tendre, Si



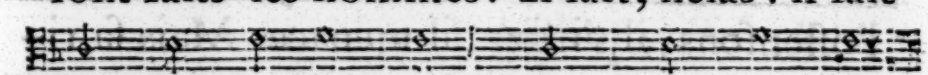
notre cœur vient au Seigneur ſe rendre, Il nous



reçoit avec compaſſion: Car il connoît de quoi



ſont faits les hommes: Il ſait, hélas! il ſait



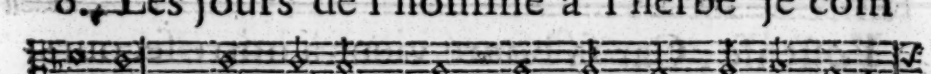
que nous ne ſommes, Que poudre & cen-



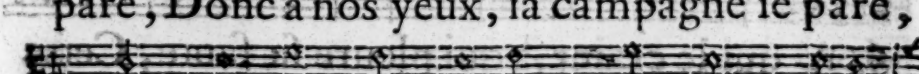
dre & que corruption.



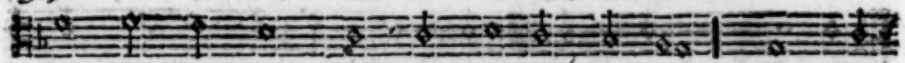
8. Les jours de l'homme à l'herbe je com



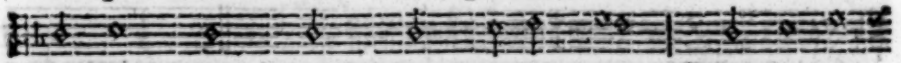
pare, Donc à nos yeux, la campagne ſe pare,



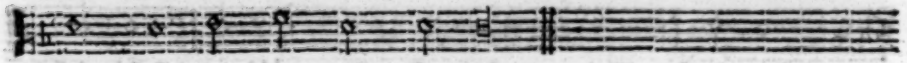
Qu'un peu de temps a vu croître & mûrir;



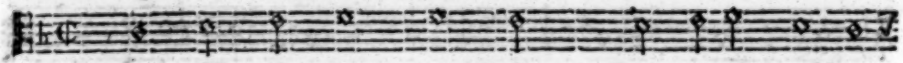
Et qui ſoudain, de l'Aquilon battue, Tombe,



ſe fane, & n'eſt plus reconnue, Même du



lieu qui la voyoit fleurir.



9. Mais tes faveurs, ô Dieu, ſont éternelles,



Pour qui t'invoque ; & toujours les fidelles,



De ſiècle en ſiècle, éprouvent ta bonté. Dieu



garde ceux qui marchent en ſa crainte, Ceux



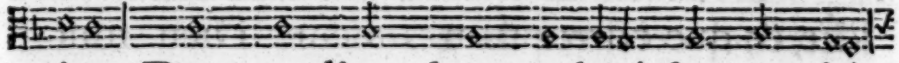
dont le cœur s'attache à ſa loi ſainte ; Tous



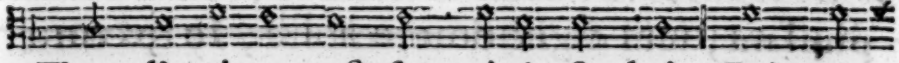
ceux, enfin, qui font ſa volonté.



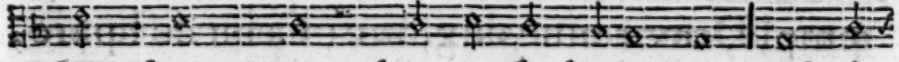
10. Dieu qui des cieux, voit tout ce qui reſ-



pire, Dans ces lieux hauts a bâti ſon empire ;



Tout l'univers eſt ſoumis à ſes loix. Joignez-



vous donc, pour chanter ſes louanges, Eſprits



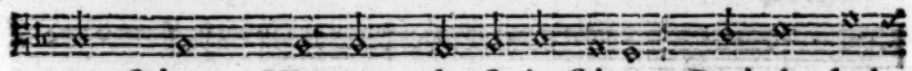
divins, chœurs immortels des anges, Vous;



qui volez où com mande ſa voix.



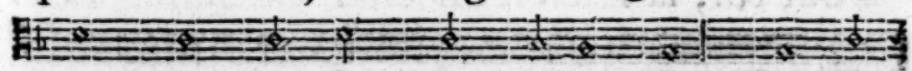
11. Béniſſez Dieu, ſa céleſte milice, Miniſ-



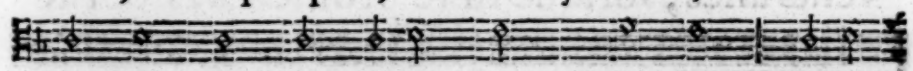
tres ſaints, Hérauts de ſa juſtice, Qui de lui



plaire êtes toujours ſoigneux. Qu'en tout cli-



mat, tout peuple, tout royaume, Tout le

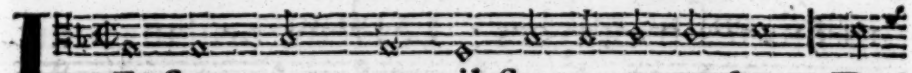


béniſſe: & pour finir mon Pſeaume, Béni-



le auſſi, toi, mon ame, avec eux.

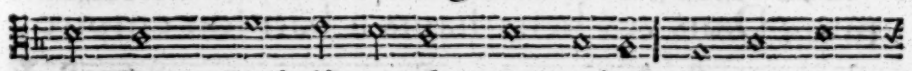
PSEAUME CIV.



IL faut mon ame, il faut avec ardeur. De



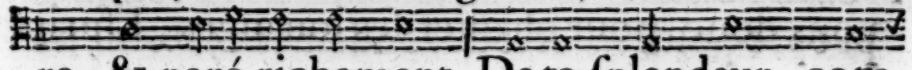
l'Éternel célébrer la grandeur. Dieu tout-



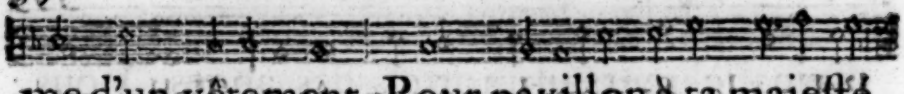
puiſſant, ſeul digne de mémoire, Je te con-



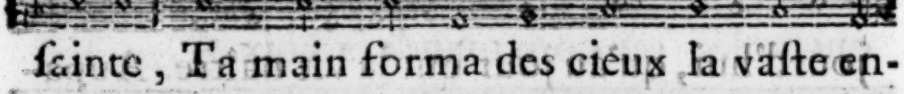
temple, environné de gloire; Ceint de lumiè-



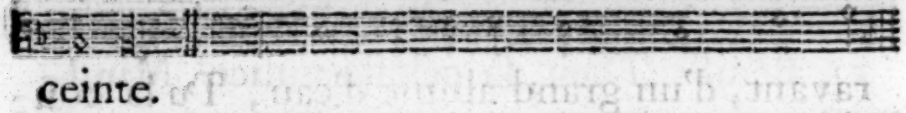
re, & paré richement. De ta ſplendeur, com-



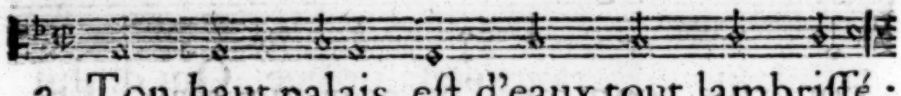
me d'un vêtement. Pour pavillon à ta majeſté



ſainte, Ta main forma des cieux la vaſte en-



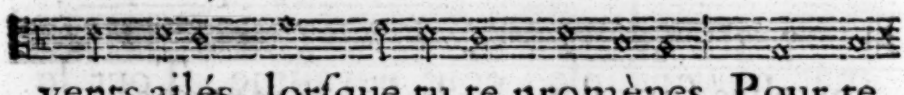
ceinte.



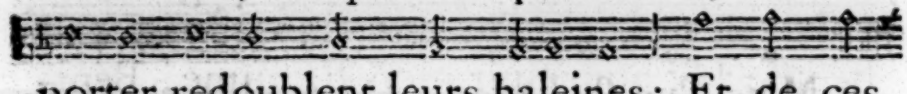
2. Ton haut palais eſt d'eaux tout lambriſſé :



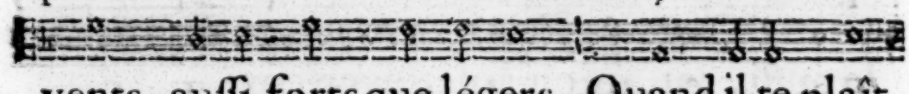
Pour toi, la nue eſt un char exhauſſé: Les



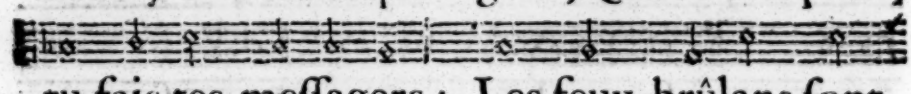
vents ailés, lorſque tu te promènes, Pour te



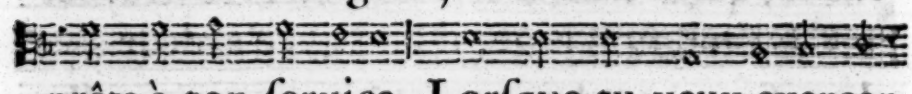
porter redoublent leurs haleines; Et de ces



vents, auſſi forts que légers, Quand il te plaît,



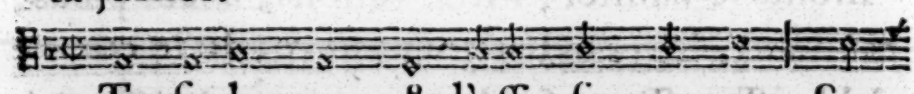
tu fais tes meſſagers; Les feux brûlans ſont



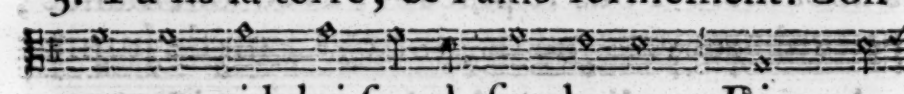
prêts à ton ſervice, Lorſque tu veux exercer



ta juſtice.



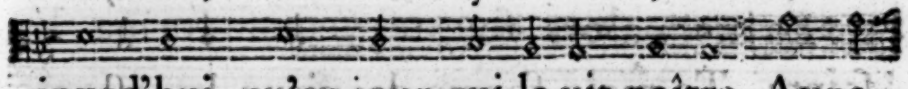
3. Tu fis la terre, & l'aſſis fermement: Son



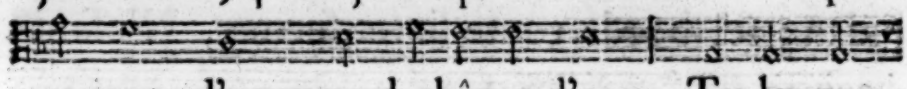
propre poids lui ſert de fondement; Rien, ne



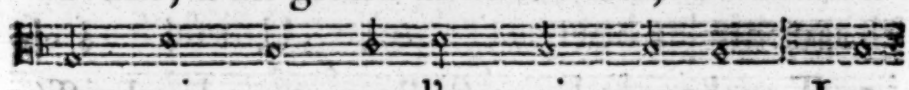
l'ébranle, & nous la voyons être, Telle, au-



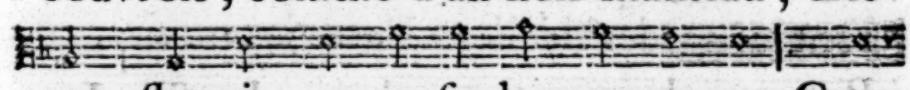
jourd'hui, qu'au jour qui la vit naître. Aupa-



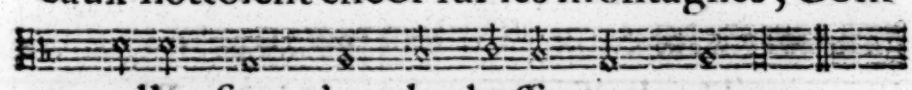
ravant, d'un grand abîme d'eau, Tu la cou-



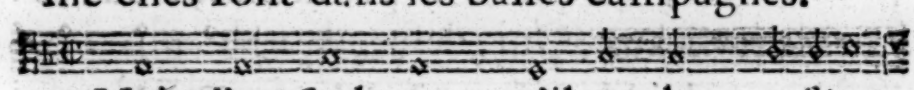
couvrois, comme d'un noir manteau; Les



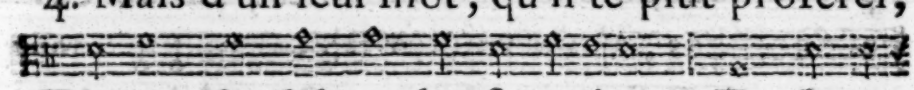
eaux flottoient encor ſur les montagnes, Com-



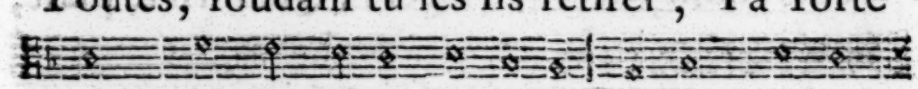
me elles ſont dans les baſſes campagnes.



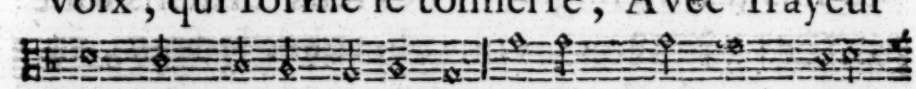
4. Mais d'un ſeul mot, qu'il te plut proférer,



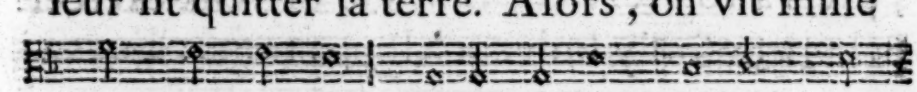
Toutes, ſoudain tu les fis retirer; Ta forte



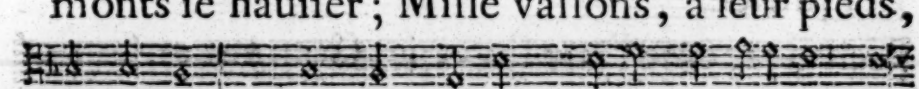
voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Avec frayeur



leur fit quitter la terre. Alors, on vit mille



monts ſe hauſſer; Mille vallons, à leur pieds,

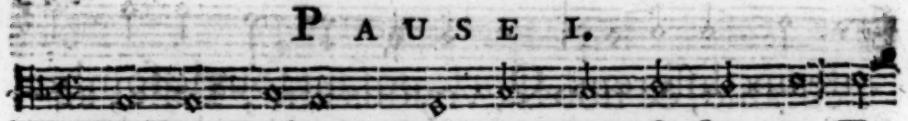


s'abbaiſſer: Tous ſe plaçant, avec obéiſſance,



Aux mêmes lieux qu'ordonna ta puiſſance.

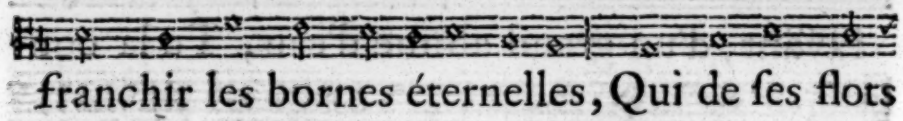
PAUSE I.



5. La mer, alors, ſous tes yeux ſe forma, Et



dans ſes bords toute ſe renferma, N'oſant



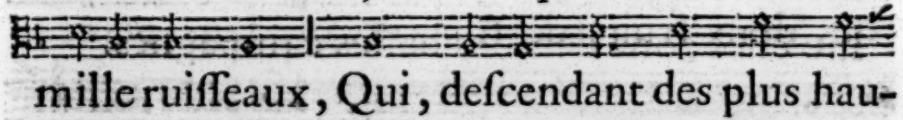
franchir les bornes éternelles, Qui de ſes flots



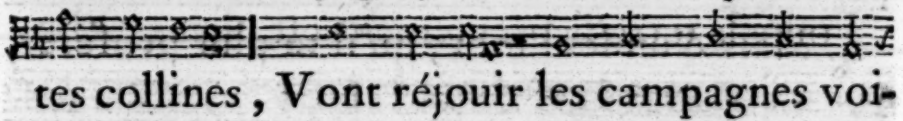
ſont les gardes fidelles. Entre les monts, tu



fis ſortir les eaux; Tu fis ' par-tout, couler



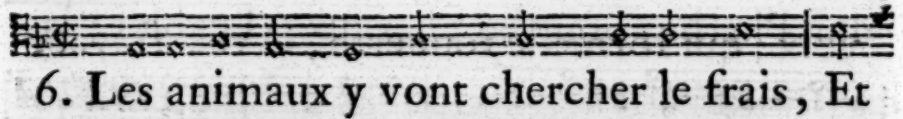
mille ruiſſeaux, Qui, deſcendant des plus hau-



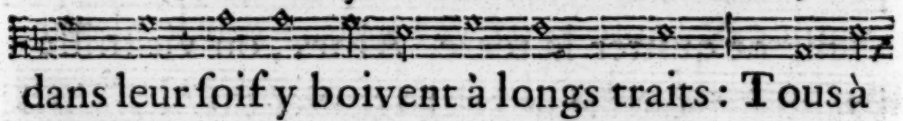
tes collines, Vont réjouir les campagnes voi-



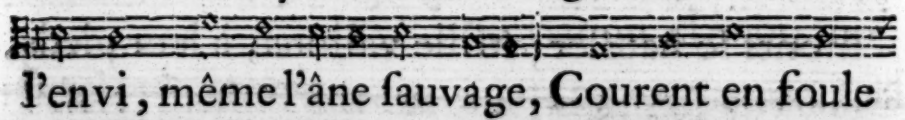
ſines.



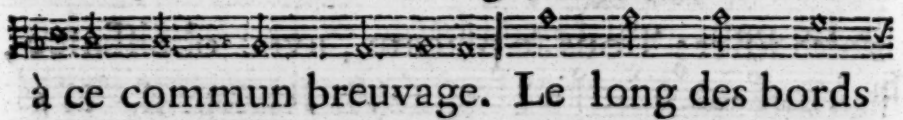
6. Les animaux y vont chercher le frais, Et



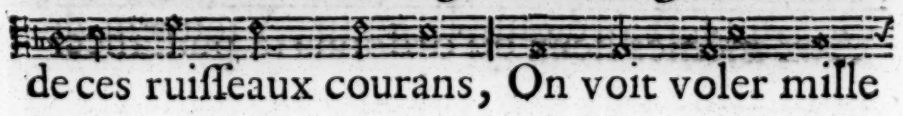
dans leur ſoif y boivent à longs traits: Tous à



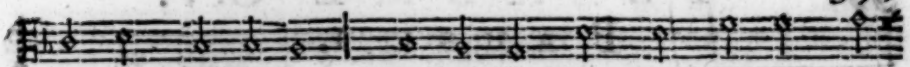
l'envi, même l'âne ſauvage, Courent en foule



à ce commun breuvage. Le long des bords



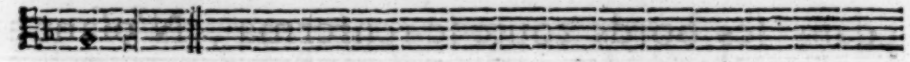
de ces ruiſſeaux courans, On voit voler mille



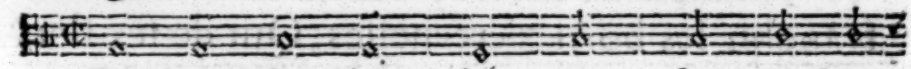
oiſeaux différens, Qui ſe poſant ſous le ſombre



feuillage, Font, tour à tour, entendre leur ra-



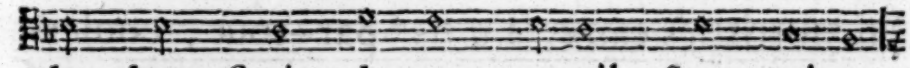
mage.



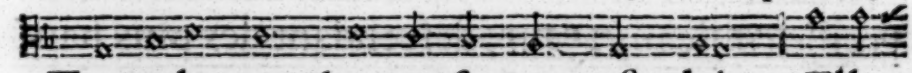
7. Du haut des cieux, les monts, ſans art hu-



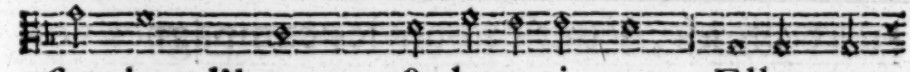
main, Sont largement arroſés de ta main: Et



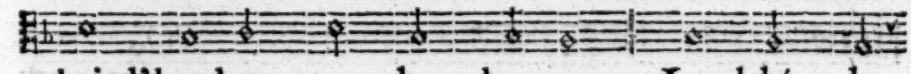
des doux fruits de ton travail, ſans peine,



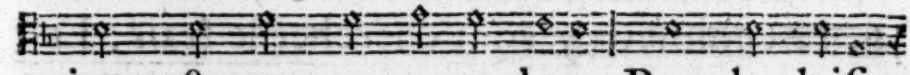
Toute la terre heureuſement eſt pleine. Elle



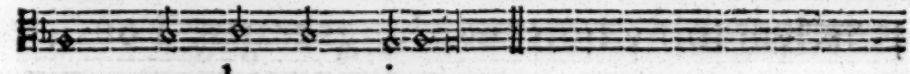
ſoutient l'homme & les animaux; Elle pro-



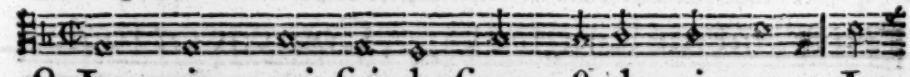
duit l'herbe, pour les chevaux; Les blés, la



vigne, & toute autre verdure, Pour le plaiſir,



ou pour la nourriture.



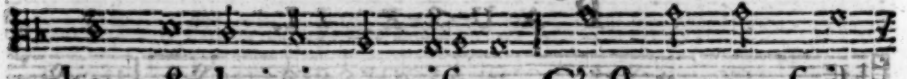
8. Le pain, qui fait la force & la vigueur, Le



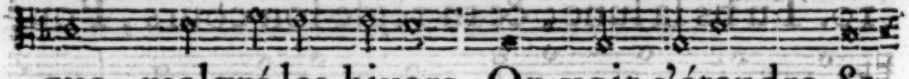
vin, qui ſert à réjouir le cœur, Viennent de



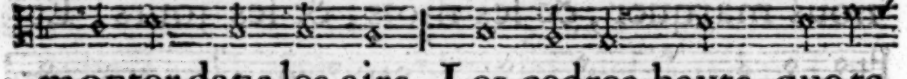
toi ; l'huile auſſi, dont l'uſage, Rend la frai-



cheur & la joie au viſage. C'eſt par tes ſoins



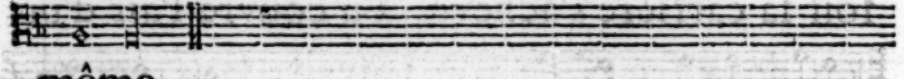
que, malgré les hivers, On voit s'étendre &



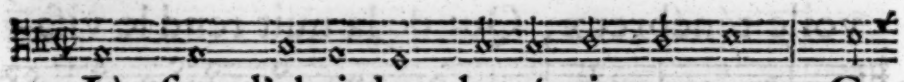
monter dans les airs, Les cedres hauts, que ta



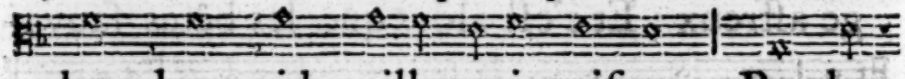
bonté ſuprême; Sur le Liban a planté elle-



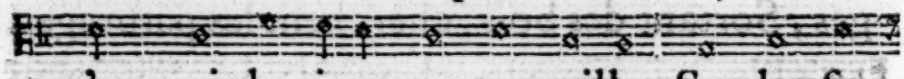
même.



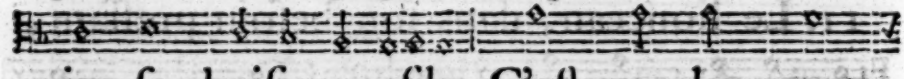
9. Là, ſous l'abri des plus épais rameaux, Ca-



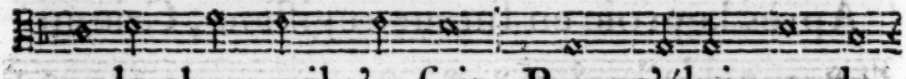
chent leurs nids mille petits oiſeaux ; Pendant



qu'on voit la cigogne tranquille, Sur les ſa-



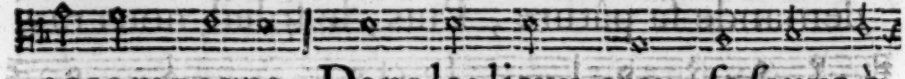
pins ſe choiſir un aſile. C'eſt vers les monts



que le chevreuil s'enfuit, Pour s'éloigner du



chaſſeur qui le ſuit; Et le lapin, que la peur

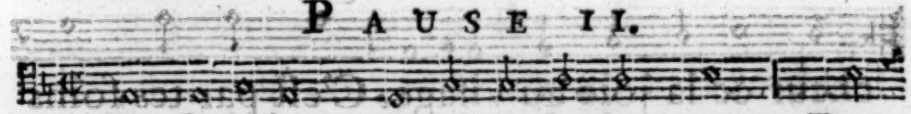


accompagne, Dans les lieux creux ſe ſauve à

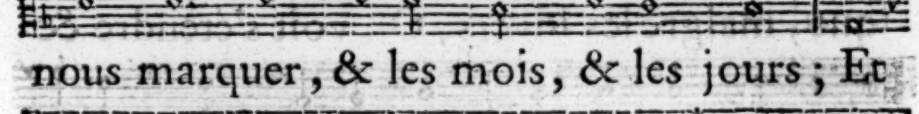


la campagne.

PAUSE II.



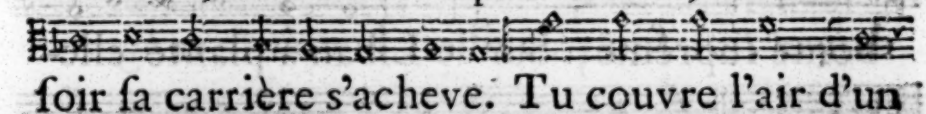
10. Tu fis la lune: & tu règle ſon cours, Pour



nous marquer, & les mois, & les jours; Et



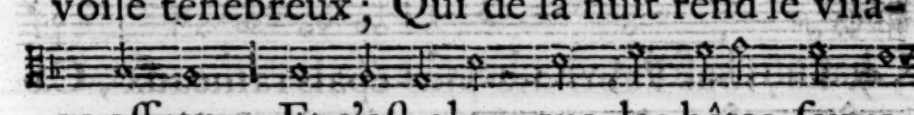
le ſoleil, au moment qu'il ſe lève, Sait où le



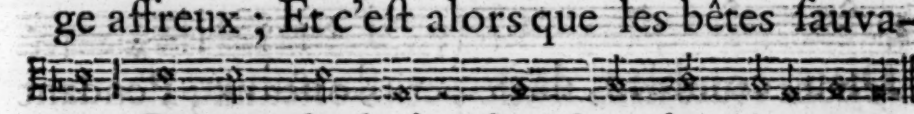
ſoir ſa carrière s'acheve. Tu couvre l'air d'un



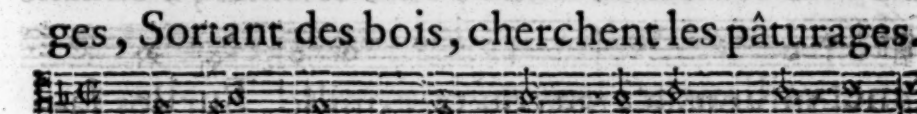
voile ténébreux; Qui de la nuit rend le viſa-



ge affreux; Et c'eſt alors que les bêtes fauva-



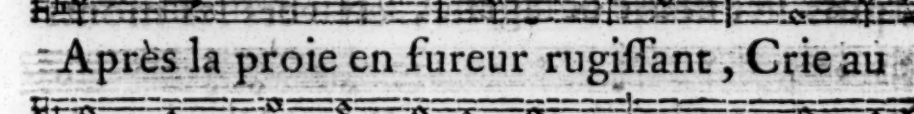
ges, Sortant des bois, cherchent les pâturages.



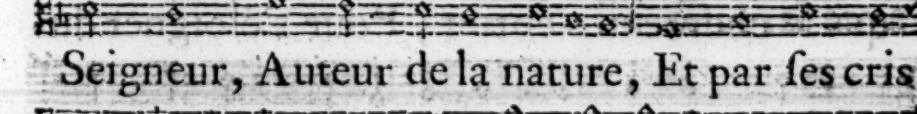
11. Le lionceau, dans ſon beſoin preſſant,



Après la proie en fureur rugiſſant, Crie au



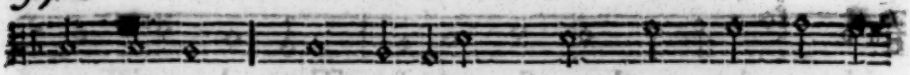
Seigneur, Auteur de la nature, Et par ſes cris



demande ſa pâture, Puis, le ſoleil nous ra-



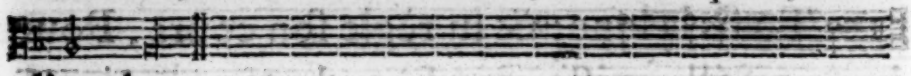
menant le jour, Tigres, lions rentrent dans



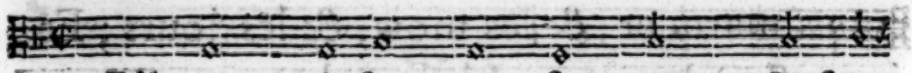
leur ſéjour; Cachés alors dans leur demeure



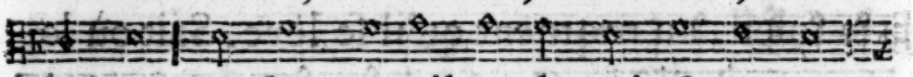
ſombre, Ils trouvent tous, & le repos, &



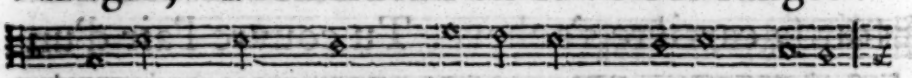
l'ombre.



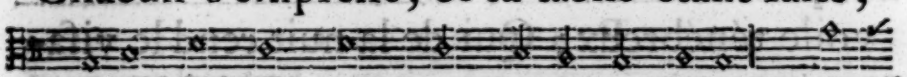
12. L'homme, à ſon tour, ſe montre, & ſans



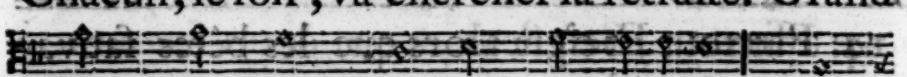
danger, A ſon travail on le voit ſe ranger:



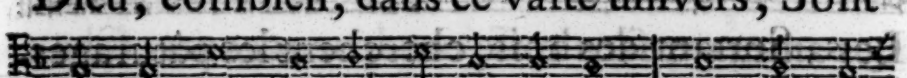
Chacun s'empreſſe, & ſa tâche étant faite,



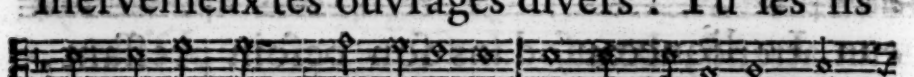
Chacun, le ſoir, va chercher ſa retraite. Grand



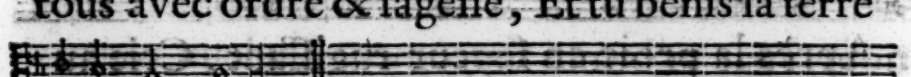
Dieu, combien, dans ce vaſte univers, Sont



merveilleux tes ouvrages divers! Tu les fis



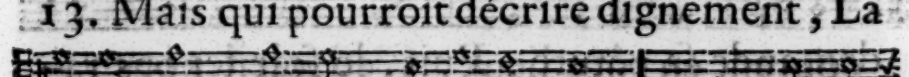
tous avec ordre & ſageſſe, Et tu bénis la terre



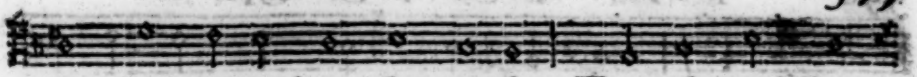
avec largeſſe.



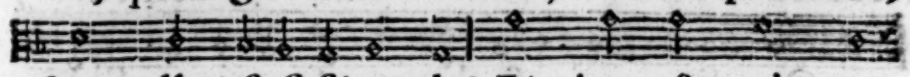
13. Mais qui pourroit décrire dignement, La



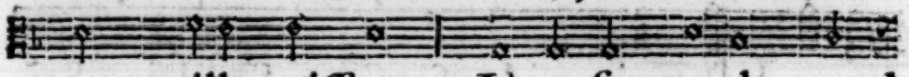
vaſte mer, & ſon flot écumant; Tout ce qui



vit, qui nage dans ſon onde; Tant de poiſſons,



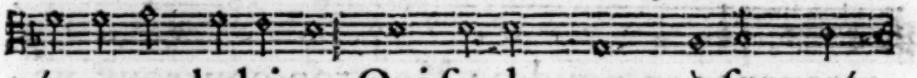
dont elle eſt ſi féconde? Là, jour & nuit, vo-



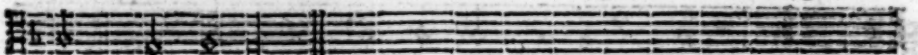
guent mille vaiſſeaux ; Là tu formas le grand



monſtre des eaux, L'effroi des yeux, cette



énorme baleine, Qui ſur la vague, à ſon gré,

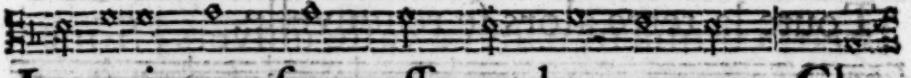


ſe promène.

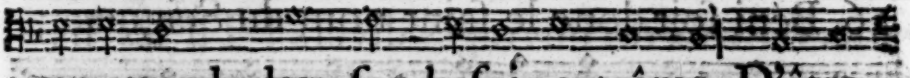
PAUSE III.



14. Par tout, Seigneur, à ton divin ſecours,



Les animaux ſans ceſſe ont leur recours. Cha-



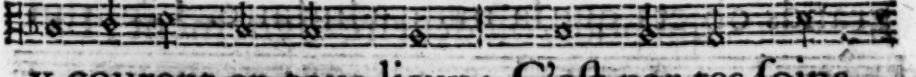
cun attend, dans ſon beſoin extrême, D'être



nourri par ta bonté ſuprême ; Tu leur répans



tes biens du haut des cieux; Et tous, en foule,



y courent en tous lieux : C'eſt par tes ſoins,



& par ta providence, Qu'ils ont pour vivre

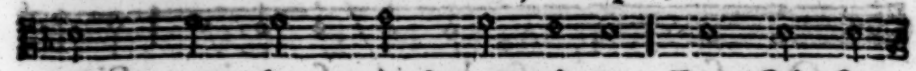
une heureuſe abondance.

15. Que ſi ta main ſeulement ſe retient, Si tu reprends l'eſprit qui les ſoutient, Soudain, Seigneur, on les voit ſe diſſoudre, Et défaillir, & retourner en poudre : Mais ton courroux venant à ſe calmer, Si ton eſprit daigne les ranimer, On les voit prendre une face nouvelle ; Toute la terre alors ſe renouvelle.

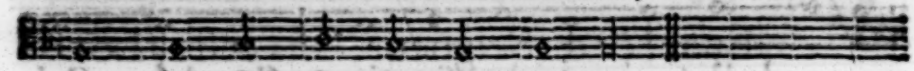
16. Béni ſoit donc le ſaint nom du Seigneur ; Que tout conſpire à vanter ſon honneur ; Et, qu'à jamais ſes yeux daignent ſe plaire, Aux grands objets que ſa main a ſu faire. C'eſt lui qui peut, d'un regard ſeulement, Faire trembler



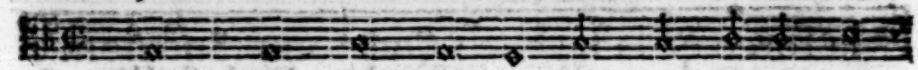
bler tout ce bas élément ; Et qui, s'il donne



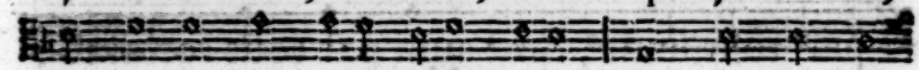
aux monts la moindre atteinte, Les fait fu-



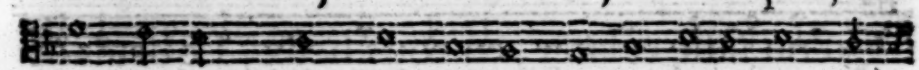
mer, les fait fondre de crainte.



17. Pour moi, ſans fin, tandis que je vivrai,



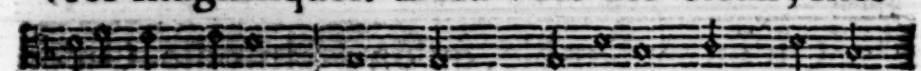
A haute voix je le célébrerai ; Et chaque jour



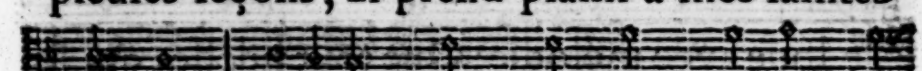
par de nouveaux cantiques, Je publirai ſes œu-



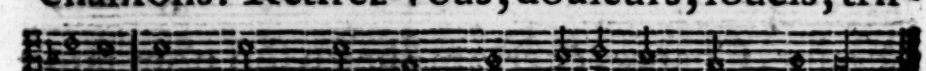
vres magnifiques. Dieu voit des cieux, mes



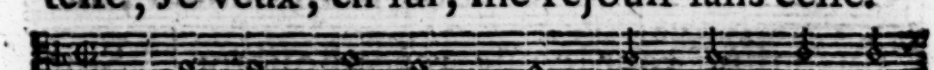
pieuſes leçons ; Il prend plaiſir à mes ſaintes



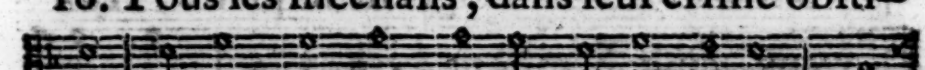
chanſons: Retirez-vous, douleurs, ſoucis, triſ-



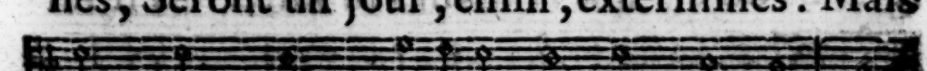
teſſe ; Je veux, en lui, me réjouir ſans ceſſe.



18. Tous les méchans, dans leur crime obſti-



nés, Seront un jour, enfin, exterminés : Mais



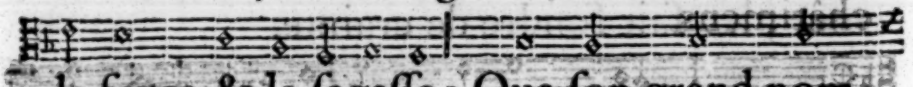
toi, mon cœur, béni le roi du monde ; Et

qu'à ma voix tout l'Univers réponde.

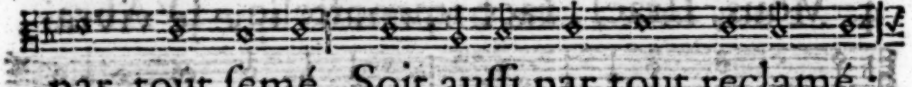
PSEAUME CV.



VEnez, & du Seigneur, ſans ceſſe, Louéz



la force & la ſageſſe : Que ſon grand nom,



par tout ſemé, Soit auſſi par tout reclamé ;



Qu'on faſſe éclater, en tous lieux, Le bruit de



ſes faits glorieux.



2. Qu'on s'aſſemble, qu'on pſalmodie, Qu'on



le loue avec mélodie ; Que tout fidelle, qui le



craint, Chante, & triomphe en ſon nom ſaint :



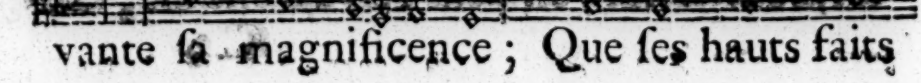
Qu'enfin, tout cœur reconnoiſſant, Soit



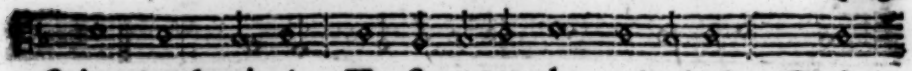
joyeux, en le béniſſant.



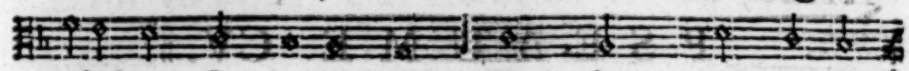
3. Que chacun cherche ſa préſence ; Qu'on



vante ſa magnificence ; Que ſes hauts faits



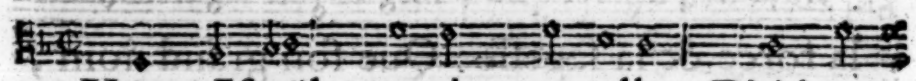
ſoient admirés, Et ſes oracles révérés. Qu'on



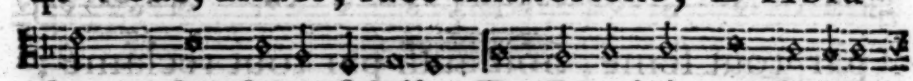
célèbre ſes jugemens, Et qu'on craigne ſes



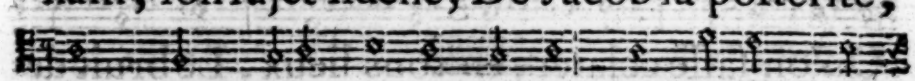
châtimens.



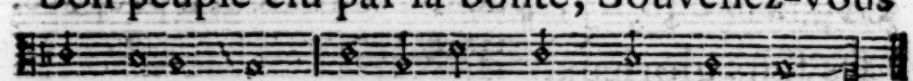
4. Vous, Iſraël, race immortelle, D'Abra-



ham, ſon ſujet fidelle, De Jacob la poſtérité,

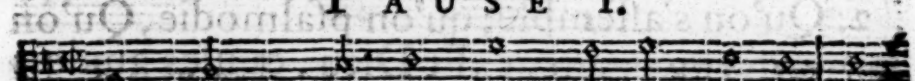


Son peuple élu par ſa bonté, Souvenez-vous

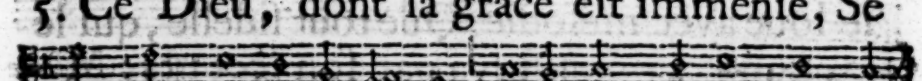


que notre Dieu, Eſt le ſeul qui règne en tout lieu.

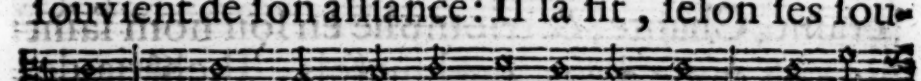
PAUSE I.



5. Ce Dieu, dont la grâce eſt immenſe, Se



ſouvient de ſon alliance: Il la fit, ſelon ſes ſou-



haits, Pour la conſerver à jamais; Avec



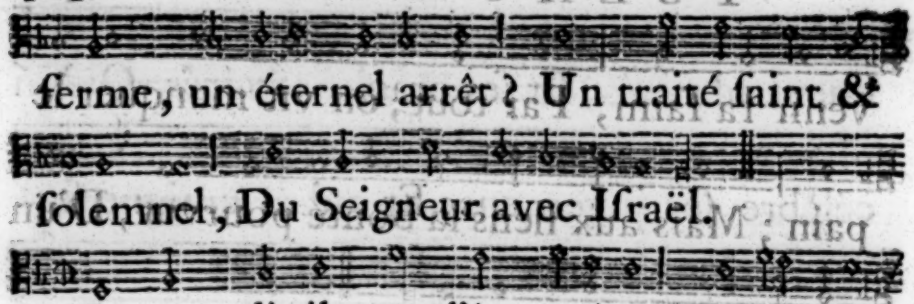
Abraham il traita, Les articles qu'il arrêta.



6. Pour Iſaac elle fut jurée; Depuis, à Jacob



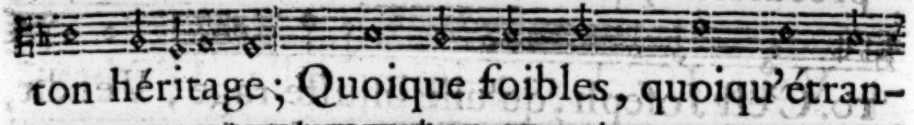
aſſurée: Ainſi l'on peut dire qu'elle eſt, Un



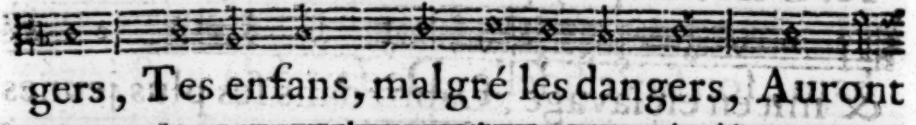
ferme, un éternel arrêt ? Un traité ſaint &

ſolemnel, Du Seigneur avec Iſraël.

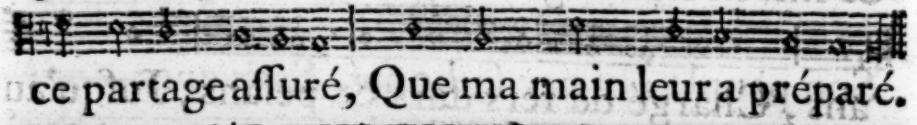
7. Je veux, dit-il, que d'âge enâge, Canaan ſoit



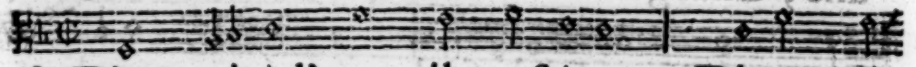
ton héritage; Quoique foibles, quoiqu'étran-



gers, Tes enfans, malgré les dangers, Auront



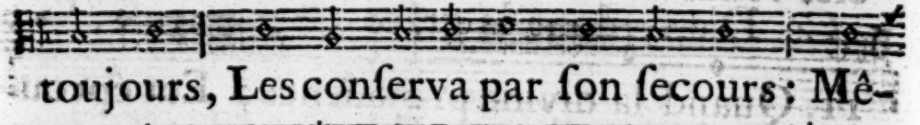
ce partage aſſuré, Que ma main leur a préparé.



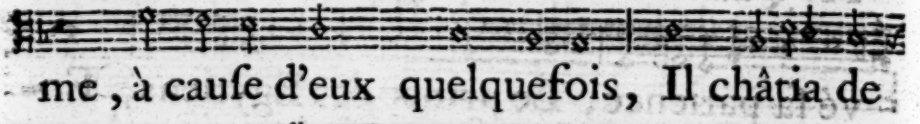
8. D'un pais à l'autre ils paſsèrent, Divers cli-



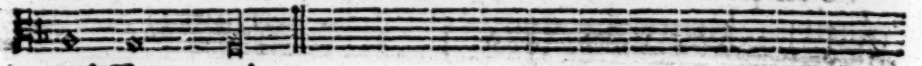
mats ils traversèrent; Et Dieu, qui les guidoit



toujours, Les conſerva par ſon ſecours; Mê-

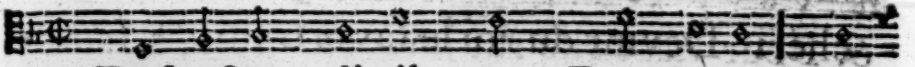


me, à cauſe d'eux quelquefois, Il châtia de



puiſſans rois.

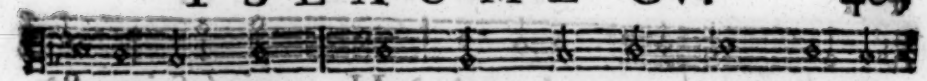
PAUSE II.



9. Reſpectez, dit-il, mes Prophêtes, Mes



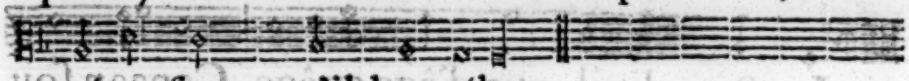
Oins, mes ſacrés Interprêtes. Par tout, il fit



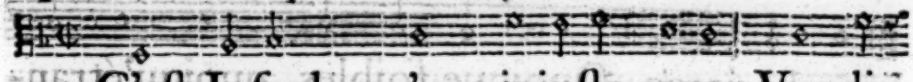
venir la faim, Par tout, on vit manquer le



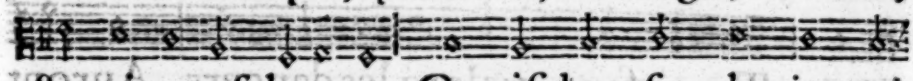
pain ; Mais aux ſiens ſa bonté pourvut, D'un



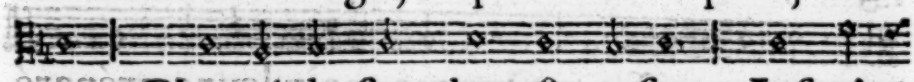
précurſeur, qu'il leur élut.



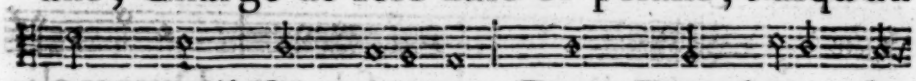
10. C'eſt Joſeph, qu'une injuſte rage, Vendit,



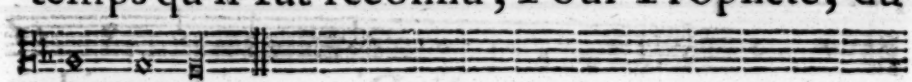
& mit en eſclavage ; Captif dans ſes plus jeunes



ans, Chargé de fers durs & peſans ; Juſqu'au



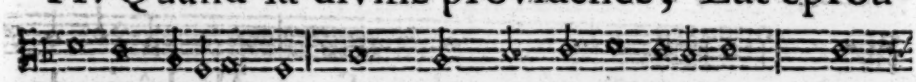
temps qu'il fut reconnu, Pour Prophête, du



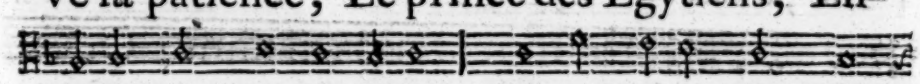
ciel venu.



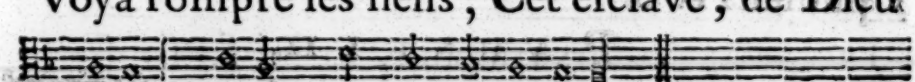
11. Quand la divine providence, Eut éprou-



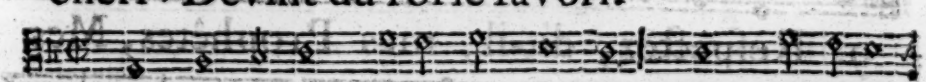
vé ſa patience, Le prince des Egytiens, En-



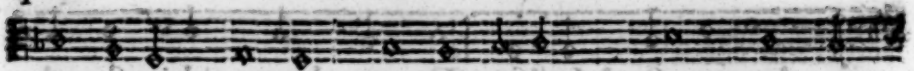
voya rompre ſes liens ; Cet eſclave, de Dieu



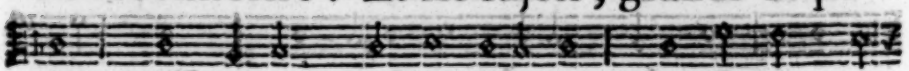
chéri : Devint du roi le favori.



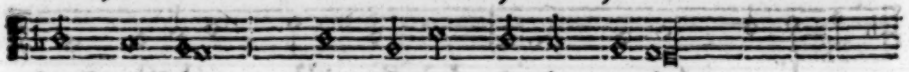
12. De ſerviteur, il le fit maître : Pour tel il le



fit reconnoître : Et ſes ſujets, grands & pe-



tits, Lui furent tous aſſujettis ; Seul il donnoit



inſtruction, Aux ſages de la nation.

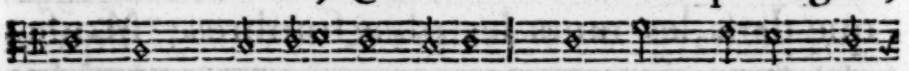
PAUSE. III.



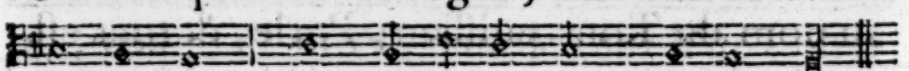
13. Alors Jacob fit ſon entrée, En Egypte, &



dans la contrée, Que Cam à ſes fils partagea,



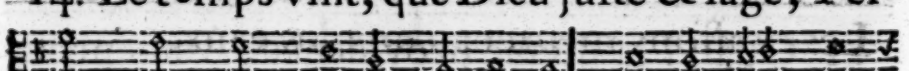
C'eſt-là qu'Iſraël ſe logea, Et s'accrut ſi fort



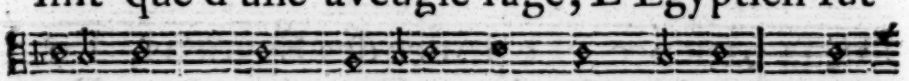
en bonheur, Que l'Egypte même en eut peur.



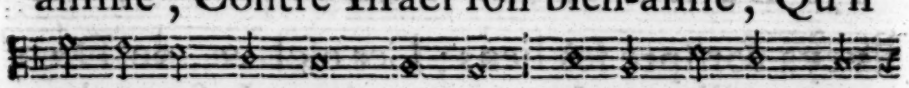
14. Le temps vint, que Dieu juſte & ſage, Per-



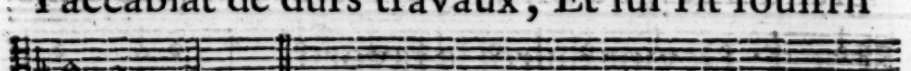
mit que d'une aveugle rage, L'Egyptien fut



animé ; Contre Iſraël ſon bien-aimé ; Qu'il



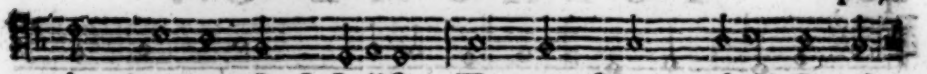
l'accablât de durs travaux, Et lui fit ſouffrir



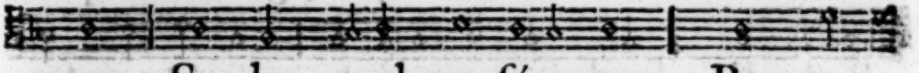
mille maux.



15. Mais, pour punir cette entrepriſe, Il en-



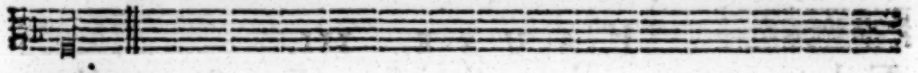
voie Aaron & Moïſe, Et ces deux zèlés ſervi-



teurs, Sur les cruels perſécuteurs, Par cent



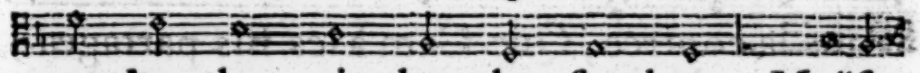
prodiges, firent voir, L'effet d'un céleſte pou-



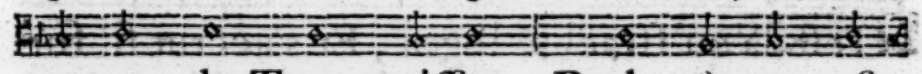
voir.



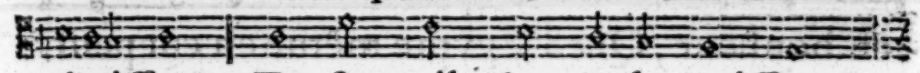
16. Dieu couvrit l'air d'épaiſſes ombres, Plus



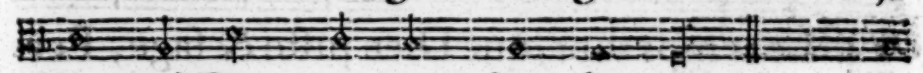
que dans les nuits les plus ſombres; Moïſe,



au nom du Tout-puiſſant, Parle, & tout eſt

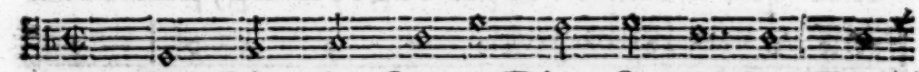


obéiſſant: En ſang il change les ruiſſeaux;



Les poiſſons meurent dans les eaux.

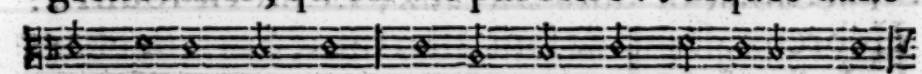
PAUSE IV.



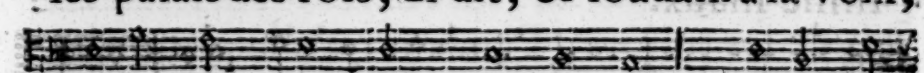
17. Du ſein du fleuve Dieu fit naître, Des



grenouilles, qu'on vit paroître: Juſques dans



les palais des rois, Il dit, & ſoudain à ſa voix,



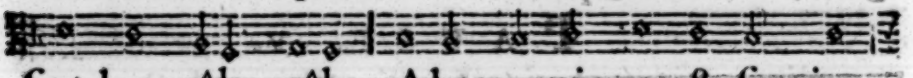
Par eſſains, on voit, dans les airs, Voler des



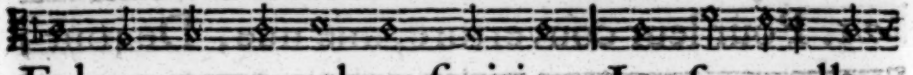
moucherons divers.



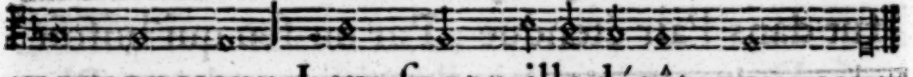
18. Au lieu de pluie, on voit la grêle, Avec la



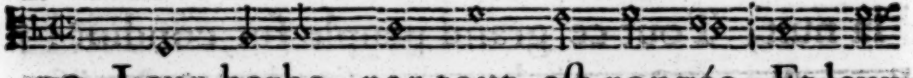
foudre, pêle-mêle, Abattre vignes & figuiers,



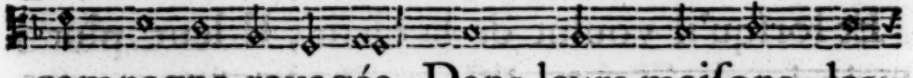
Et leurs autres arbres fruitiers. Les ſauterelles,



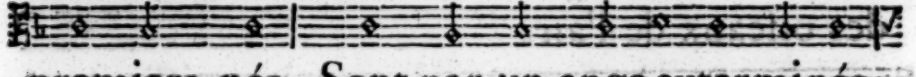
par monceaux, Leur font mille dégâts nouveaux



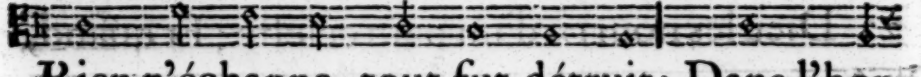
19. Leur herbe, par tout, eſt rongée, Et leur



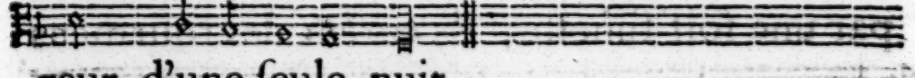
campagne ravagée. Dans leurs maiſons, les



premiers nés, Sont par un ange exterminés.



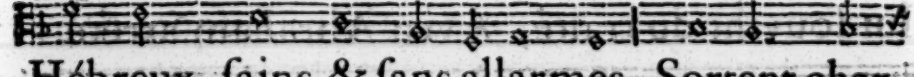
Rien n'échappe, tout fut détruit; Dans l'hor-



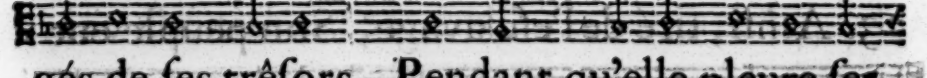
reur d'une ſeule nuit.



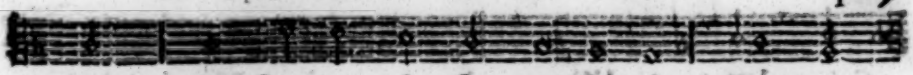
20. De l'Egypte, alors, toute en larmes, Les



Hébreux, ſains & ſans allarmes, Sortent char-



gés de ſes trêſors, Pendant qu'elle pleure ſes

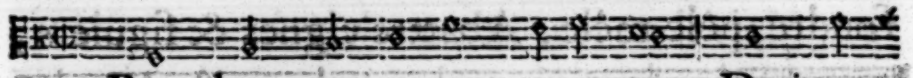


morts. Sa frayeur la fit conſentir, Sans re-

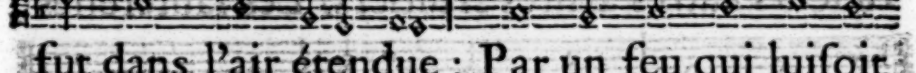


gret, à les voir partir.

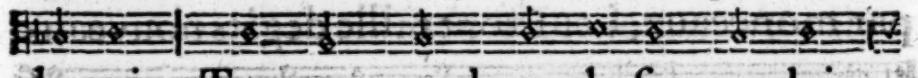
PAUSE. V.



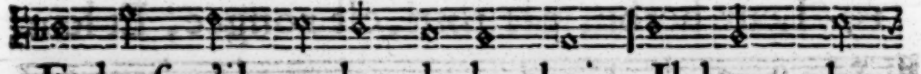
21. Pour leur couverture, une nue, De jour,



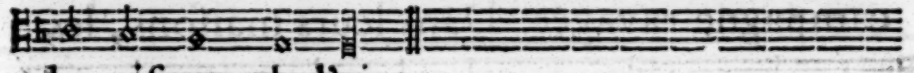
fut dans l'air étendue ; Par un feu qui luiſoit



la nuit, Tout ce grand peuple fut conduit :



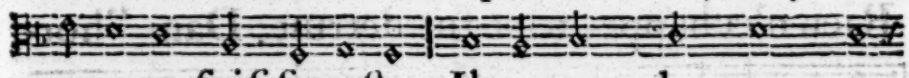
Et lorſqu'il voulut de la chair, Il leur plut



des oiſeaux de l'air.



22. Dieu les nourrit d'un pain céleſte ; Et quand,



par une ſoif funeſte, Ils eurent des tourmens



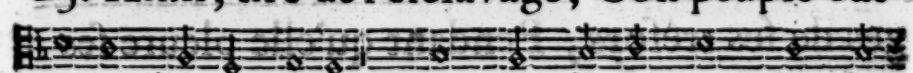
nouveaux, Du roc il fit ſourdre les eaux : Car il



lui ſouvint du traité, Avec Abraham arrêté.



23. Ainſi, tiré de l'eſclavage, Son peuple eut



encor l'avantage, Qu'après divers peuples dé-



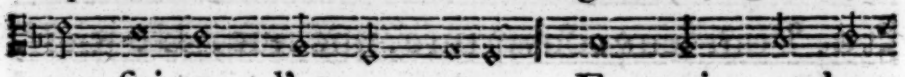
faits, Il jouit d'une douce paix, Enrichi des



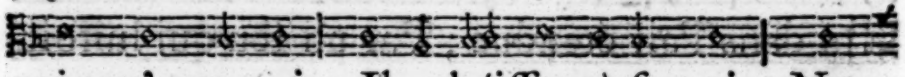
poſſeſſions, Et du travail des nations.



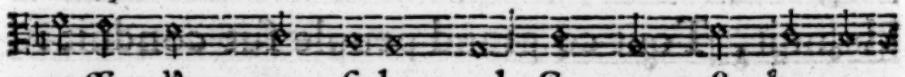
24. Mais il ne leur fit tant de grâces, Qu'afin



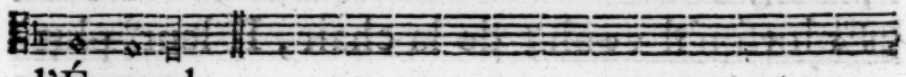
que ſuivant d'autres traces, Et moins endur-



cis qu'autrefois, Ils obéiſſent à ſa voix. Nous

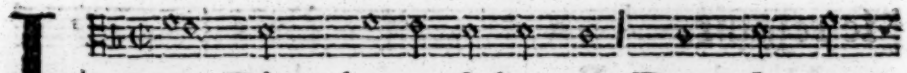


auſſi, d'un vœu ſolemnel, Servons & louons

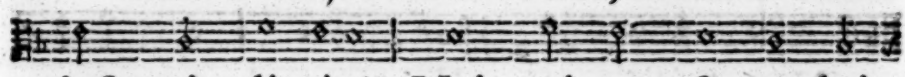


l'Éternel.

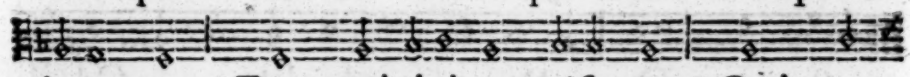
PSEAUME CVI.



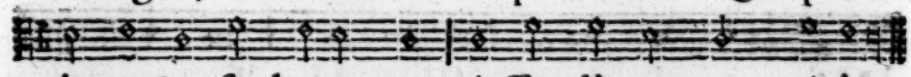
LOuez Dieu; louez ſa bonté, Dont le cours



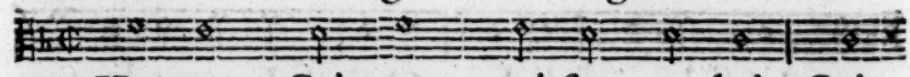
n'eſt point limité. Mais qui tous ſes exploits



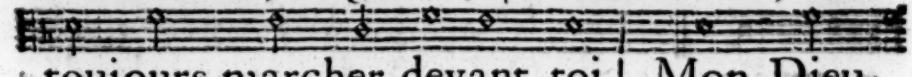
étranges, Pourroit ici repréſenter? Qui pour-



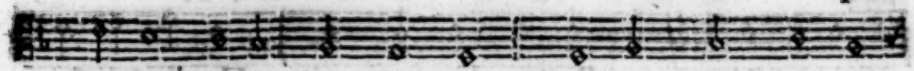
roit toutes ſes louanges. Aſſez dignement réciter



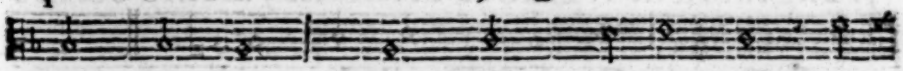
2. Heureux, Seigneur, qui ſous ta loi, Sait



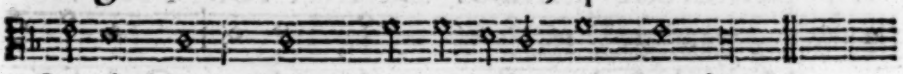
toujours marcher devant toi! Mon Dieu,



qu'enfin il te ſouvienne, Que tu me mis au



rang des tiens. Mon Dieu, que ta main me



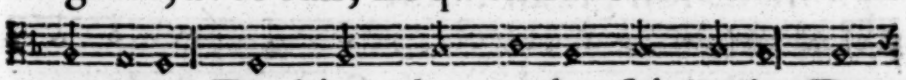
ſoutienne, Comme tes élus tu ſoutiens.



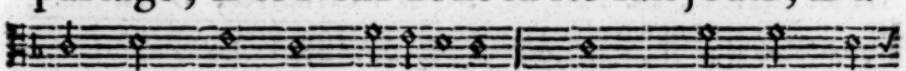
3. Fais que, par un ſuccès heureux, J'éprouve



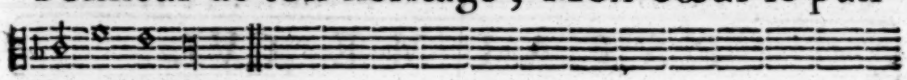
ta grâce, avec eux, Et qu'entrant moi-même en



partage, Des biens dont tu les fais jouir, Du

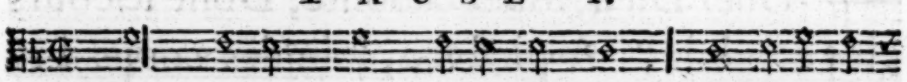


bonheur de ton héritage, Mon cœur ſe puiſ-

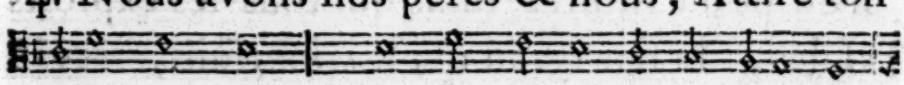


ſe réjouir.

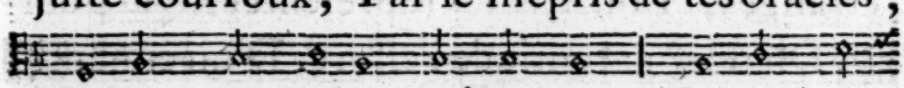
PAUSE I.



4. Nous avons nos pères & nous, Attiré ton



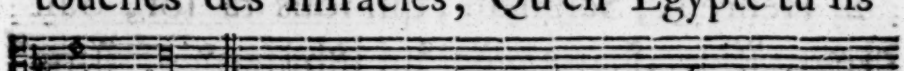
juſte courroux, Par le mépris de tes oracles;



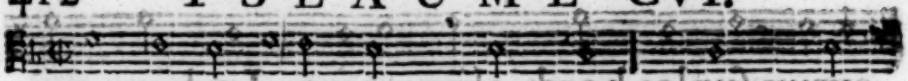
Même, nos pères malheureux, Furent peu



touchés des miracles, Qu'en Egypte tu fis



pour eux.



5. Ingrats à de ſi grands bienfaits, Leurs cœurs



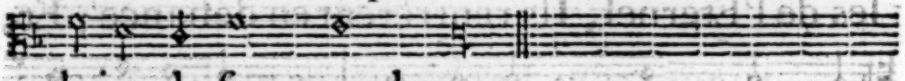
n'y penſerent jamais: La mer rouge les vit



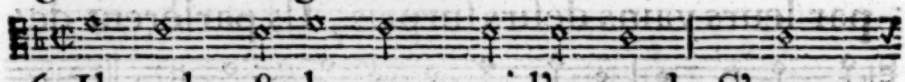
rebelles. Mais Dieu, toujours puiſſant & bon,



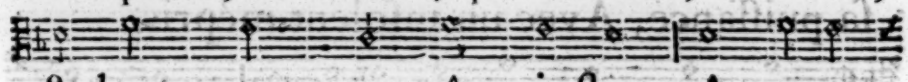
Sauva leurs troupes criminelles, Pour la



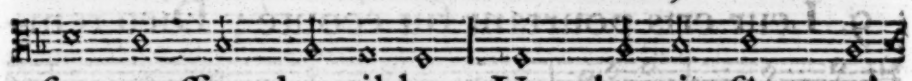
gloire de ſon grand nom.



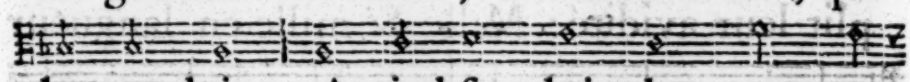
6. Il parle, & la mer, qui l'entend, S'ouvre,



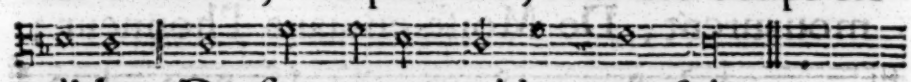
& leur montre au-même inſtant, A travers



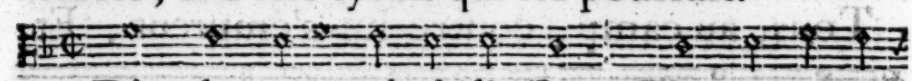
ſes gouffres horribles, Un chemin ſûr, qui



les conduit, A pied ſec, loin des coups ter-



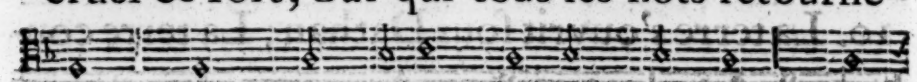
ribles, Du fier tyran qui les pourſuit.



7. Dieu les garantit de l'effort, D'un ennemi



cruel & fort, Sur qui tous les flots retournè-



rent. Ses chars avec lui ſubmergés, Nos

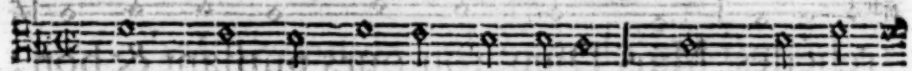


ayeux ſur les bords chantèrent, Le bras qui



les avoit vengés.

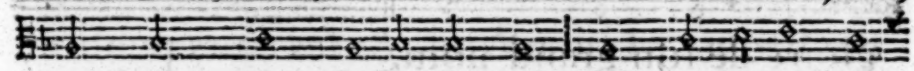
PAUSE II.



8. Mais, par un oubli criminel, Des merveil-



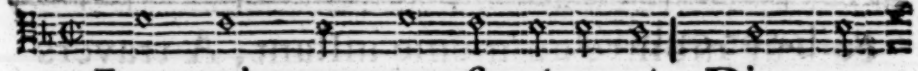
les de l'Éternel, Ils rentrèrent en défiance; Et,



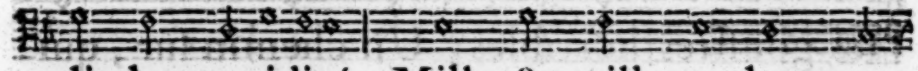
par leurs vains déſirs ſurpris, Ils parlèrent de



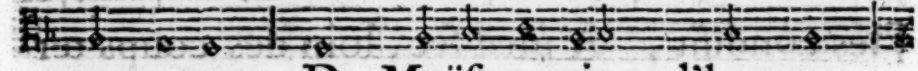
ſa puiſſance, Avec un inſolent mépris.



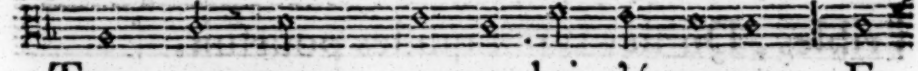
9. Leur cris pourtant fut écouté; Dieu rem-



plit leur avidité: Mille & mille en langueur



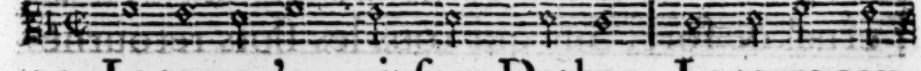
moururent, De Moïſe enviant l'honneur;



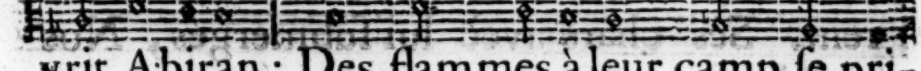
Tous, au camp, contre lui s'émurent, Et



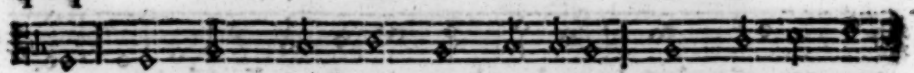
contre Aaron, l'oint du Seigneur.



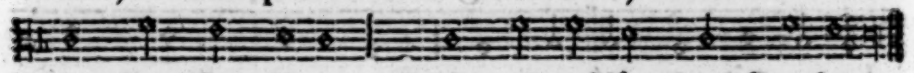
10. La terre s'ouvrit ſous Dathan; La terre cou-



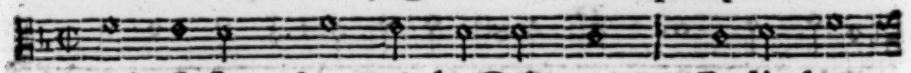
vrit Abiran; Des flammes à leur camp ſe pri-



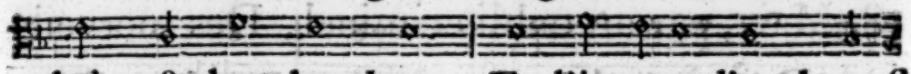
rent ; Le feu pluſieurs en dévora ; Les autres un



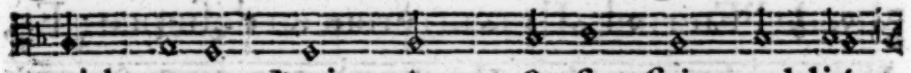
veau d'or fondirent, Qu'en Oreb le peuple adora.



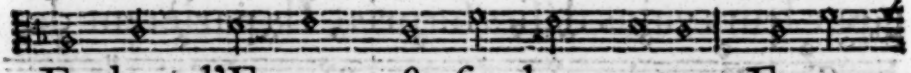
11. Ainſi fut changé le Seigneur, Jadis leur



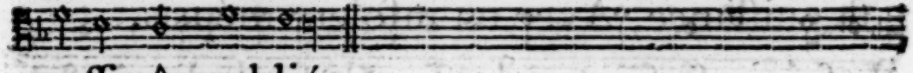
gloire & leur bonheur, En l'image d'un bœuf



qui broute ; Lui-même, & ſes faits publiés ;



Et dans l'Egypte, & ſur leur route ; Furent



auſſi-tôt oubliés.

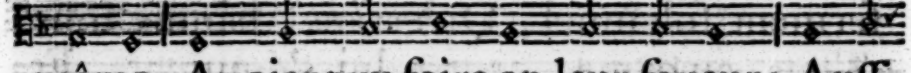
PAUSE III.



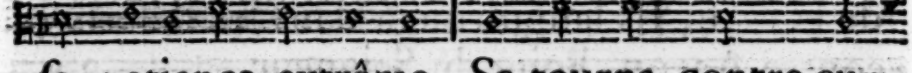
12. Ils n'écoutèrent plus ſes loix ; Ils mépri-



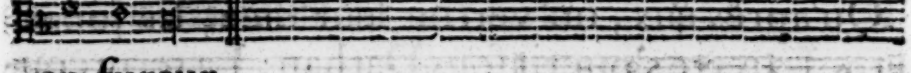
ſèrent les exploits, Que Cam, & la mer rouge



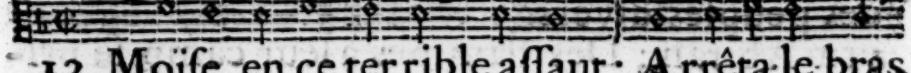
même, Avoient vu faire en leur faveur : Auſſi-



ſa patience extrême, Se tourna contre eux



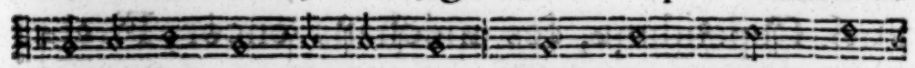
en fureur.



13. Moïſe, en ce terrible aſſaut ; Arrêta le bras



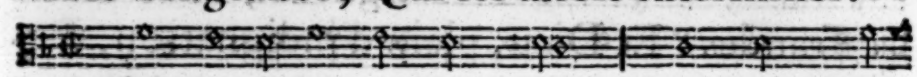
du Très-haut, Pria, gémit en ſa préſence. Et



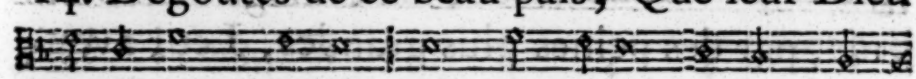
cette fois ſut détourner, Les coups d'une hor-



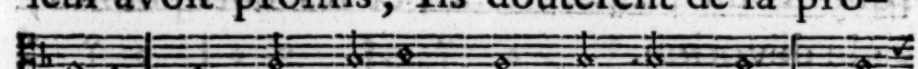
rible vengeance, Qui les alloit exterminer.



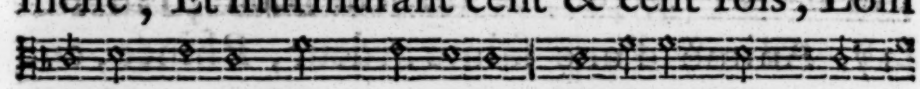
14. Dégoutés de ce beau pais, Que leur Dieu



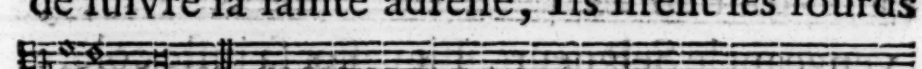
leur avoit promis, Ils doutèrent de ſa pro-



meſſe; Et murmurant cent & cent fois, Loin



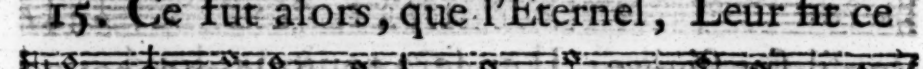
de ſuivre ſa ſainte adreſſe, Ils firent les ſourds



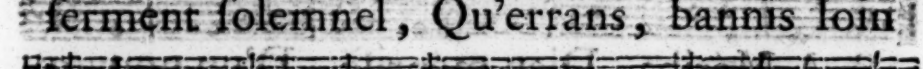
à ſa voix.



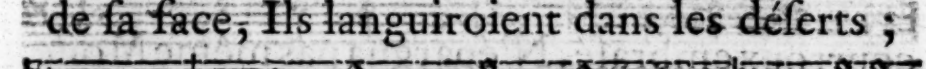
15. Ce fut alors, que l'Éternel, Leur fit ce



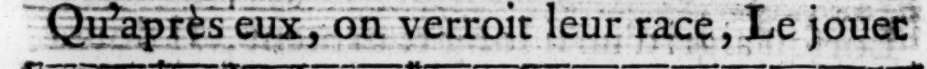
ſerment ſolemnel, Qu'errans, bannis loin



de ſa face, Ils languiroient dans les déſerts;

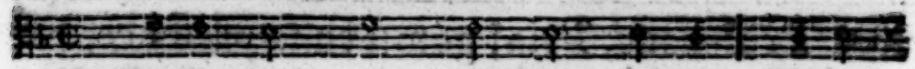


Qu'après eux, on verroit leur race, Le jouet



des peuples divers.

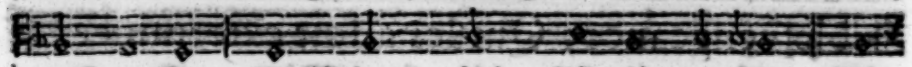
PAUSE AIV.



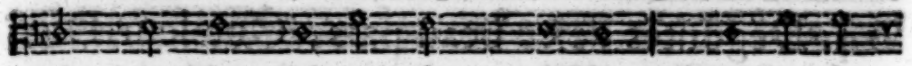
16. Cependant, ces méchans encor, Firent



des vœux à Belpéor ; Mangèrent des morts les



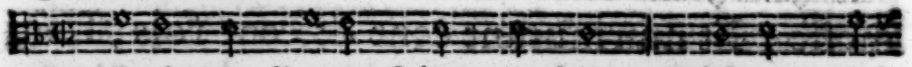
offrandes : Et Dieu, plein d'indignation, Pu-



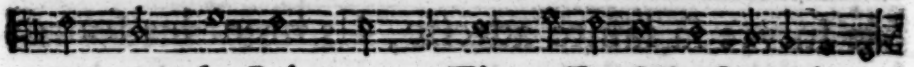
nit, par des peines plus grandes, Leur aveu-



gle dévotion.



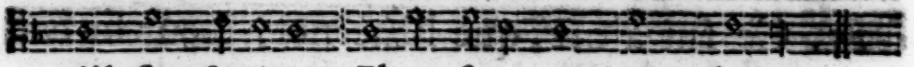
17. Animé d'une ſainte ardeur, Phinée, en



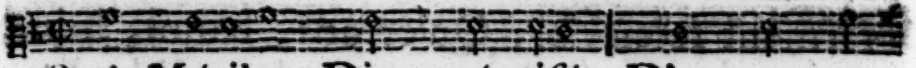
vengeant le Seigneur, Fit ceſſer ſa juſte colère :



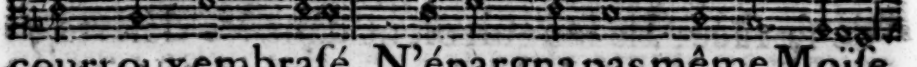
Ce coup fut du ciel avoué, Et juſte, autant



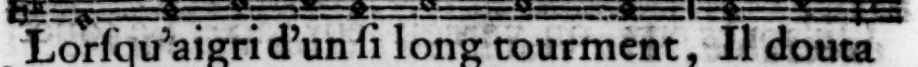
qu'il fut ſévère, Il en ſera toujours loué.



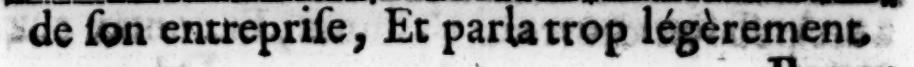
18. A Mériba, Dieu mépriſé, D'un nouveau



courroux embraſé, N'épargna pas même Moïſe,



Lorſqu'aigri d'un ſi long tourment, Il douta

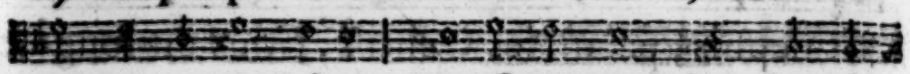


de ſon entrepriſe, Et parla trop légèrement.

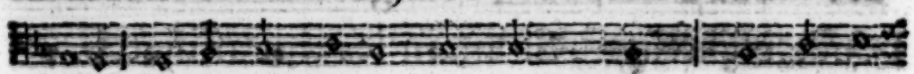
PAUSE



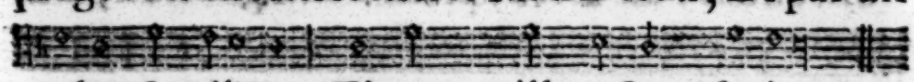
19 Les peuples de Dieu condamnés, Loin d'ê-



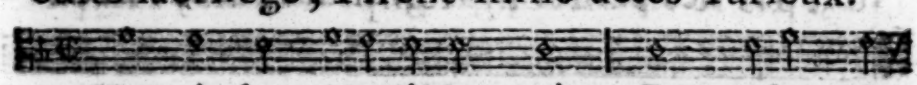
tre tous exterminés, Les firent tomber dans le



piège: Ils encenſèrent les faux Dieux; Et par un



culte ſacrilége, Firent mille actes furieux.



20. On vit les pères inhumains, Immoler, de



leurs propres mains, Aux démons leurs fils &



leurs filles; Et faire, du ſang innocent, De leurs



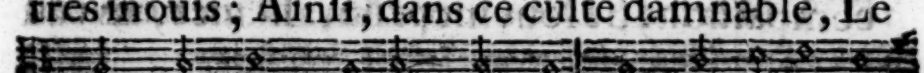
déplorables familles, A leurs idoles un préſent.



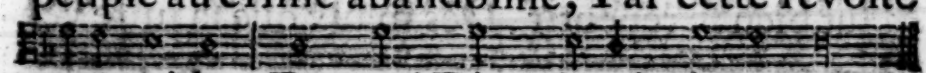
21. Ainſi fut ſouillé leur pais, Par tant de meur-



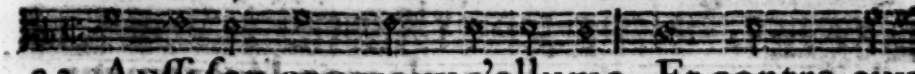
tres inouis; Ainſi, dans ce culte damnable, Le



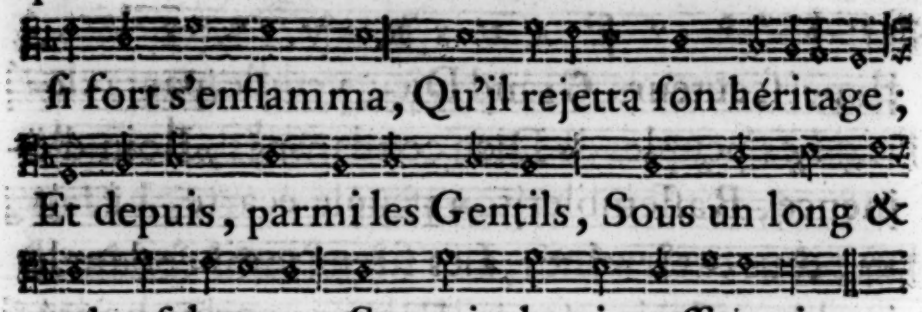
peuple au crime abandonné, Par cette revolte



exécrable, Du vrai Dieu s'étoit détourné.



22. Auſſi ſon courroux s'alluma, Et contre eux

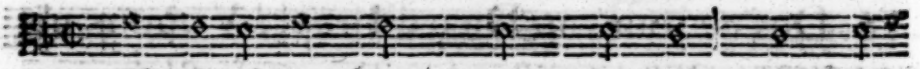


ſi fort s'enflamma, Qu'il rejetta ſon héritage ;

Et depuis, parmi les Gentils, Sous un long &

rude eſclavage, Sa main les tint aſſujettis.

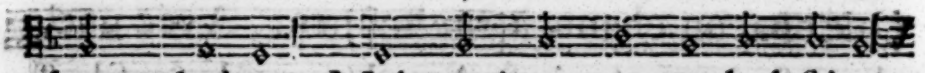
PAUSE. VI.



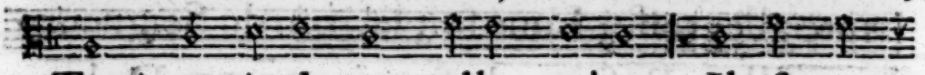
23. Ils ſe virent long-temps ſoumis, Au pou-



voir de leurs ennemis ; Et ſouvent Dieu briſa



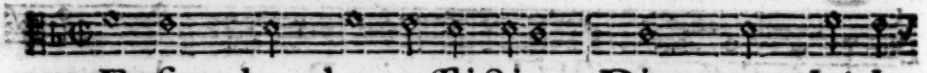
leurs chaines : Mais toujours a u mal obſtinés,



Toujours à de nouvelles peines, Ils ſe trou-



vèrent condamnés.



24. Enfin, dans leur affliction, Dieu, touché de



compaſſion, Se ſouvint de ſon alliance, Et vou-



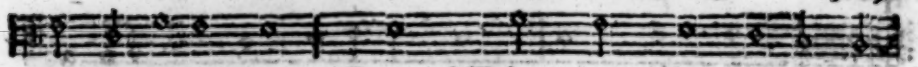
lut bien ſe repentir, Des maux que ſa juſte ven-



geance, Si long-temps leur faiſoit ſentir.



25. Pour eux, il adoucit les cœurs, De leurs cru-



els perſécuteurs. Grand Dieu; veuille, par ta clé-



mence, Raſſembler ton peuple écarté, Et fais



que, libre en ta préſence, Il loue encore ta bonté.



26. Dès ce jour, au Dieu d'Iſraël, Vouons un



culte ſolemnel: Célébrons ſa gloire ſans ceſſe;

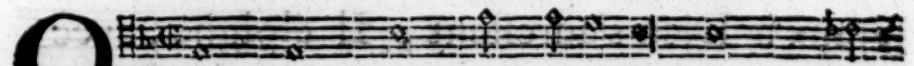


Que chacun chante à ſon honneur, Avec une

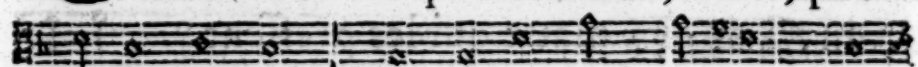


ſainte allegreſſe, Loué ſoit le nom du Seigneur.

PSEAUME CVII.



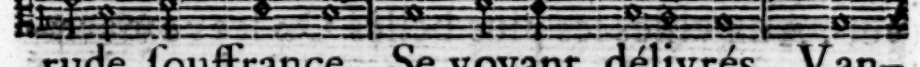
QU'en tout temps on béniſſe, Dieu, qu'on



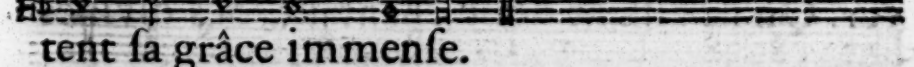
voit ſi clément; Car ſa bonté propice, Dure



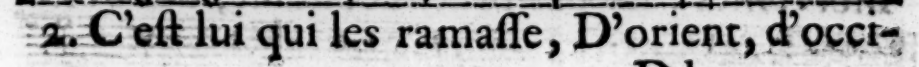
éternellement, Que ceux qu'il a tirés, D'une



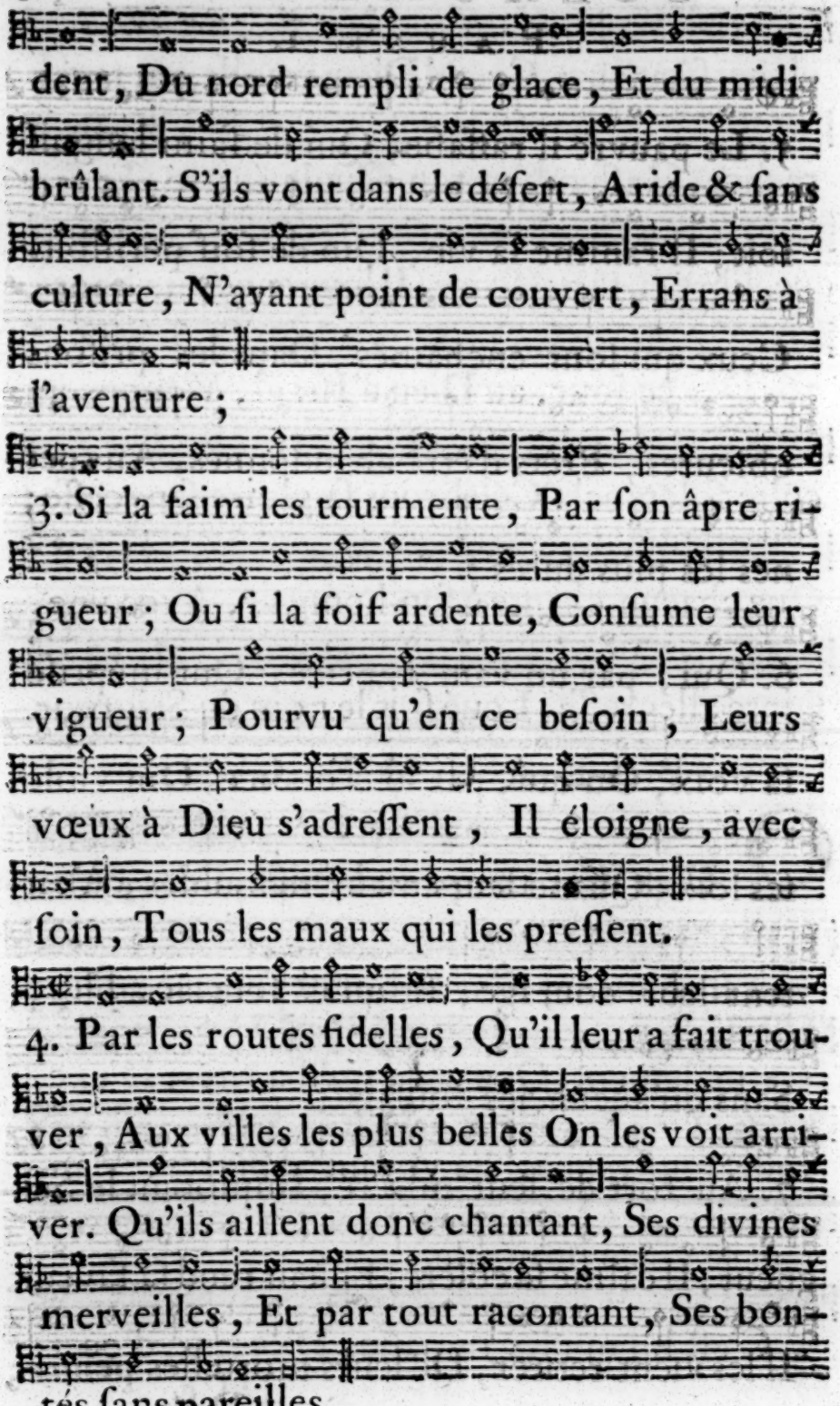
rude ſouffrance, Se voyant délivrés, Van-



tent ſa grâce immenſe.



2. C'eſt lui qui les ramaſſe, D'orient, d'occi-

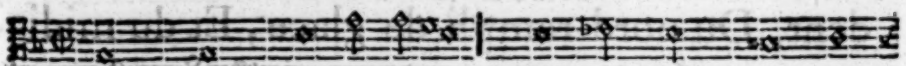


dent, Du nord rempli de glace, Et du midi
brûlant. S'ils vont dans le déſert, Aride & ſans
culture, N'ayant point de couvert, Errans à
l'aventure ;

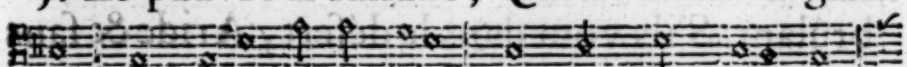
3. Si la faim les tourmente, Par ſon âpre ri-
gueur ; Ou ſi la foif ardente, Conſume leur
vigueur ; Pourvu qu'en ce beſoin, Leurs
vœux à Dieu s'adreſſent, Il éloigne, avec
ſoin, Tous les maux qui les preſſent.

4. Par les routes fidelles, Qu'il leur a fait trou-
ver, Aux villes les plus belles On les voit arri-
ver. Qu'ils aillent donc chantant, Ses divines
merveilles, Et par tout racontant, Ses bon-
tés ſans pareilles.

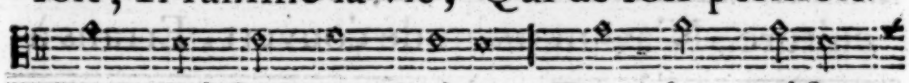
PAUSE I.



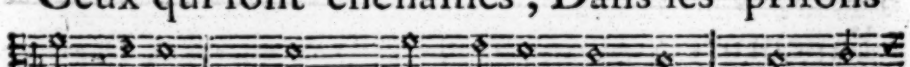
5. Le pauvre il raſſaſie, Qui de faim languiſ-



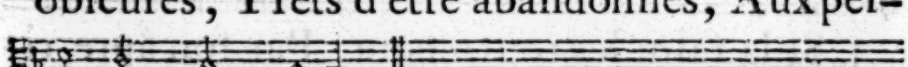
ſoit; Il ranime la vie, Qui de ſoif périſſoit.



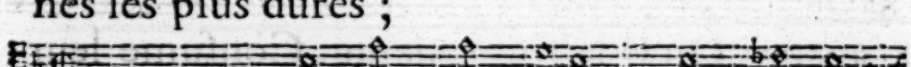
Ceux qui ſont enchainés, Dans les priſons



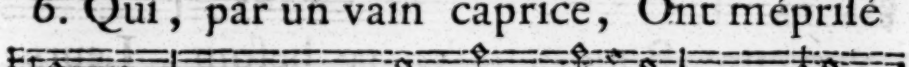
obſcures, Prêts d'être abandonnés, Aux pei-



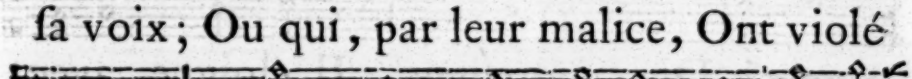
nes les plus dures;



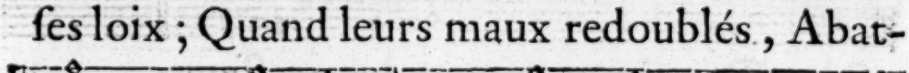
6. Qui, par un vain caprice, Ont mépriſé



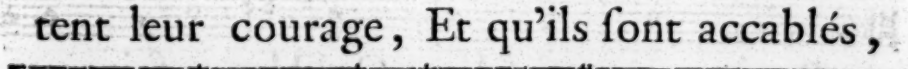
ſa voix; Ou qui, par leur malice, Ont violé



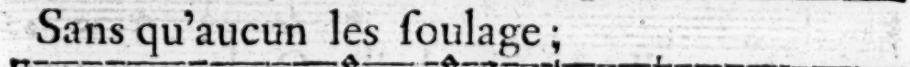
ſes loix; Quand leurs maux redoublés, Abat-



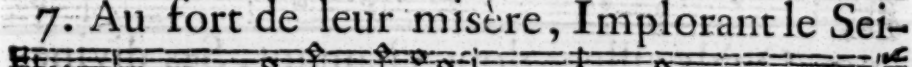
tent leur courage, Et qu'ils ſont accablés,



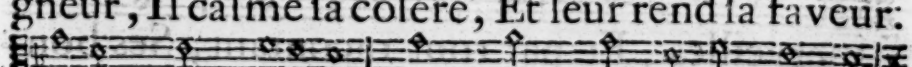
Sans qu'aucun les ſoulage;



7. Au fort de leur misère, Implorant le Sei-



gneur, Il calme ſa colère, Et leur rend ſa faveur:



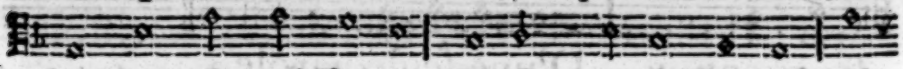
Il les vient retirer, De leurs mortelles peines;



Il les vient délivrer, De leurs peſantes chaines.



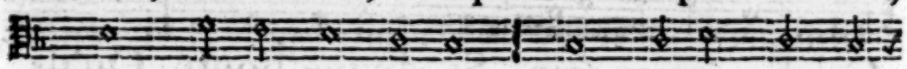
8. Que par reconnoiſſance, En pleine liberté, Ils



chantent ſa puiſſance, Et ſa grande bonté. Il



ouvre, de ſa main, Les priſons les plus fortes;



Rompt le fer & l'airain, Des grilles, & des



portes.



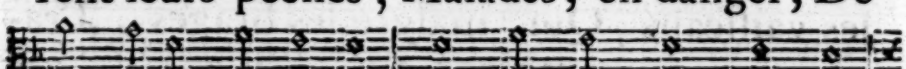
9. Ceux qui ſont à leurs vices, Follement at-



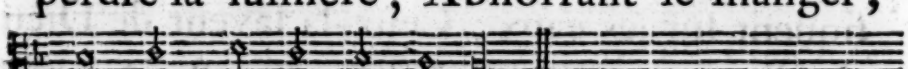
tachés, Qui ſouffrent les ſupplices, Qu'atti-



rent leurs péchés; Malades, en danger, De



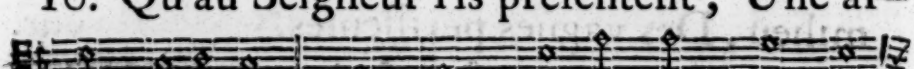
perdre la lumière; Abhorrant le manger,



Près de l'heure dernière;



10. Qu'au Seigneur ils préſentent, Une ar-



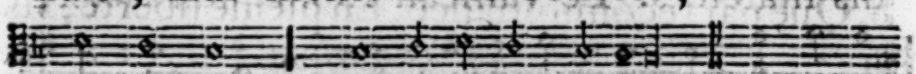
dente oraiſon, Les maux qui les tourmentent,



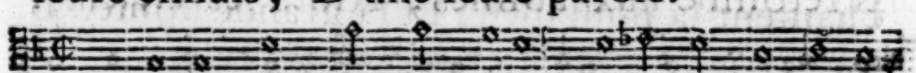
Auront leur guériſon ; Et les jours, & les



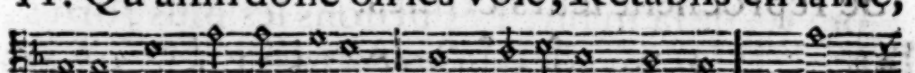
nuits, Lui-même il les conſole ; Il calme



leurs ennuis, D'une ſeule parole.



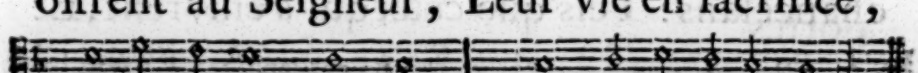
11. Qu'ainſi donc on les voie, Rétablis en ſanté,



Célébrer avec joie, Sa divine bonté, Qu'ils



offrent au Seigneur, Leur vie en ſacrifice,

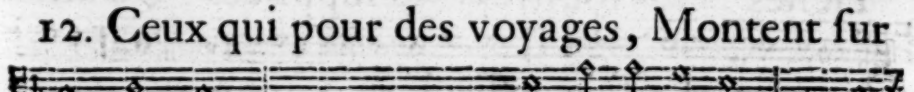


Vouant à ſon honneur, Leur fidelle ſervice.

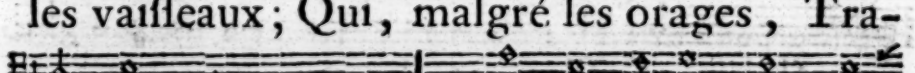
PAUSE. II.



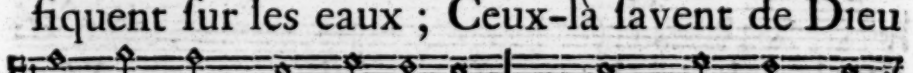
12. Ceux qui pour des voyages, Montent ſur



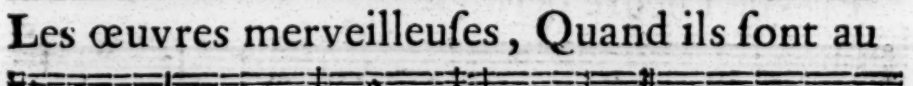
les vaiſſeaux ; Qui, malgré les orages, Tra-



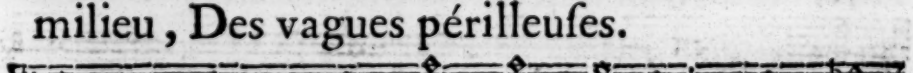
fiquent ſur les eaux ; Ceux-là ſavent de Dieu



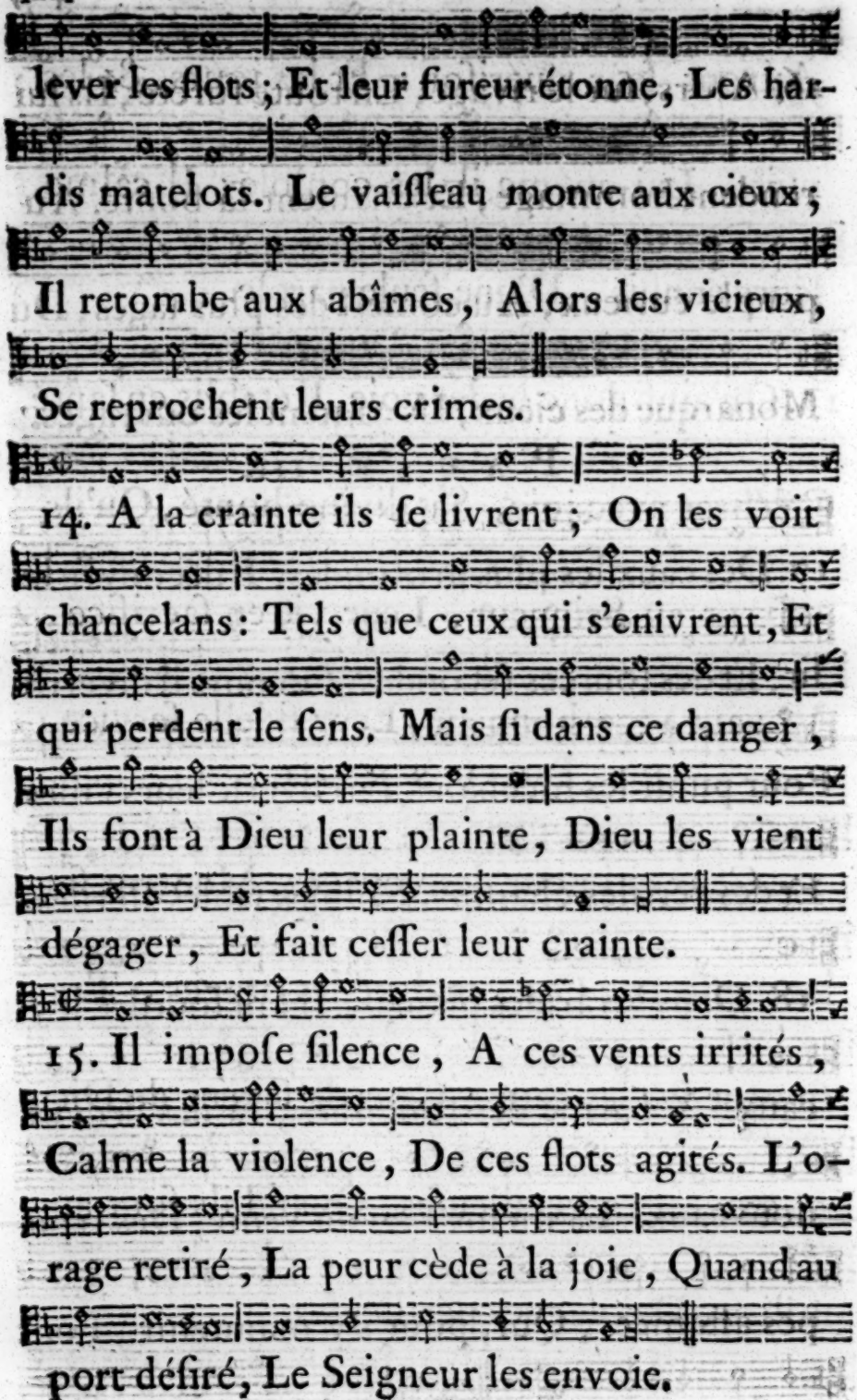
Les œuvres merveilleuſes, Quand ils ſont au



milieu, Des vagues périlleuſes.



13. Les vents, dès qu'il l'ordonne, Font ſou-



lever les flots ; Et leur fureur étonne, Les hardis matelots. Le vaiſſeau monte aux cieux ; Il retombe aux abîmes, Alors les vicieux, Se reprochent leurs crimes.

14. A la crainte ils ſe livrent ; On les voit chancelans : Tels que ceux qui s'enivrent, Et qui perdent le ſens. Mais ſi dans ce danger, Ils font à Dieu leur plainte, Dieu les vient dégager, Et fait ceſſer leur crainte.

15. Il impoſe ſilence, A ces vents irrités, Calme la violence, De ces flots agités. L'orage retiré, La peur cède à la joie, Quand au port déſiré, Le Seigneur les envoie.



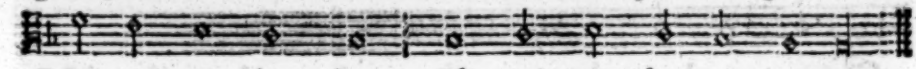
16. Alors, ſur le rivage, En toute ſureté, Ils lui



rendent hommage, Et chantent ſa bonté. Au



peuple curieux, Au conſeil des plus ſages, Du

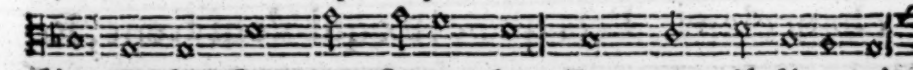


Monarque des cieux, Ils vantent les ouvrages.

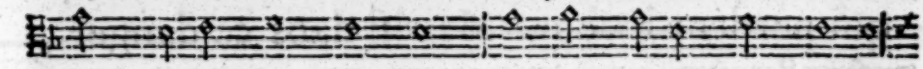
PAUSE III.



17. Des eaux les plus profondes, Il découvre le



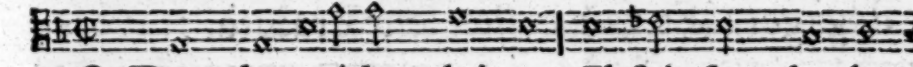
lit, Et des ſources fécondes, Le cours il divertit.



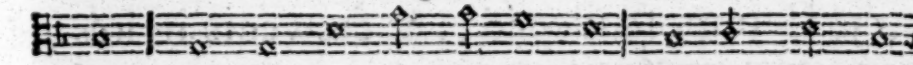
Pour punir les méchans, Il renverſe leurs villes;



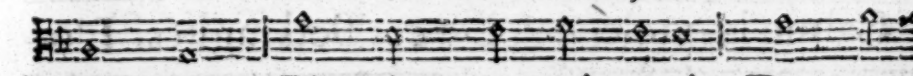
Et des fertiles champs, Fait des ſables ſteriles.



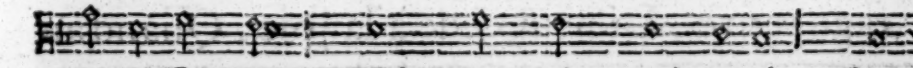
18. Dans les arides plaines, Il fait ſourdre les



eaux: Y forme des fontaines, Et des fleuves



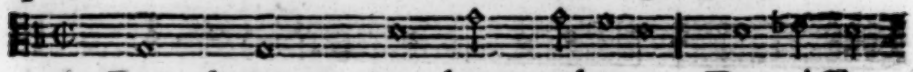
nouveaux. Là même on voit venir, Des trou-



pes affamées, Qui, pour s'y maintenir, Font



des villes fermées.



19. Les champs, par leur culture, Paroiſſent



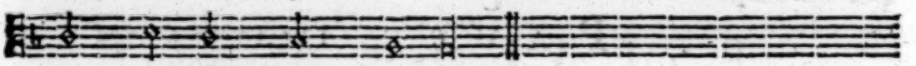
ſe hâter, De rendre, avec uſure, Dequoi les



contenter. Dieu bénit leur travail ; Et ſa grâ-



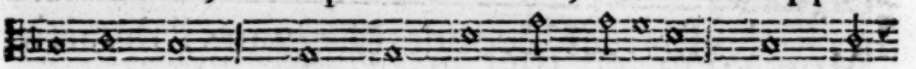
ce abondante, Fait croître leur bétail, Et



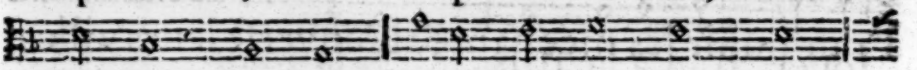
leur richeſſe augmente.



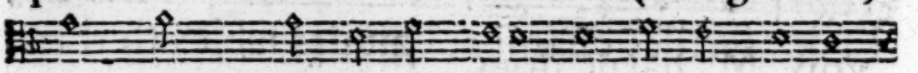
20. Mais, lorſque ſa colère, Vient frapper



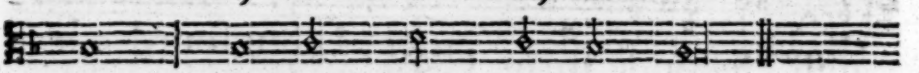
le pécheur, On voit que la miſère, Suit de



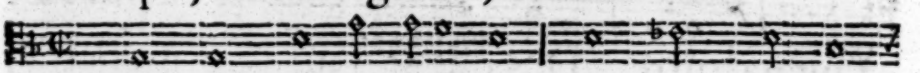
près ſon bonheur. Il abbat les plus grands,



Les chaſſe, & les envoie, Errer à travers



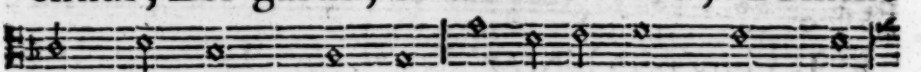
champs, Et ſans guide, & ſans voie.



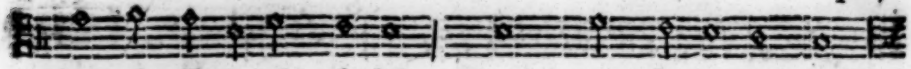
21. Les pauvres il délivre, De leur preſſant



ennui, Les garde, & les fait vivre, Comme



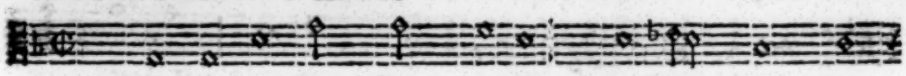
un troupeau, ſous lui. A louer ſes hauts faits,



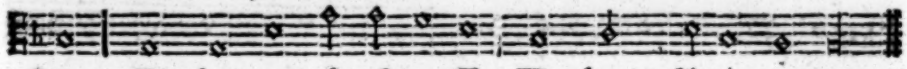
Que le ſage ſe plaiſe ; Que, confus à jamais,



L'incrédule ſe taiſe.



22. Que le juſte, ſans ceſſe, Médite dans ſon

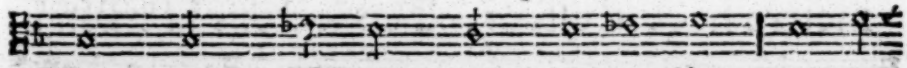


cœur, La bonté, la ſageſſe, De leur divin auteur.

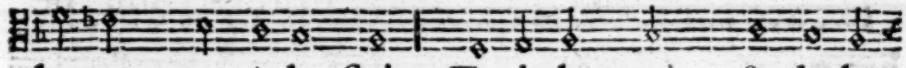
PSEAUME CVIII.



Mon cœur eſt tout prêt, ô mon Dieu,



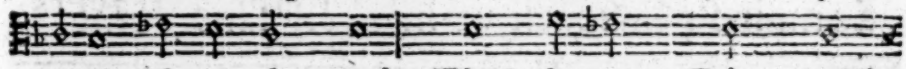
Mon cœur eſt tout prêt, en ce lieu, A te



louer, tout à la fois, Et de la main, & de la-



voix. Ma harpe donc, réveille-toi ; Ma lyre



auſſi, ſeconde moi : C'eſt devant Dieu qu'il



faut paroître, Dès que le jour commence à



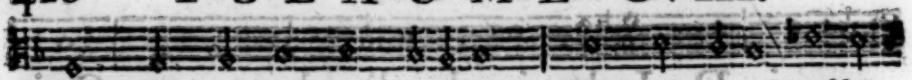
naître.



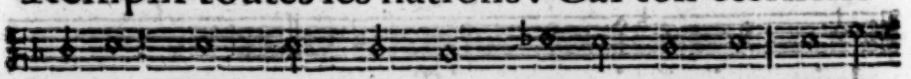
2. Je veux te célébrer, Seigneur ; Je veux chan-



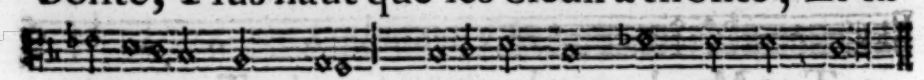
ter à ton honneur, Et du bruit de tes actions,



Remplir toutes les nations : Car ton éternelle



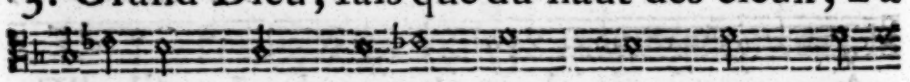
bonté, Plus haut que les cieux a monté ; Et ta



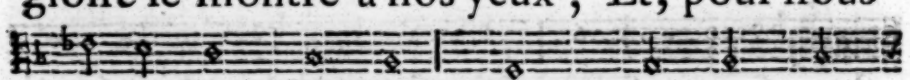
fidélité connue, S'éleve juſques ſur la nue.



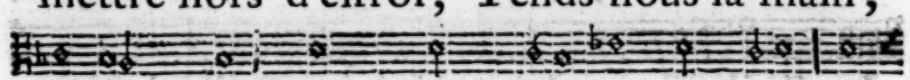
3. Grand Dieu, fais que du haut des cieux, Ta



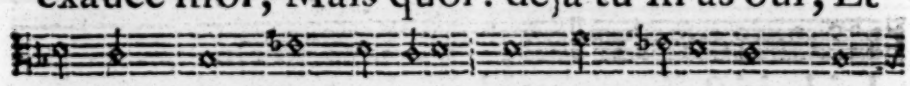
gloire ſe montre à nos yeux ; Et, pour nous



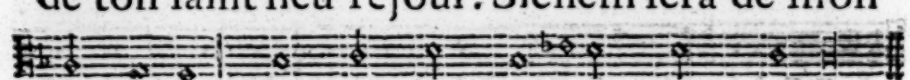
mettre hors d'effroi, Tends-nous la main,



exauce moi, Mais quoi ! déjà tu m'as oui, Et

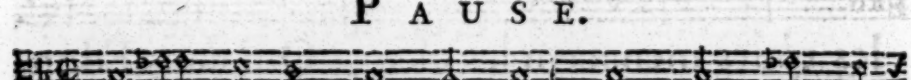


de ton ſaint lieu réjoui : Sichem ſera de mon

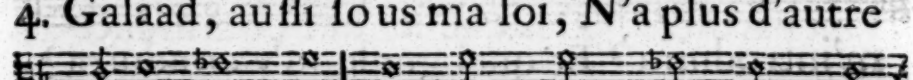


domaine ; Succoth va m'obeir ſans peine.

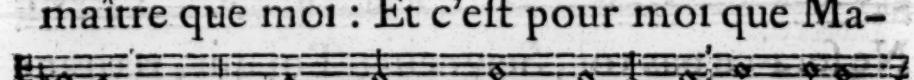
PAUSE.



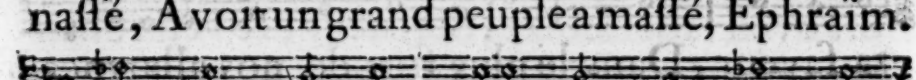
4. Galaad, auſſi ſous ma loi, N'a plus d'autre



maître que moi : Et c'eſt pour moi que Ma-



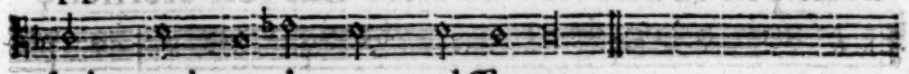
naſſé, Avoit un grand peuple amaſſé, Ephraïm.



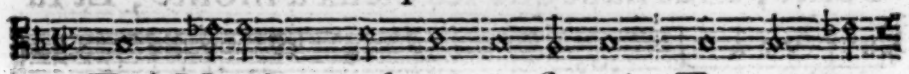
encor plus que lui, Sera ma force & mon



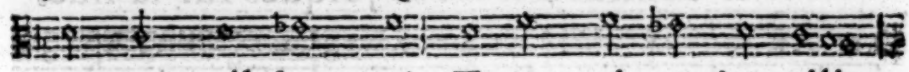
appui. De Juda viendra l'ordonnance, Qui



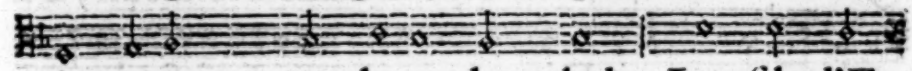
doit maintenir ma puiſſance.



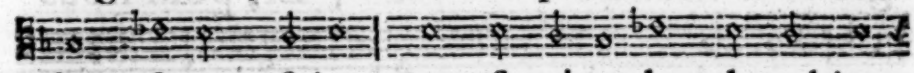
5. Toi Moab, malgré ta fierté, Tu verras



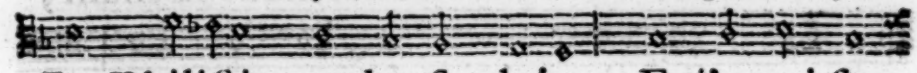
ton orgueil dompté ; Et tes princes humiliez,



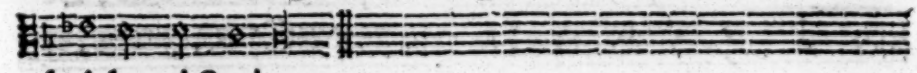
A genoux, me laver les pieds. Les fils d'E-



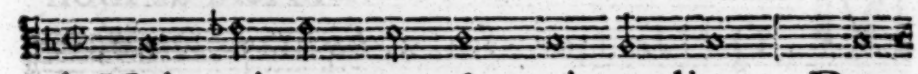
dom ſeront ſujets Aux ſervices les plus abjets.



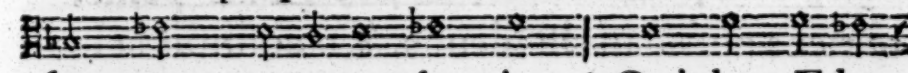
Le Philiſtin perdra ſa gloire, Et j'aurai ſur



lui la victoire.



6. Mais qui pourra m'ouvrir ces lieux, Dont



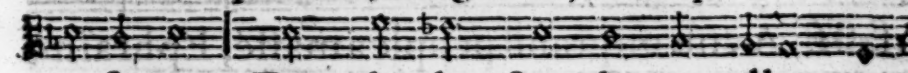
les tours menacent les cieux? Qui dans Edom



m'introduira ? Et quel guide m'y conduira ?



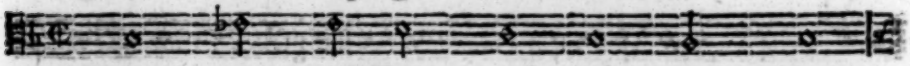
Ne ſera-ce pas toi, Seigneur; Toi qui, retirant



ta faveur, Dans le plus fort de nos allarmes,



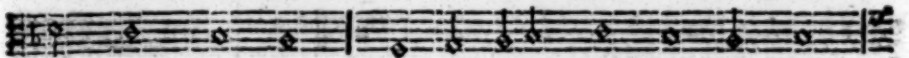
Ceſſois d'accompagner nos armes ?



7. Dieu tout-puiſſant, qui vois nos maux,



Aſſiſte-nous dans nos travaux. Celui qui ſur



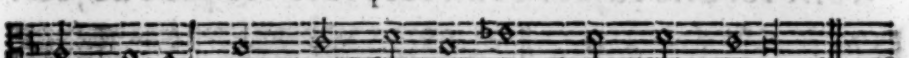
le bras humain, Se repoſe, le fait en vain.



Élevons tous à Dieu nos cœurs ; Lui ſeul peut

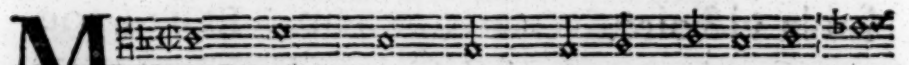


nous rendre vainqueurs : Il nous donnera l'a-

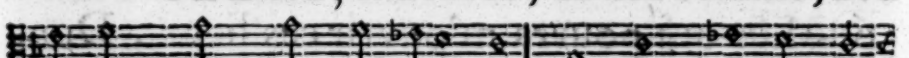


vantage, Sur l'ennemi qui nous outrage.

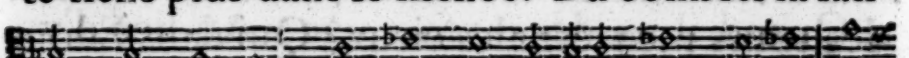
PSEAUME CIX.



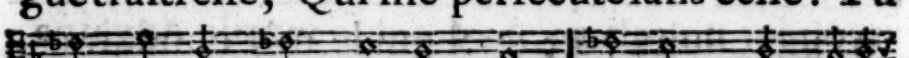
MOn Dieu ; ma force, & ma défenſe, Ne



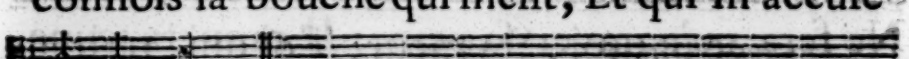
te tiens plus dans le ſilence. Tu connois la lan-



gue traitreſſe, Qui me perſécute ſans ceſſe : Tu



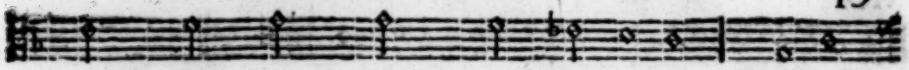
connois la bouche qui ment, Et qui m'accuſe



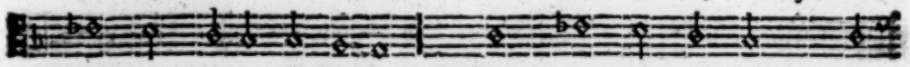
fauſſement.



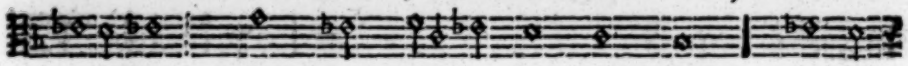
2. Leur malice cherche à me nuire ; Sans



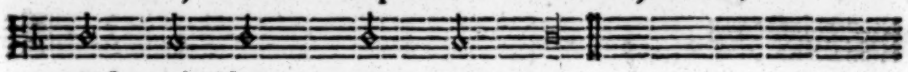
cauſe, ils voudroient me détruire, Payant



mon amitié fidelle, D'une envie injuſte &



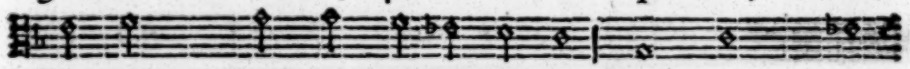
cruelle ; Mais la prière fut toujours, Le re-



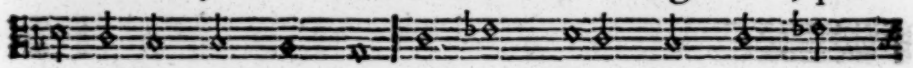
mède où j'eus mon recours.



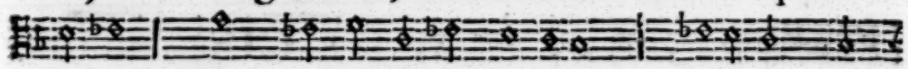
3. Le méchant, qui cauſe ma peine, Pour



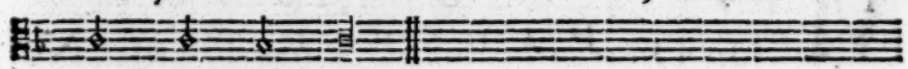
l'amour, m'a rendu la haine. Seigneur, par



ta juſte vengeance, Il tombera ſous la puiſ-



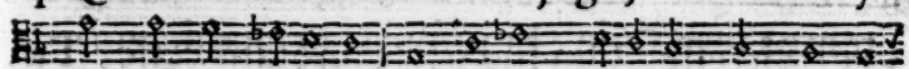
ſance, D'un adverſaire furieux, Et ſera tou-



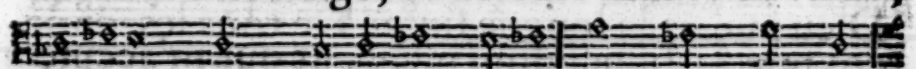
jours ſous ſes yeux.



4. Quand il ira devant ſon juge, Au-lieu d'y



trouver un refuge, Sa défenſe inutile & vaine,



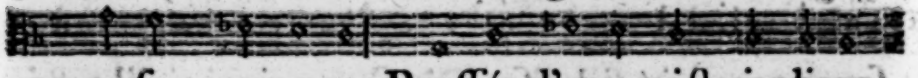
Ne fera qu'agraver ſa peine: Il mourra jeune,



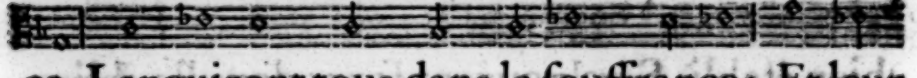
& plein d'effroi; Un autre prendra ſon emploi.



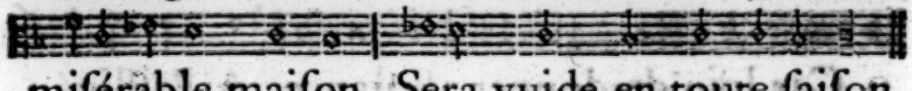
5. Ses fils laiſſés dans le bas-âge, Sa femme pau-



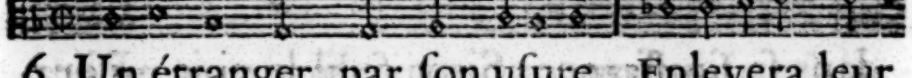
vre en ſon veuvage, Preſſés d'une triſte indigen-



ce, Languiront tous dans la ſouffrance; Et leur



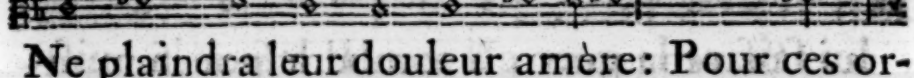
miſérable maiſon, Sera vuide en toute ſaiſon.



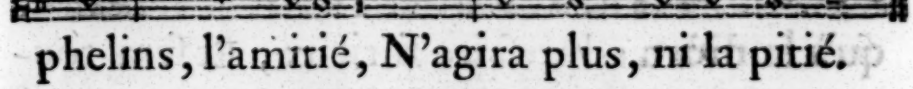
6. Un étranger, par ſon uſure, Enlevera leur



nourriture; Et perſonne, dans leur miſére,

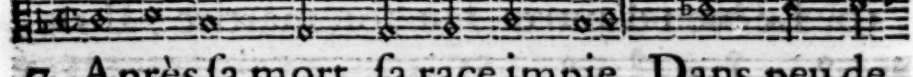


Ne plaindra leur douleur amère: Pour ces or-

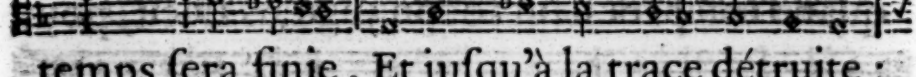


phelins, l'amitié, N'agira plus, ni la pitié.

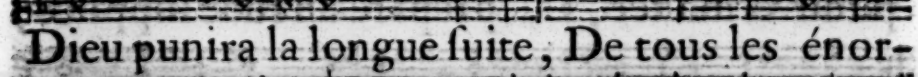
PAUSE I.



7. Après ſa mort, ſa race impie, Dans peu de



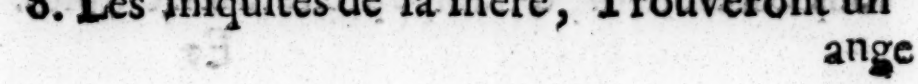
temps ſera finie, Et juſqu'à la trace détruite;



Dieu punira la longue ſuite, De tous les énor-

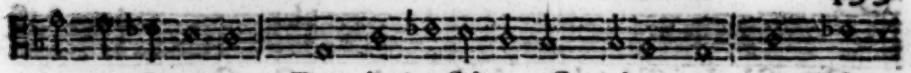


mes péchés, Dont ſes pères furent tachés.

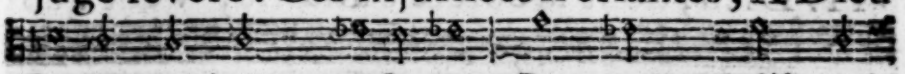


8. Les iniquités de ſa mère, Trouvèront un

ange



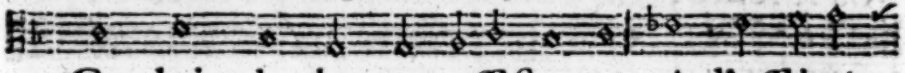
juge ſévère : Ces injuſtices ſi criantes, A Dieu



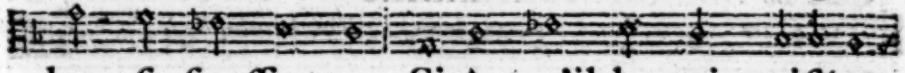
ſeront toujours préſentes : Son nom, qu'il croit



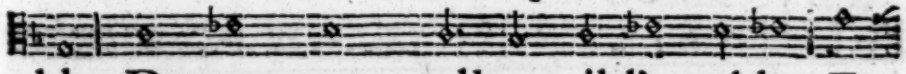
bien établi, Sera pour toujours dans l'oubli.



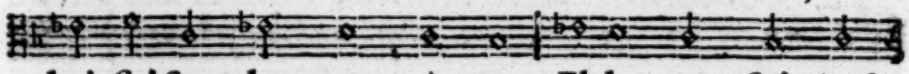
9. Car loin de donner aſſiſtance, A l'affligé,



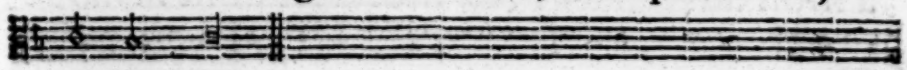
dans ſa ſouffrance, Sitôt qu'il le voit miſéra-



ble, De nouveaux malheurs il l'accable ; Et



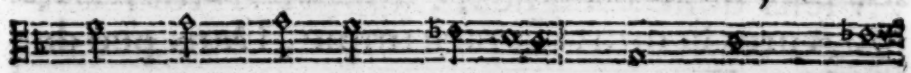
lui faiſant la guerre à tort, Il le pourſuit juſ-



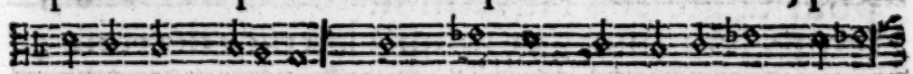
qu'à la mort.



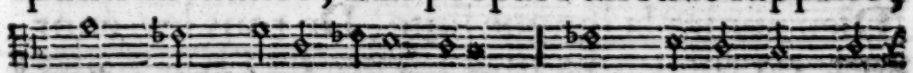
10. Le bien d'autrui fait ſon martire ; Il rit



quand ſon prochain ſoupire. Mais Dieu, pour



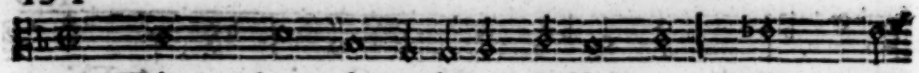
punir ſa malice, Lui prépare un rude ſupplice ;



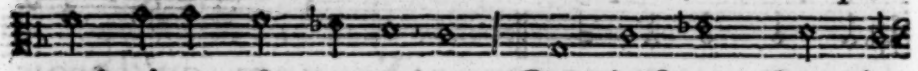
Mille & mille calamités, Le preſſeront de



tous côtés.



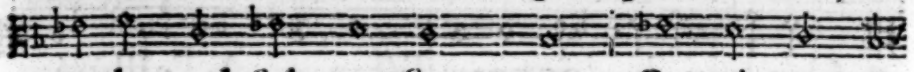
11. Dieu, dont la colère s'allume, Veut qu'il



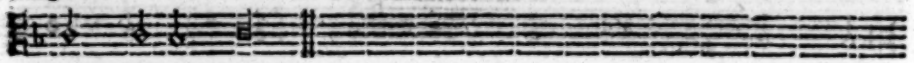
ne boive qu'amertume; Que juſques dans les



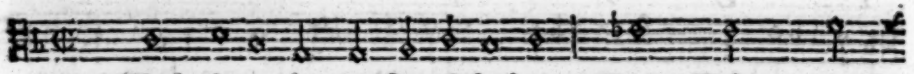
os il ſente, La douleur la plus pénétrante; Et



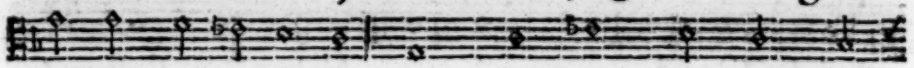
que le mal ſoit conſtamment, Sa ceinture &



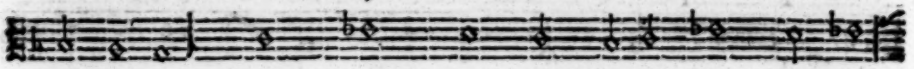
ſon vêtement.



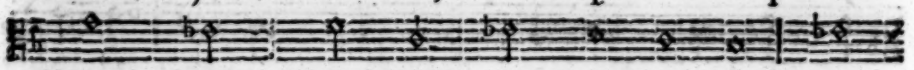
12. Tel ſera le juſte ſalaire, Que Dieu garde



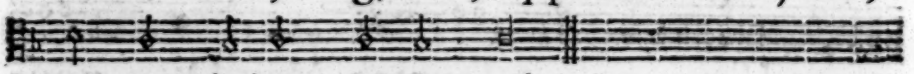
à mon adverſaire, Au méchant dont la haine



ouverte; Sans cauſe, a conſpiré ma perte.



Viens donc, Seigneur, approche-toi; Et,

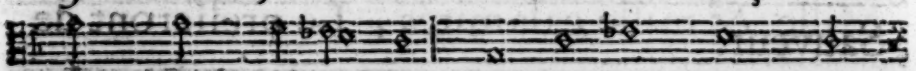


pour ta gloire, ſauve moi.

PAUSE II.



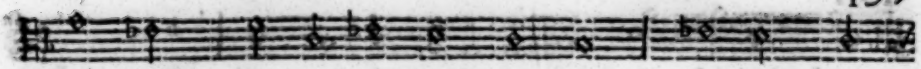
13. Éternel, ſois moi favorable: Reçois les



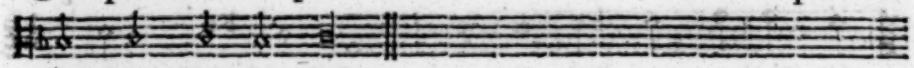
vœux d'un miſérable, Qui ſuccombant dans



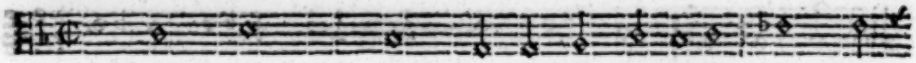
ſa détreſſe; Languit & ſoupire ſans ceſſe;



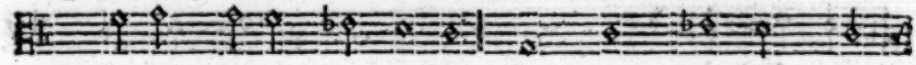
Qui paſſe, & qui ſe ſent déchoir, Ainſi qu'une



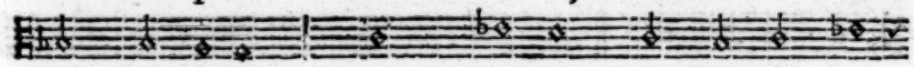
ombre ſur le ſoir.



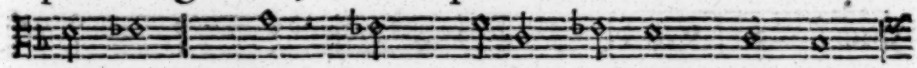
14. Toujours, comme une ſauterelle, Je cher-



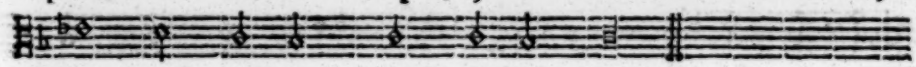
che une place nouvelle: Le jeûne & les maux



qui m'agitent, Font qu'enfin mes forces me



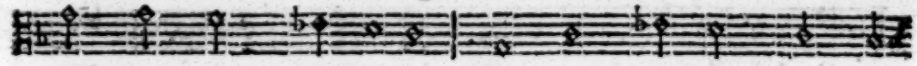
quittent: Mon corps, jadis robuſte & fort,



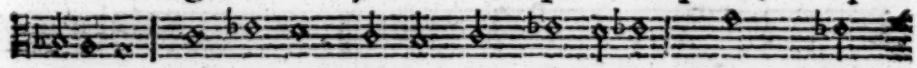
N'a plus que les traits de la mort.



15. Même dans mes peines ſi dures, Ces cruels



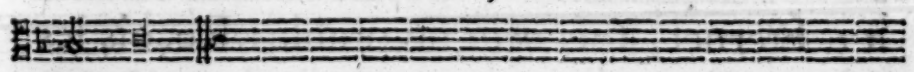
me chargent d'injures: Et par mépris, ou par



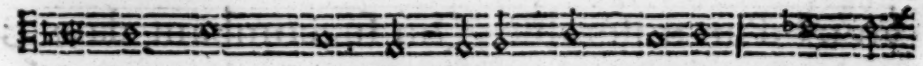
colère, Ils inſultent à ma misère. Mon Dieu,



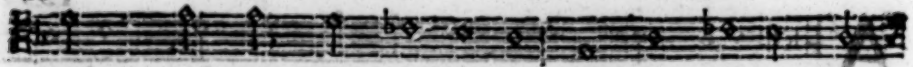
montre-moi ta faveur, Et te déclare mon



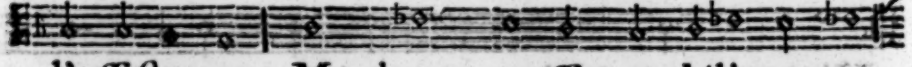
Sauveur.



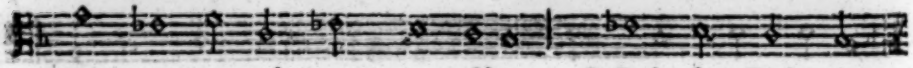
16. Seigneur, veuille faire connoître, Que ta



main, qui m'a donné l'être, Eſt la même dont



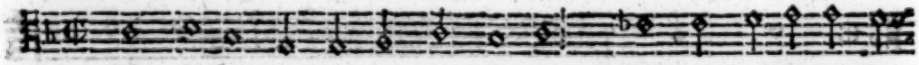
l'aſſiſtance, Me donne auſſi ma délivrance.



Mon ennemi me maudira ; Mais le Seigneur



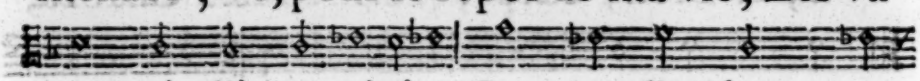
me bénira.



17. Ils s'élèvent avec audace ; Mais ta colère les



menace ; Et, pour le repos de ma vie, Les va



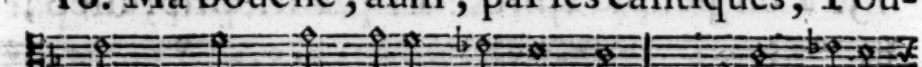
couvrir d'ignominie, Comme d'un long man-



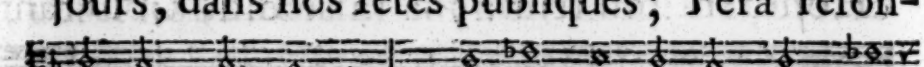
teau de deuil, Juſqu'à ce qu'ils ſoient au cercueil.



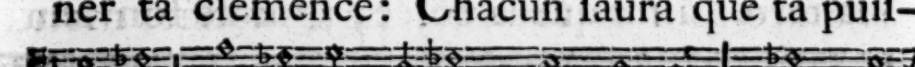
18. Ma bouche, auſſi, par ſes cantiques, Tou-



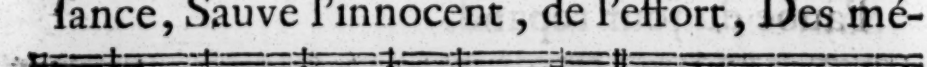
jours, dans nos fêtes publiques ; Fera reſon-



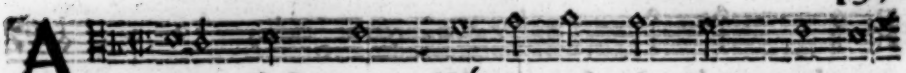
ner ta clémence : Chacun ſaura que ta puiſ-



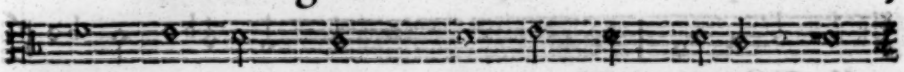
ſance, Sauve l'innocent, de l'effort, Des mé-



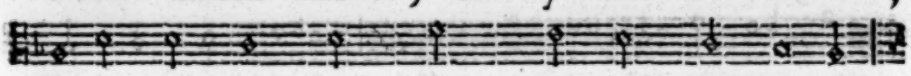
chans qui cherchent ſa mort.



A Mon Seigneur l'Éternel dit lui-même,



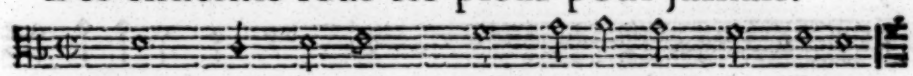
Viens à ma droite, & t'y ſieds déſormais ;



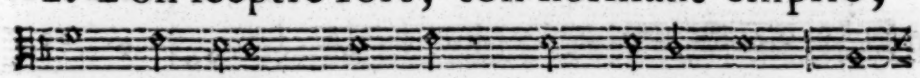
Et je mettrai, par mon pouvoir ſuprême,



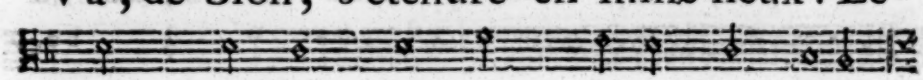
Tes ennemis ſous tes pieds pour jamais.



2. Ton ſceptre fort, ton floriſſant empire,



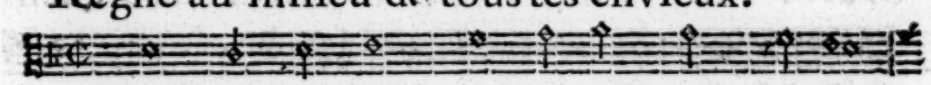
Va, de Sion, s'étendre en mille lieux : Le



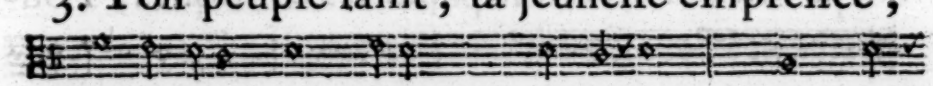
Tout-puiſſant l'ordonne, il te vient dire :



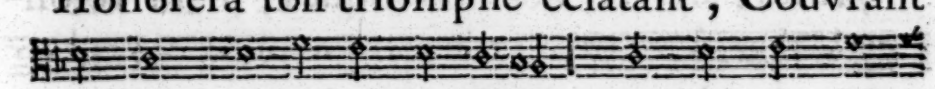
Règne au milieu de tous tes envieux.



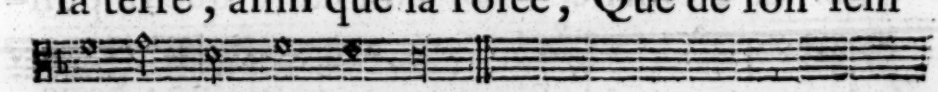
3. Ton peuple ſaint, ta jeuneſſe empreſſée,



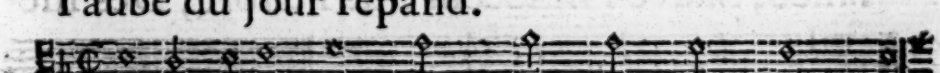
Honorera ton triomphe éclatant, Couvrant



la terre, ainſi que la roſée, Que de ſon ſein



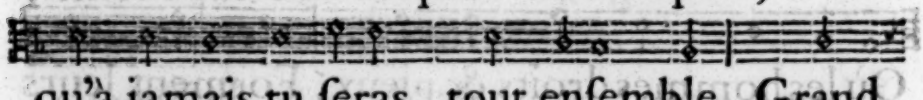
l'aube du jour répand.



4. Il l'a juré, ce Dieu, ſous qui tout tremble,



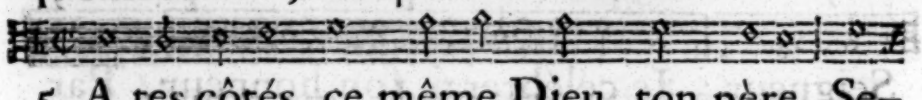
Et ſon ſerment ne peut être ſuſpect, C'eſt



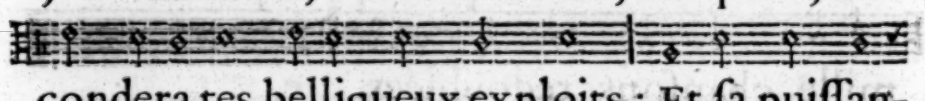
qu'à jamais tu ſeras, tout enſemble, Grand



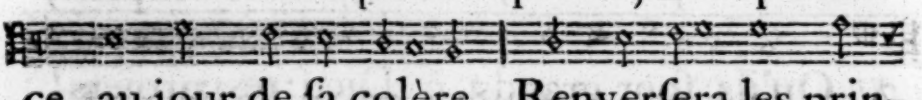
prêtre & roi, tel que Melchiſédec.



5. A tes côtés, ce même Dieu, ton père, Se-



condera tes belliqueux exploits ; Et ſa puiſſan-



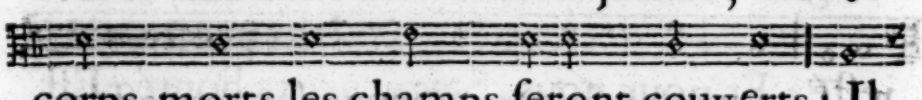
ce, au jour de ſa colère, Renverſera les prin-



ces & les rois.



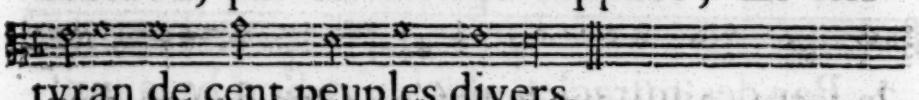
6. Des nations ſon bras fera juſtice ; Et des



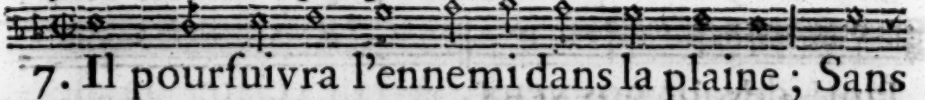
corps morts les champs ſeront couverts ! Il



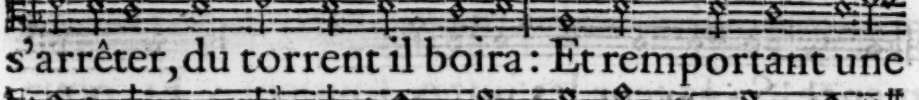
détruira, par un dernier ſupplice, Le fier



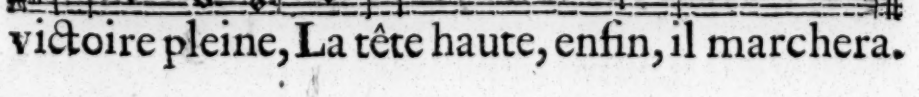
tyran de cent peuples divers.



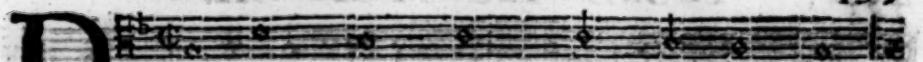
7. Il pourſuivra l'ennemi dans la plaine ; Sans



s'arrêter, du torrent il boira : Et remportant une



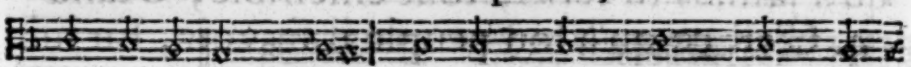
victoire pleine, La tête haute, enfin, il marchera.



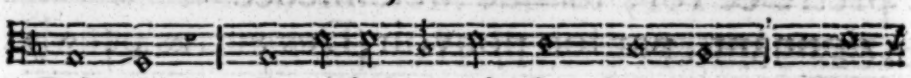
DE tout mon cœur, dans tous les lieux,



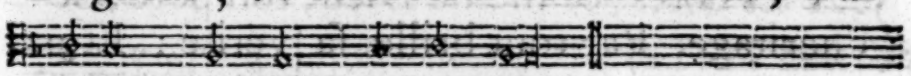
Où les hommes droits & pieux, Forment leurs



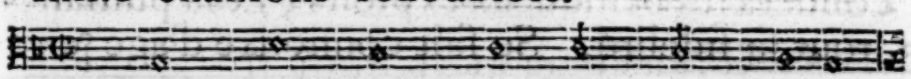
ſaintes aſſemblées, Je rendrai mes vœux au



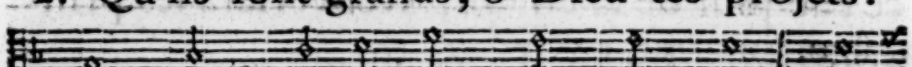
Seigneur ; Je célébrerai ſon honneur, Par



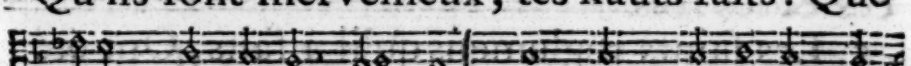
mille chanſons redoublées.



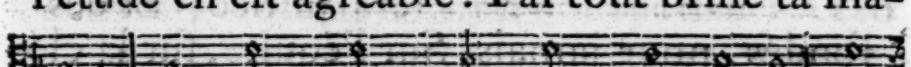
2. Qu'ils ſont grands, ô Dieu tes projets!



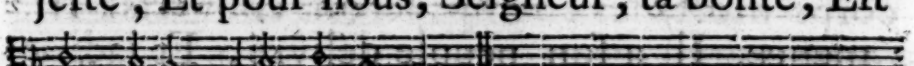
Qu'ils ſont merveilleux, tes hauts faits! Que



l'étude en eſt agréable! Par tout brille ta ma-



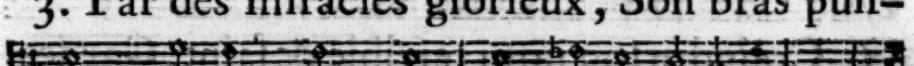
jeſté ; Et pour nous, Seigneur, ta bonté, Eſt



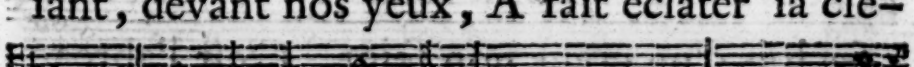
un tréſor inépuiſable.



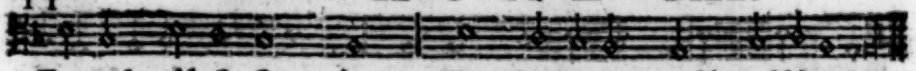
3. Par des miracles glorieux, Son bras puiſ-



ſant, devant nos yeux, A fait éclater ſa clé-



mence. Sa faveur les juſtes ſoutient ; Et pour

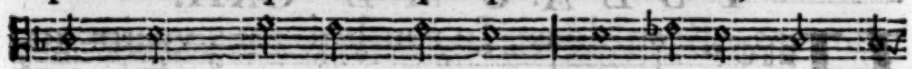


Jacob, il ſe ſouvient, De ſon éternelle alliance.

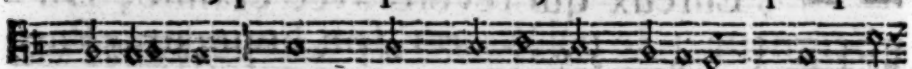
PAUSE.



4. C'eſt ce qu'à ſon peuple il fit voir, En lui



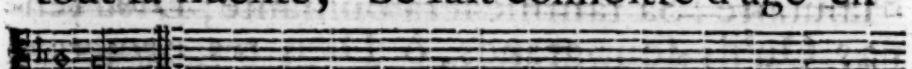
donnant, par ſon pouvoir, Des autres peuples



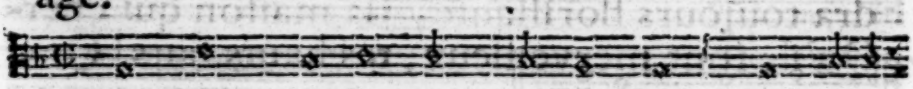
l'héritage. Par tout brille ſa vérité; Et par



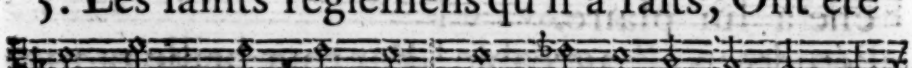
tout ſa fidélité, Se fait connoître d'âge en



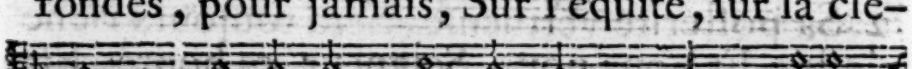
âge.



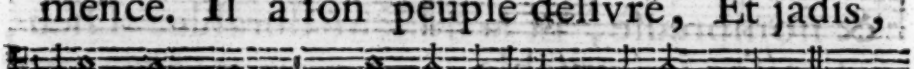
5. Les ſaints réglemens qu'il a faits, Ont été



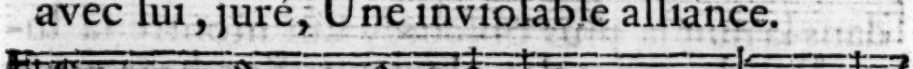
fondés, pour jamais, Sur l'équité, ſur la clé-



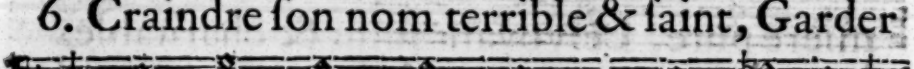
mence. Il a ſon peuple délivré, Et jadis,



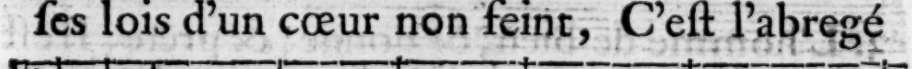
avec lui, juré, Une inviolable alliance.



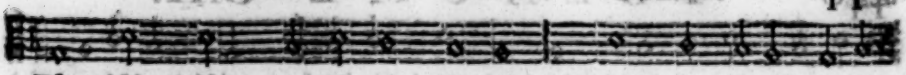
6. Craindre ſon nom terrible & ſaint, Garder



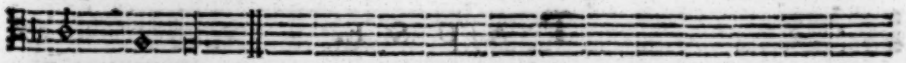
ſes lois d'un cœur non feint, C'eſt l'abregé



de la ſageſſe. Heureux l'homme qui vit ainſi!

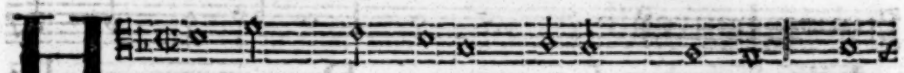


Il peut bien s'aſſurer auſſi, Qu'il en ſera loué

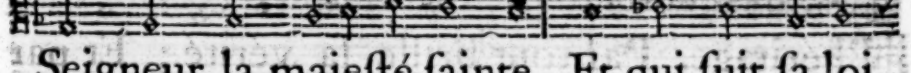


ſans ceſſe.

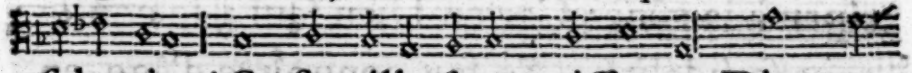
PSEAUME CXII.



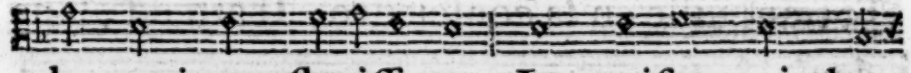
HEureux qui révère avec crainte, Du



Seigneur la majeſté ſainte, Et qui ſuit ſa loi



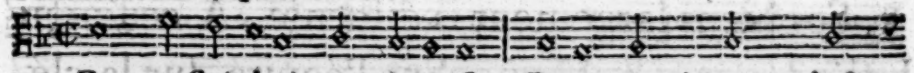
ſalutaire ! Sa famille ſera puiſſante; Dieu ren-



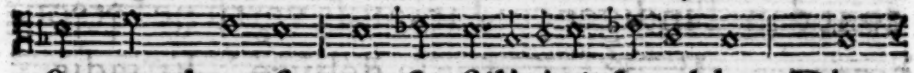
dra toujours floriſſante, La maiſon qui cher-



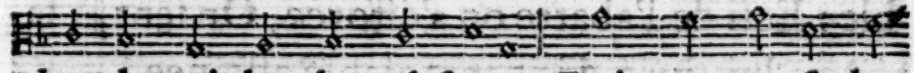
che à lui plaire.



2. Sa poſtérité vertueuſe, Sera toujours riche



& nombreuſe, Et ſa félicité durable: Dieu,



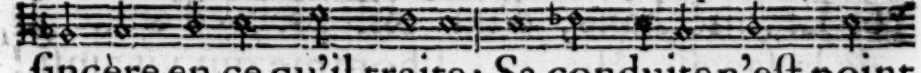
dans la nuit la plus obſcure, Lui montre ſa lu-



mière pure, Le voyant juſte & charitable.



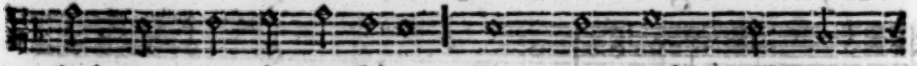
3. L'homme de bien, & donne, & prête; Il eſt



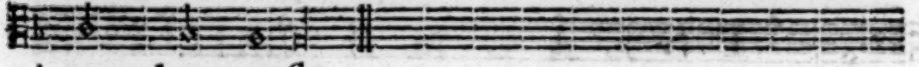
ſincère en ce qu'il traite; Sa conduite n'eſt point



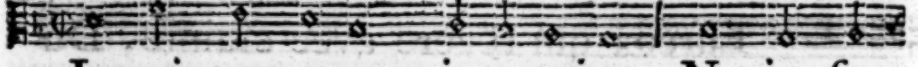
douteuſe; Et de celui qui fuis le vice, Et qui



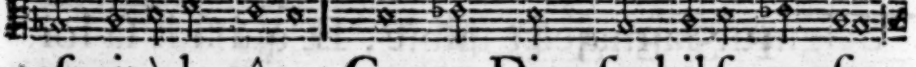
n'aime que la juſtice, La mémoire eſt tou-



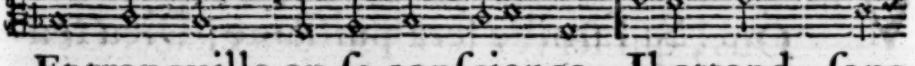
jours heureuſe.



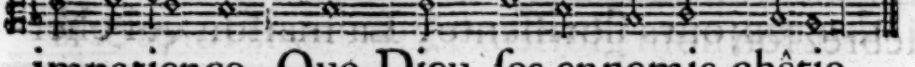
4. Jamais une attente incertaine, Ne tint ſon



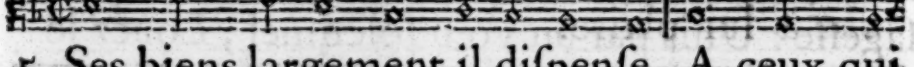
eſprit à la gêne: Car en Dieu ſeul il ſe confie;



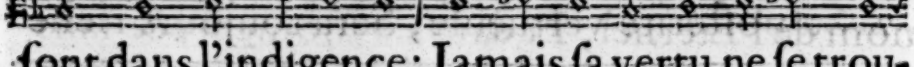
Et tranquille en ſa conſcience, Il attend, ſans



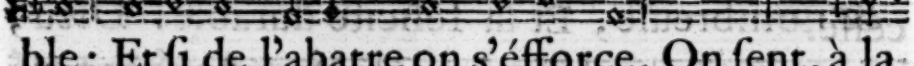
impatience, Que Dieu ſes ennemis châtie.



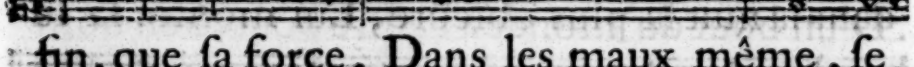
5. Ses biens largement il diſpenſe, A ceux qui



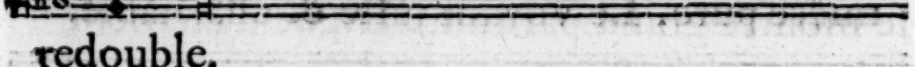
ſont dans l'indigence: Jamais ſa vertu ne ſe trou-



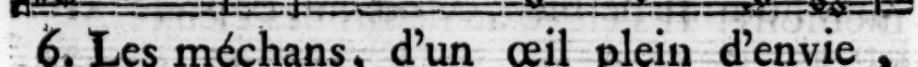
ble: Et ſi de l'abatre on s'éfforce, On ſent, à la



fin, que ſa force, Dans les maux même, ſe



redouble.



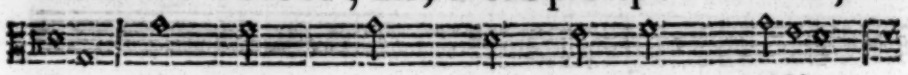
6. Les méchans, d'un œil plein d'envie,



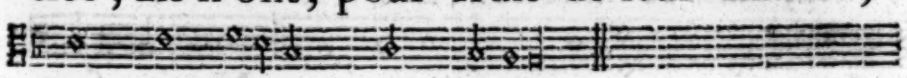
Voyant la gloire de ſa vie, En grincent les



dents de colère ; Et, trompés par leur injuſ-



tice, Ils n'ont, pour fruit de leur malice,

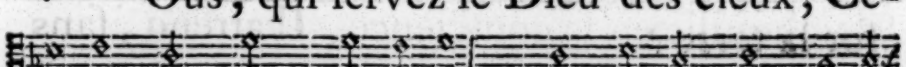


Que confuſion, que misère.

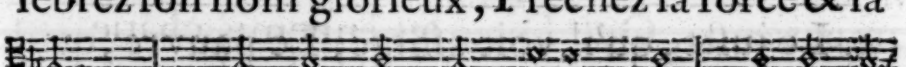
PSEAUME CXIII.



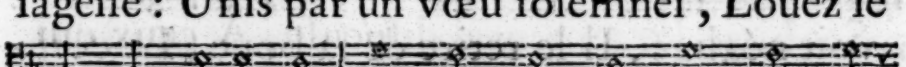
VOus, qui ſervez le Dieu des cieux, Cé-



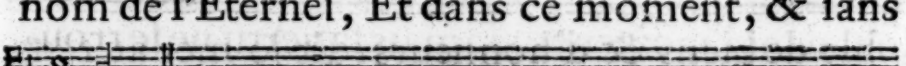
lébrez ſon nom glorieux, Prêchez ſa force & ſa



ſageſſe : Unis par un vœu ſolemnel, Louez le



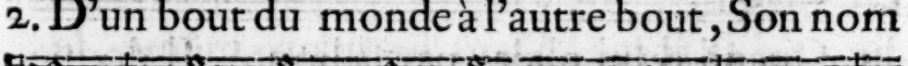
nom de l'Éternel, Et dans ce moment, & ſans



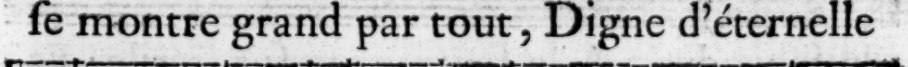
ceſſe.



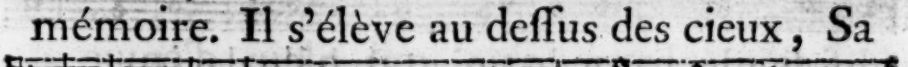
2. D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout, Son nom



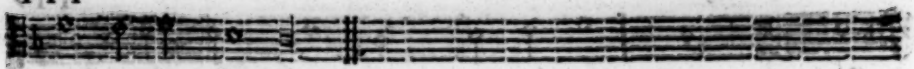
ſe montre grand par tout, Digne d'éternelle



mémoire. Il s'élève au deſſus des cieux, Sa



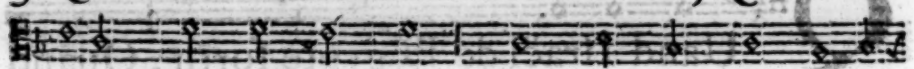
vertu s'étend en tous lieux, Et par tout ré



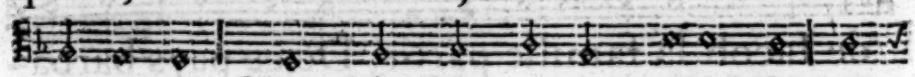
ſonne ſa gloire.



3. Quel dieu reſſemble à notre Dieu, Qui tran-



quille, dans ce haut lieu, D'où ſa voix forme le



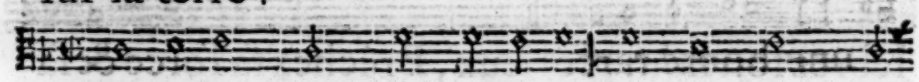
tonnerre, Veut bien ſes regards abaiſſer, Et,



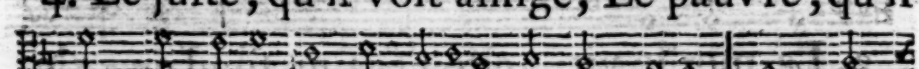
toujours bon; daigne penſer, A ce qui ſe fait



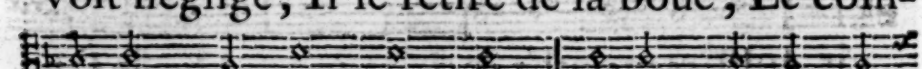
ſur la terre?



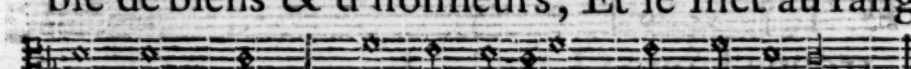
4. Le juſte, qu'il voit affligé, Le pauvre, qu'il



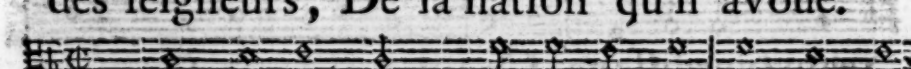
voit négligé, Il le retire de la boue, Le com-



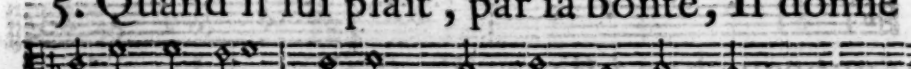
ble de biens & d'honneurs, Et le met au rang



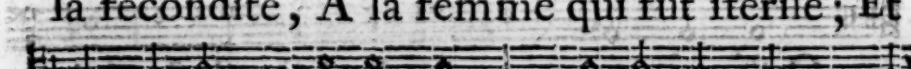
des ſeigneurs, De la nation qu'il avoue.



5. Quand il lui plaît, par ſa bonté, Il donne



la fécondité, A la femme qui fut ſtérile; Et



lui fait la grâce de voir, Qu'elle devient, par

ſon pouvoir, En enfans heureuſe & fertile.

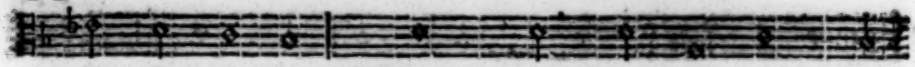
PSEAUME CXIV.



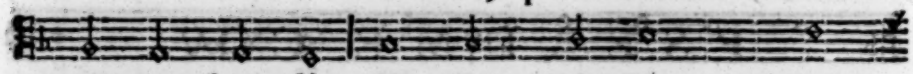
QUand Iſraël de l'Egypte ſortit, Quand de Jacob la famille partit, De ce pays barbare, Juda fut fait le peuple élu de Dieu; Dieu ſe montra prince du peuple Hébreu, Par une bonté rare.

2. La mer le vit, elle s'enfuit ſoudain: On vit auſſi remonter le Jourdain, Devant la troupe ſainte: Les plus hauts monts, les côteaux verdiſſans, Comme moutons, comme agneaux bondiſſans, Treſſaillirent de crainte.

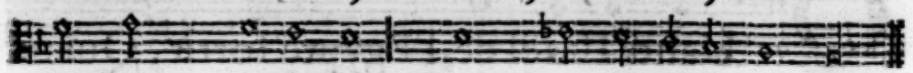
3. Qu'avois-tu, mer, à t'enfuir ſi ſoudain? Qui te faiſoit, ô rapide Jourdain, Remonter



vers ta ſource ? Monts, qui vous fit comme



moutons bondir, Et vous, côteaux, comme



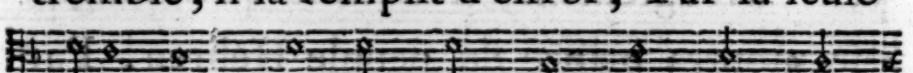
agneaux treſſaillir, Dans leur timide courſe?



4. De l'univers vous redoutiez le roi. La terre



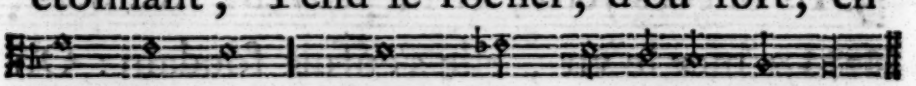
tremble, il la remplit d'éffroi, Par ſa ſeule



préſence : C'eſt le Dieu fort qui d'un coup



étonnant, Fend le rocher, d'où ſort, en

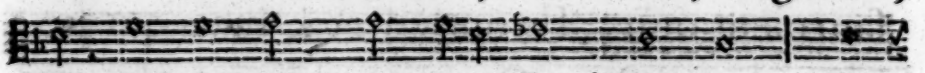


bouillonnant, L'eau vive en abondance.

PSEAUME CXV.



A Ton nom ſaint, à ta bonté, Seigneur,



Et non à nous, en ſera dû l'honneur ; Dé-



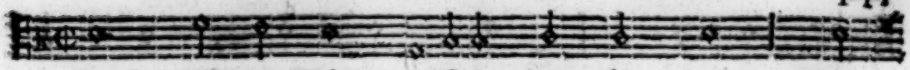
gage ta promeſſe. Quoi ! diſoit-on de toi-



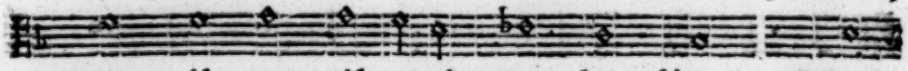
même, & de nous, Où ſe tient-il ce Dieu



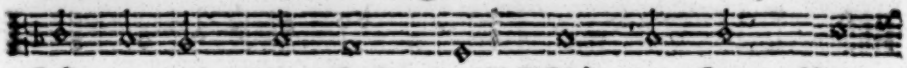
fort & jaloux, Qu'ils invoquent ſans ceſſe?



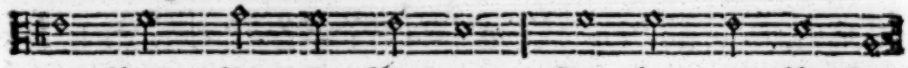
2. Oui, notre Dieu réſide dans les cieux, D'où,



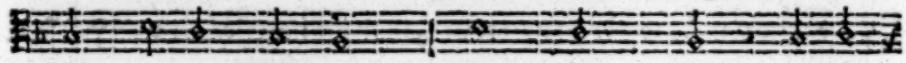
comme il veut, il régit ces bas lieux; Nous



fait ce que nous ſommes: Mais ces faux dieux,



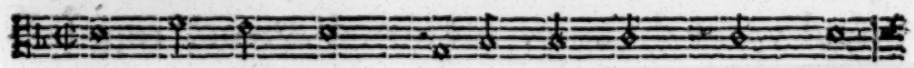
ces dieux d'or & d'argent, Que les gentils ſer-



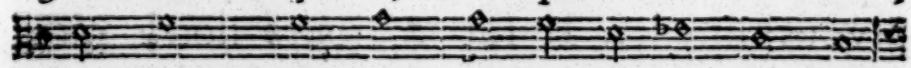
vent aveuglément, Ne ſont qu'ouvrages



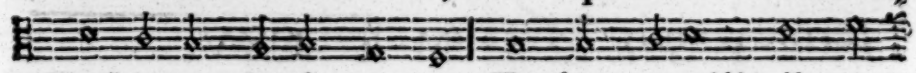
d'hommes.



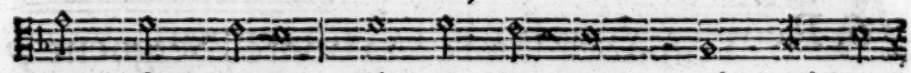
3. Ils ont des yeux, & ne peuvent rien voir;



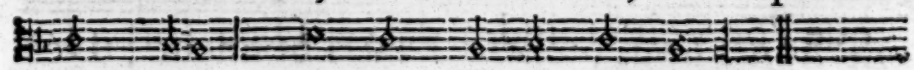
Leur bouche eſt cloſe, & ne peut ſe mouvoir;



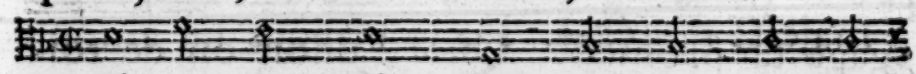
C'eſt une choſe morte; De leur oreille ils ne



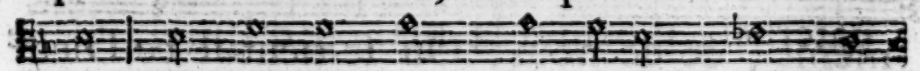
ſauroient ouïr, Ils ont un nez, mais qui ne



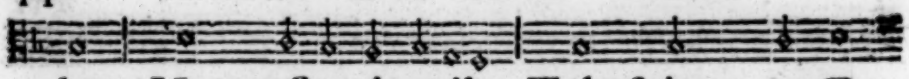
peut jouir, D'odeur douce, ni forte.



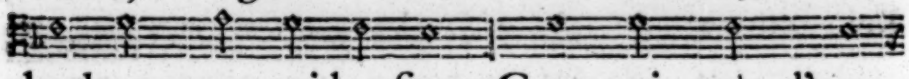
4. Ils ont des mains, ſans pouvoir rien tou-



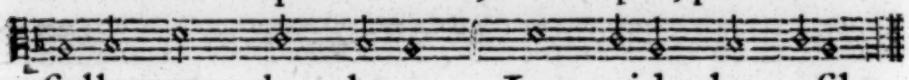
cher, Ils ont des pieds, & ne ſauroient mar-



cher; Un goſier inutile. Tels ſoient, auſſi,

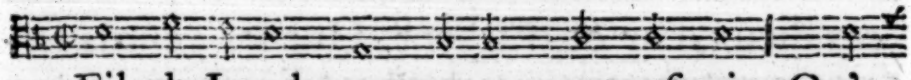


les hommes qui les font, Ceux qui, près d'eux,



follement chercheront, Leur aide, leur aſile.

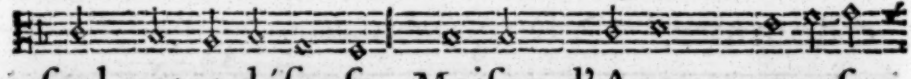
PAUSE.



5. Fils de Jacob, ne mettez votre eſpoir, Qu'au



Dieu des cieux, dont le divin pouvoir, Eſt



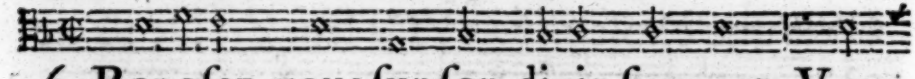
ſeul votre défenſe. Maiſon d'Aron, repoſez-



vous ſur lui. Il fut toujours notre plus



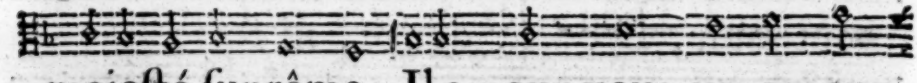
ferme appui: Vivez en aſſurance.



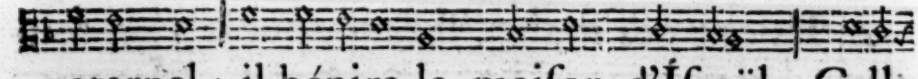
6. Repoſez-vous ſur ſon divin ſupport, Vous,



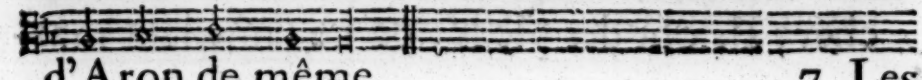
que l'on voit craindre de ce Dieu fort, La



majeſté ſuprême. Il a pour vous un amour



paternel; il bénira la maiſon d'Iſraël, Celle



d'Aron de même. 7. Les



7. Les hommes ſaints, qui ſervent le vrai



Dieu, Grands & petits, en tout temps, en



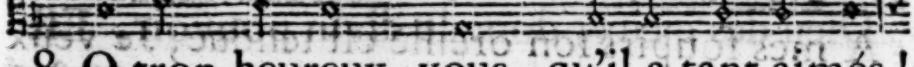
tout lieu, Sont l'objet de ſa grâce. Vous l'a-



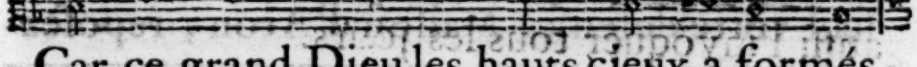
vez vu ſurpaſſer vos ſouhaits; Vous le verrez



répandre ſes bienfaits, Sur toute votre race.



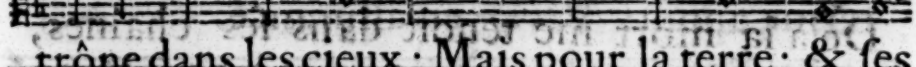
8. O trop heureux, vous, qu'il a tant aimés!



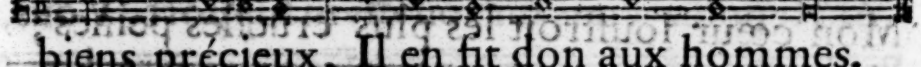
Car ce grand Dieu les hauts cieux a formés,



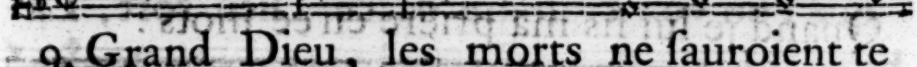
Et la terre où nous ſommes: Il s'eſt bâti ſon



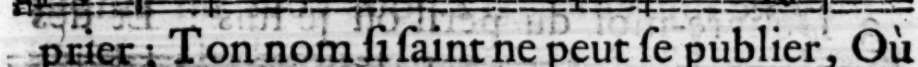
trône dans les cieux; Mais pour la terre; & ſes



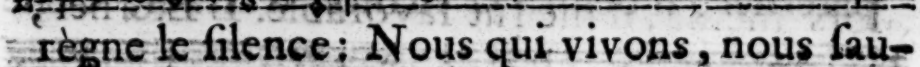
biens précieux, Il en fit don aux hommes.



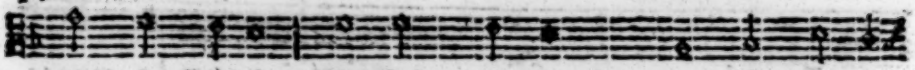
9. Grand Dieu, les morts ne ſauroient te



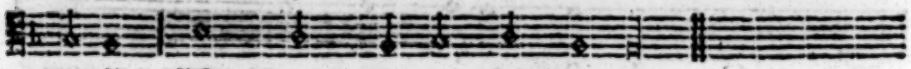
prier; Ton nom ſi ſaint ne peut ſe publier, Où



règne le ſilence: Nous qui vivons, nous ſau-

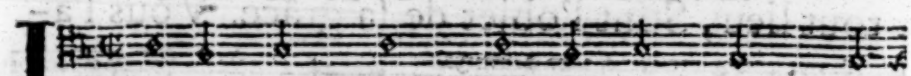


rons te bénir, Et faire entendre aux ſiècles à

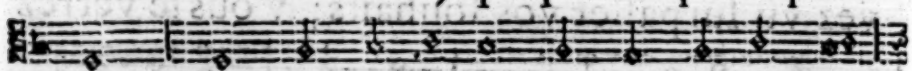


venir, Ta force & ta clémence.

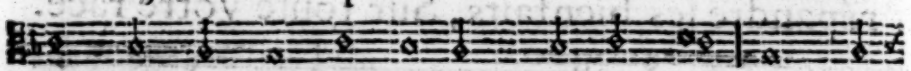
PSEAUME CXVI.



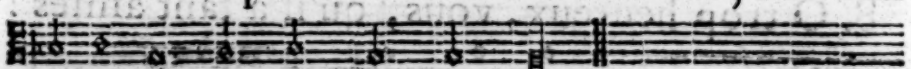
J'Aime mon Dieu, qui par un prompt ſe-



cours, Montre qu'il a ma clameur entendue:



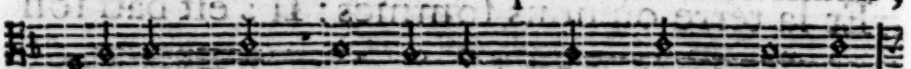
A mes ſoupirs ſon oreille eſt tendue; Je veux



auſſi l'invoquer tous les jours.



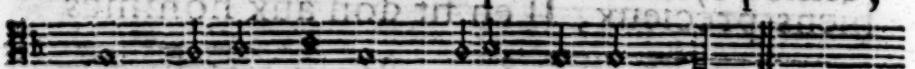
2. Je ſuccombois ſous le poids de mes maux,



Déjà la mort me tenoit dans ſes chaînes,



Mon cœur ſouffroit les plus cruelles peines;



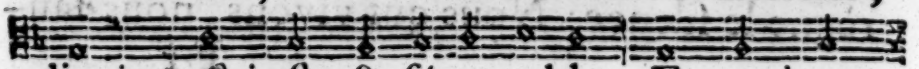
Quand je lui fis ma prière en ce mots:



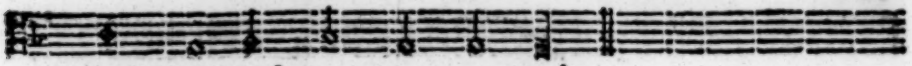
3. Délivre-moi du péril où je ſuis: Et dès



lors même, il me fut favorable. L'Eternel,



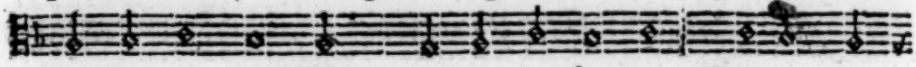
dis-je, eſt juſte & ſécourable, Et toujours



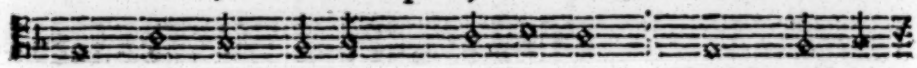
prompt à calmer nos ennuis.



4. Quand j'étois prêt à périr de langueur, Il



me ſauva, ce Dieu que je reclame: Retourne



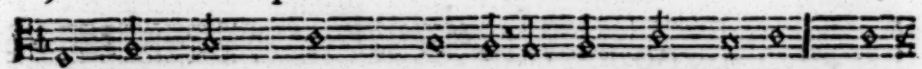
donc en ton repos, mon ame, Puiſqu'il te



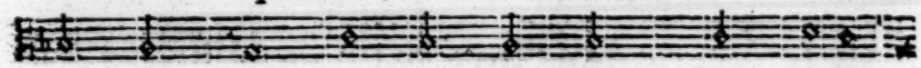
fait éprouver ſa faveur.



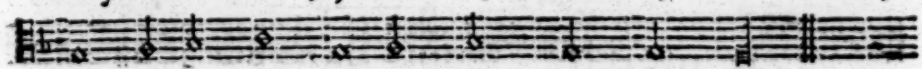
5. Ta main puiſſante a détourné ma mort,



Seché mes pleurs, ſoutenu ma foibleſſe. Sous



tes yeux donc, je veux, ô Dieu, ſans ceſſe,



Suivre la voie où je t'eus pour ſupport.

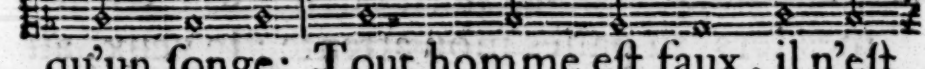
PAUSE.



6. J'ai cru, Seigneur, c'eſt pourquoi j'ai



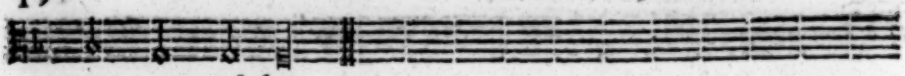
parlé: La vie, hélas! n'eſt qu'une ombre,



qu'un ſonge: Tout homme eſt faux, il n'eſt



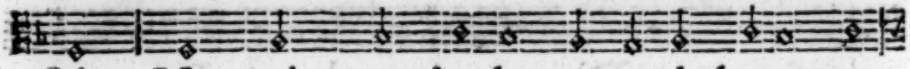
rien que menſonge, Diſoit mon cœur, de ſes



maux accablé.



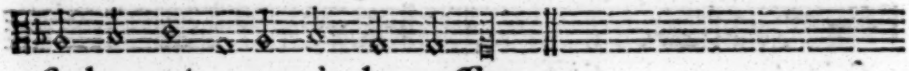
7. Mais que rendrai-je à Dieu pour ſes bien-



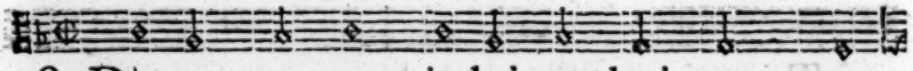
faits? Ma main prendra la coupe de louanges :



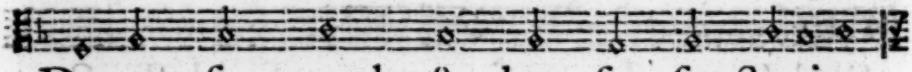
Ma voix fera juſqu'aux climats étranges, De



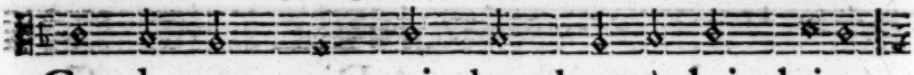
ſa bonté retentir les effets.



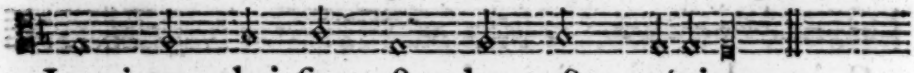
8. Dès ce moment, je lui rendrai mes vœux,



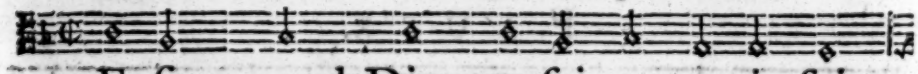
Devant ſon peuple & dans ſon ſanctuaire :



Car de tous ceux qui cherchent à lui plaire,



Les jours lui ſont & chers & précieux.



9. Enfin, grand Dieu, tu ſais ce que je ſuis,



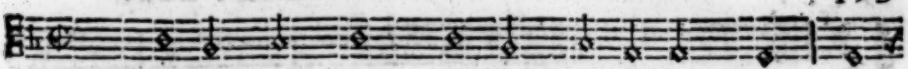
Ton ſerviteur, le fils de ta ſervante : Briſant



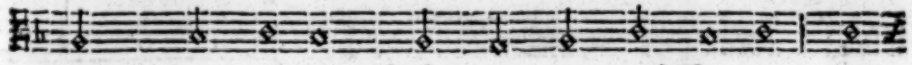
mes fers, tu paſſes mon attente : Je veux, au



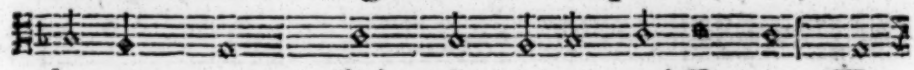
moins, t'offrir ce que je puis.



10. Brûlant de zèle, & ſoumis à tes loix, Je



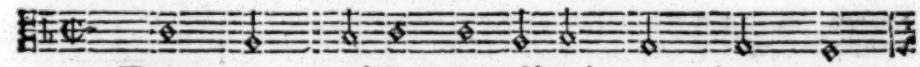
veux chanter ta gloire & ta puiſſance ; Et



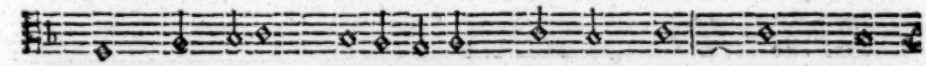
devant tous, plein de reconnoiſſance, Te



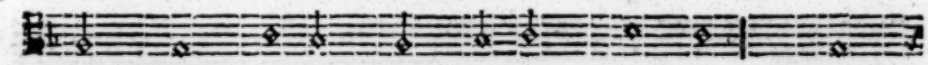
célébrer du cœur & de la voix.



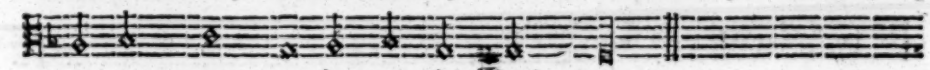
11. Dans ta maiſon je dirai ton honneur,



Dans ta cité, Jeruſalem la ſainte ; Que cha-

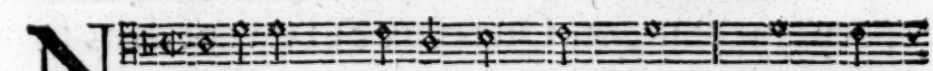


cun donc, avec zèle, avec crainte, M'aide,



en ce jour, à louer le Seigneur.

PSEAUME CXVII.



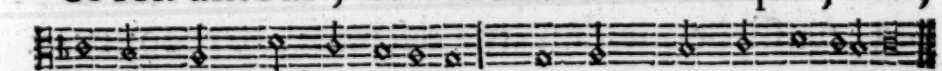
NAtions, louez le Seigneur, Peuples,



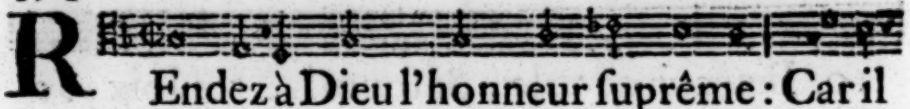
chantez à ſon honneur. Pour nous, ſes ſoins,



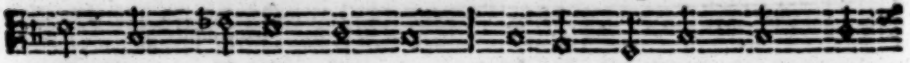
& ſon amour, Se renouvellent chaque jour ;



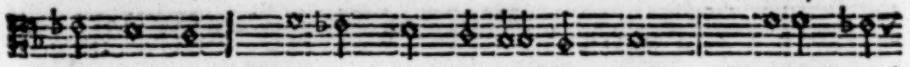
Et ſa conſtante vérité, Demeure à perpétuité.



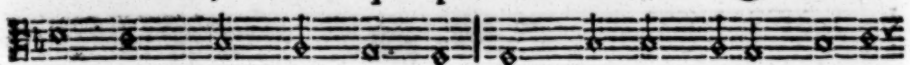
REndez à Dieu l'honneur ſuprême : Car il



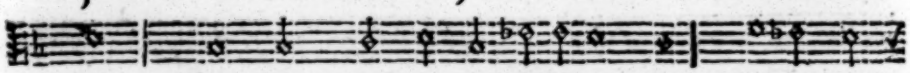
eſt doux, il eſt clément, Et ſa bonté, toujours



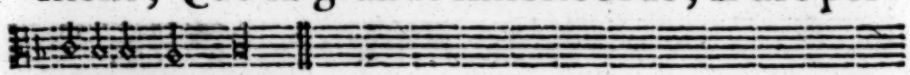
la même, Dure perpétuellement. Qu'Iſraël



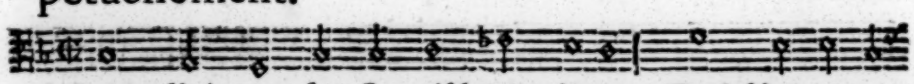
aujourd'hui s'accorde, A chanter ſolemnelle-



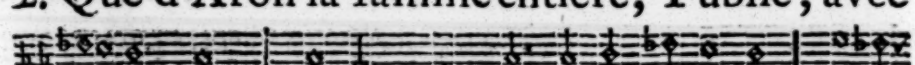
ment, Que ſa grande miſéricorde, Dure per-



pétuellement.



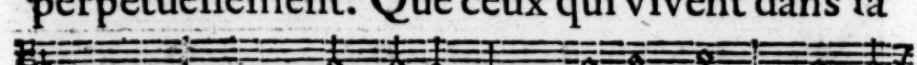
2. Que d'Aron la famille entière, Publie, avec



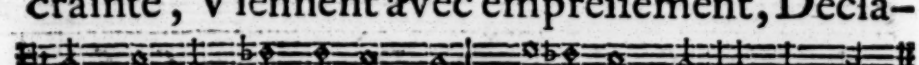
raviſſement, Que ſa clémence ſingulière, Dure



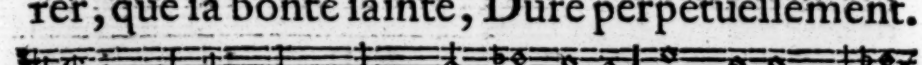
perpétuellement. Que ceux qui vivent dans ſa



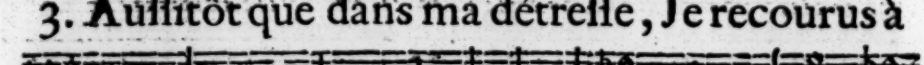
crainte, Viennent avec empreſſement, Décla-



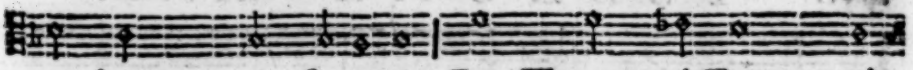
rer, que ſa bonté ſainte, Dure perpétuellement.



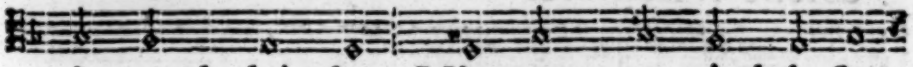
3. Auſſitôt que dans ma détreſſe, Je recourus à



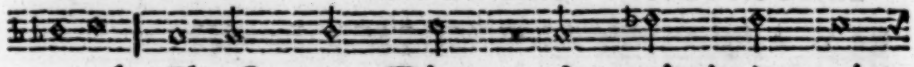
ſa bonté, Sa main me tirant de la preſſe, Me mit



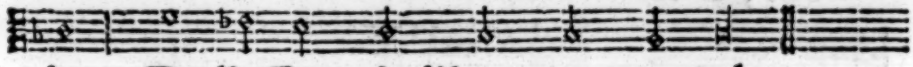
au large, en ſureté. Le Tout-puiſſant, qui



m'entend plaindre, M'exauce, au pied de ſon



autel : Il eſt mon Dieu ; qu'aurois-je à crain-

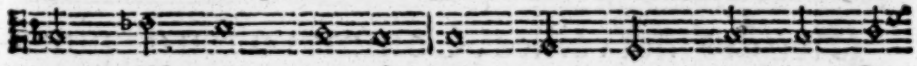


dre, De l'effort de l'homme mortel.

PAUSE I.



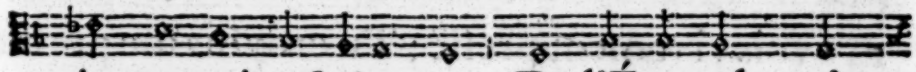
4. Le Tout-puiſſant que je révère, Me tiendra



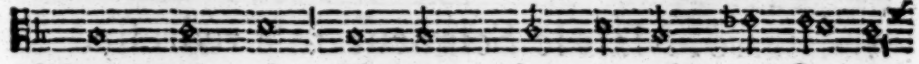
ce qu'il m'a promis, Et mes yeux verront ſa



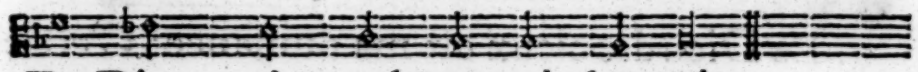
colère, Fondre ſur mes fiers ennemis. Il vaut



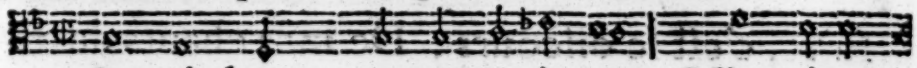
mieux avoir eſpérance, En l'Éternel, qu'en



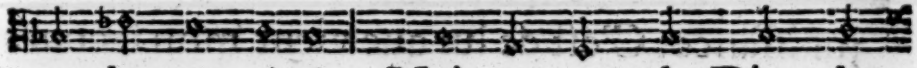
l'homme vain, Il vaut mieux avoir confiance



En Dieu, qu'en nul pouvoir humain.



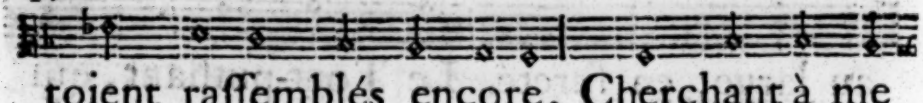
5. On vit leurs troupes animées, M'environ-



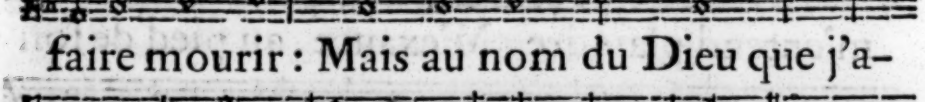
ner de tous côtés ; Mais au nom du Dieu des



armées, Mon bras les a tous écartés : Ils s'é-



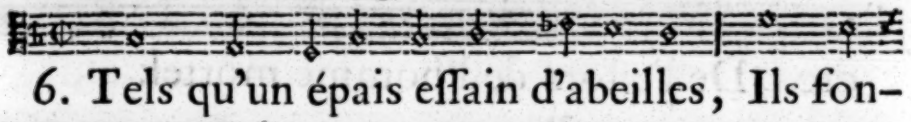
toient raſſemblés encore, Cherchant à me



faire mourir : Mais au nom du Dieu que j'a-



dore, C'eſt moi qui les ai fait périr.



6. Tels qu'un épais eſſain d'abeilles, Ils fon-



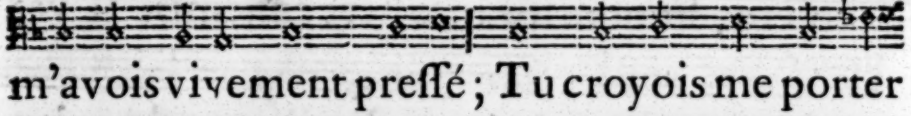
doient ſur moi, ces hautains ; Ils ſont, par le



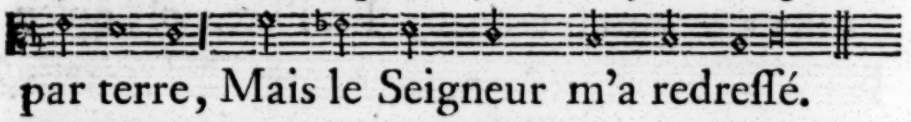
Dieu des merveilles, Comme un feu d'épines



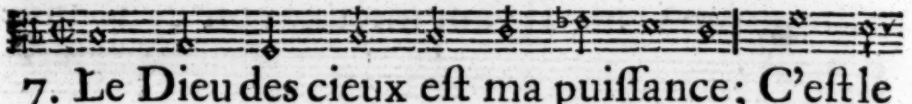
éteints. Cruel, qui me faiſois la guerre, Tu



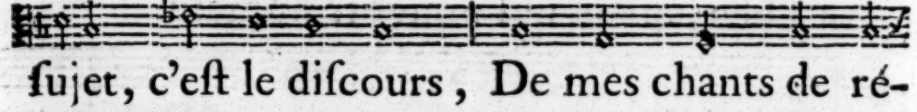
m'avois vivement preſſé ; Tu croyois me porter



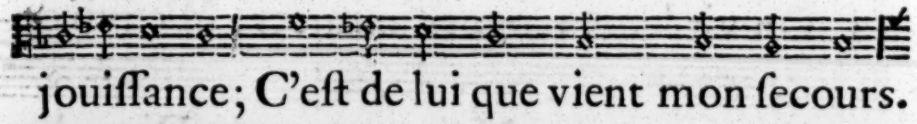
par terre, Mais le Seigneur m'a redreſſé.



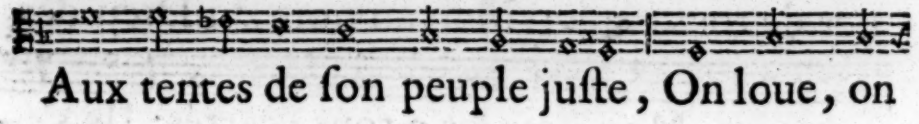
7. Le Dieu des cieux eſt ma puiſſance ; C'eſt le



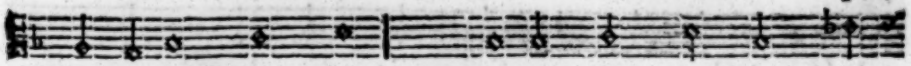
ſujet, c'eſt le diſcours, De mes chants de ré-



jouiſſance ; C'eſt de lui que vient mon ſecours.



Aux tentes de ſon peuple juſte, On loue, on

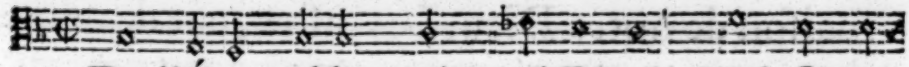


chante le Dien fort, Chacun dit: que ſon bras



robuſte, A fait un merveilleux effort.

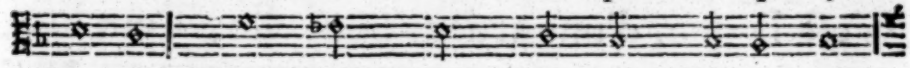
PAUSE II.



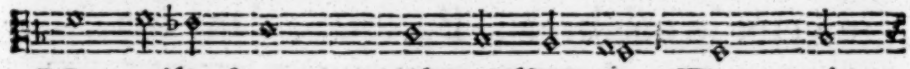
8. De l'Éternel la main puiſſante, S'eſt ſigna-



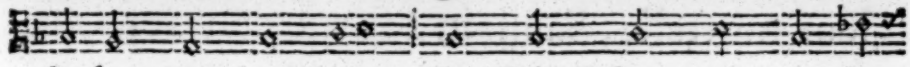
lée, à cette fois: C'eſt-là ce que ſon peuple



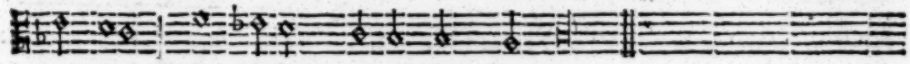
chante, Tout d'un cœur, & tout d'une voix.



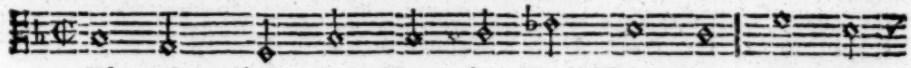
Me voilà donc, malgré l'envie, Des mains



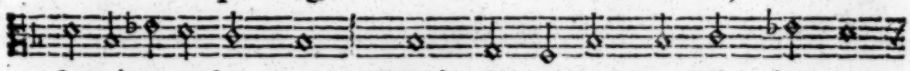
de la mort racheté; Le Dieu fort m'a rendu



la vie, Je célébrerai ſa bonté.



9. Il m'a plongé dans la ſouffrance; Il m'a



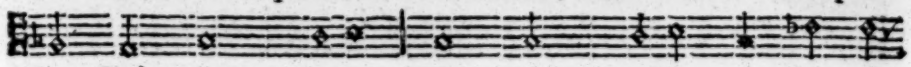
châtié rudement; Mais ſoutenu par ſa clémen-



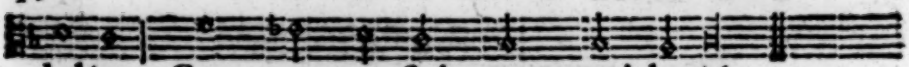
ce, Je n'ai point vu le monument. Qu'on



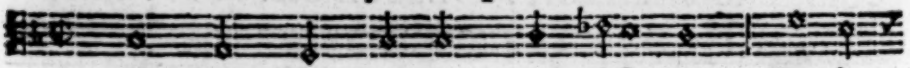
m'ouvre les portes ſi belles, Du ſaint temple



au Seigneur voué; Et qu'en préſence des fi-



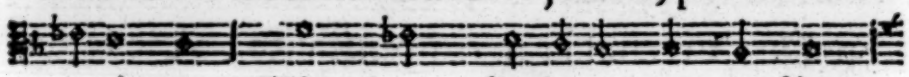
delles, Son nom y ſoit par moi loué.



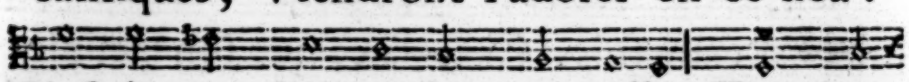
10. Ce ſont les portes magnifiques, De la



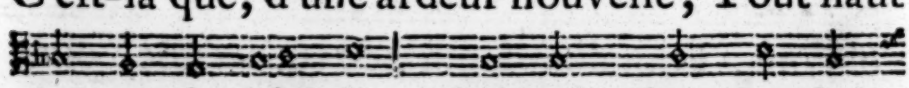
maiſon de notre Dieu. Les juſtes, par de ſaints



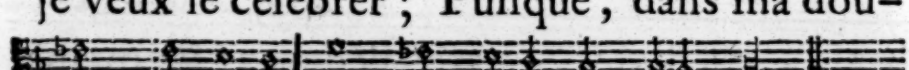
cantiques, Viendront l'adorer en ce lieu :



C'eſt-là que, d'une ardeur nouvelle, Tout haut

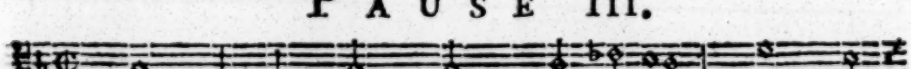


je veux le célébrer ; Puiſque, dans ma dou-

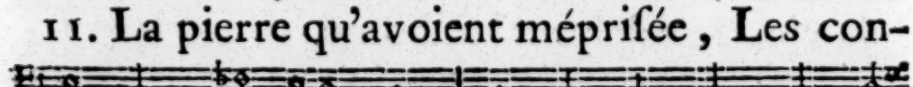


leur mortelle, Sa main a ſu me délivrer.

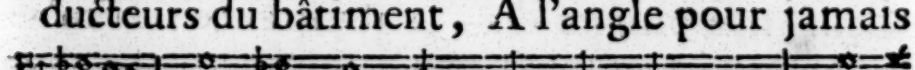
PAUSE III.



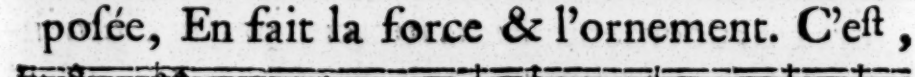
11. La pierre qu'avoient mépriſée, Les con-



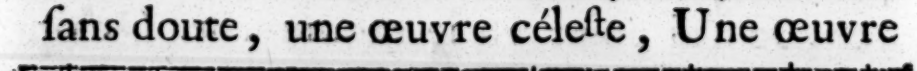
ducteurs du bâtiment, A l'angle pour jamais



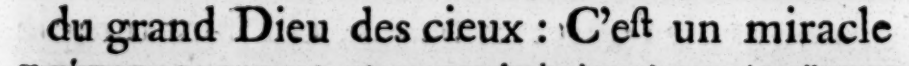
poſée, En fait la force & l'ornement. C'eſt,



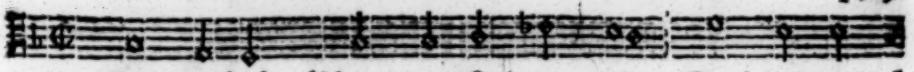
ſans doute, une œuvre céleſte, Une œuvre



du grand Dieu des cieux : C'eſt un miracle



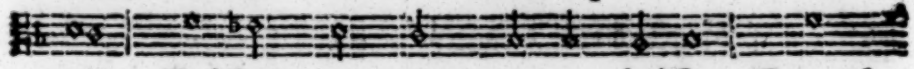
manifeſte, Qu'il fait éclater à nos yeux.



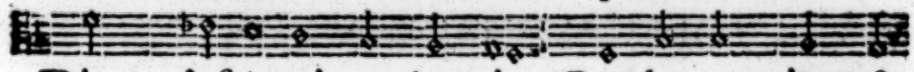
12. La voici, l'heureuſe journée, Qui répond



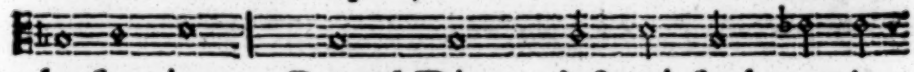
à notre déſir : Louons Dieu qui nous l'a don-



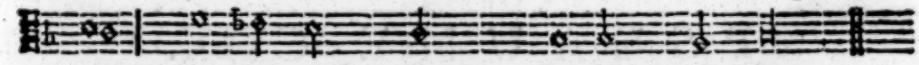
née, Faiſons en tout notre plaiſir. Grand



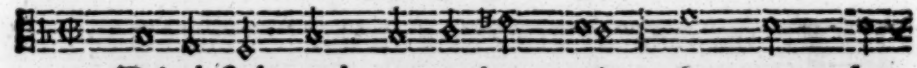
Dieu, c'eſt à toi que je crie, Garde ton oint, &



le ſoutiens : Grand Dieu, c'eſt toi ſeul que je



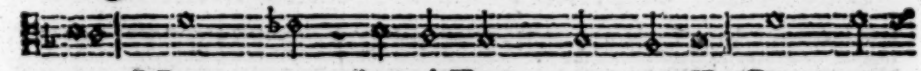
prie ; Sauve ton peuple, & le maintiens.



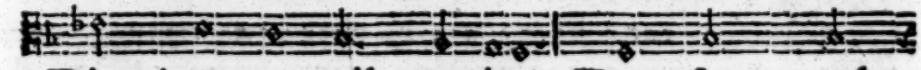
13. Béni ſoit qui, cette journée, Au nom du



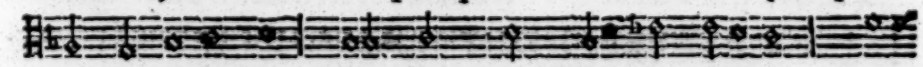
Seigneur vient ici. O vous, de ſa maiſon ſa-



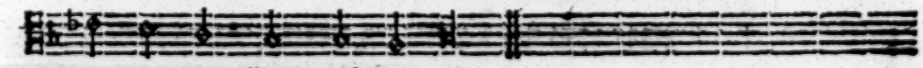
crée, Nous vous béniſſons tous auſſi. Sur nous



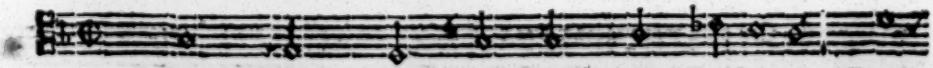
Dieu jette un œil propice : Tout ſon peuple



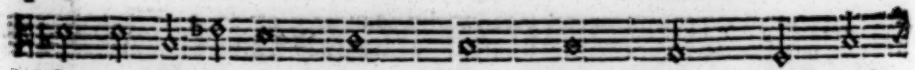
en eſt éclairé. Liez le bœuf du ſacrifice, Aux



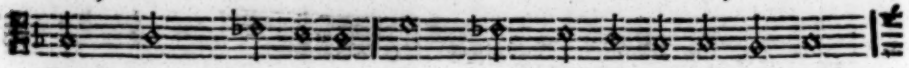
cornes de l'autel ſacré.



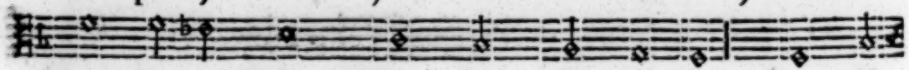
14. Mon Dieu, c'eſt toi ſeul que j'adore ; Sans



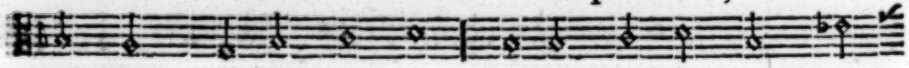
ſin je dirai tes hauts faits. Mon Dieu, c'eſt toi



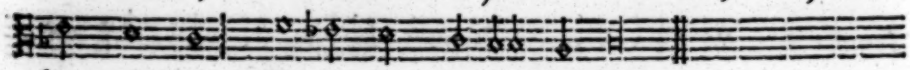
ſeul que j'honore ; Je veux te louer à jamais.



Rendez à Dieu l'honneur ſuprême ; Car il



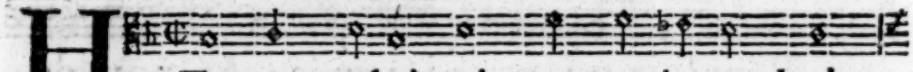
eſt doux, il eſt clément ; Et ſa bonté, toujours



la même, Dure perpétuellement.

PSEAUME CXIX.

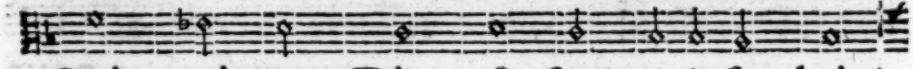
ALEPH I.



HEureux celui qui, par un juſte choix,



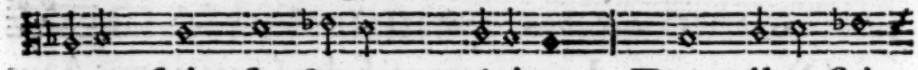
S'abſtient du mal, & vit dans l'innocence ;



Qui, craignant Dieu, ſe ſoumet à ſes lois !



Heureux celui qui, dans ſon alliance, Garde



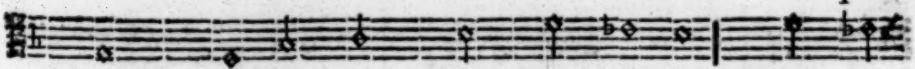
avec ſoin ſes ſtatuts précieux, Dont il a fait



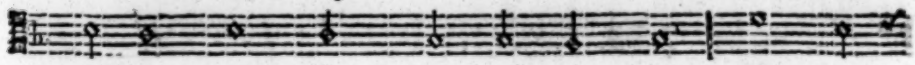
ſon unique ſcience.



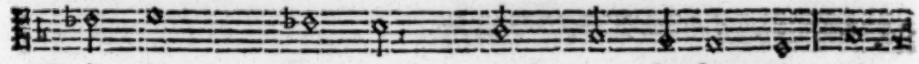
2. Loin de ſe plaire à des faits odieux, Le juſte



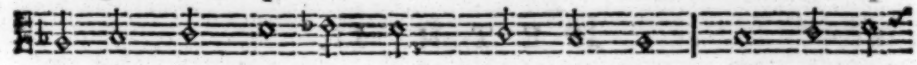
marche, ainſi que Dieu l'ordonne, Dans le



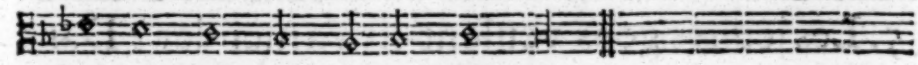
chemin qu'il nous montra des cieux. Tu veux,



Seigneur, qu'en ce monde on s'adonne, A



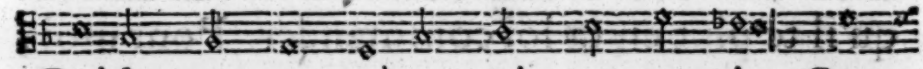
ſe former ſur ton commandement, Et que ta



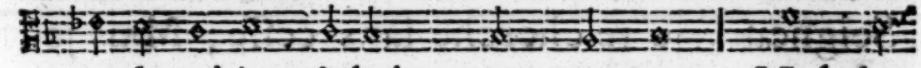
loi jamais on n'abandonne.



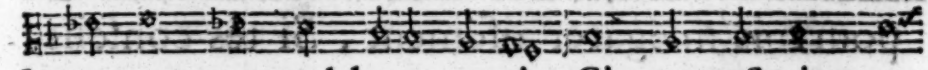
3. Mais par ta grâce, ô Dieu juſte & clément,



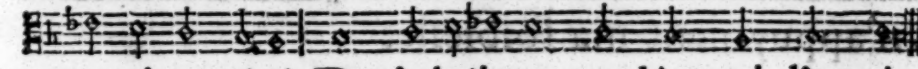
Guide mes pas, où ta voix me convie, Sans



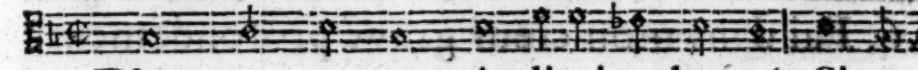
que de toi je m'éloigne un moment. Nul des-



honneur ne troublera ma vie, Si mon eſprit, en



ta voie arrêté, De t'obéir ne perd jamais l'envie.



4. D'un cœur ouvert, je dirai ta bonté, Si tu



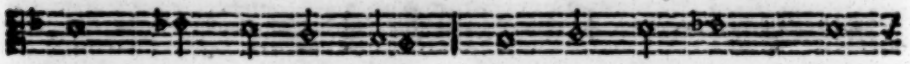
me fais la grâce de comprendre, Tes juge-



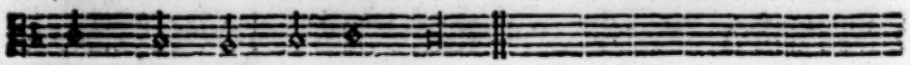
mens toujours pleins d'équité. C'eſt-là le but,



où mon ame veut tendre : Mais j'ai beſoin,



dans mon infirmité, De ton ſecours, ſans

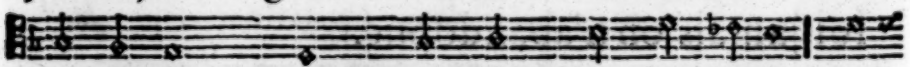


qu'il ſe faſſe attendre.

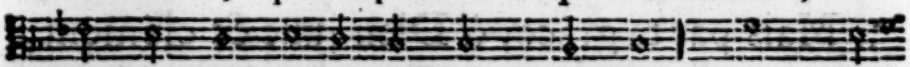
BETH II.



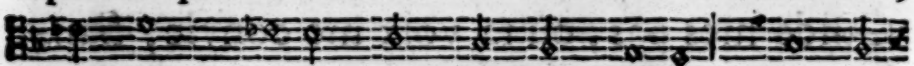
5. Les jeunes gens veulent-ils s'amender ? Dans



ce deſſein, qu'ils prennent pour adreſſe, Ce



qu'il te plut en ta loi commander. Pour moi,



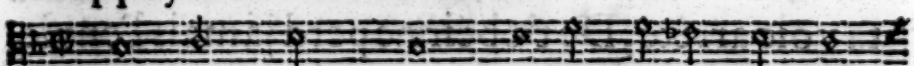
Seigneur, je te cherche ſans ceſſe ; Mais je



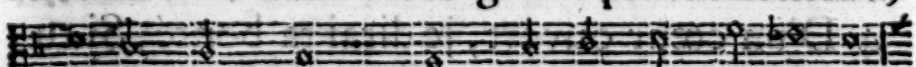
pourrois m'égarer aiſément, Si tes conſeils



n'appuyoient ma foibleſſe.



6. J'ai dans mon cœur gravé profondément,



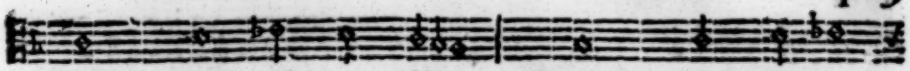
Tes ordres ſaints, pour ne te plus déplaire ;



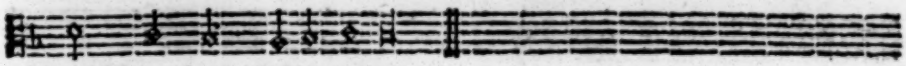
Et j'ai tâché de vivre ſaintement. Ton nom



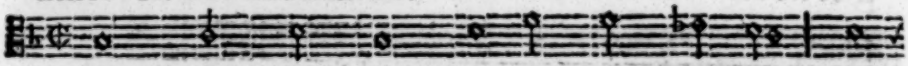
eſt grand, par tout on le revère, Et ſous ta



main tout eſt humilié. Rends-moi ſavant



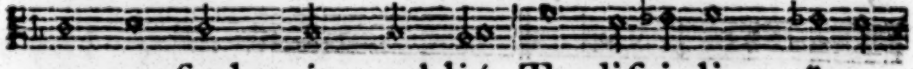
dans ta loi ſalutaire.



7. Ma voix, Seigneur, a toujours publié, Les



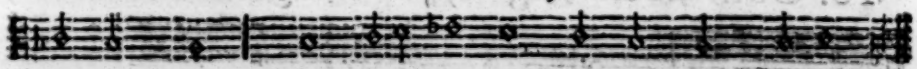
jugemens de ta bouche équitable, Sans que j'en



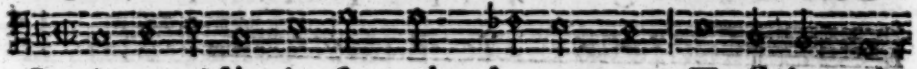
aye un ſeul point oublié. Ta diſcipline, & ta



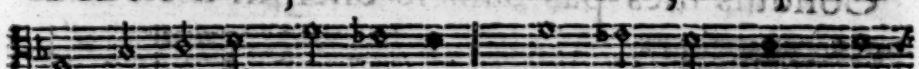
loi véritable, Ont fait ma joie, & mon bien



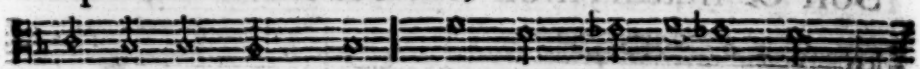
le plus cher; Rien ici-bas ne leur eſt comparable.



8. A tes édits je ſaurai m'attacher; Et ſi j'en ai



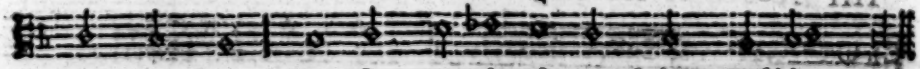
la pleine connoiſſance, Dans tes ſentiers on



me verra marcher: On me verra les ſuivres

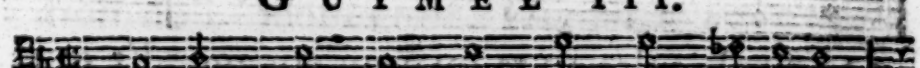


avec conſtance, Et rien jamais ne pourra

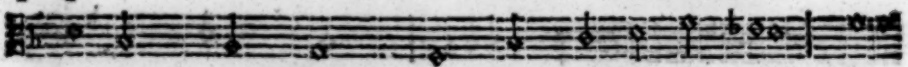


m'arracher, Le ſouvenir de ta ſainte alliance.

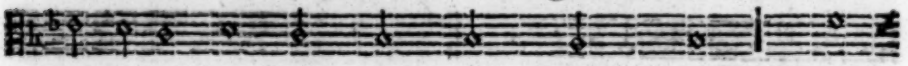
GUIMEL III.



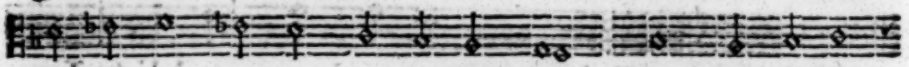
9. Répands tes dons ſur moi, ton ſerviteur;



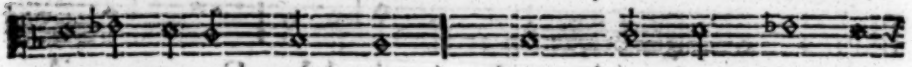
Ranime, ô Dieu, ma languiſſante vie : Je



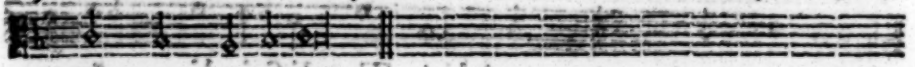
garderai tes lois, de tout mon cœur. Rends



la lumière à ma vue affoiblie ; Sur tes édits



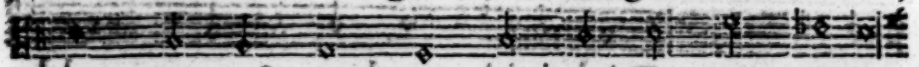
j'attacherai mes yeux, Pour contempler ta



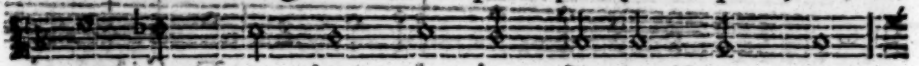
grandeur infinie.



19. Comme étranger, je voyage en ces lieux ;



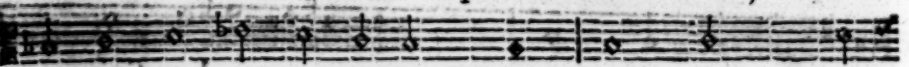
Sers moi de guide, & quelque part que j'aille,



Conduis mes pas dans le chemin des cieux.



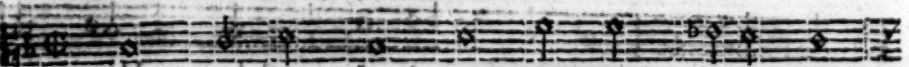
Soir & matin, mon eſprit ſe travaille, Et ſur



ta loi veillant inceſſamment, Je crains qu'en-



fin le cœur ne me défaille.

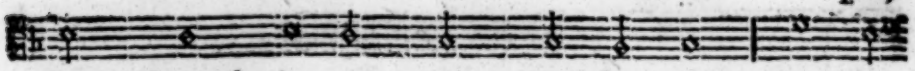


21. Tu maudits ceux qui péchent fièrement,



Contre le culte ou ta loi nous engage, Et qui

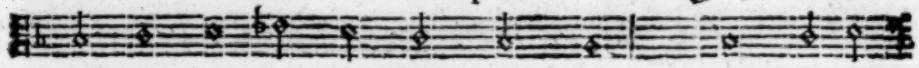
ſont



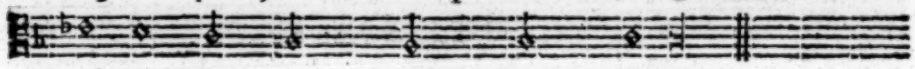
ſont ſourds à ton commandement. Sauve-



moi donc de la main qui m'outrage, Et du



mépris que je ſouffre pour toi, Quand à toi



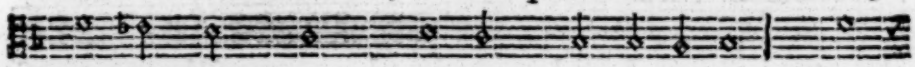
ſeul on me voit rendre hommage.



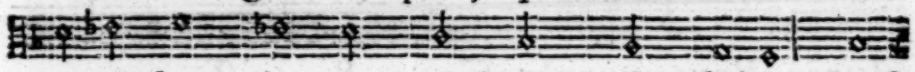
12. Les grands ont ri des maux où je me vois:



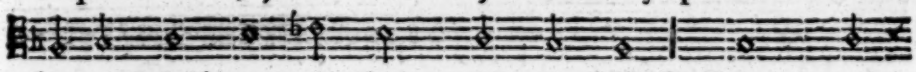
Sont-ils enſemble, ils ne peuvent s'en taire,



Tandis Seigneur, que je penſe à ta loi. Mais



cependant, je veux toujours m'y plaire. C'eſt



le conſeil que je tiens près de moi, Pour m'en

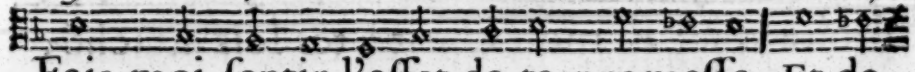


ſervir au temps le plus contraire.

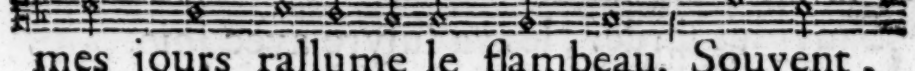
DALETH IV.



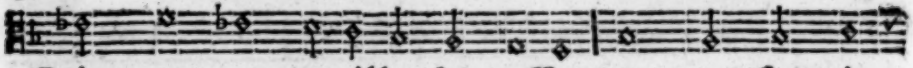
13. Je ſuis, hélas! ſur le bord du tombeau;



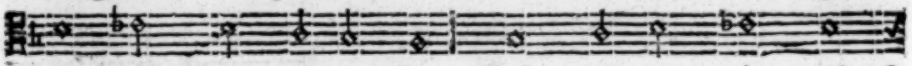
Fais-moi ſentir l'effet de ta promeſſe, Et de



mes jours rallume le flambeau. Souvent,



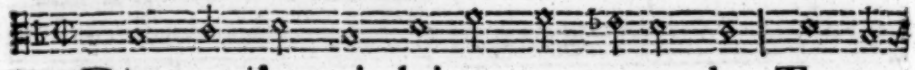
Seigneur en pareille détreſſe, A mes ſoupirs



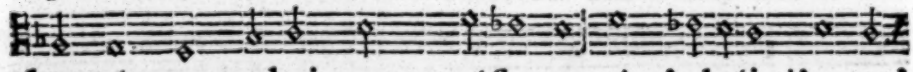
tes ſoins ont répondu ; Fais que ta voix m'inſ-



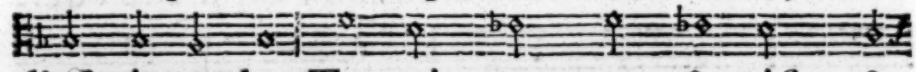
truiſe & me redreſſe.



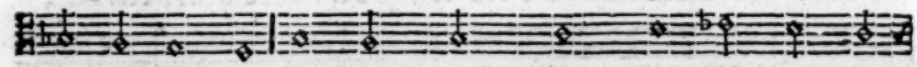
14. Dès que j'aurai clairement entendu, Ta vo-



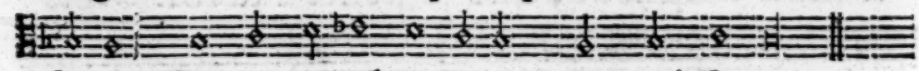
lonté, que ta loi nous préſente, A t'obéir j'aurai



l'eſprit rendu. Tu vois mon ame, & triſte, &



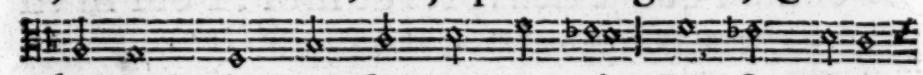
languiſſante. Je n'en puis plus : veuille me raſ-



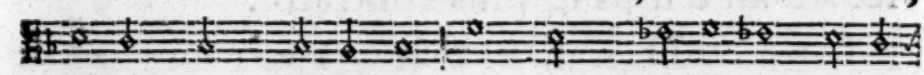
ſurer, Par ta parole efficace & puiſſante.



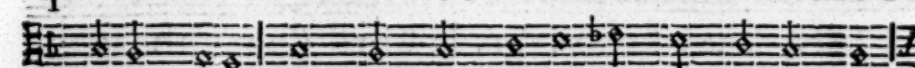
15. Dans cet état, où je puis m'égarer, Que ta



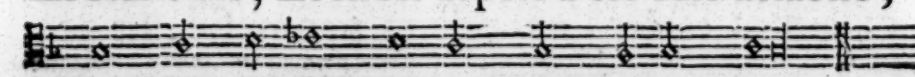
clémence à mon ſecours envoie, Un feu divin,



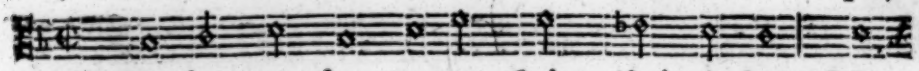
qui vienne m'éclairer. Je veux choiſir la ſure &



droite voie; Et mon eſprit à tes lois attaché,



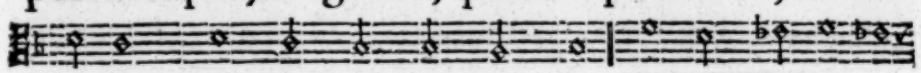
Sans plus tarder, les va ſuivre avec joie.



16. De les garder, avec ſoin, j'ai tâché: Ne



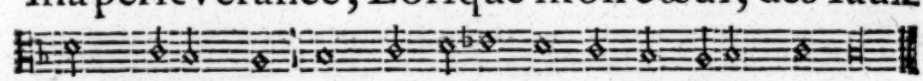
permets pas, Seigneur, qu'en ta préſence, Je ſois



confus pour t'avoir recherché. Tu te plairas à

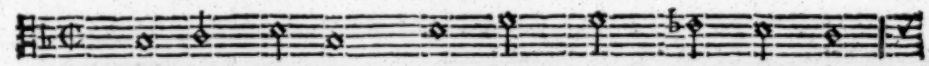


ma perſévérance, Lorſque mon cœur, des faux

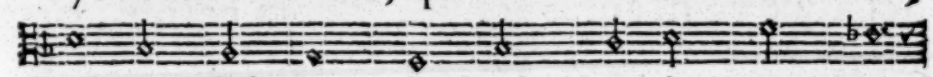


biens détaché, Aura reçu de toi ſa délivrance.

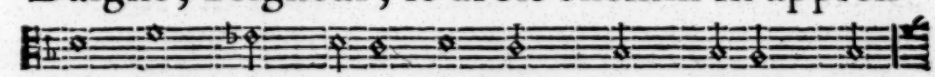
HE V.



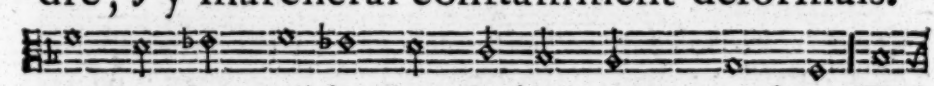
17. De tes ſtatuts, qui ſont tous mes ſouhaits,



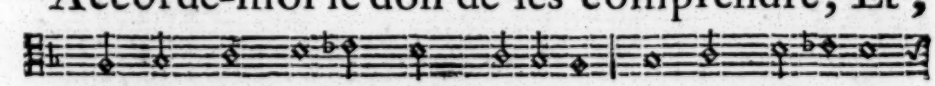
Daigne, Seigneur, le droit chemin m'appren-



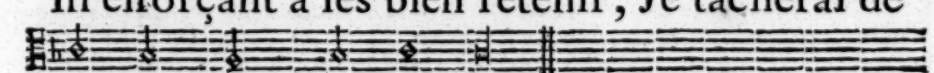
dre; J'y marcherai conſtamment déſormais.



Accorde-moi le don de les comprendre, Et,



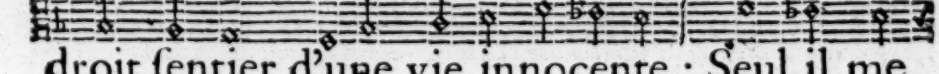
m'efforçant à les bien retenir, Je tâcherai de



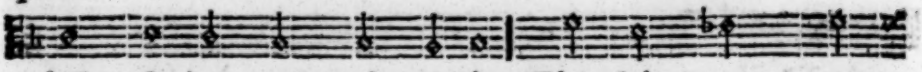
ne m'y plus méprendre.



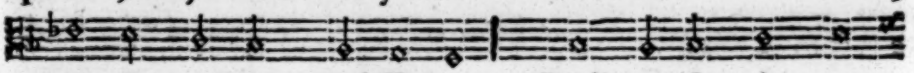
18. Conduis mes pas, & me fais parvenir, Au



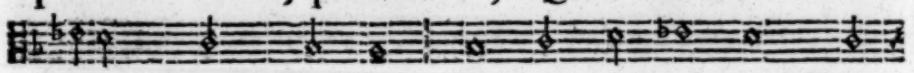
droit ſentier d'une vie innocente; Seul il me



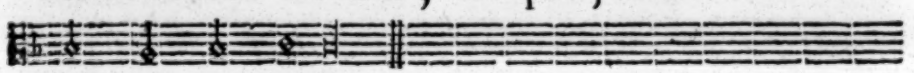
plaît, & je veux m'y tenir. Fléchit mon cœur,



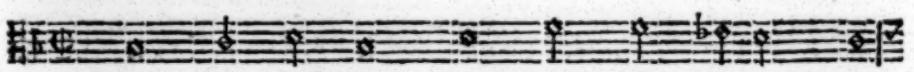
par ta vertu, puiſſante, Qu'à te ſervir mes



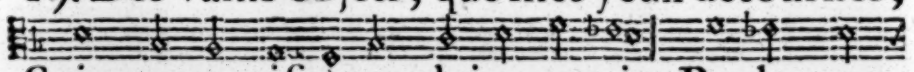
déſirs ſoient bornés; Et que jamais nul faux



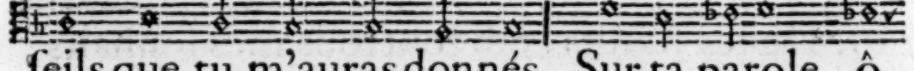
bien ne me tente.



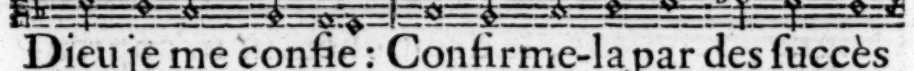
19. Des vains objets, que mes yeux détournés,



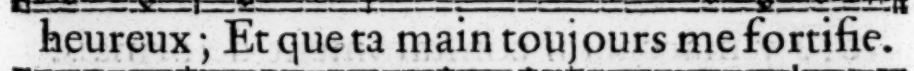
Soient attentifs à conduire ma vie, Par les con-



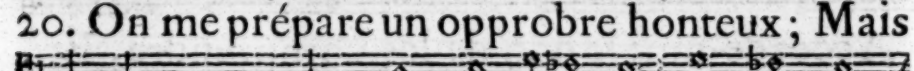
ſeils que tu m'auras donnés. Sur ta parole, ô



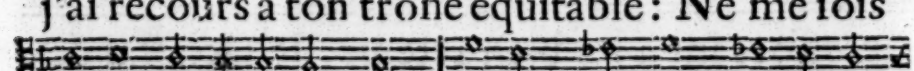
Dieu je me confie: Confirme-la par des ſuccès



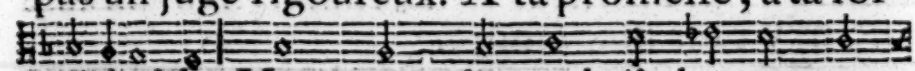
heureux; Et que ta main toujours me fortifie.



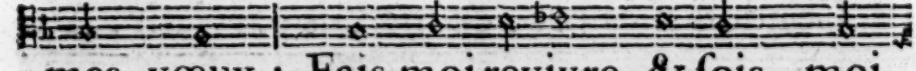
20. On me prépare un opprobre honteux; Mais



j'ai recours à ton trône équitable: Ne me ſois



pas un juge rigoureux. A ta promeſſe, à ta loi



véritable, Mon cœur s'attend, j'y borne tous

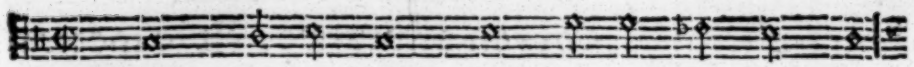


mes vœux: Fais-moi revivre, & ſois-moi

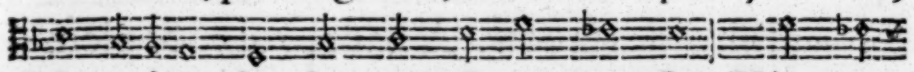


favorable.

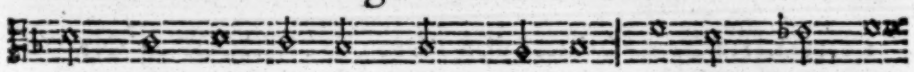
VAU VI.



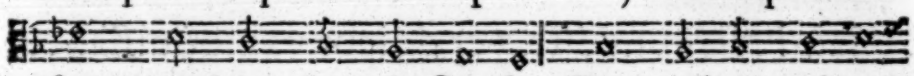
21. Viens, par ta grâce, où mon eſpoir j'ai mis,



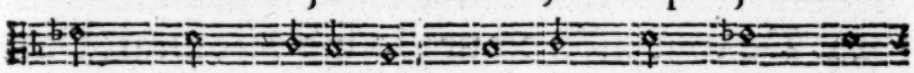
Me retirer des dangers de ce monde: Viensac-



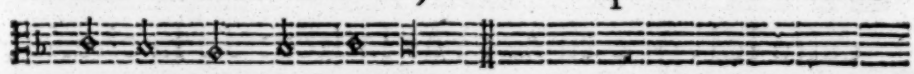
complir ce que tu m'as promis; Afin qu'auſſi



les méchans je confonde, Par qui je ſuis à



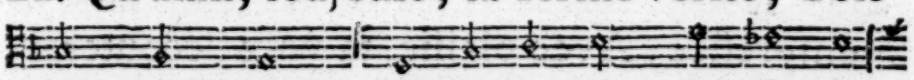
toute heure inſulté, Sur ce qu'en toi tout



mon eſpoir ſe fonde.



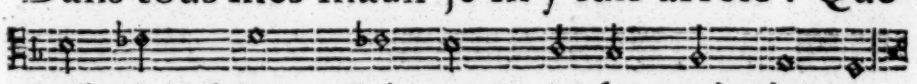
22. Qu'ainſi, toujours, ta ferme vérité, Soit



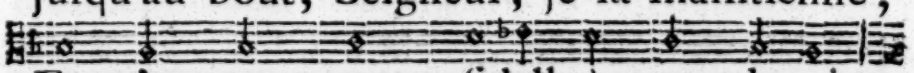
dans ma bouche, & que je m'en ſouvienne.



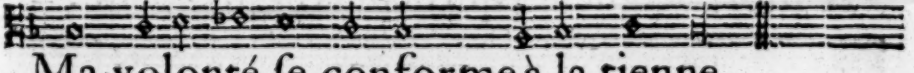
Dans tous mes maux je m'y ſuis arrêté: Que



juſqu'au bout, Seigneur, je la maintienne;



Et qu'en tout temps, fidelle à mon devoir,



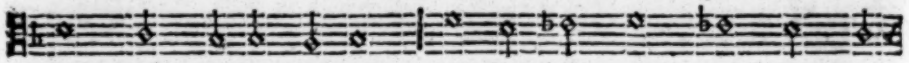
Ma volonté ſe conforme à la tienne.



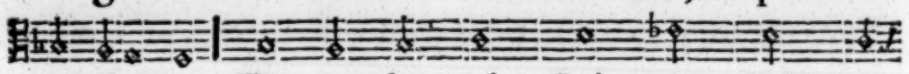
23. Fais-moi ſentir de tes lois le pouvoir: Jo



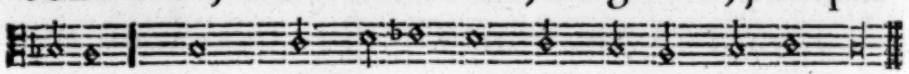
marcherai dès-lors en aſſurance, Et je mettrai



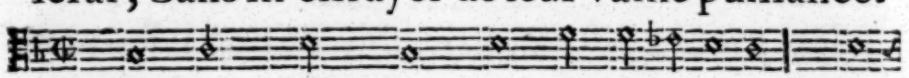
ma gloire à les ſavoir. A haute voix, & plein de



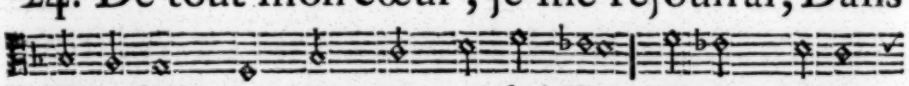
confiance, Devant les rois, Seigneur, j'en par-



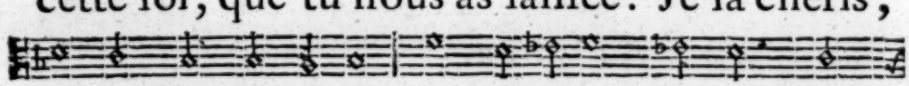
lerai, Sans m'éffrayer de leur vaine puiſſance.



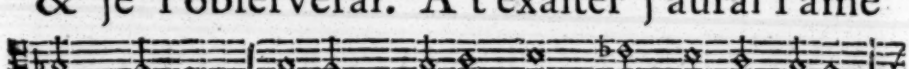
24. De tout mon cœur, je me réjouirai, Dans



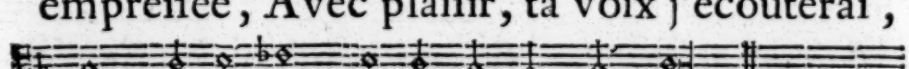
cette loi, que tu nous as laiſſée: Je la chéris,



& je l'obſerverai. A t'exalter j'aurai l'ame

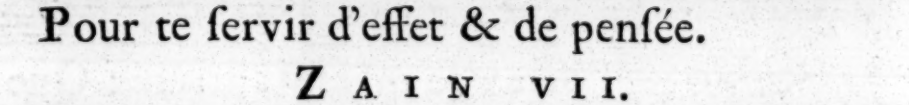


empreſſée, Avec plaiſir, ta voix j'écouterai,

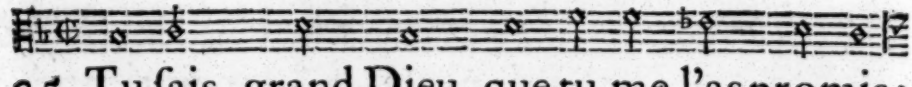


Pour te ſervir d'effet & de penſée.

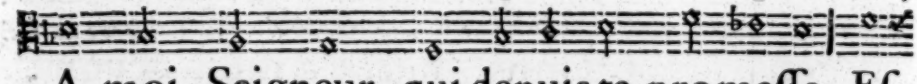
ZAIN VII.



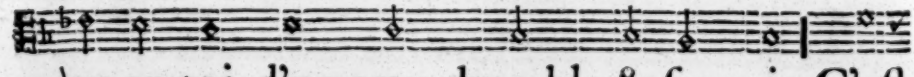
25. Tu ſais, grand Dieu, que tu me l'as promis;



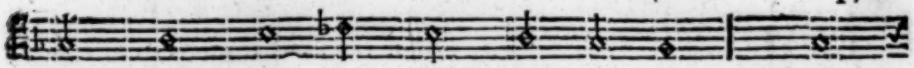
A moi, Seigneur, qui depuis ta promeſſe, Eſ-



père en toi, d'un cœur humble & ſoumis. C'eſt



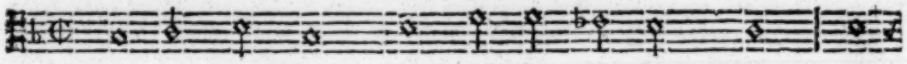
cet eſpoir qui ſoutient ma foibleſſe, Qui me



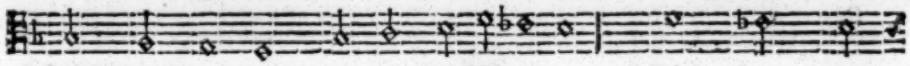
fait vivre, & me rend la vigueur, Quand



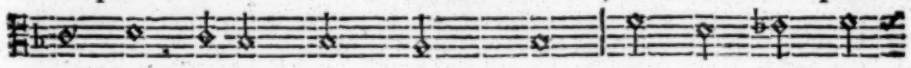
mon eſprit eſt ſaiſi de triſteſſe.



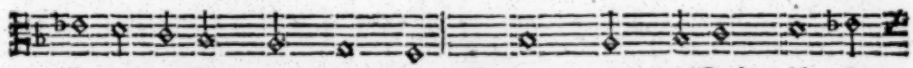
26. Les orgueilleux ont ri de ma langueur, Et



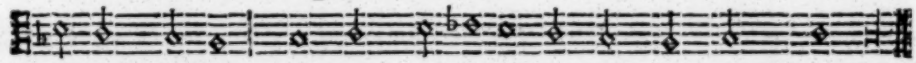
blaſphémé contre ton alliance ; Mais ſans pou-



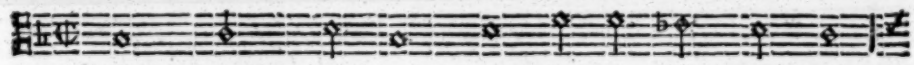
voir en détourner mon cœur. Je me ſouviens



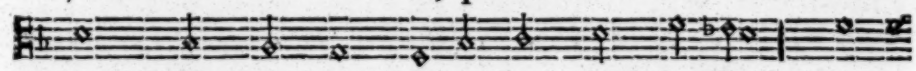
de ta juſte vengeance, Dont, autrefois, ils ſen-



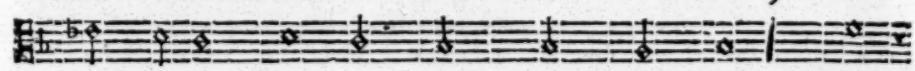
tirent l'effet: Ce ſouvenir adouci ma ſouffrance.



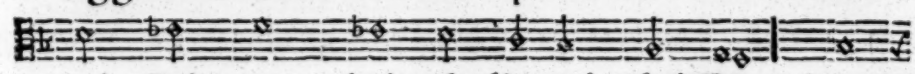
27. Je tremble encor, penſant à leur forfait :



Leur folle humeur de ta loi s'eſt laſſée, Pour



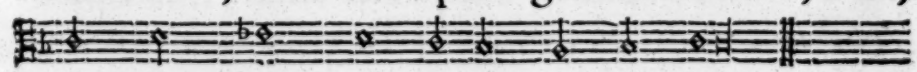
aggraver tout le mal qu'ils ont fait. Mais



moi, Seigneur, loin de l'avoir laiſſée, Dans



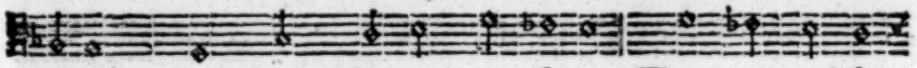
mon exil, dans mes plus grands ennuis, J'ai,



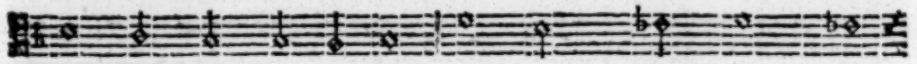
par mes chants, ta parole annoncée.



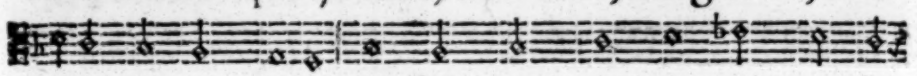
28. Je la médite, & les jours & les nuits, Penſant



à toi, marchant devant ta face: Tout accablé,



tout foible que je ſuis, Je veux, Seigneur, ſou-

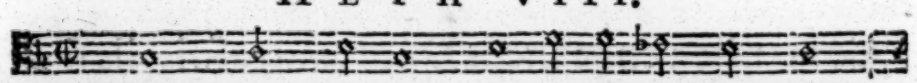


tenu par ta grâce, Et ſous tes yeux, autant que je

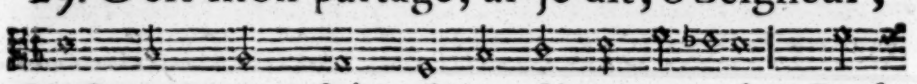


le puis, De tes ſentiers ſuivre toujours la tráce.

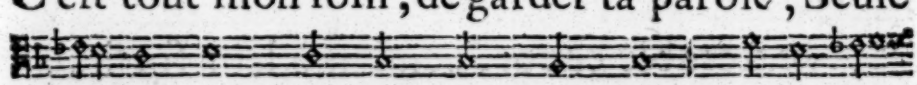
HETH VIII.



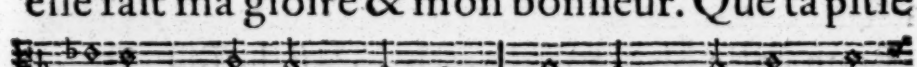
29. C'eſt mon partage, ai-je dit, ô Seigneur,



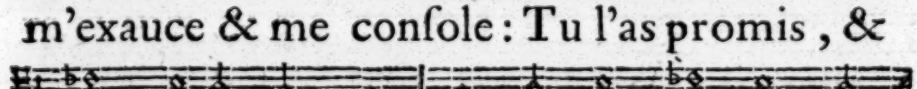
C'eſt tout mon ſoin, de garder ta parole; Seule



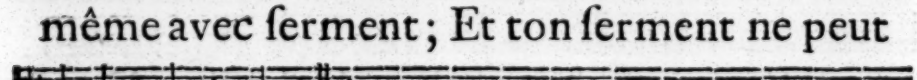
elle fait ma gloire & mon bonheur. Que ta pitié



m'exauce & me conſole: Tu l'as promis, &



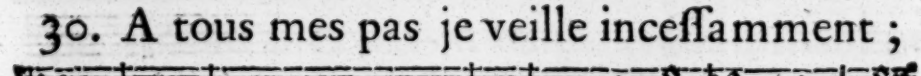
même avec ſerment; Et ton ſerment ne peut



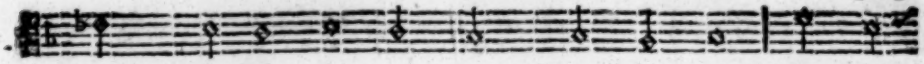
être frivole.



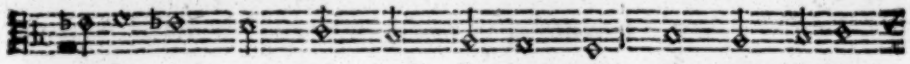
30. A tous mes pas je veille inceſſamment;



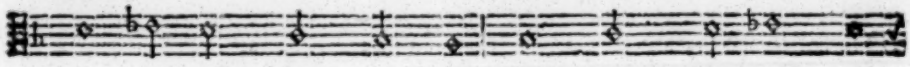
Et par mes ſoins, je m'efforce à me mettre, Au



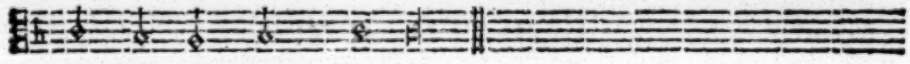
droit chemin de ton commandement. Je n'ai



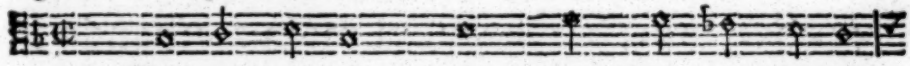
voulu ni tarder, ni remettre; A tes édits



mon eſprit s'eſt rangé, Et pour jamais eſt



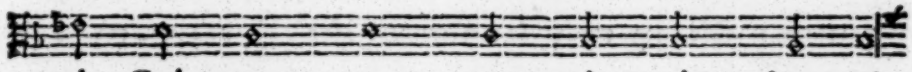
prêt de s'y ſoumettre.



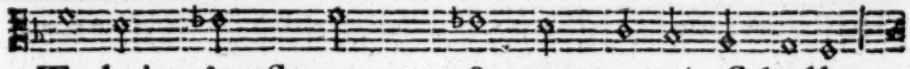
31. Tes ennemis m'ont cent fois outragé;



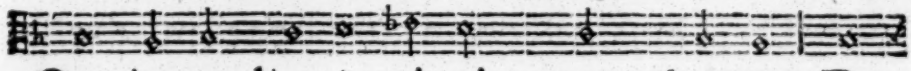
Mais nonobſtant leur fureur ſi cruelle, Pour



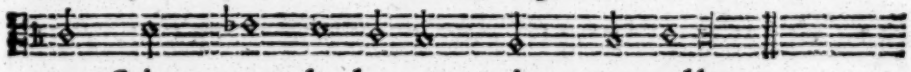
toi, Seigneur, mon cœur n'a point changé:



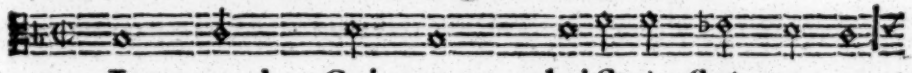
Ta loi m'enflamme, & me paroît ſi belle,



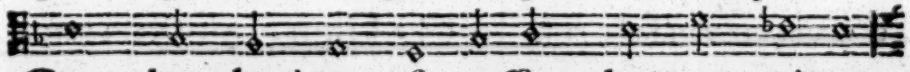
Que je me lève à minuit, pour chanter, De



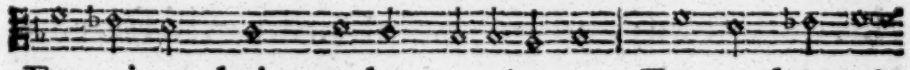
ton ſaint nom la louange immortelle.



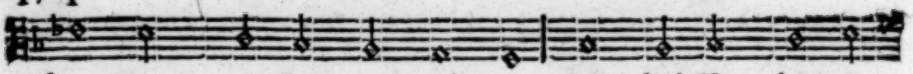
32. Je prends, Seigneur, plaiſir à fréquenter,



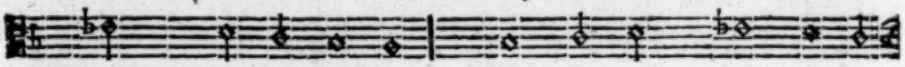
Ceux dont les jours ſe paſſent dans ta crainte,



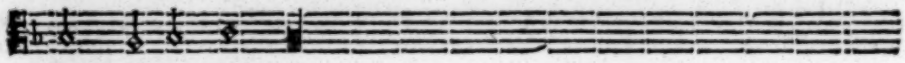
Et qui tes lois veulent exécuter. Par ta bonté,



la terre, en ſon enceinte, Ne laiſſe rien à

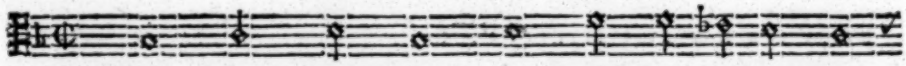


l'homme à ſouhaiter ; Mais je me borne à ta

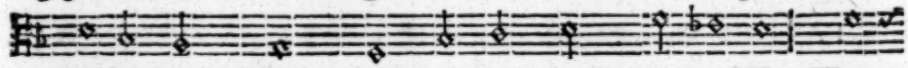


doctrine ſainte.

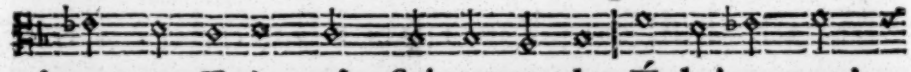
TETH IX.



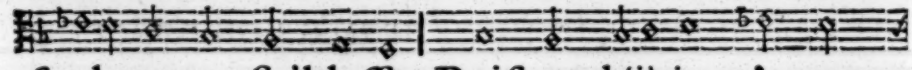
33. Sur moi, Seigneur, ta main a répandu,



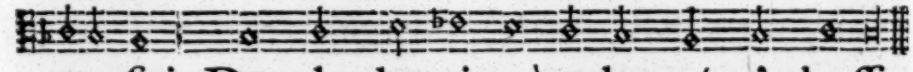
Mille bienfaits, me tenant ta promeſſe. Tou-



jours auſſi je m'y ſuis attendu. Éclaire-moi,



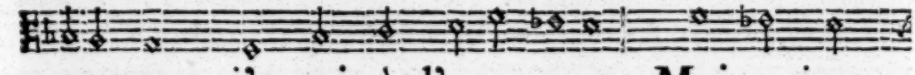
ſoulage ma foibleſſe ; Puiſque déjà je m'avance,



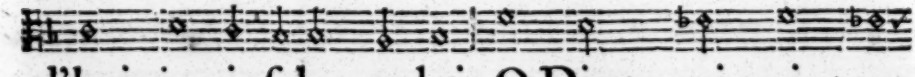
avec foi, Dans le chemin où ta bonté m'adreſſe.



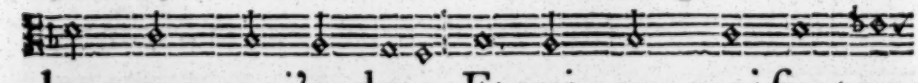
34. Tes châtimens m'ont ramené vers toi. Au



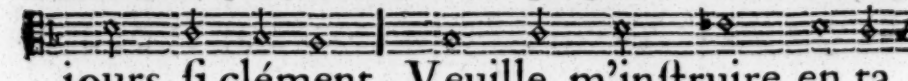
paravant, j'errois à l'avanture ; Mais aujour-



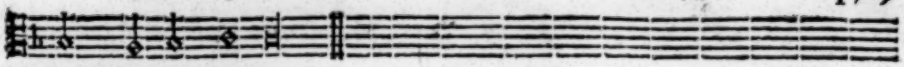
d'hui, je vis ſelon ta loi. O Dieu, qui vois tous



les maux que j'endure, Et qui pour moi fus tou-



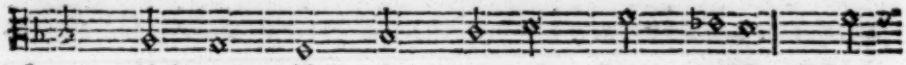
jours ſi clément, Veuille m'inſtruire en ta



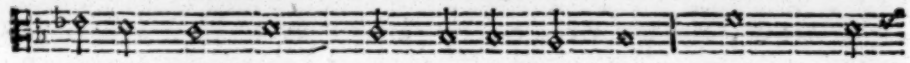
doctrine pure.



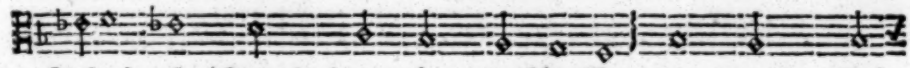
35. Mes envieux m'accuſent fauſſement ; Par



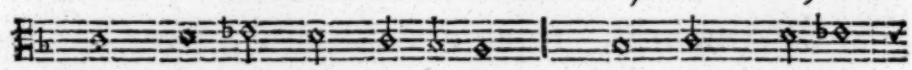
leurs diſcours ils m'outragent ſans ceſſe : Mais



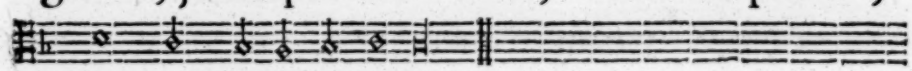
ta loi fait tout mon attachement. Leur cœur



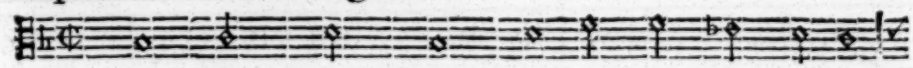
ſéduit ſe fond dans la molleſſe ; Et moi, Sei-



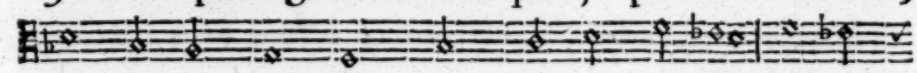
gneur, je ne puis recevoir, De vrai plaiſir,



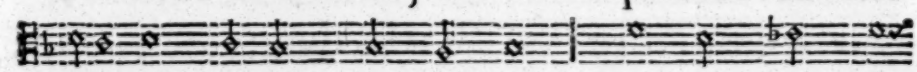
qu'en ta ſeule ſageſſe.



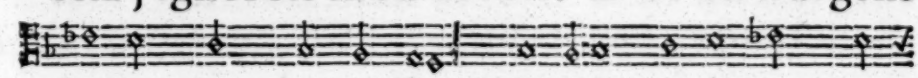
36. Le plus grand bien que je pouvois avoir,



Ce fut le mal dont j'eus l'ame preſſée : Avant



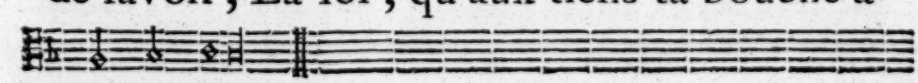
cela j'ignorois mon devoir. D'or ou d'argent



l'abondance amaſſée, N'égale pas le bonheur

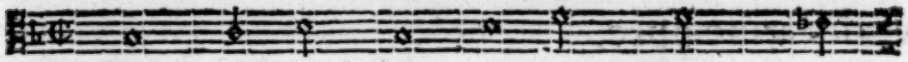


de ſavoir, La loi, qu'aux tiens ta bouche a



prononcée.

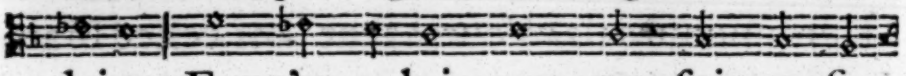
JOD X.



37. Tes propres mains, ô grand Dieu, m'ont



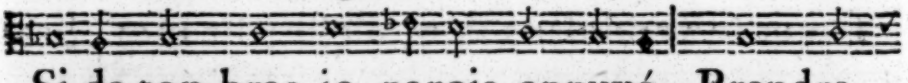
formé: Fais que ta grâce & me guide, & m'é-



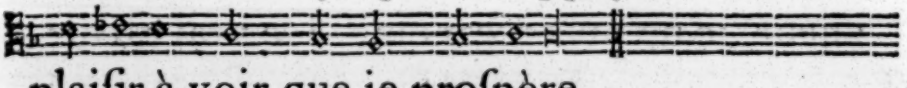
claire, Et qu'en ta loi mon cœur ſoit confir-



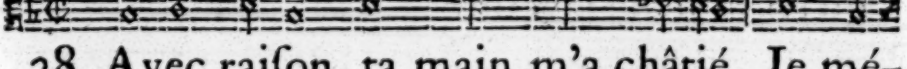
mé. Alors, Seigneur, celui qui te révère,



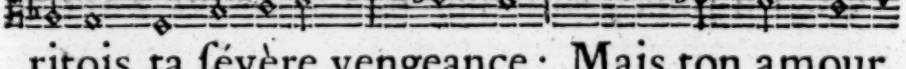
Si de ton bras je parois appuyé, Prendra



plaiſir à voir que je proſpère.



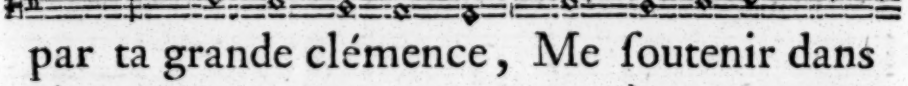
38. Avec raiſon, ta main m'a châtié, Je mé-



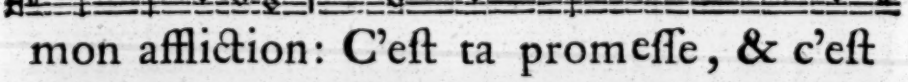
ritois ta ſévère vengeance; Mais ton amour



ne m'a point oublié. Viens donc, Seigneur,



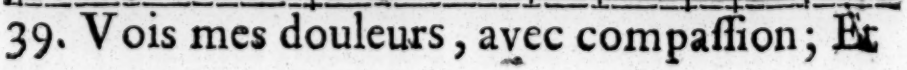
par ta grande clémence, Me ſoutenir dans



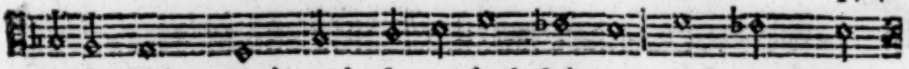
mon affliction: C'eſt ta promeſſe, & c'eſt



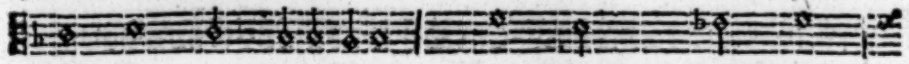
mon eſpérance.



39. Vois mes douleurs, avec compaſſion; Et



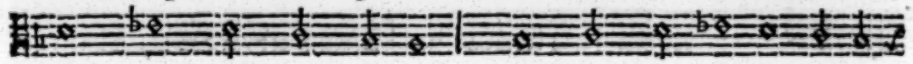
je vivrai, moi qui de ta loi ſainte, Ai toujours



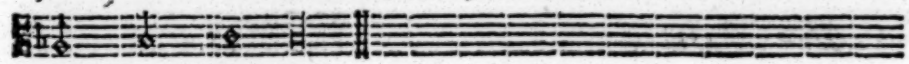
fait ma conſolation. Confonds, Seigneur,



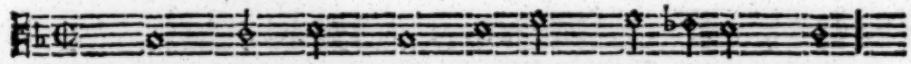
ceux qui n'ont point ta crainte: Perſécuté,



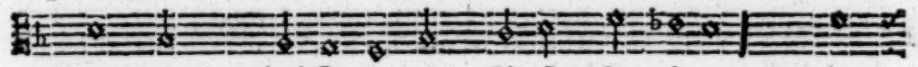
j'ai mon recours à toi; On me verra te révé-



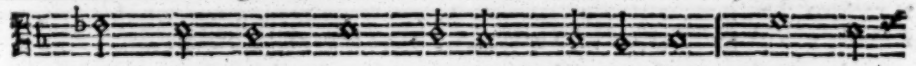
rer ſans feinte.



40. Que tous les bons raſſemblés avec moi,



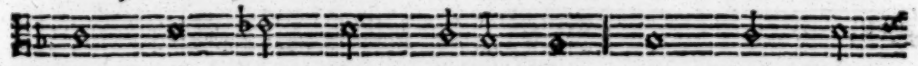
Prenant plaiſir à ton divin ſervice; Qu'un



même amour nous attache à ta loi. Fais que



toujours je t'offre en ſacrifice, Une ame

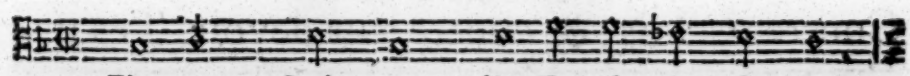


pure, un cœur rempli de foi; Et qu'en t'ai-

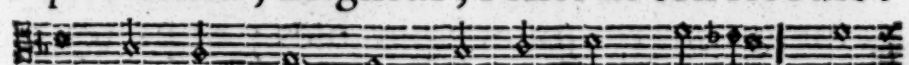


mant, jamais je ne rougiſſe.

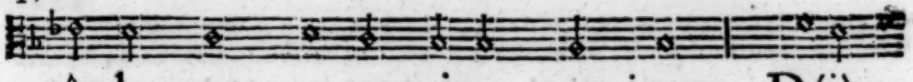
CAPH XI.



41. J'attens, Seigneur, l'effet de ton ſecours:



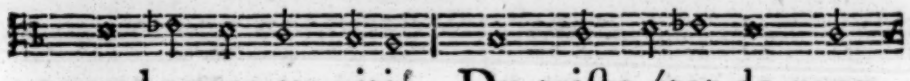
A tant de maux ne puis-je voir l'iſſue? Bien-



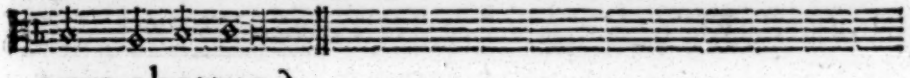
tôt la mort va terminer mes jours. Déjà,



laſſé d'avoir en haut la vue, J'ai dit, ô Dieu,



quand auras-tu pitié, Du triſte état de mon



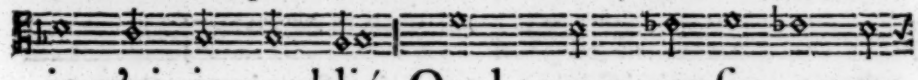
ame abattue ?



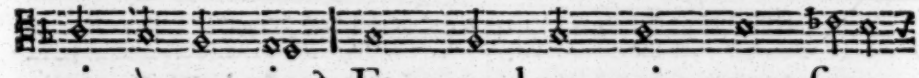
42. Je ſuis flétri, tant je ſuis ennuyé, Comme



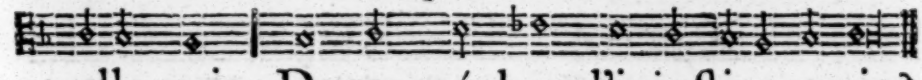
une fleur, que le vent a ternie ; Mais de ta loi



je n'ai rien oublié. Quel terme, enfin, as-tu



mis à ma vie ? Et quand ta main nous fera-



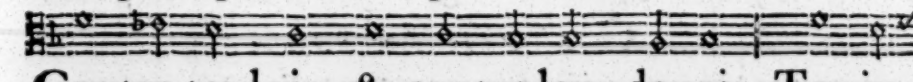
t-elle voir, De ces méchans l'injuſtice punie ?



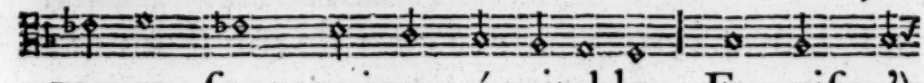
43. Ils m'ont creuſé, flattés d'un vain eſpoir,



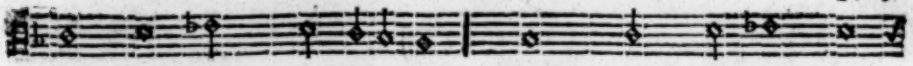
Des puits profonds, par des ruſes damnables,



Contre tes lois, & contre leur devoir. Tes ju-



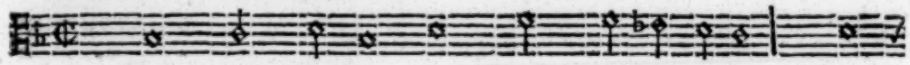
gemens ſont toujours équitables ; Et puiſqu'à



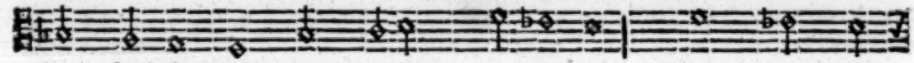
tort je ſuis perſécuté, Fais-moi ſentir tes



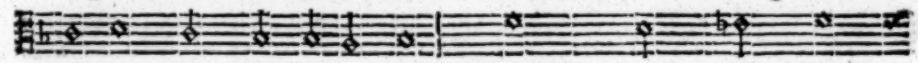
bontés ſécourables.



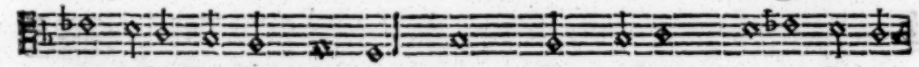
44. Peu s'en fallut que leur malignité, N'eût



le plaiſir de ma ruine entière, Sans que de



toi je me ſois écarté. Rends-moi, Seigneur,

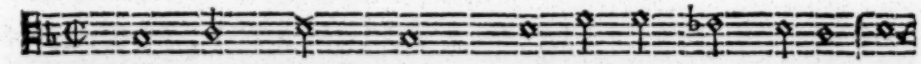


ta céleſte lumière : Mon cœur alors, ravi de ta

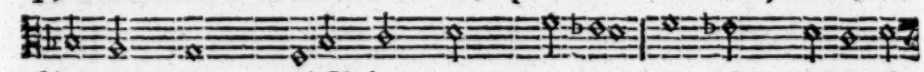


bonté, Suivra tes lois juſqu'à l'heure dernière.

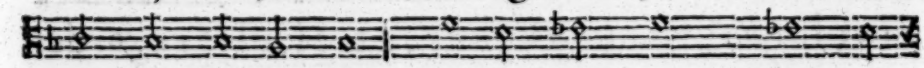
LAMED XII.



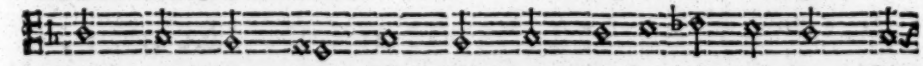
45. Dans ces hauts cieux, que tu formas jadis, Se



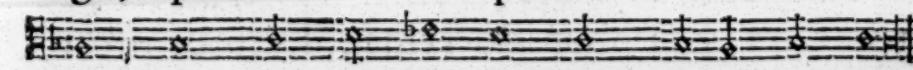
lit toujours, viſiblement gravée, La fermeté de



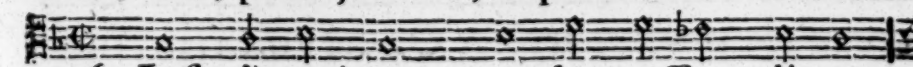
tout ce que tu dis. On l'a toujours, d'âge en



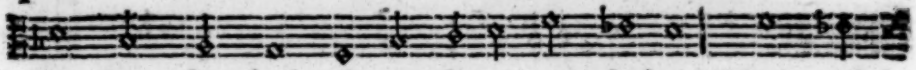
âge, éprouvée. Tu ſuſpendis la terre dans les



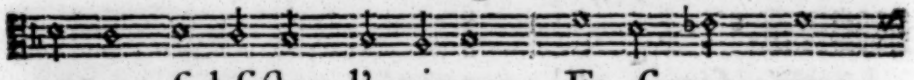
airs, Où, pour jamais, ſa place elle a trouvée.



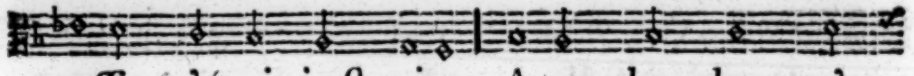
46. Juſqu'à ce jour, par des reſſors divers,



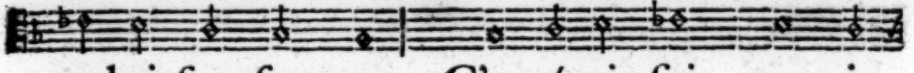
Et ſous les lois de ta ſage conduite, On voit



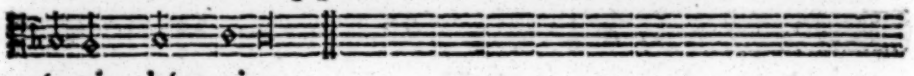
encor ſubſiſter l'univers : Et ſi mon ame,



auſſi, n'étoit inſtruite, A ne chercher qu'en



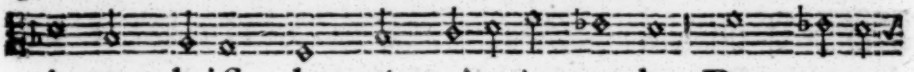
ta loi ſon ſupport, C'en étoit fait, ma vie



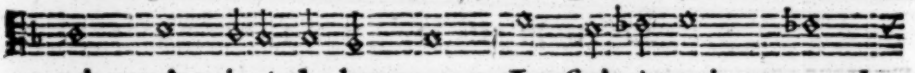
étoit détruite.



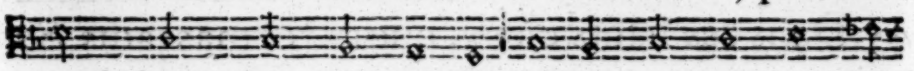
47. De tes ſtatuts, dont je fais tout mon fort,



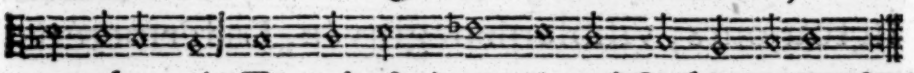
Avec plaiſir : la mémoire je garde ; Par eux ta



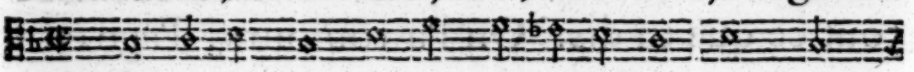
main m'a tiré de la mort. Je ſuis à toi ; prends-



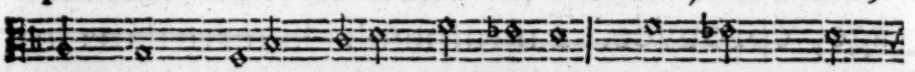
moi donc ſous ta garde. Avec ardeur je ſuis



ta volonté ; Et nuit & jour, à toi ſeul je regarde.



48. On a ſouvent à ma vie attenté ; Et moi,

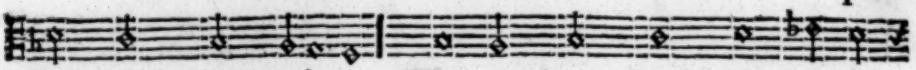


toujours, à ta pure doctrine, De tout mon

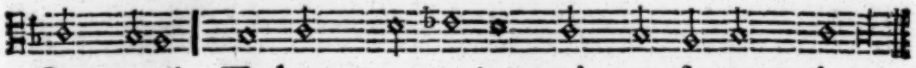


cœur, je me ſuis arrêté. On ne voit rien, que

le



le temps ne ruine; Tes ordres ſeuls ont de la



fermeté, Et leur vertu jamais ne ſe termine.

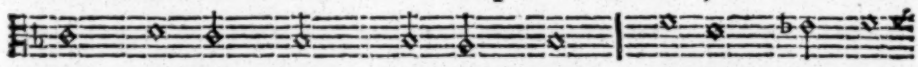
MEM XIII.



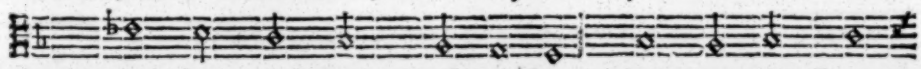
49. O que ta loi m'eſt un puiſſant ſecours! Je



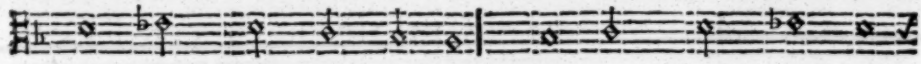
la chéris d'un cœur rempli de zèle; Je la mé-



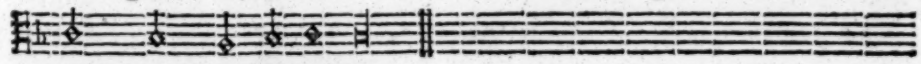
dite, & les nuits, & les jours; Elle m'éclai-



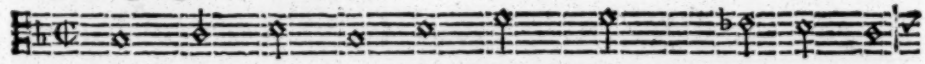
re, & ma conduite eſt telle, Que je confonds



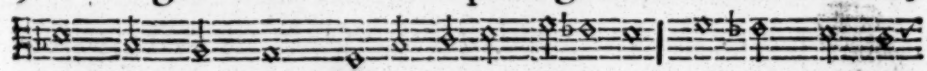
mes plus fiers ennemis, Parce qu'elle eſt ma



compagne fidelle.



50. Ta grâce en moi ſes plus grands dons a mis,



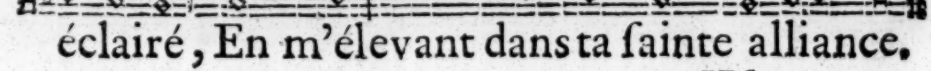
Et des docteurs je paſſe la ſcience; A tes ſtatuts



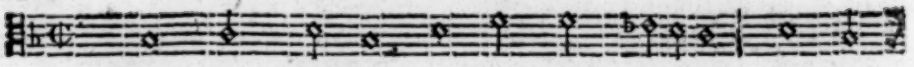
ayant l'eſprit ſoumis, Des plus âgés la longue



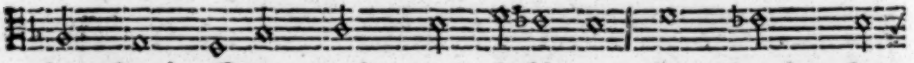
expérience, Cède aux rayons dont tu m'as



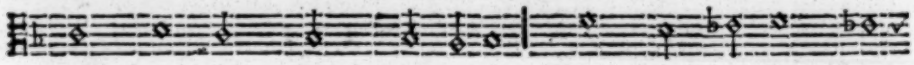
éclairé, En m'élevant dans ta ſainte alliance.



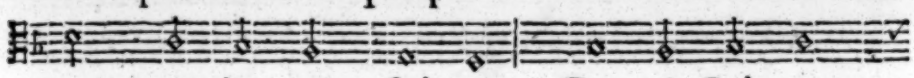
51. Des pas gliſſans je me ſuis retiré, Et je



tiendrai, ſi ta main me délivre, Le droit che-



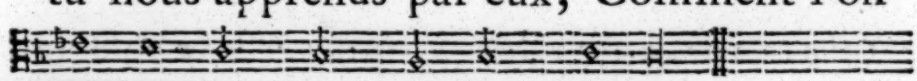
min que tu m'as préparé. Tes ſeuls édits ſont



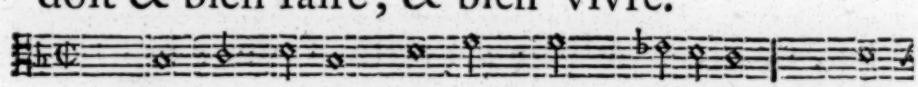
ceux que je veux ſuivre : Car, ô Seigneur,



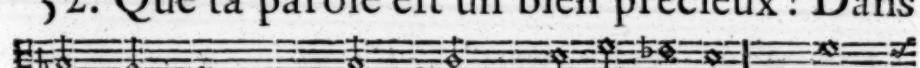
tu nous apprends par eux, Comment l'on



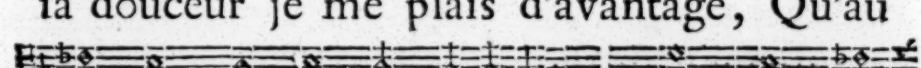
doit & bien faire, & bien vivre.



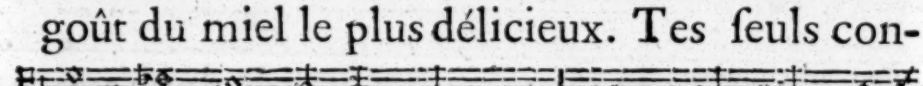
52. Que ta parole eſt un bien précieux ! Dans



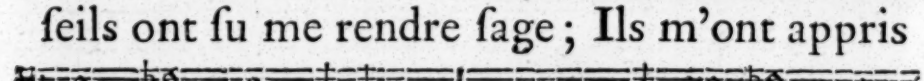
ſa douceur je me plais d'avantage, Qu'au



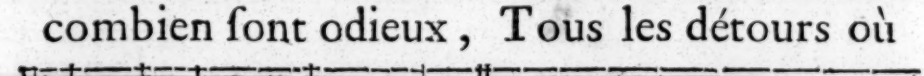
goût du miel le plus délicieux. Tes ſeuls con-



ſeils ont ſu me rendre ſage ; Ils m'ont appris

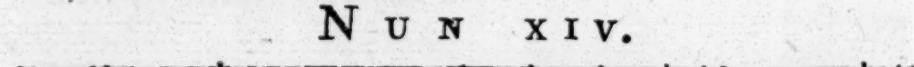


combien ſont odieux, Tous les détours où

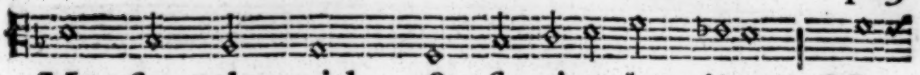


le menſonge engage.

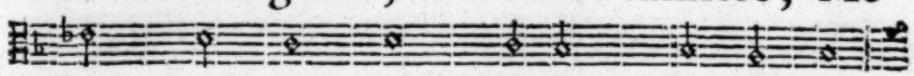
NUN XIV.



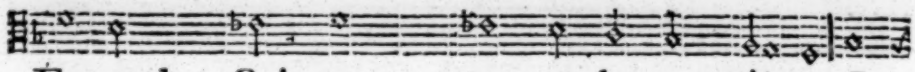
53. Ta vérité, comme un flambeau qui luit,



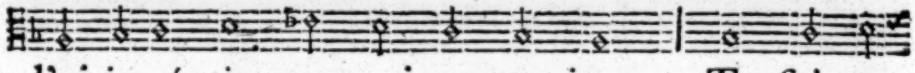
Me ſert de guide, & ſa vive lumière, Me



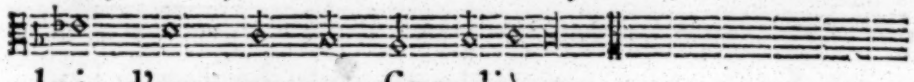
vient montrer mon chemin, dans la nuit.



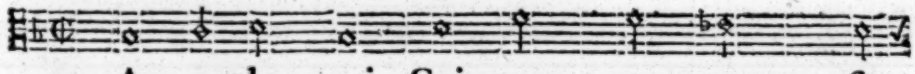
Entends, Seigneur, mon ardente prière. Je



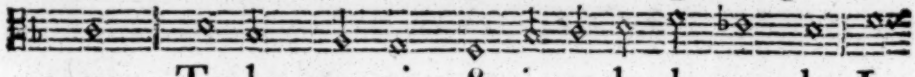
l'ai juré, je veux aimer toujours, Ta ſainte



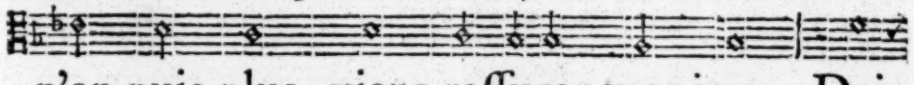
loi; d'une amour ſingulière.



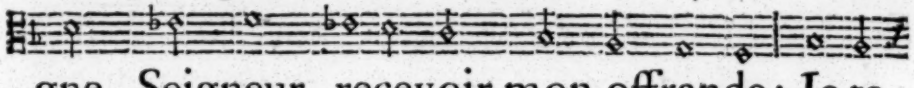
54. Accorde-moi, Seigneur, un prompt ſe-



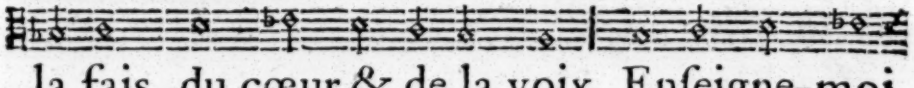
cours: Tu le promis, & je te le demande. Je



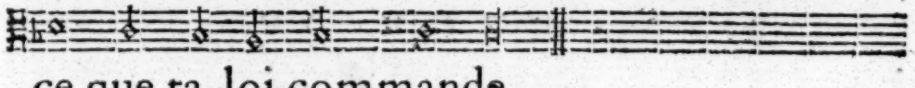
n'en puis plus, viens raſſurer mes jours. Dai-



gne, Seigneur, recevoir mon offrande: Je te



la fais, du cœur & de la voix. Enſeigne-moi



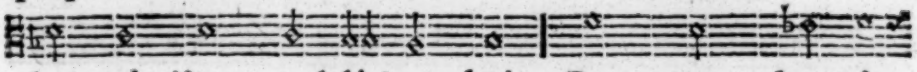
ce que ta loi commande.



55. Ma triſte vie eſt réduite aux abois; Elle



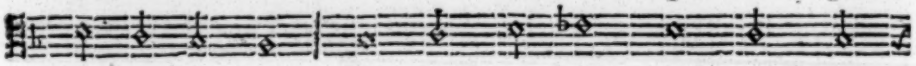
eſt ſans ceſſe aux dangers expoſée, Sans que



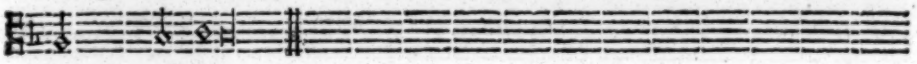
jamais j'aye oublié tes lois. Sur mon chemin



une foſſe eſt creuſée : Mais nul péril ne peut



mépouvanter ; Et c'eſt ta loi, qui rend ma



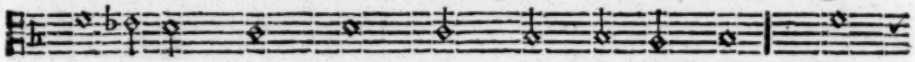
route aiſée.



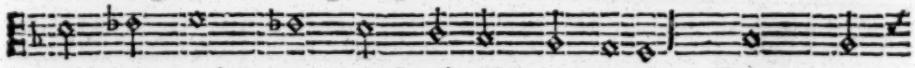
56. Je l'ai choiſie, & loin de la quitter, J'en



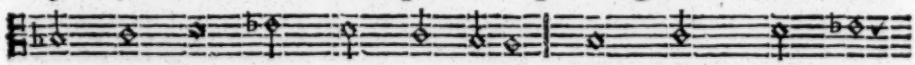
fais mon fonds, mon plus riche héritage,



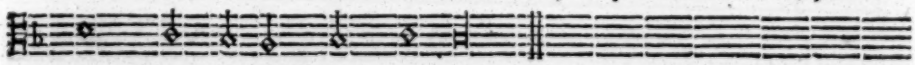
L'unique bien qui peut me contenter. Sans



que jamais mon eſprit ſe partage, Dans tes



ſentiers je me veux arrêter ; J'y veux toujours



marcher avec courage.

SAMECH XV.



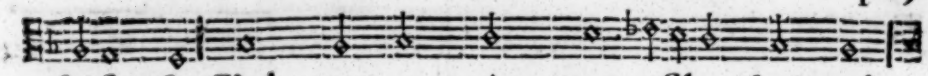
57. Je n'eus jamais que de l'averſion, Pour le



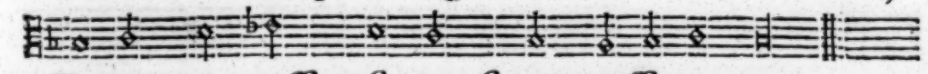
méchant, qui ſans ceſſe t'offenſe ; Et ta loi fait



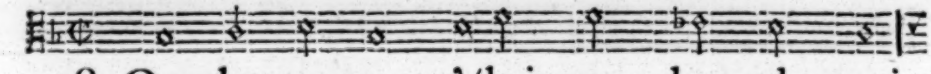
toute ma paſſion. Je t'ai choiſi pour ma ſeule



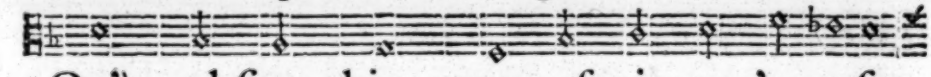
défenſe. J'ai, par ta grâce, un aſile chez toi;



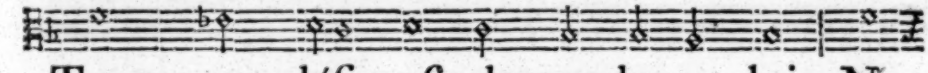
Et ta promeſſe eſt ma ferme aſſurance.



58. Que les pervers s'éloignent donc de moi.



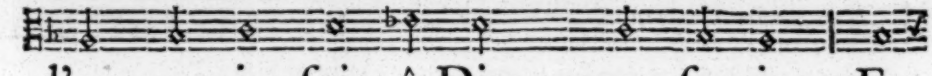
Qu'à nul faux bien mon eſprit ne s'amuſe.



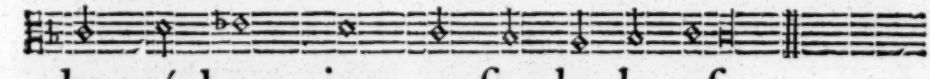
Tout mon déſir eſt de garder ta loi. Ne



permets pas qu'un vain eſpoir m'abuſe. Tu



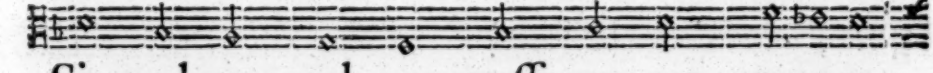
l'as promis; ſois, ô Dieu, mon ſoutien, Et



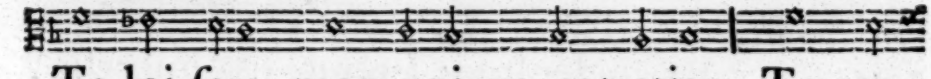
des méchans vient confondre la ruſe.



59. Viens m'aſſiſter; je ne craindrai plus rien.



Si quelque mal me preſſe ou me menace,



Ta loi ſera mon unique entretien. Tes en-



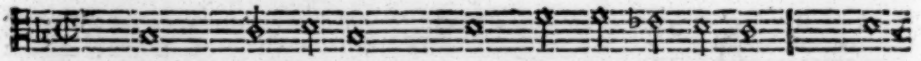
nemis s'éloignent de ta face; Mais, tôt ou



tard, aux pieds tu fouleras, Ces obſtinès,



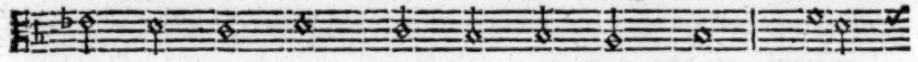
indignes de ta grâce.



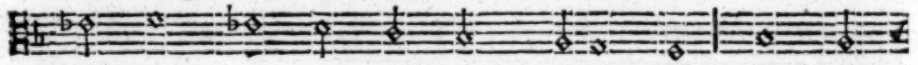
60. Comme l'écume, au feu tu jetteras, Tous



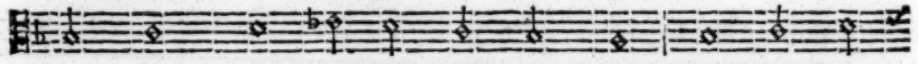
ces méchans, dont le cœur t'abandonne : Et



leur orgueil un jour tu confondras. Déjà,



Seigneur, ta vengeance m'étonne ; Je vois

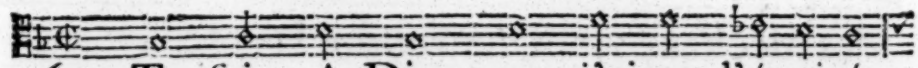


les coups qui partent de ton bras, Et de fra-

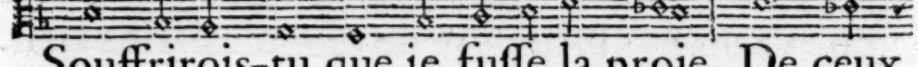


yeur tout le corps m'en friſſonne.

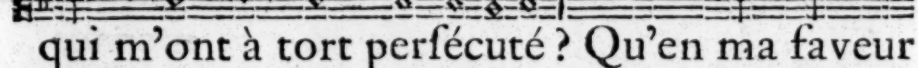
HAIN XVI.



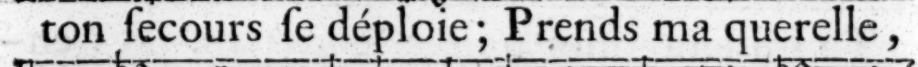
61. Tu ſais, ô Dieu, que j'aime l'équité;



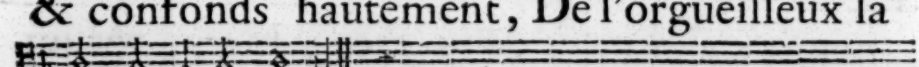
Souffrirois-tu que je fuſſe la proie, De ceux



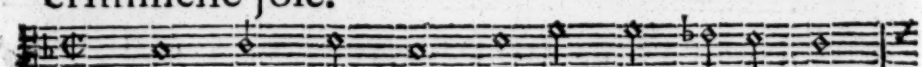
qui m'ont à tort perſécuté ? Qu'en ma faveur



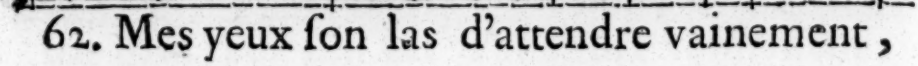
ton ſecours ſe déploie ; Prends ma querelle,



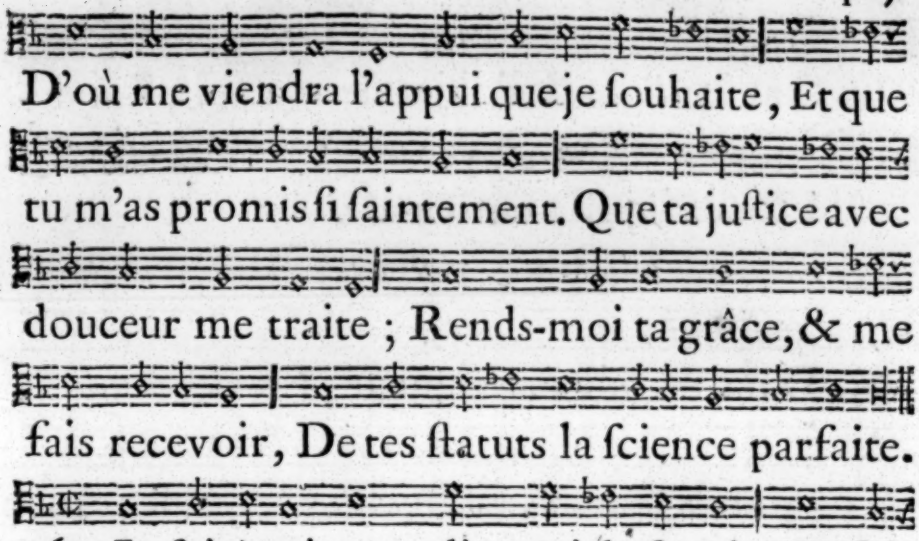
& confonds hautement, De l'orgueilleux la



criminelle joie.



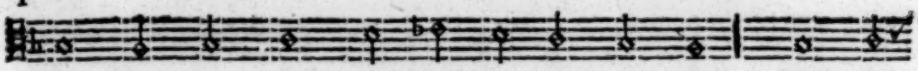
62. Mes yeux ſon las d'attendre vainement,



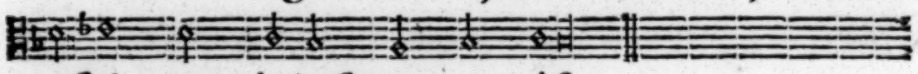
D'où me viendra l'appui que je ſouhaite, Et que tu m'as promis ſi ſaintement. Que ta juſtice avec douceur me traite ; Rends-moi ta grâce, & me fais recevoir, De tes ſtatuts la ſcience parfaite.

63. Je ſuis à toi, remplis-moi de ſavoir ; Et fais qu'enfin, par ta bonté propice, Tes hauts ſecrets je puiſſe concevoir. Qu'aux yeux de tous éclate ta juſtice : Ces inſenſés aboliſſent ta loi, Et rien ne peut reprimer leur malice.

64. Tu vois mon cœur ; tu ſais, mon Dieu, mon roi, Que plus que l'or, ou qu'autre choſe exquiſe, Tes ordres ſaints ſont eſtimés de moi : Plus qu'un tréſor, je les aime & les priſes ;

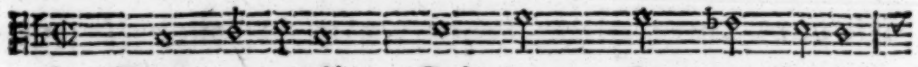


Ils ſont la règle & l'objet de ma foi ; J'ai dé-

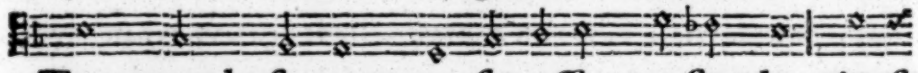


teſté toute injuſte entrepriſe.

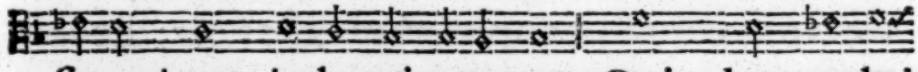
PE XVII.



65. Dans tes édits, Seigneur, ſont contenus,



Tes grands ſecrets, ta ſageſſe profonde ; Auſ-



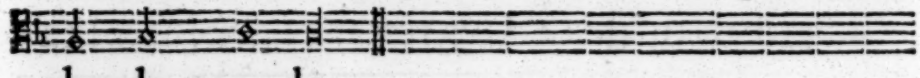
ſi toujours je les ai retenus. Oui, dans ta loi



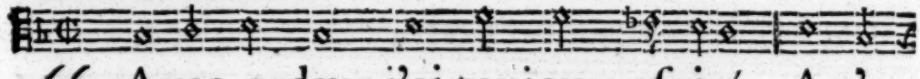
tant de lumière abonde, Que dès l'abord on



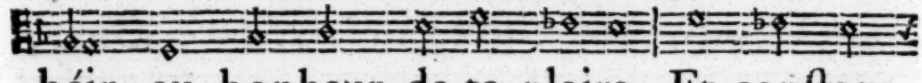
en eſt éclairé, Et qu'elle inſtruit les plus ſim-



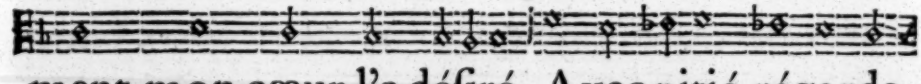
ples du monde.



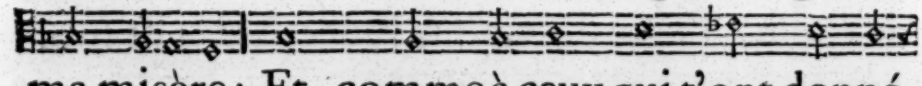
66. Avec ardeur j'ai toujours aſpiré, A t'o-



béir, au bonheur de te plaire. Et conſtam-



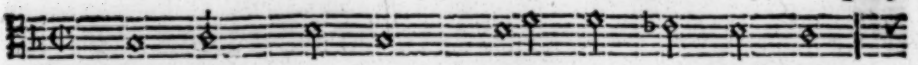
ment mon cœur l'a déſiré. Avec pitié régarde



ma misère ; Et, comme à ceux qui t'ont donné



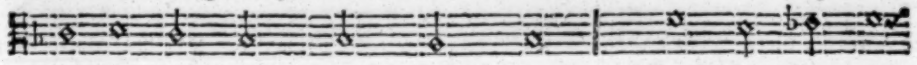
leur cœur, Fais-moi ſentir ta grâce ſalutaire.



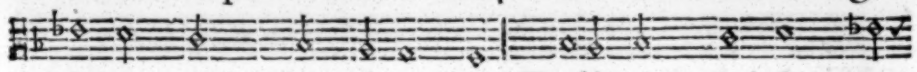
67. Conduis mes pas, préſerve-moi d'erreur :



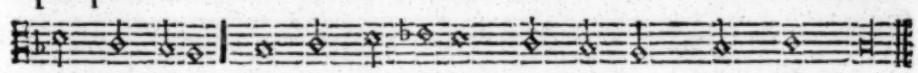
Que ton eſprit jamais ne m'abandonne, Et que le



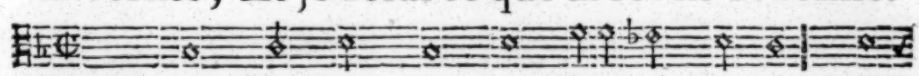
mal ne ſoit pas mon vainqueur. Vois le danger



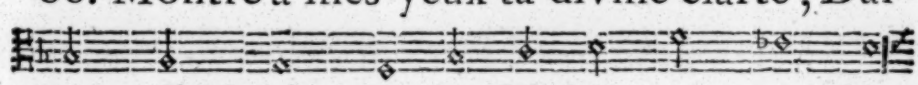
qui par tout m'environne : Délivre-moi de cette



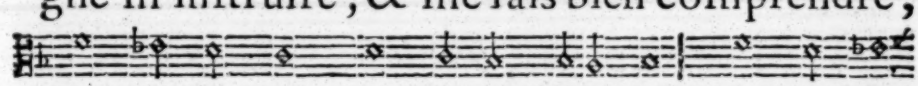
adverſité, Et je ferai ce que ta loi m'ordonne.



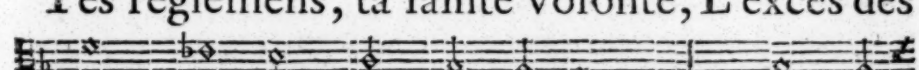
68. Montre à mes yeux ta divine clarté ; Dai-



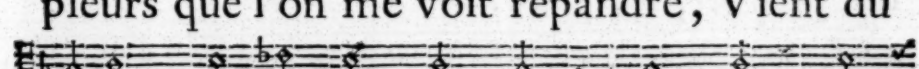
gne m'inſtruire, & me fais bien comprendre,



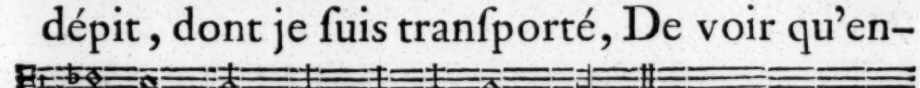
Tes réglemens, ta ſainte volonté, L'excès des



pleurs que l'on me voit répandre, Vient du

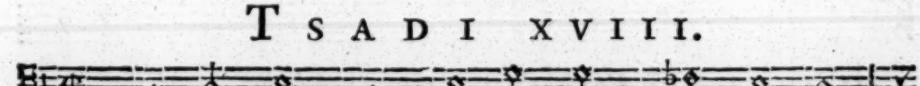


dépit, dont je ſuis tranſporté, De voir qu'en-

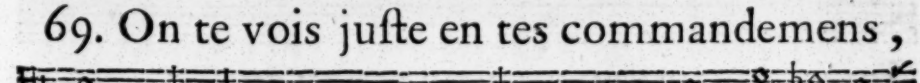


vain ta voix ſe fait entendre.

TSADI XVIII.



69. On te vois juſte en tes commandemens,



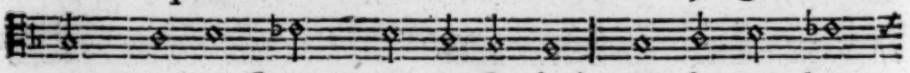
Juſte en tes faits, Seigneur quoi que tu faſſes,



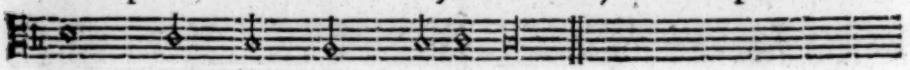
L'équité règne en tous tes jugemens, Tu veux



auſſi qu'on marche ſur les traces, Que nous



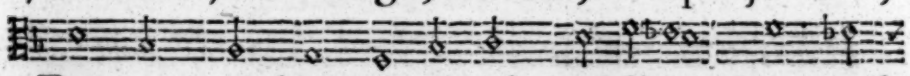
marqua ta ferme & juſte loi; Et le pécheur



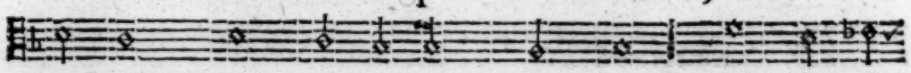
doit craindre tes menaces.



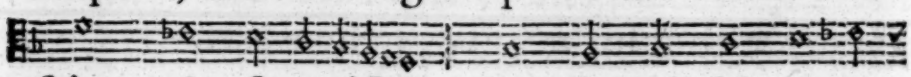
70. Mais je m'afflige, ô Dieu, lorſque je vois,



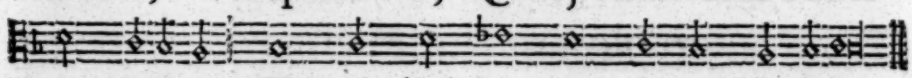
Par ces méchans ta parole oubliée, Sans nul



reſpect, ſans nul égard pour toi. Elle eſt ſi



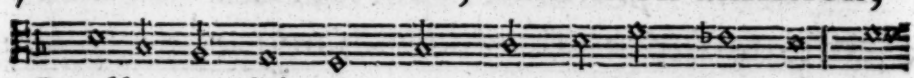
ſainte, & ſi purifiée, Que j'en ai fait toute



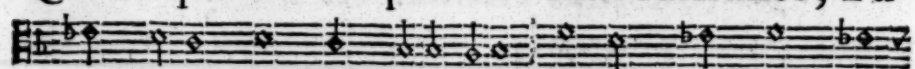
ma paſſion; Et qu'à l'aimer ma vie eſt dédiée.



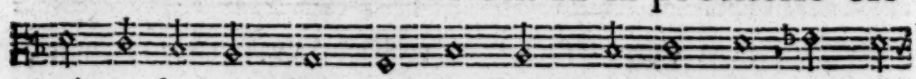
71. Dans mes travaux, dans mon affliction,



Quelle que ſoit ma peine & ma ſouffrance, Ta



loi fera ma conſolation. A ta promeſſe eſt



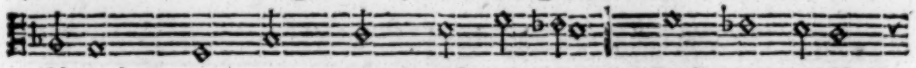
jointe la conſtance; Et d'âge en âge on voit ta



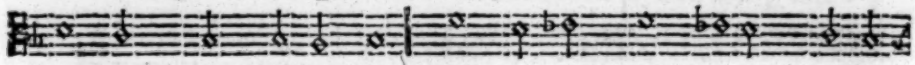
vérité, Se confirmer dans ta ſainte alliance.



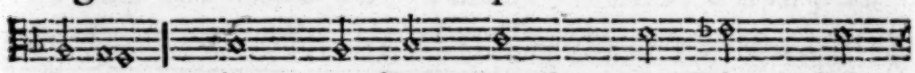
72. De toutes parts je ſuis perſécuté, Et l'on



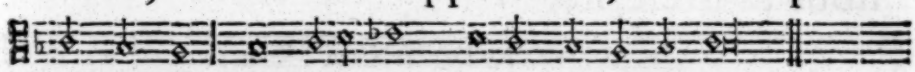
diroit que ma perte eſt jurée: Mais tes édits



règlent ma volonté. Ta parole eſt d'éternelle

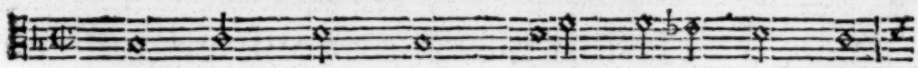


durée, Viens me l'apprendre, ô Dieu plein

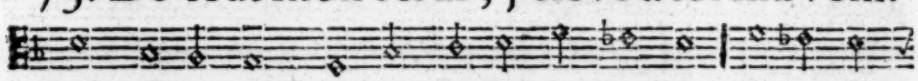


de bonté; Je jouirai d'une vie aſſurée.

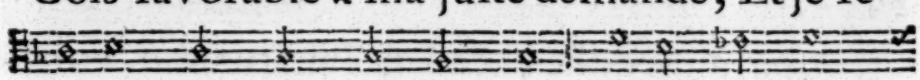
COPH XIX.



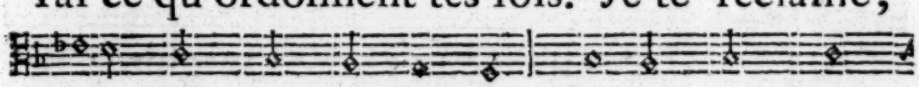
73. De tout mon cœur, j'élève à toi ma voix.



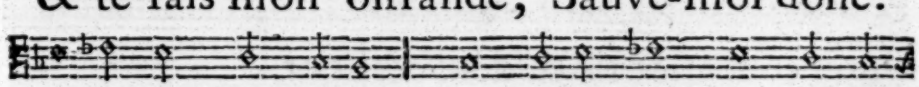
Sois favorable à ma juſte demande, Et je fe-



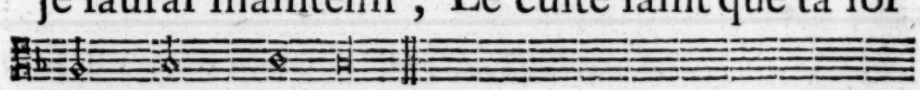
rai ce qu'ordonnent tes lois. Je te reclame,



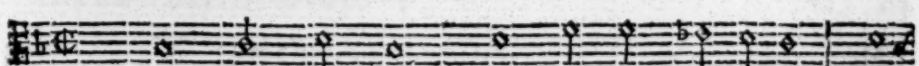
& te fais mon offrande, Sauve-moi donc:



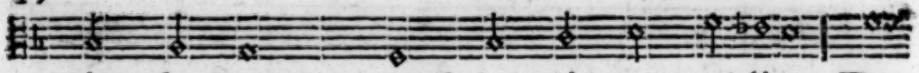
je ſaurai maintenir, Le culte ſaint que ta loi



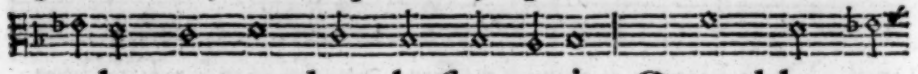
nous commande.



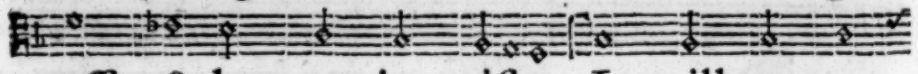
74. Combien de fois m'as-tu vu prevenir, Le



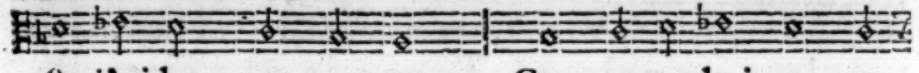
point du jour, quand je prie ou médite, De



tes leçons gardant le ſouvenir, Quand le guet



paſſe, & les quartiers viſite, Je veille encore,



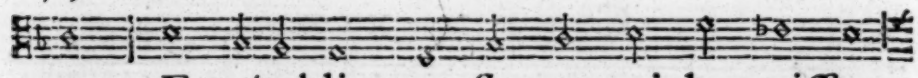
& j'ai les yeux ouverts, Sur cette loi que tu



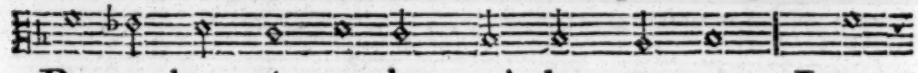
nous as preſcrite.



75. Entends ma voix dans mes tourmens di-



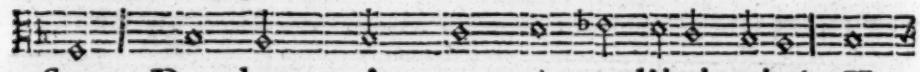
vers, Et rétablis mes forces qui languiſſent:



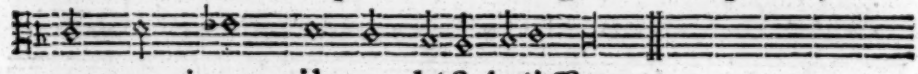
Par ta bonté, garde-moi des pervers. Leur



troupe approche, & leurs mains me ſaiſiſ-



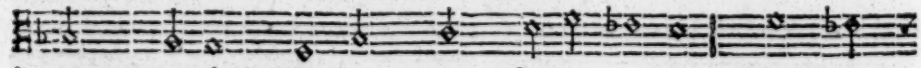
ſent; Pendant qu'en eux règne l'iniquité; Et



que toujours ils te déſobéiſſent.



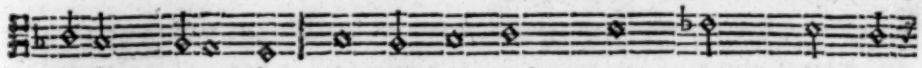
76. Mais tu te tiens ſans ceſſe à mon côté: Tou-



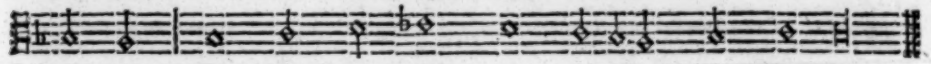
jours propice, & toujours ſecourable, Toujours



le même en ta fidélité. Ton alliance eſt ferme,

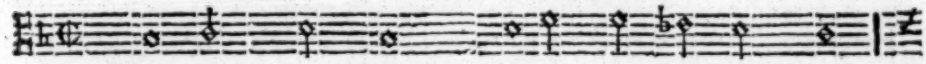


eſt immuable: Auſſi jamais mon cœur n'en a

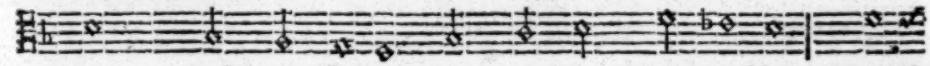


douté: Le fondement en eſt inébranlable.

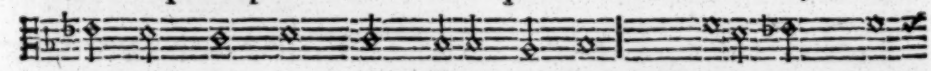
RESCH XX.



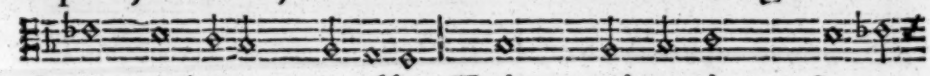
77. Regarde, ô Dieu, l'état où je me vois;



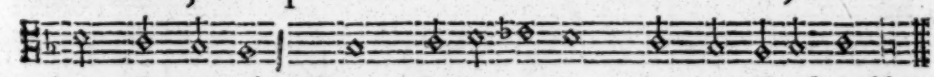
Mets quelque fin à ma peine mortelle, Puiſ-



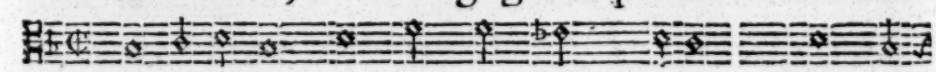
que jamais je n'oubliai ta loi. Protège-moi



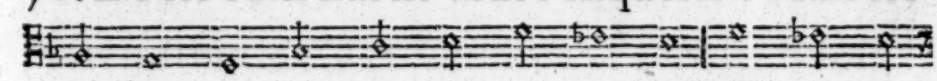
dans ma juſte querelle: Fais-moi revivre, & me



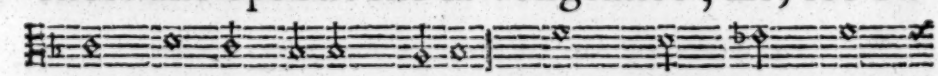
viens ſecourir, Pour dégager ta promeſſe fidelle.



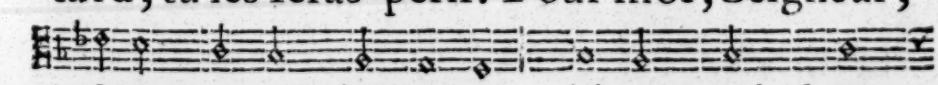
78. De tes édits nul ne veut s'enquérir: Mais les



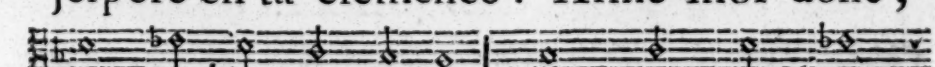
méchans éprouvent ta vengeance; Et, tôt ou



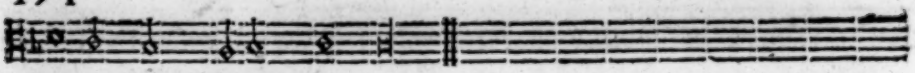
tard, tu les feras périr. Pour moi, Seigneur,



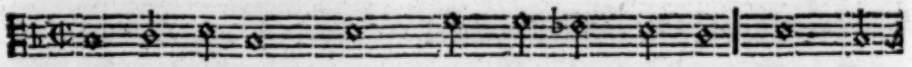
jeſpére en ta clémence: Aime-moi donc,



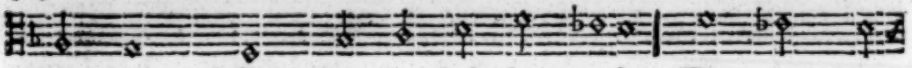
comme tu m'as aimé; Et, pour ton nom,



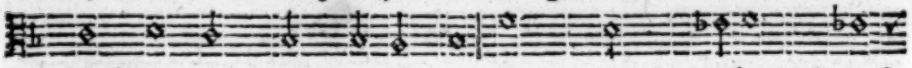
hâte ma délivrance.



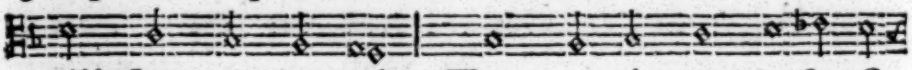
79. A tes ſtatuts mon cœur accoutumé, Les ſuit



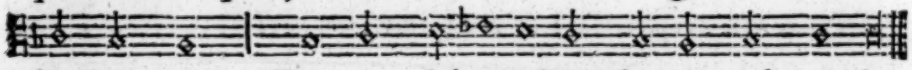
toujours, bien que je ſois la proie, De tout un



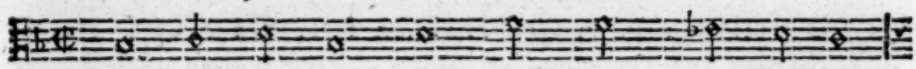
peuple à ma perte animé. Je meurs, hélas! lorſ-



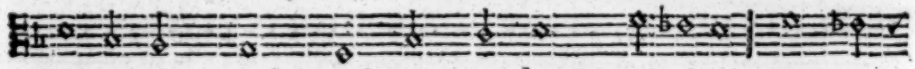
qu'il faut que je voie, Tous ces ingrats oſer ſi



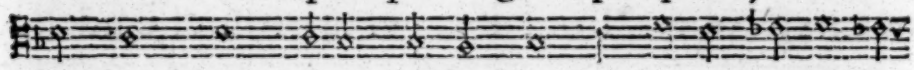
lâchement, De ton ſalut abandonner la voie.



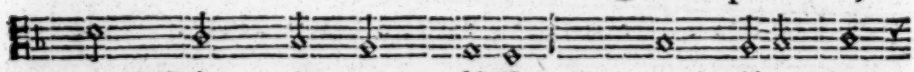
80. J'aime toujours ton ſaint commandement:



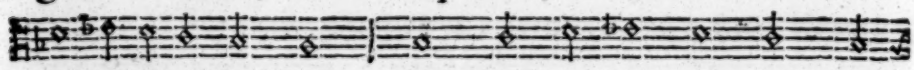
Jette ſur moi quelque regard propice; Et me



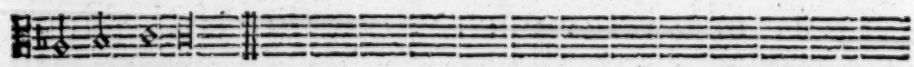
ſoutiens dans cet accablement. Que ta parole, ô



grand Dieu, s'accompliſſe, Comme il arrive

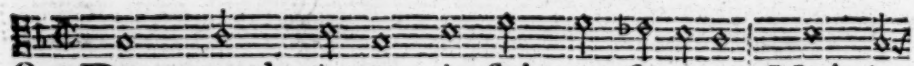


indubitablement, De tout arrêt donné dans

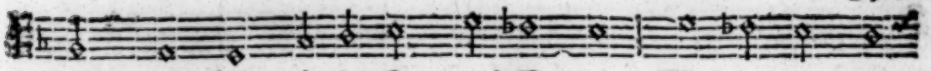


ta juſtice.

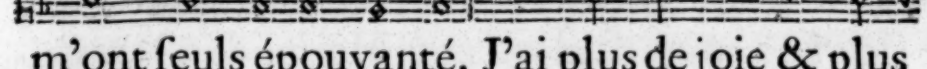
SCHIN XXI.



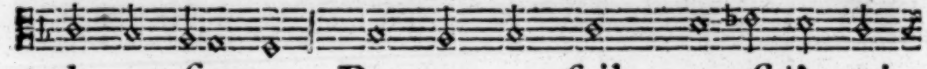
81. Des grands, à tort, je ſuis perſécuté: Mais je



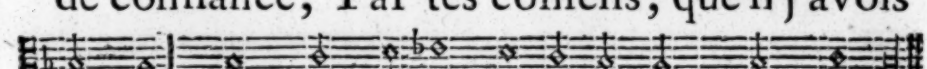
crains peu leur injuſte puiſſance ; Tes jugemens



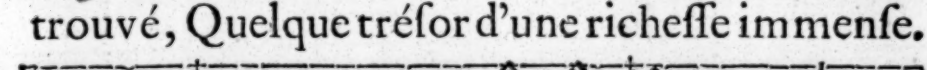
m'ont ſeuls épouvanté. J'ai plus de joie & plus



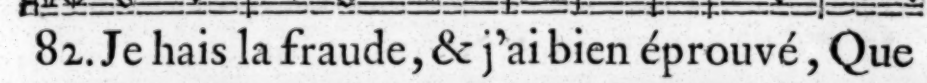
de confiance, Par tes conſeils, que ſi j'avois



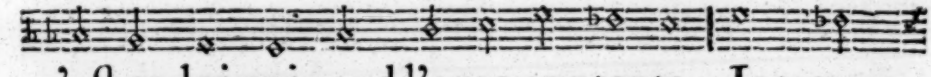
trouvé, Quelque tréſor d'une richeſſe immenſe.



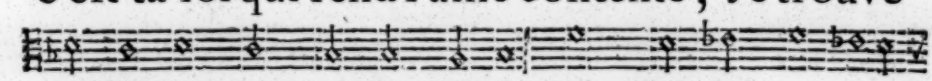
82. Je hais la fraude, & j'ai bien éprouvé, Que



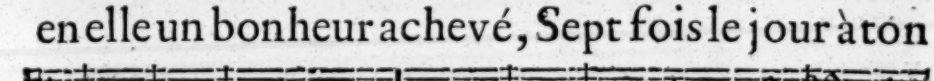
c'eſt ta loi qui rend l'ame contente ; Je trouve



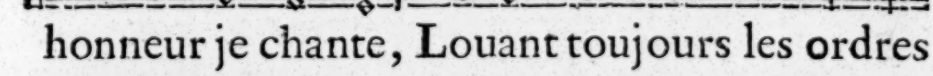
en elle un bonheur achevé, Sept fois le jour à ton



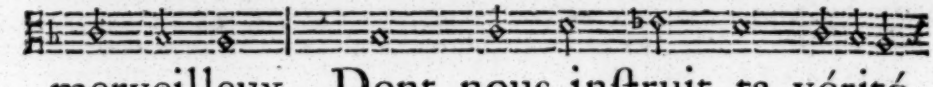
honneur je chante, Louant toujours les ordres



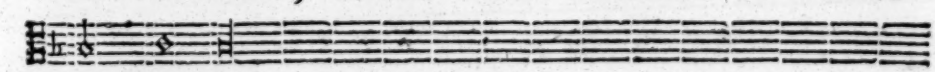
merveilleux, Dont nous inſtruit ta vérité



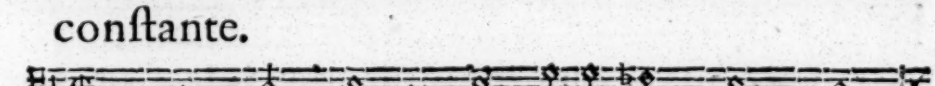
conſtante.



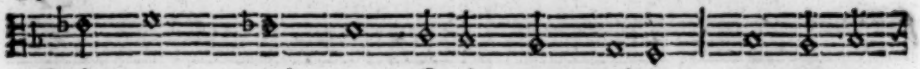
83. Un doux repos eſt réſervé pour ceux,



Qui ſont ſoumis à ta loi ſouveraine : Et tout



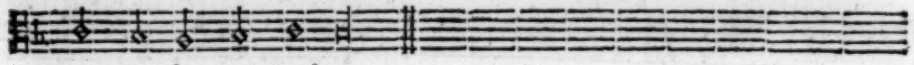
s'accorde à repondre à leurs vœux. C'eſt toi,



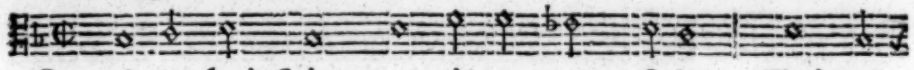
Seigneur, qui peux finir ma peine : Auſſi ta



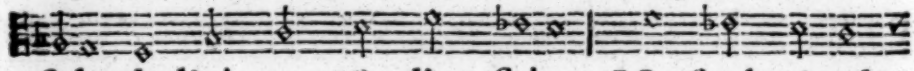
loi ſera mon ſeul objet, Ma guide ſûre, &



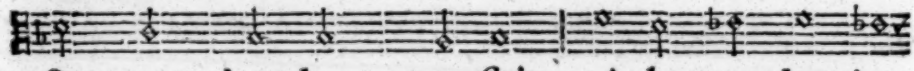
ma règle certaine.



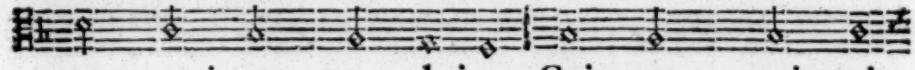
84. A ta loi ſainte entièrement ſujet, J'ai ré-



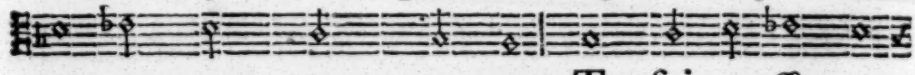
ſolu de l'aimer, & d'en faire, Ma ſeule étude,



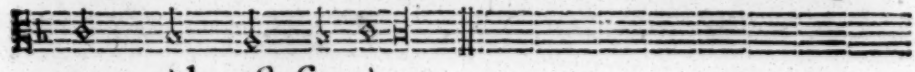
& mon bonheur parfait ; A la garder je



veux toujours me plaire. Seigneur, qui vois

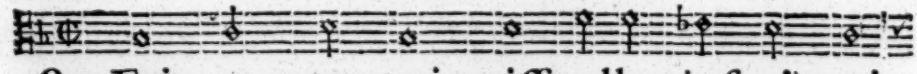


ce que mon cœur promet, Tu ſais auſſi que

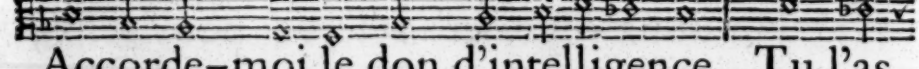


mon zèle eſt ſincère.

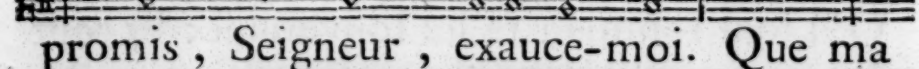
THAU XXII.



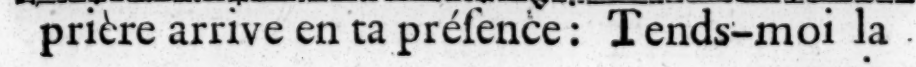
85. Fais que mon cri puiſſe aller juſqu'à toi,



Accorde-moi le don d'intelligence, Tu l'as

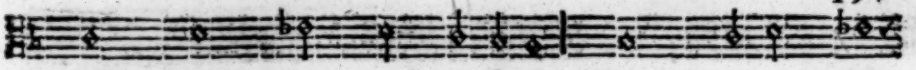


promis, Seigneur, exauce-moi. Que ma

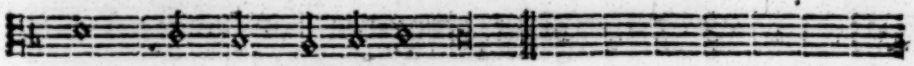


prière arrive en ta préſence : Tends-moi la

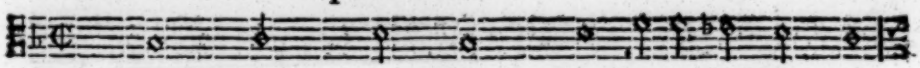
main



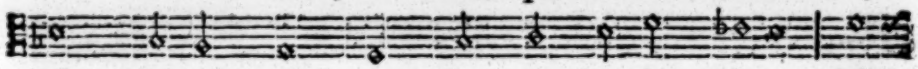
main dans mon adverſité, Comme ta voix



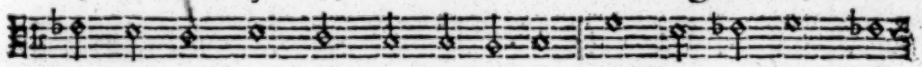
m'en donne l'eſpérance.



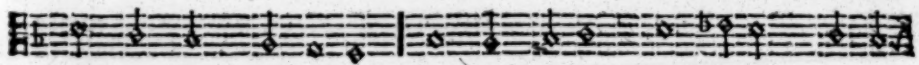
86. Ma bouche, ô Dieu prêchera ta bonté,



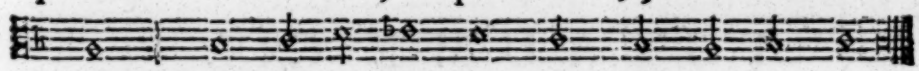
Si, m'exauçant, tu m'accordes la grâce, De



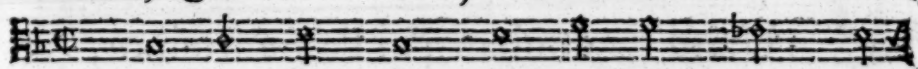
bien ſavoir ta ſainte volonté. De l'ennemi mé-



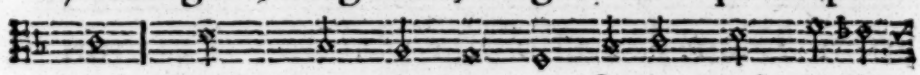
priſant la menace, Je parlerai, je dirai haute-



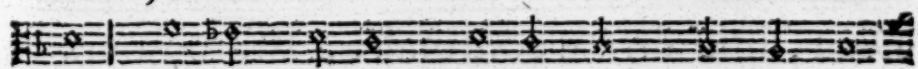
ment, Que de ta loi je veux ſuivre la trace.



87. Daigne, Seigneur, daigne donc prompte-



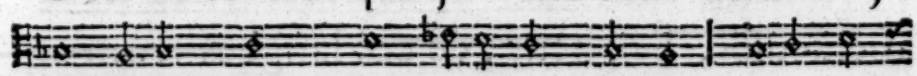
ment, Pour mon ſecours ta forte main éten-



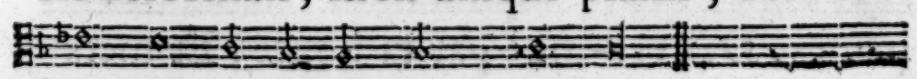
dre, Car je m'attache à ton commandement.



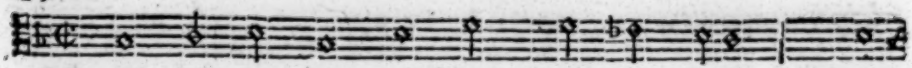
C'eſt de toi ſeul que je veux tout attendre;



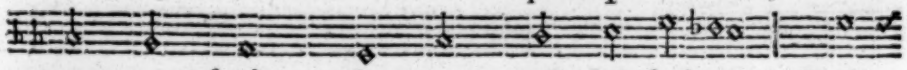
Et déſormais, mon unique plaiſir, Sera ce-



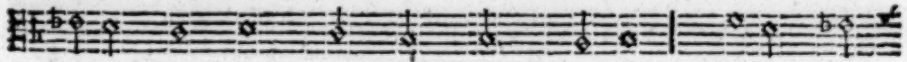
lui qu'en ta loi je veux prendre.



88. Si j'ai de vivre encor quelque déſir, C'eſt



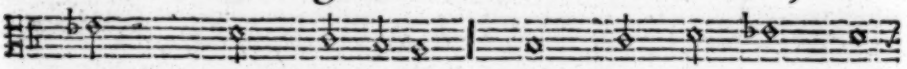
pour ta gloire ; & mon ame éclairée, Pour



ſon objet veut toujours la choiſir. Hélas ! je



ſuis la brebis égarée : De me chercher, Sei-

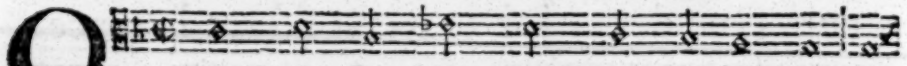


gneur ; prends le loiſir ; Car dans le cœur ta

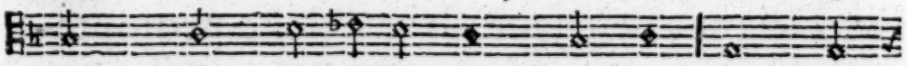


loi m'eſt demeurée.

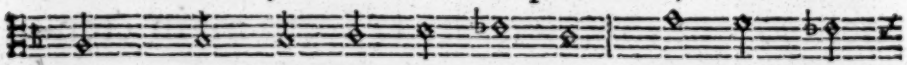
PSEAUME CXX.



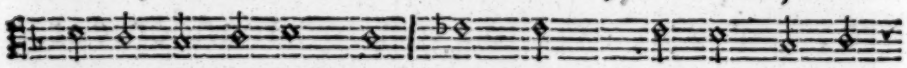
QUand de douleur j'ai l'ame atteinte, A



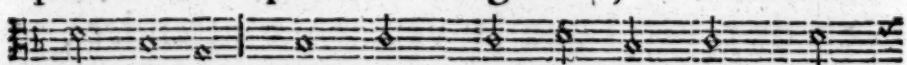
mon Dieu j'adreſſe ma plainte ; Et mon



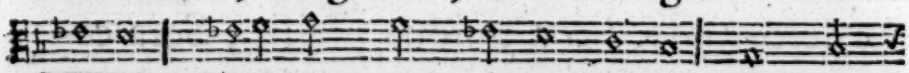
Dieu, loin de me confondre, Eſt toujours



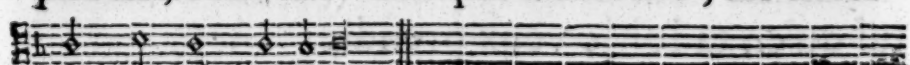
prêt à me répondre. Seigneur, de ces lèvres



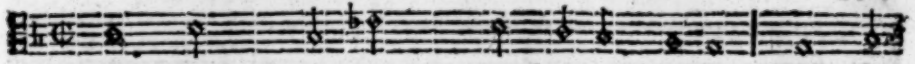
menteuſes, Seigneur, de ces langues trom-



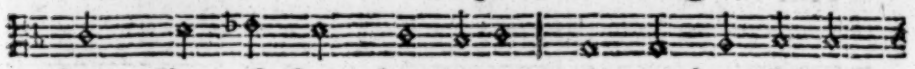
peuſes, Délivre-moi par ta bonté, Et mets



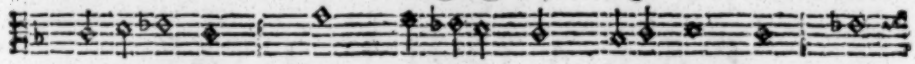
ma vie en ſureté.



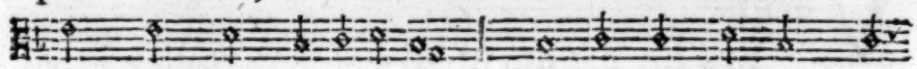
2. Dis-moi, menteur, quel avantage, Te re-



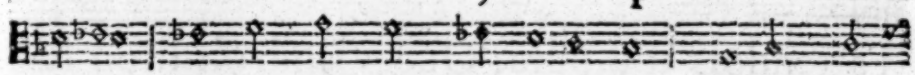
vient d'un ſi faux langage ? A quoi te ſeront



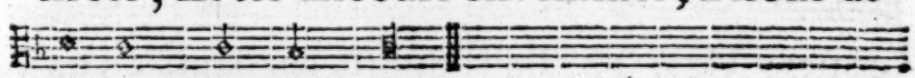
profitables, Tes médiſances déteſtables ? Ce



ſont des flèches acérées, D'une puiſſante main



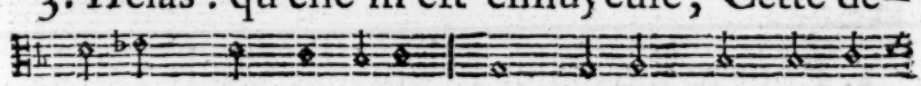
tirées ; Et tes diſcours envenimés, Tiſons de



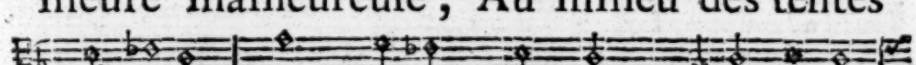
genièvre enflammés.



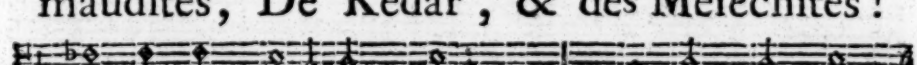
3. Hélas ! qu'elle m'eſt ennuyeuſe, Cette de-



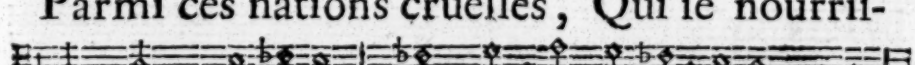
meure malheureuſe, Au milieu des tentes



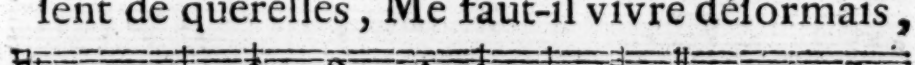
maudites, De Kédar, & des Meſéchites !



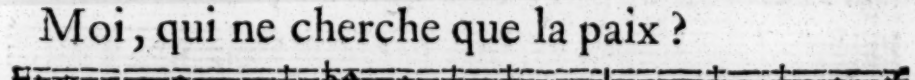
Parmi ces nations cruelles, Qui ſe nourriſ-



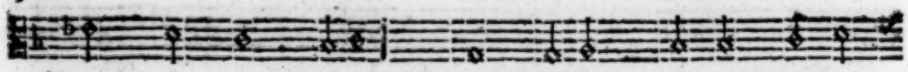
ſent de querelles, Me faut-il vivre déſormais,



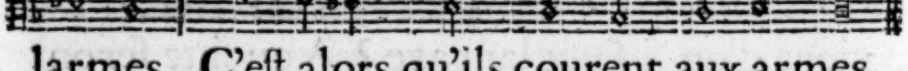
Moi, qui ne cherche que la paix ?



4. En vain mon ame la déſire ; Jamais aucun

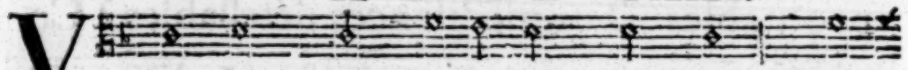


d'eux n'y conſpire. Quand je la propoſe avec

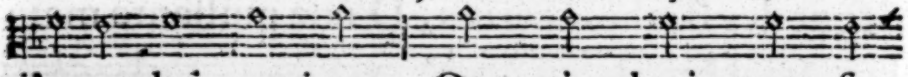


larmes, C'eſt alors qu'ils courent aux armes.

PSEAUME CXXI.



VErs les monts je levois mes yeux, D'où



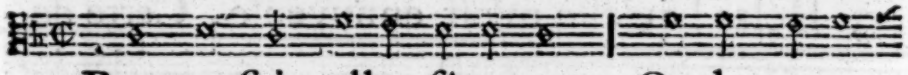
j'attendois toujours, Que viendroit mon ſe-



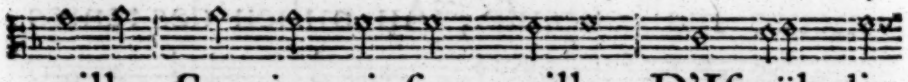
cours; Mais ſur Dieu, qui fit les hauts cieux,



Et la terre féconde, Maintenant je me fonde.



2. Pour te faire aller ſûrement, On le verra,



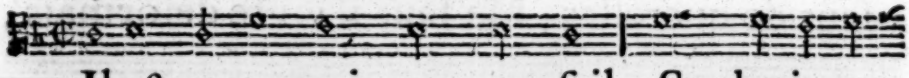
veiller, Sans jamais ſommeiller: D'Iſraël, dis-



je, conſtamment, La garde toujours veille,



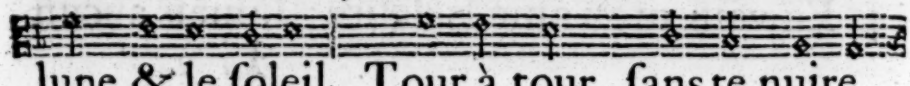
Et jamais ne ſommeille.



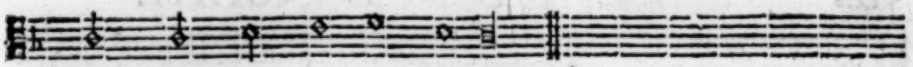
3. Il eſt ton appui, ton conſeil; Sa droite te



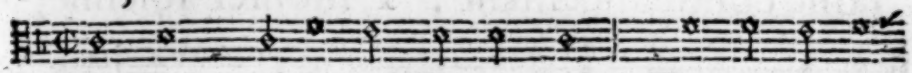
conduit, Et le jour, & la nuit. Sur toi la



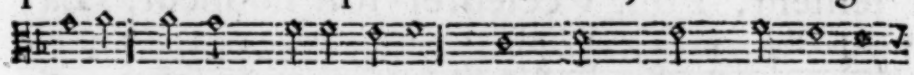
lune & le ſoleil, Tour à tour, ſans te nuire,



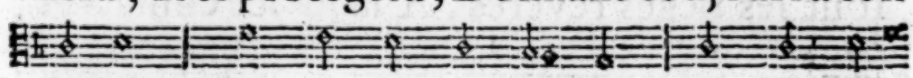
Toujours tu verras luire.



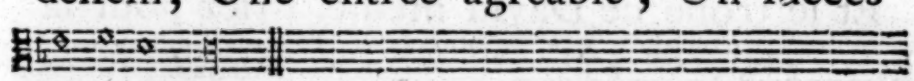
4. De tout mal ſa puiſſante main, Ton ame gar-



dera ; Il te protégera, Donnant toujours à ton

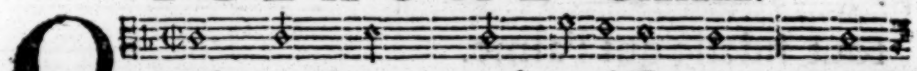


deſſein, Une entrée agréable, Un ſuccès

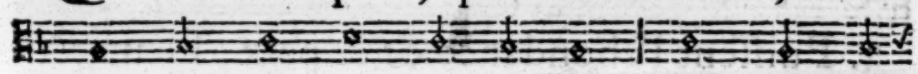


favorable.

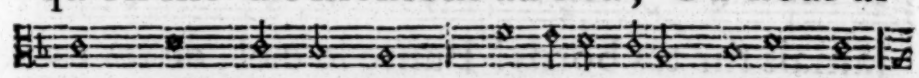
PSEAUME CXXII.



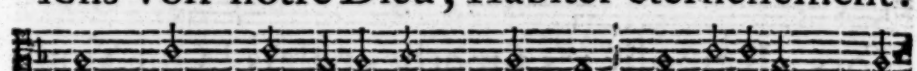
QUel tranſport, quel raviſſement, Lorſ-



qu'on me dit montons au lieu, Où nous al-



lons voir notre Dieu, Habiter éternellement!



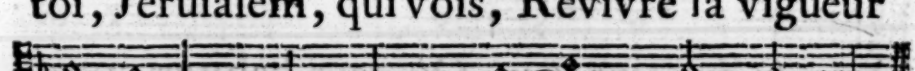
Nos pieds s'arrêteront chez toi, Jéruſalem, &



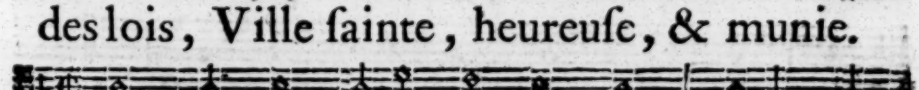
ſans effroi, Nous y paſſerons notre vie: Chez



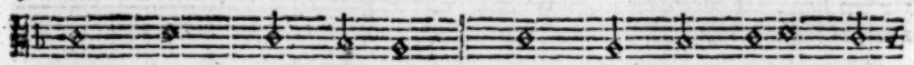
toi, Jéruſalem, qui vois, Revivre la vigueur



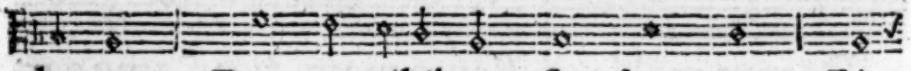
des lois, Ville ſainte, heureuſe, & munie.



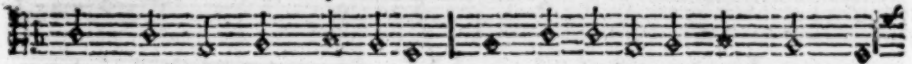
2. On voit les tribus du Seigneur, Selon ſon



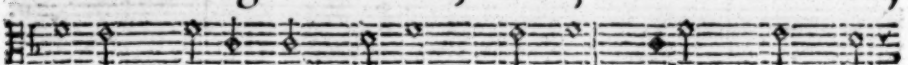
ſaint commandement, Y monter ſolennel-



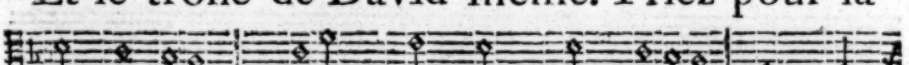
lement, Pour y célébrer ſon honneur. Là



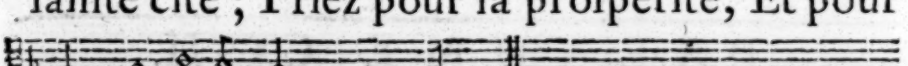
ſont les ſiéges révérés, A la juſtice conſacrés;



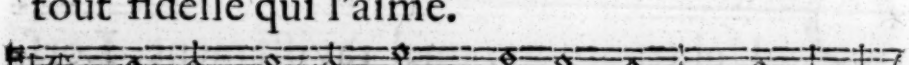
Et le trône de David même. Priez pour la



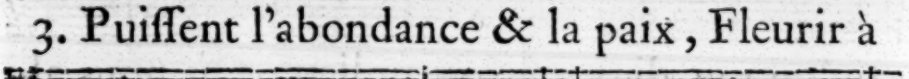
ſainte cité; Priez pour ſa proſpérité, Et pour



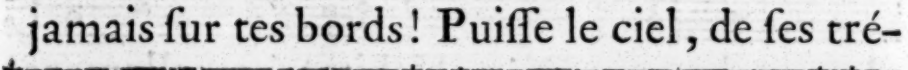
tout fidelle qui l'aime.



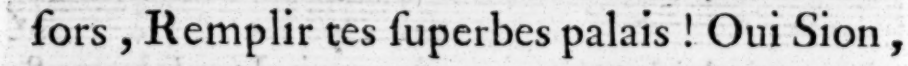
3. Puiſſent l'abondance & la paix, Fleurir à



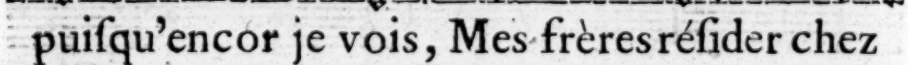
jamais ſur tes bords! Puiſſe le ciel, de ſes tré-



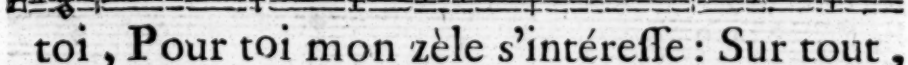
ſors, Remplir tes ſuperbes palais! Oui Sion,



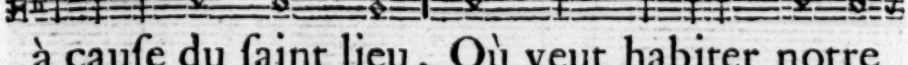
puiſqu'encor je vois, Mes frères réſider chez



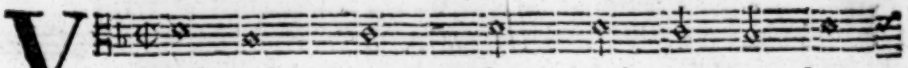
toi, Pour toi mon zèle s'intéreſſe: Sur tout,



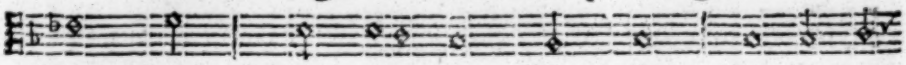
à cauſe du ſaint lieu, Où veut habiter notre



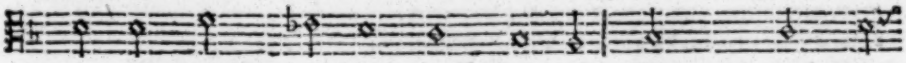
Dieu, Je veux pour toi prier ſans ceſſe.



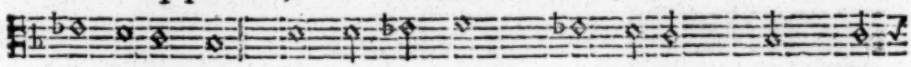
VErs toi, grand Dieu, qui régnes dans



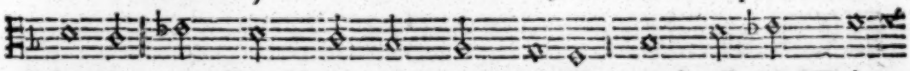
les cieux, Nous élevons nos yeux, Le ſervi-



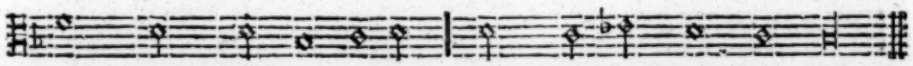
teur appelle, en ſa ſouffrance, Son maître à



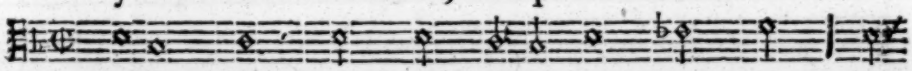
ſa défenſe ; Et la ſervante, auſſitôt qu'on la



bleſſe, A l'œil ſur ſa maîtreſſe : Ainſi ſur Dieu



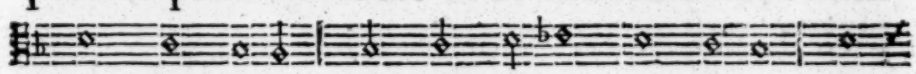
nos yeux ſont arrêtés, Implorant ſes bontés.



2. Hélas ! Seigneur, appaiſe ton courroux, Et



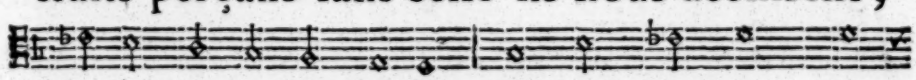
prends pitié de nous. Nos ennemis nous acca-



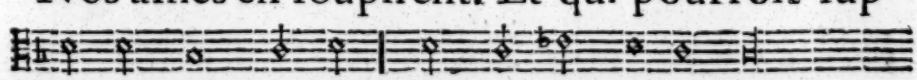
blent d'injures, Et piquantes, & dures : De



traits perçans ſans ceſſe ils nous déchirent,

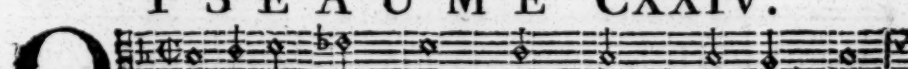


Nos ames en ſoupirent. Et qui pourroit ſup-

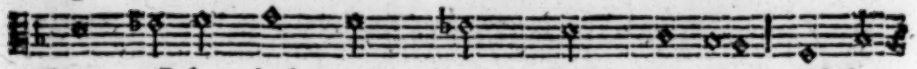


porter les mépris, De ces lâches eſprits ?

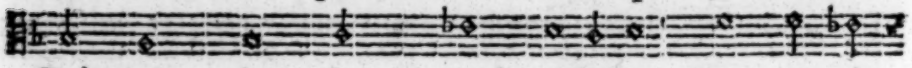
PSEAUME CXXIV.



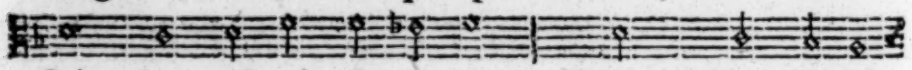
QU'Iſraël peut bien dire, en ce jour,



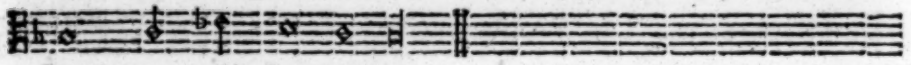
Que, ſi le ciel pour nous n'eût pas été, Si le



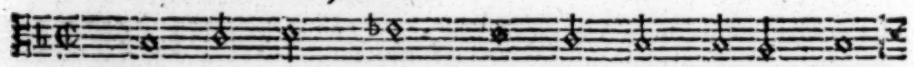
Seigneur n'eût ſon peuple aſſiſté, C'en étoit



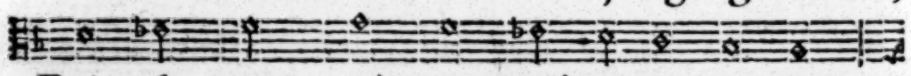
fait, ſans eſpoir de retour, Quand l'ennemi



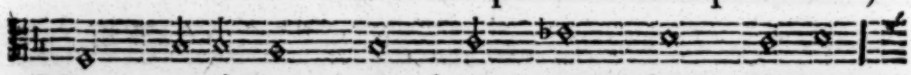
ſur nous ſe fut jetté.



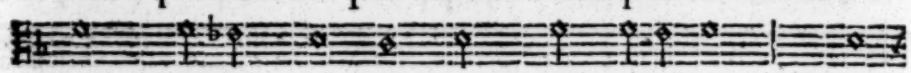
2. Nous ſuccombions ſous un joug rigoureux,



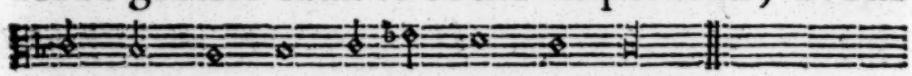
Près de nous voir en proie à ces pervers ;



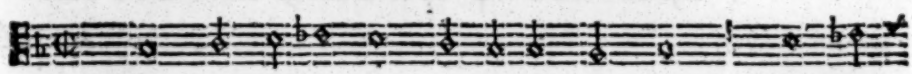
Nous périſſions par leurs complots divers :



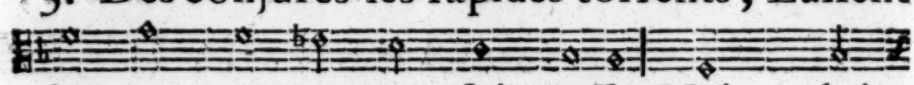
Des groſſes eaux le cours impétueux, Nous



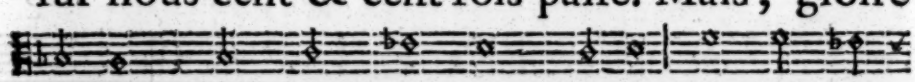
eût ſoudain entraînés & couverts.



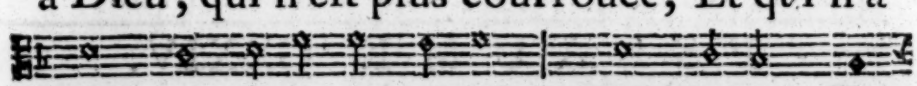
3. Des conjurés les rapides torrents, Euſſent



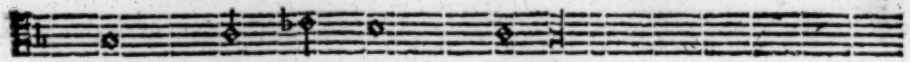
ſur nous cent & cent fois paſſé. Mais, gloire



à Dieu, qui n'eſt plus courroucé, Et qui n'a



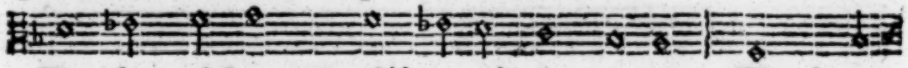
point permis à ces tyrans, D'engloutir tout,



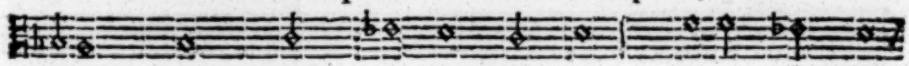
comme ils l'avoient penſé.



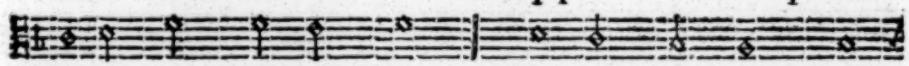
4. Comme d'un laqs on voit rompre les nœuds,



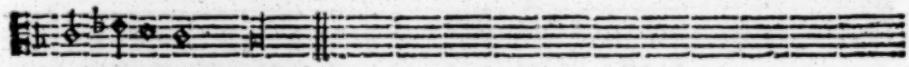
Par les oiſeaux qu'il avoit attrapés, De leurs



filets nous ſommes échappés. Celui qui fit

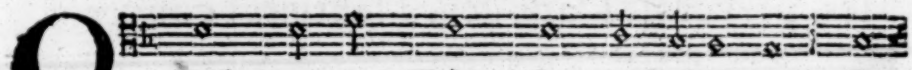


& la terre & les cieux, Par ſon ſecours nous



a développés.

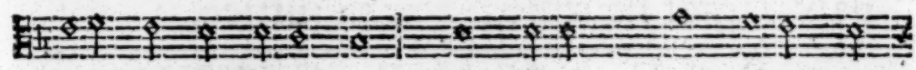
PSEAUME CXXV.



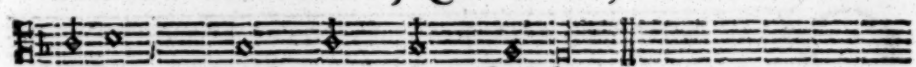
QUi met en Dien ſon eſpérance, Ja-



mais ne tombera, Ni ne chancellera: Telle



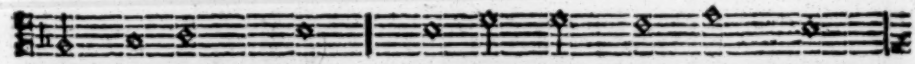
ſera ſon aſſurance, Que Sion, mont inébran-



lable, N'eſt pas plus ſtable.



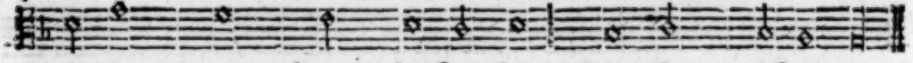
2. Comme Jéruſalem eſt ceinte, De monts



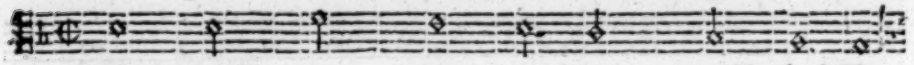
de toutes parts, Ainſi que de remparts;



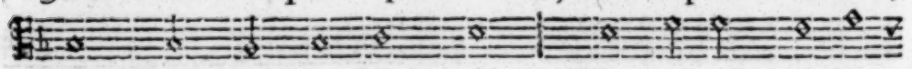
Ceux qui du Seigneur ont la crainte, A leurs



côtés, pour leur défenſe, Ont ſa préſence.



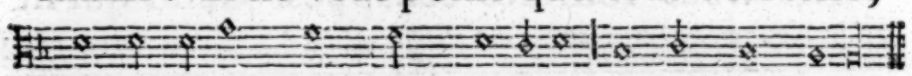
3. Ce n'eſt pas pour toujours qu'il laiſſe,



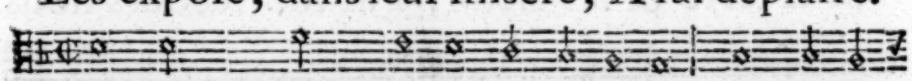
Les ſiens entre les mains, Des tyrans inhu-



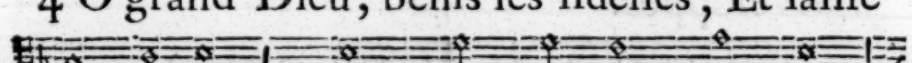
mains : Il ne veut point que leur foibleſſe,



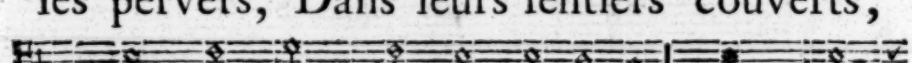
Les expoſe, dans leur misère, A lui déplaire.



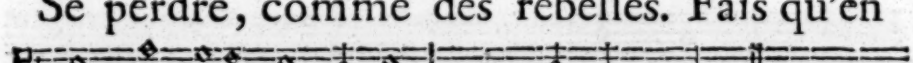
4 O grand Dieu, bénis les fidelles ; Et laiſſe



les pervers, Dans leurs ſentiers couverts,

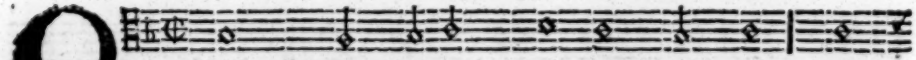


Se perdre, comme des rebelles. Fais qu'en

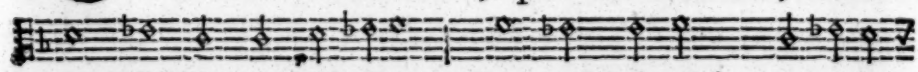


paix Iſraël fleuriſſe, Par ta juſtice.

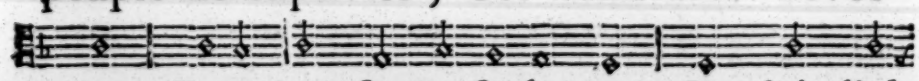
PSEAUME CXXVI.



QUand Dieu tira, par ſa bonté, Son



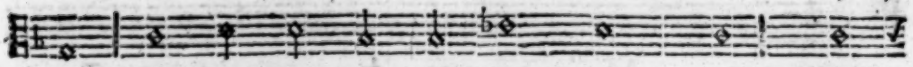
peuple de captivité, Cet admirable eévée-



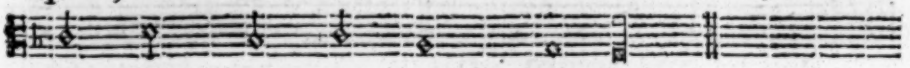
ment, Parut un ſonge ſeulement. Soudain l'al-



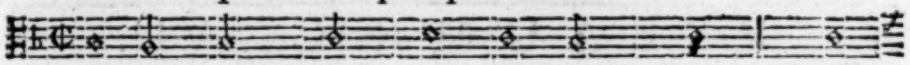
légreſſe publique, Éclata par un ſaint canti-



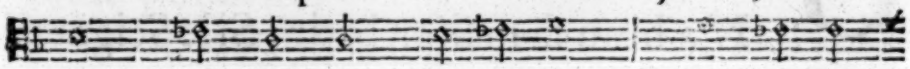
que ; Et les Gentils diſoient entre eux, Dieu



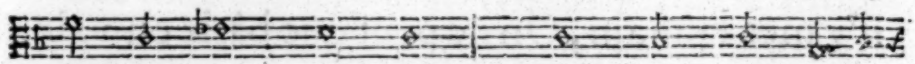
fait tout pour ce peuple heureux.



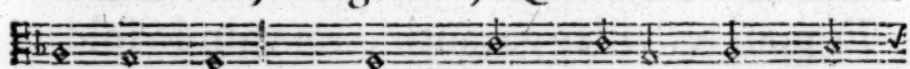
2. Il eſt vrai qu'en cet heureux jour, Dieu



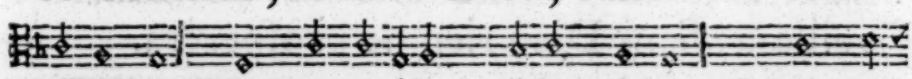
nous montra tout ſon amour : Car enfin,



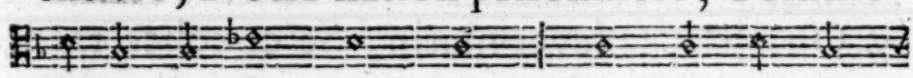
c'eſt de toi, Seigneur, Que nous eſt venu



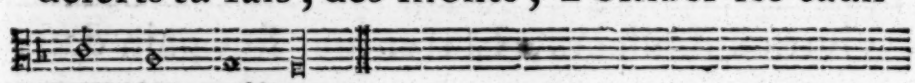
ce bonheur, Grand Dieu, raſſemble toute



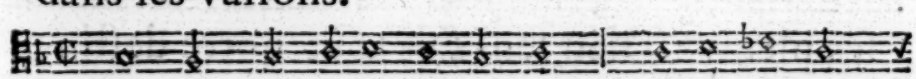
entière, Notre nation priſonnière ; Comme



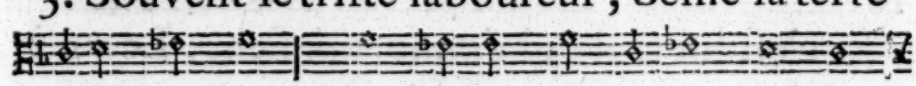
déſerts tu fais, des monts, Tomber les eaux



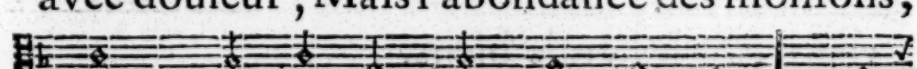
dans les vallons.



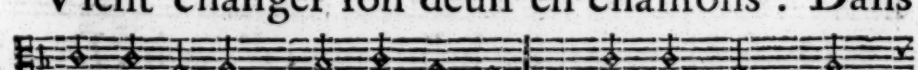
3. Souvent le triſte laboureur, Seme ſa terre



avec douleur ; Mais l'abondance des moiſſons,



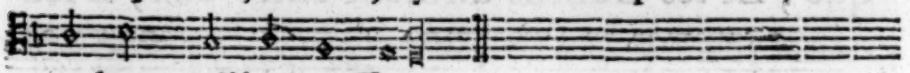
Vient changer ſon deuil en chanſons : Dans



une eſpérance incertaine, Il jettoit ſon grain

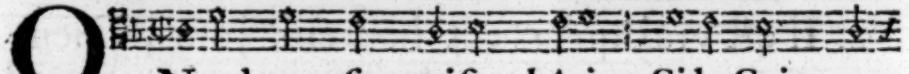


avec peine ; Mais joyeux il remportera, Les

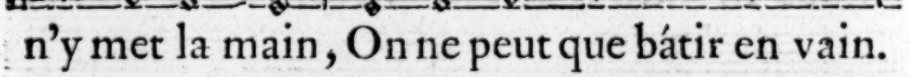


gerbes qu'il amaſſera.

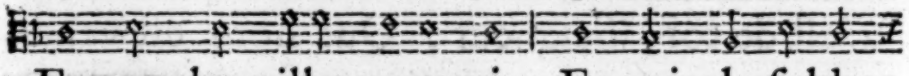
PSEAUME CXXVII.



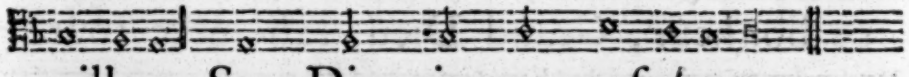
ON a beau ſa maiſon bâtir ; Si le Seigneur



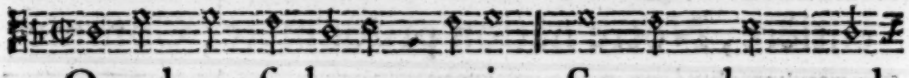
n'y met la main, On ne peut que bâtir en vain.



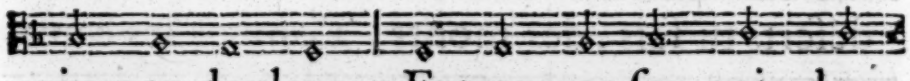
Et pour les villes garantir, En vain le ſoldat



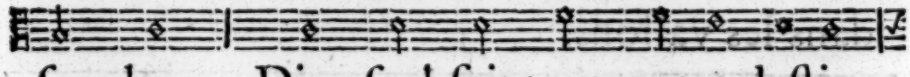
veillera, Sans Dieu rien ne proſpérera.



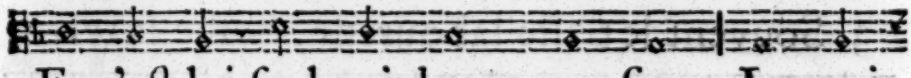
2. On a beau ſe lever matin, Se coucher tard,



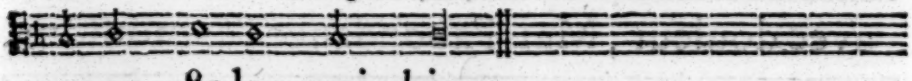
vivre en douleurs, Et tremper ſon pain dans



ſes pleurs : Dieu ſeul fait tout notre deſtin ;



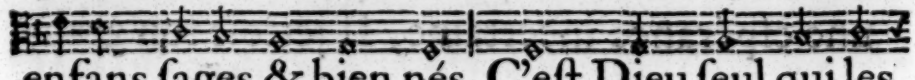
Et c'eſt lui ſeul qui donne aux ſiens, Le vrai



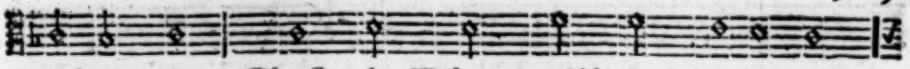
repos, & les vrais biens.



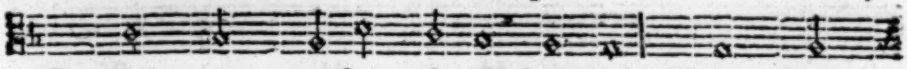
3. Quand l'homme a le bonheur d'avoir, Des



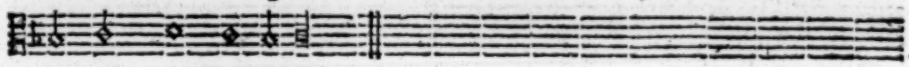
enfans ſages & bien nés, C'eſt Dieu ſeul qui les



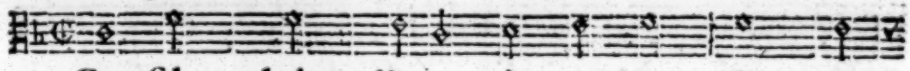
a donnés ; C'eſt de Dieu qu'il doit recevoir,



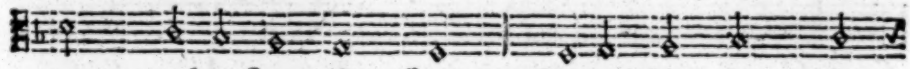
Comme un préſent de ſa bonté, Cette heu-



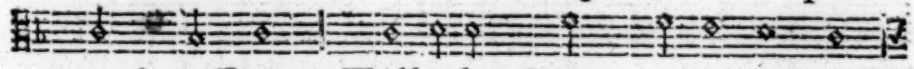
reuſe poſtérité.



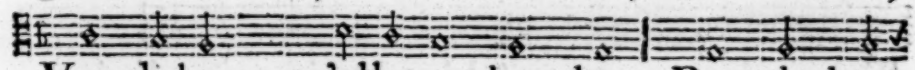
4. Ses fils, pleins d'une vive ardeur, Se mon-



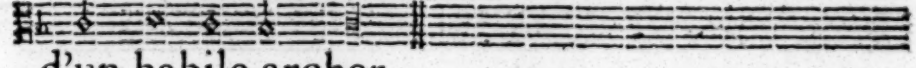
trent robuſtes & forts, Capables des plus



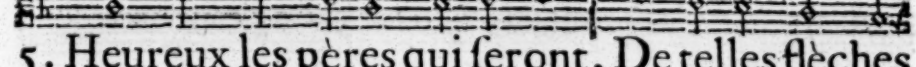
grands efforts; Telle la flèche, avec ardeur,



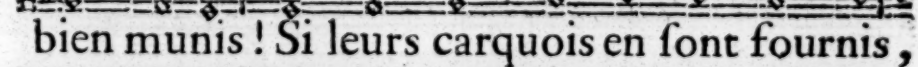
Vers le but, qu'elle va chercher, Part du bras



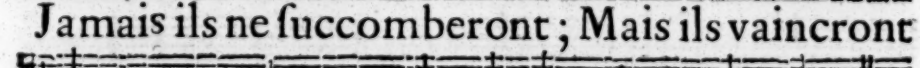
d'un habile archer.



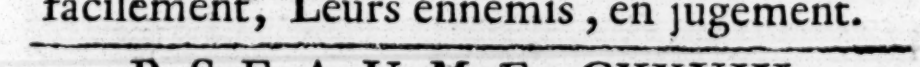
5. Heureux les pères qui ſeront, De telles flèches



bien munis ! Si leurs carquois en ſont fournis,

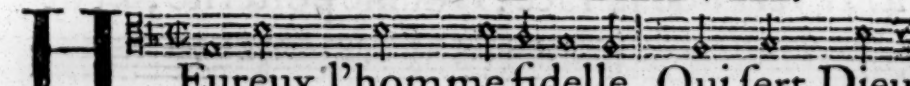


Jamais ils ne ſuccomberont ; Mais ils vaincront

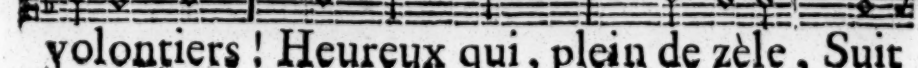


facilement, Leurs ennemis, en jugement.

PSEAUME CXXVIII.



HEureux l'homme fidelle, Qui ſert Dieu



volontiers ! Heureux qui, plein de zèle, Suit



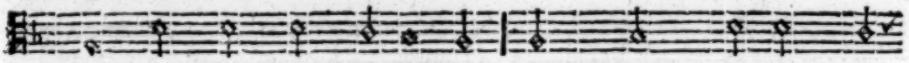
ſes juſtes ſentiers ! D'un travail ordinaire, Il



vit innocemment ; Et pour lui, toute affaire,



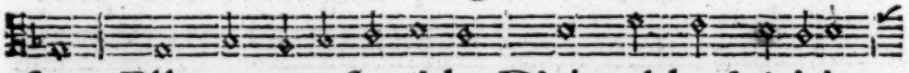
Succède heureuſement.



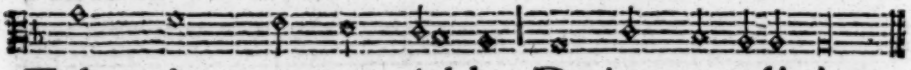
2. Par un bonheur inſigne, Sa femme en ſa mai-



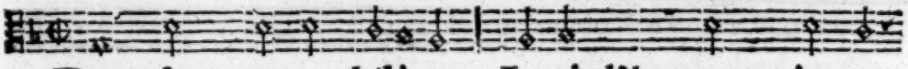
ſon, Sera comme une vigne, Féconde en ſa ſai-



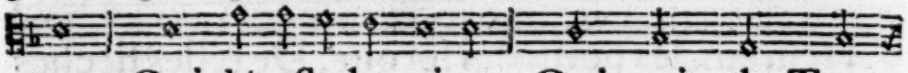
ſon : Elle ornera ſa table, D'aimables héritiers,



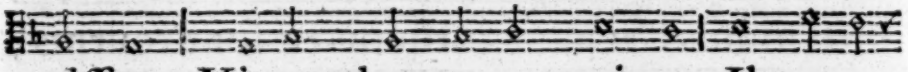
Tels qu'un rang agréable, De jeunes oliviers.



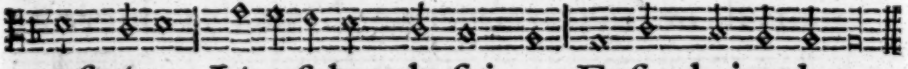
3. Des plus pures délices, Jouit l'homme inno-



cent, Qui déteſte les vices, Qui craint le Tout-



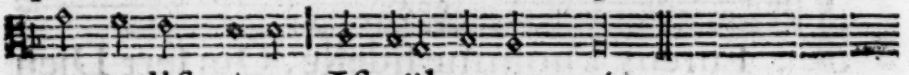
puiſſant. Vivant dans cette crainte, Il verra



proſpérer, Jéruſalem la ſainte, Et ſa gloire durer.



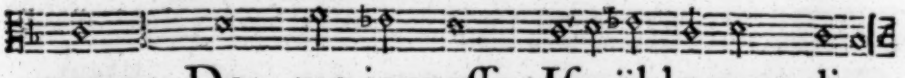
4. Il verra de ſa race, Double poſtérité, Et de



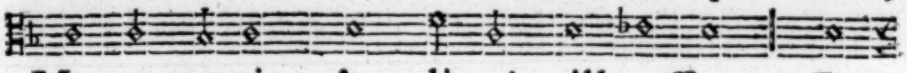
toute diſgrâce, Iſraël exempté.



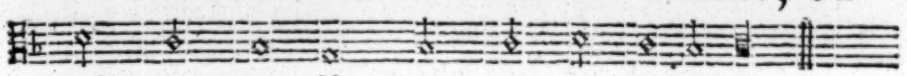
DEs ma jeuneſſe ils m'ont fait mille



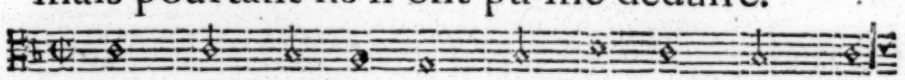
maux; Des ma jeuneſſe, Iſraël le peut dire,



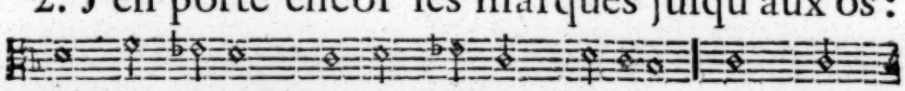
Mes ennemis m'ont livré mille aſſauts; Ja-



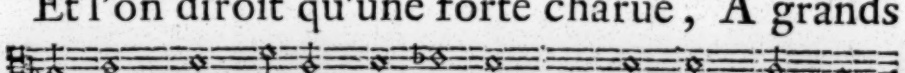
mais pourtant ils n'ont pu me déduire.



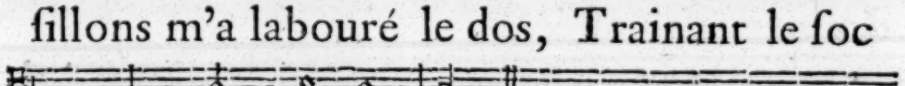
2. J'en porte encor les marques juſqu'aux os:



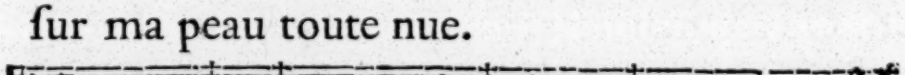
Et l'on diroit qu'une forte charue, A grands



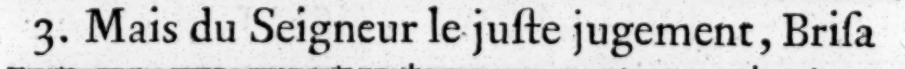
ſillons m'a labouré le dos, Trainant le ſoc



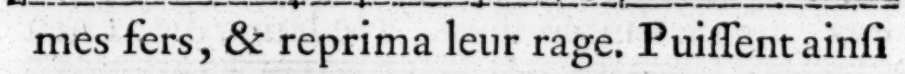
ſur ma peau toute nue.



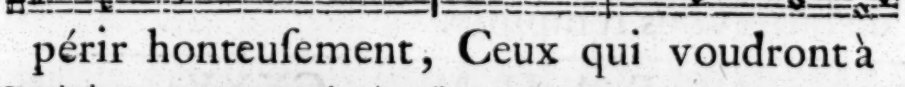
3. Mais du Seigneur le juſte jugement, Briſa



mes fers, & reprima leur rage. Puiſſent ainſi



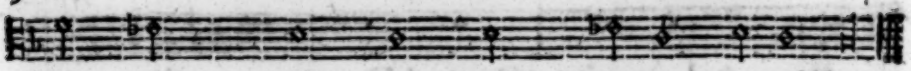
périr honteuſement, Ceux qui voudront à



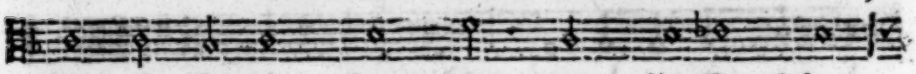
Sion faire outrage.



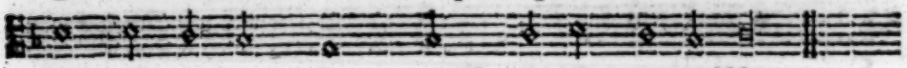
4. Puiſſent-ils tous à l'herbe reſſembler, Que



l'on voit croître au bord d'une muraille,



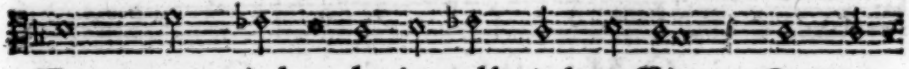
Qui ſe flétrit, ſans que pour l'aſſembler,



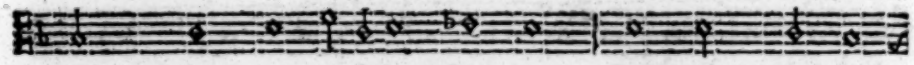
Jemais aucun s'empreſſe & ſe travaille.



5. On ne voit point un ardent moiſſonneur,



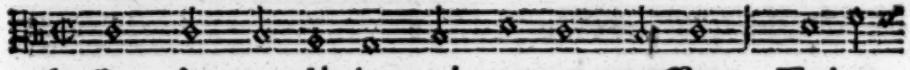
En mettre à bas la javelle à braſſées : On ne



voit point un avide glaneur, En remporter



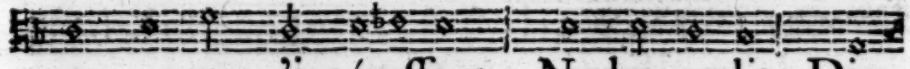
des gerbes amaſſées.



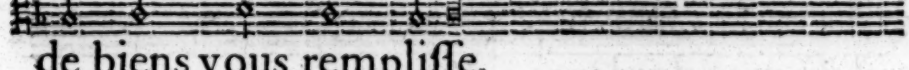
6. On n'entendit jamais aucun paſſant, Faire



ce vœu, l'Éternel vous béniſſe! Jamais pour

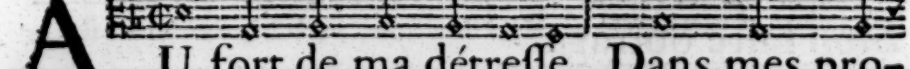


eux, aucun s'intéreſſant, Ne leur a dit, Dieu

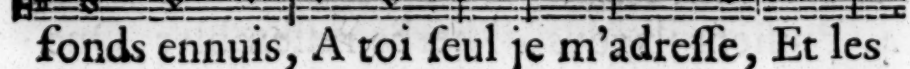


de biens vous rempliſſe.

PSEAUME CXXX.



AU fort de ma détreſſe, Dans mes pro-



fonds ennuis, A toi ſeul je m'adreſſe, Et les

jours,



jours, & les nuits. Grand Dieu, prête l'oreille,



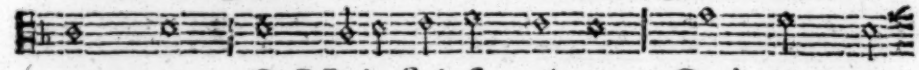
A mes cris éclatans ; Que ma voix te réveille,



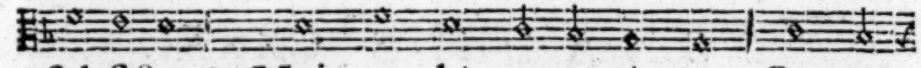
Seigneur il en eſt temps.



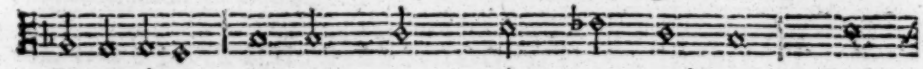
2. Si ta rigueur extrême, Nos péchés veut



compter, O Majeſté ſuprême, Qui pourra



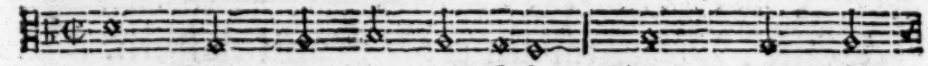
ſubſiſter ? Mais ta clémence règne, Sur ta



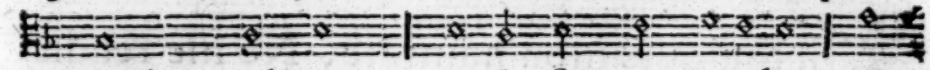
ſévérité ; Et tu veux qu'on te craigne, Sei-



gneur, pour ta bonté.



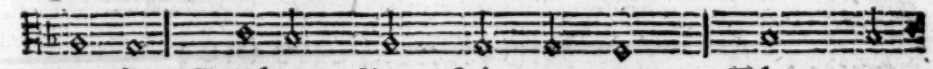
3. En Dieu je me conſole, Dans mes plus



grands malheurs ; Et ſa ferme parole, Ap-



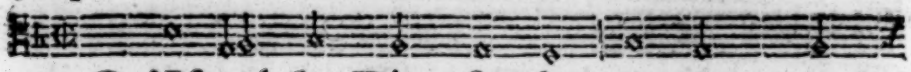
paiſe mes douleurs. Mon cœur vers lui re-



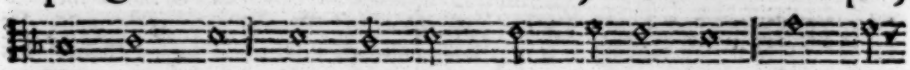
garde, Brûlant d'un ſaint amour, Plus ma-



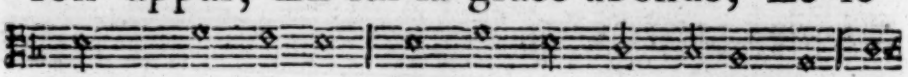
tin que la garde, Qui devance le jour.



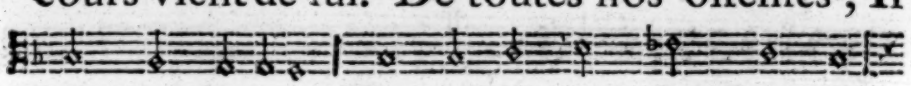
4. Qu'Iſraël ſur Dieu fonde, En tout temps,



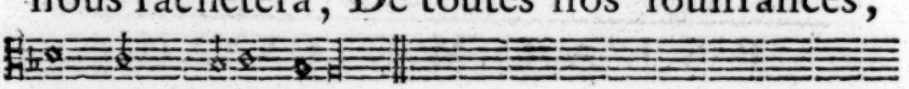
ſon appui; En lui la grâce abonde, Le ſe-



cours vient de lui. De toutes nos offenſes, Il



nous rachetera; De toutes nos ſouffrances,

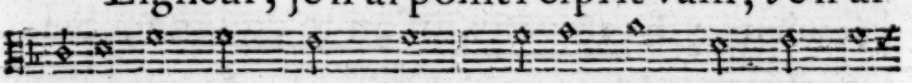


Il nous délivrera.

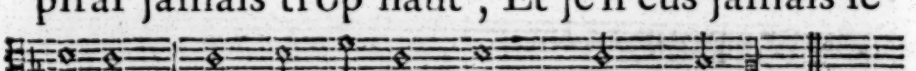
PSEAUME CXXXI.



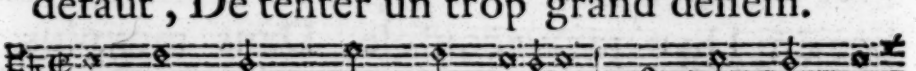
SEigneur, je n'ai point l'eſprit vain; Je n'aſ-



pirai jamais trop haut; Et je n'eus jamais le



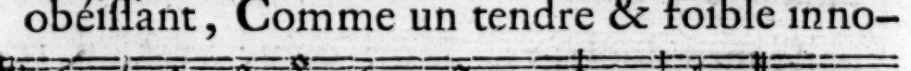
défaut, De tenter un trop grand deſſein.



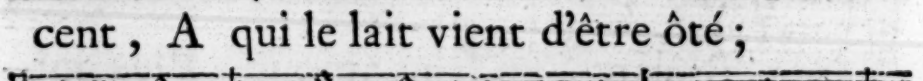
2. Si toujours mon humilité, Ne me rendit



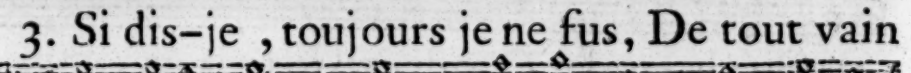
obéiſſant, Comme un tendre & foible inno-



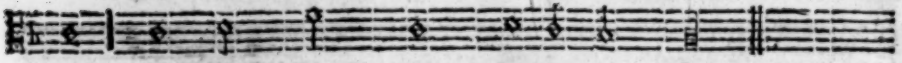
cent, A qui le lait vient d'être ôté;



3. Si dis-je, toujours je ne fus, De tout vain



déſir délivré, Comme un enfant qu'on a ſé-



vré, O Seigneur, ne m'écoute plus.



4. Attendons de Dieu le ſecours, Dans tou-

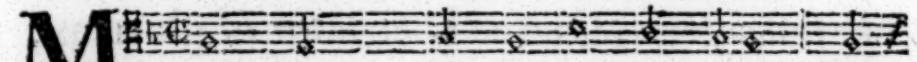


tes nos adverſités; Et qu'en ſes divines bontés,

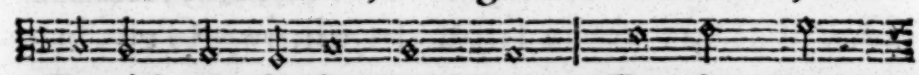


Iſraël eſpère toujours.

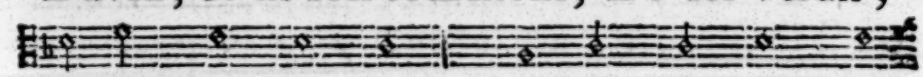
PSEAUME CXXXII.



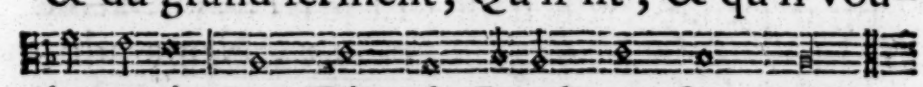
MOn Dieu, daigne te ſouvenir, De



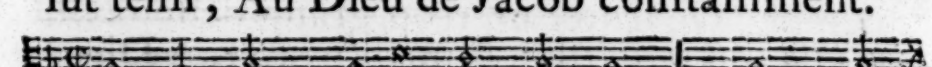
David, & de ſon tourment, De ſes vœux,



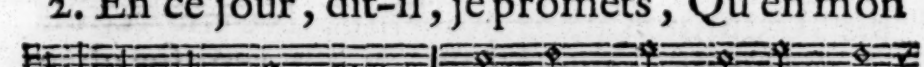
& du grand ſerment, Qu'il fit, & qu'il vou-



lut tenir, Au Dieu de Jacob conſtamment.



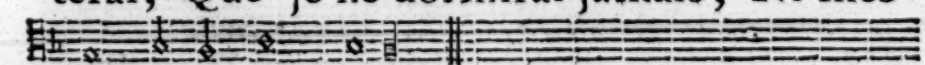
2. En ce jour, dit-il, je promets, Qu'en mon



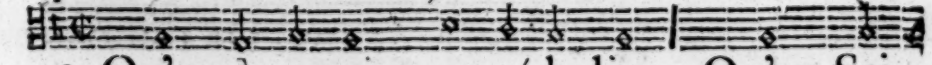
palais je n'entrerai, Ni ſur mon lit ne mon-



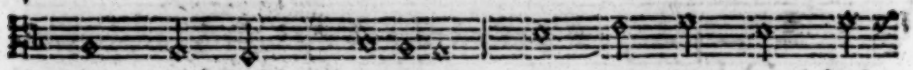
terai, Que je ne dormirai jamais, Ni mes



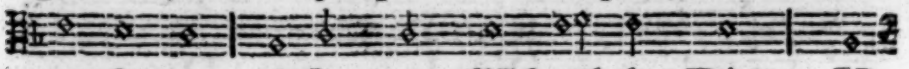
yeux je ne fermerai;



3. Qu'après avoir trouvé le lieu, Qu'au Sei-



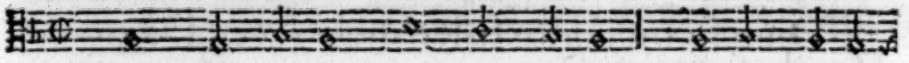
gneur je dois preparer, Et que je veux lui



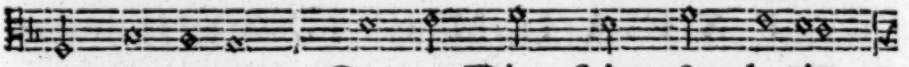
conſacrer, Afin que d'Iſraël le Dieu, Y



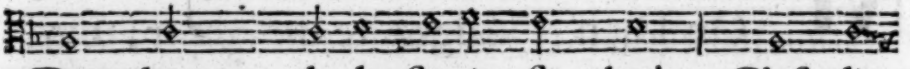
veuille toujours demeurer.



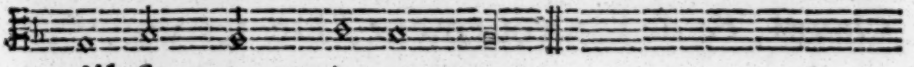
4. Nous fûmes inſtruits autrefois, En Ephata,



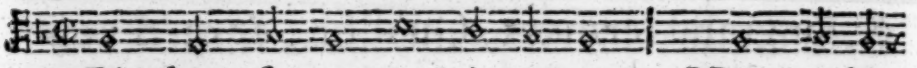
par nos ayeux, Que ce Dieu ſaint & glorieux,



Des champs de la forêt fit choix. C'eſt-là



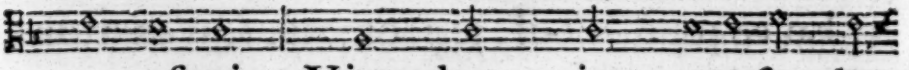
qu'il ſe montre à nos yeux.



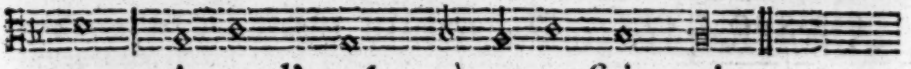
5. Là dans ſes tentes, à genoux, Nous ado-



rerons ſon pouvoir; Nous dirons: ô Dieu,



notre eſpoir, Vient donc, vient repoſer chez



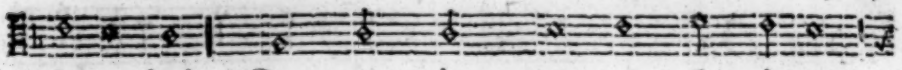
nous, Avec l'arche où tu te fais voir.



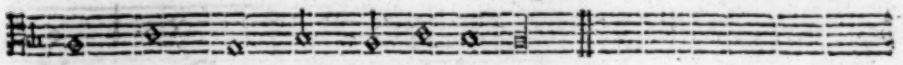
6. Revêts de ta vertu, Seigneur, Pour l'a-



mour de David, ton roi, Les ſaints miniſtres

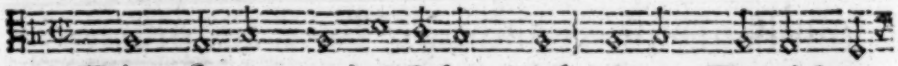


de ta loi : Que ton oint, que ton ſerviteur,

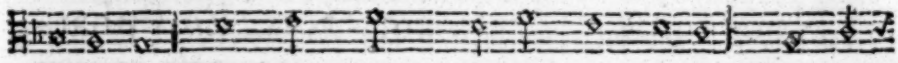


Soit toujours appuyé de toi.

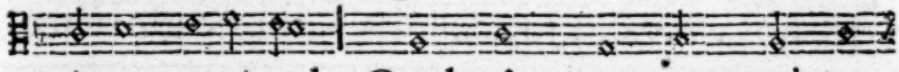
PAUSE.



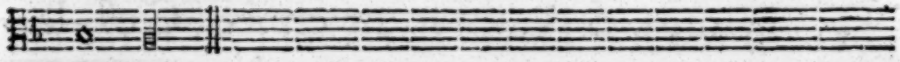
7. Dieu fit un traité ſolemnel, Avec David &,



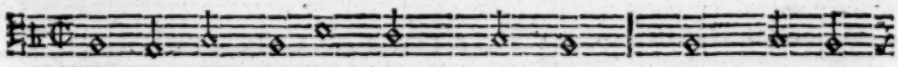
le jura : De ton ſang, dit-il, on verra, Sur ton



trône perpétuel, Quelqu'un que ma main y



mettra.



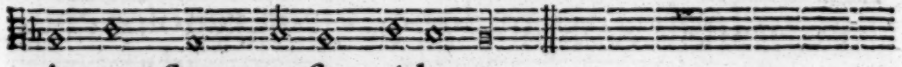
8. Si tes fils obſervent mes lois, Que de ma



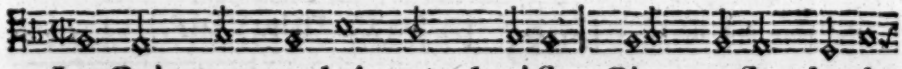
bouche ils apprendront, Heureuſement ils



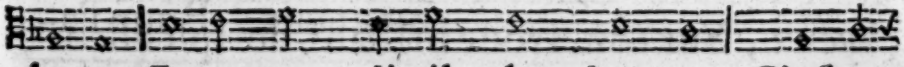
régneront: Et leurs enfans, de rois en rois,



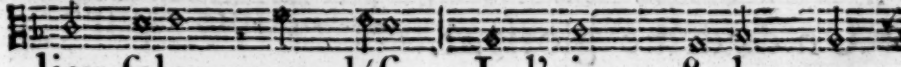
A ton ſceptre ſuccéderont.



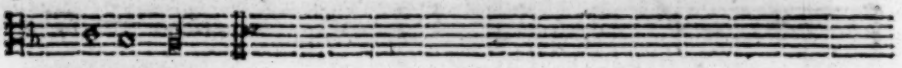
9. Le Seigneur a daigné choiſir, Sion, afin de s'y



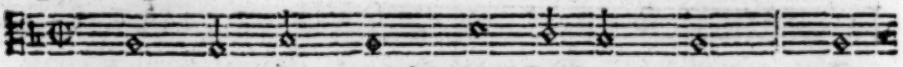
loger. Je ne veux, dit-il, plus changer; C'eſt un



lieu ſelon mon déſir; Je l'aime, & le veux



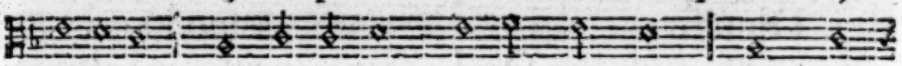
protéger.



10 Sur tout le peuple, à pleines mains, L'a-



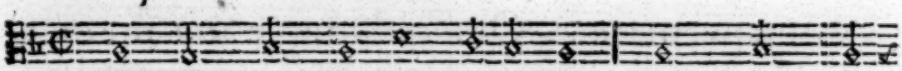
bondance je repandrai : Tous ſes prêtres je



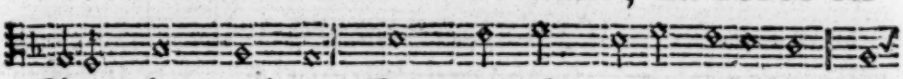
bénirai ; Et favorable à ſes deſſeins, De mes



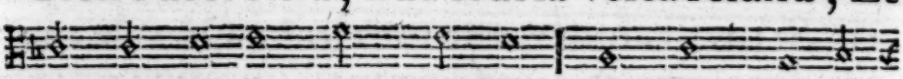
biens je le comblerai.



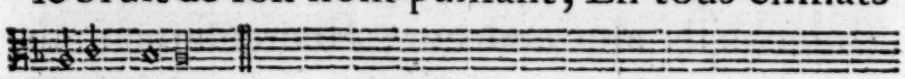
11. Je rendrai David floriſſant ; Sa force en



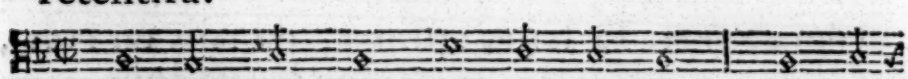
Sion s'accroîtra ; Par tout ſa vertu réluira ; Et



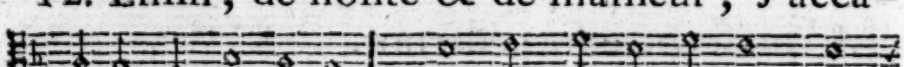
le bruit de ſon nom puiſſant, En tous climats



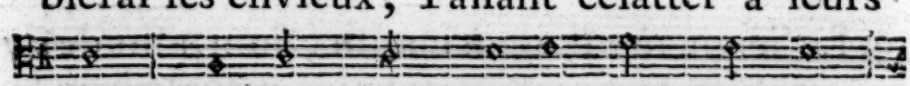
retentira.



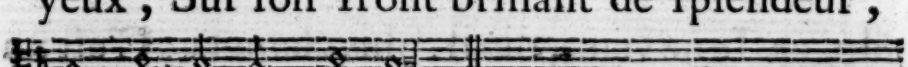
12. Enfin, de honte & de malheur, J'acca-



blerai ſes envieux, Faiſant éclatter à leurs



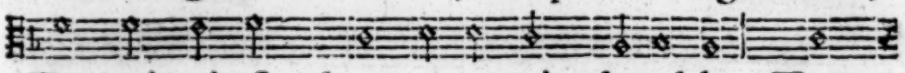
yeux, Sur ſon front brillant de ſplendeur,



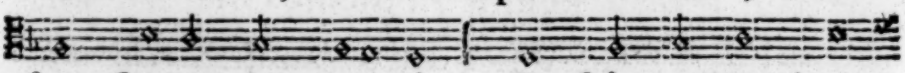
Un diadême glorieux.



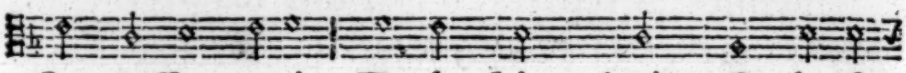
O Qu'il eſt doux, & qu'il eſt agréable,



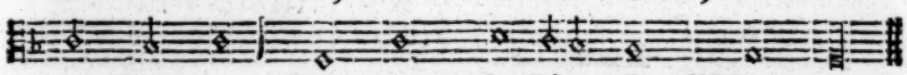
De voir ainſi, dans une paix durable, Tous



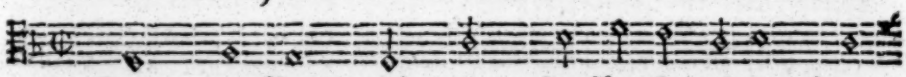
les frères s'entretenir ! Ce ſaint accord me



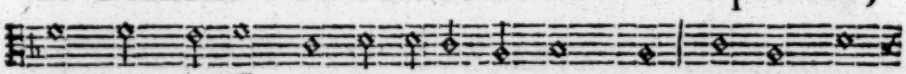
fait reſſouvenir, De la ſainte huile, & du ſa-



cré d'Aron, Des eaux de Sion & d'Hermon.



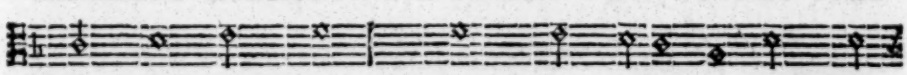
2. Comme l'on voit cette huile ſe répandre,



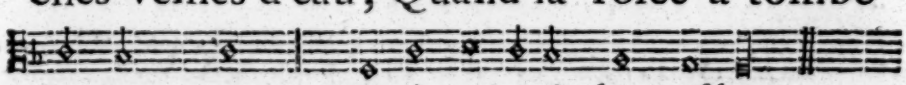
Et, par filets, de la tête deſcendre, Sur le bord



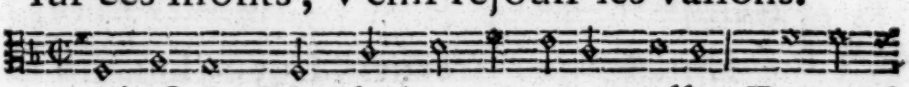
du ſacré manteau : Comme l'on voit de fraî-



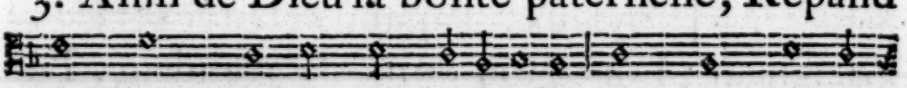
ches veines d'eau, Quand la roſée a tombé



ſur ces monts, Venir réjouir les vallons.



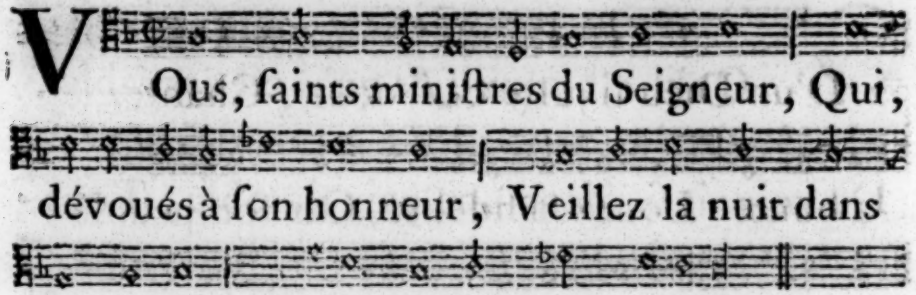
3. Ainſi de Dieu la bonté paternelle, Répand



des cieux, ſur la troupe fidelle, A toute heure



de nouveaux dons.

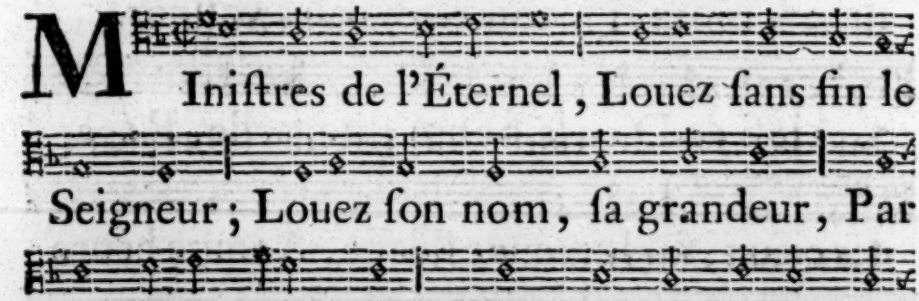


VOus, ſaints miniſtres du Seigneur, Qui, dévoués à ſon honneur, Veillez la nuit dans ſa maiſon, Préſentez-lui votre oraiſon.

2. Levez vos mains vers le ſaint lieu, Où vous contemplez notre Dieu; Et pour lui plaire, récitez, Les merveilles de ſes bontés.

3. Dieu, qui fit la terre & les cieux, Et qui toujours prend ſoin des ſiens, De Sion, ſi chère à ſes yeux, Te garde, & te comble de biens.

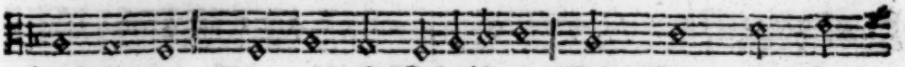
PSEAUME CXXXV.



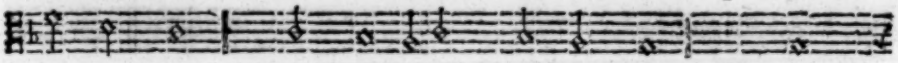
MInistres de l'Éternel, Louez ſans fin le Seigneur; Louez ſon nom, ſa grandeur, Par un culte ſolemnel; Vous qui ſervez au milieu, Des parvis de notre Dieu.



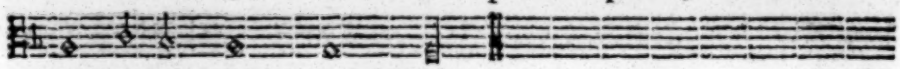
2. D'un Dieu ſi juſte & ſi doux, Chantez ici



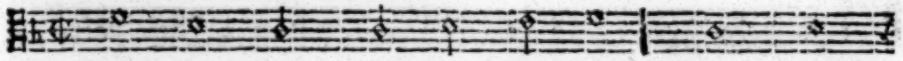
la bonté, Louez ſa fidélité, Car ſon peuple,



entre tous, C'eſt Iſraël qu'il a pris, Comme



un joyau de grand prix.



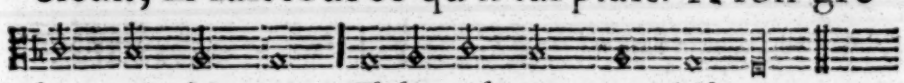
3. J'ai toujours connu qu'il eſt, Plus grand



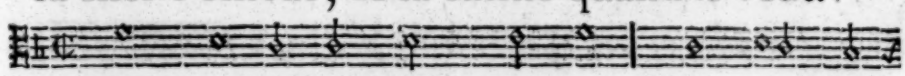
que les autres dieux. Sur la terre, & dans les



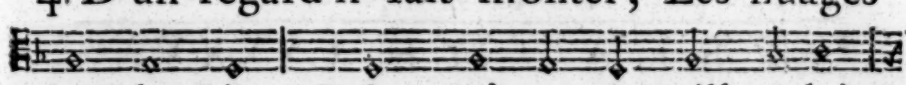
cieux, Il fait tout ce qu'il lui plaît. A ſon gré



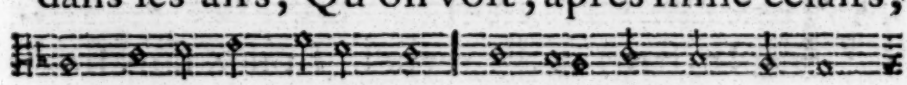
la mer s'émeut; Il la calme quand il veut.



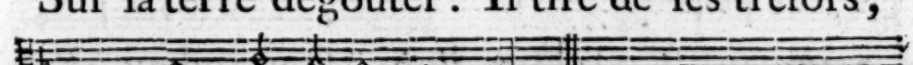
4. D'un regard il fait monter, Les nuages



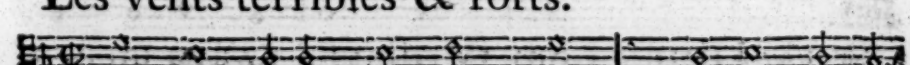
dans les airs, Qu'on voit, après mille éclairs,



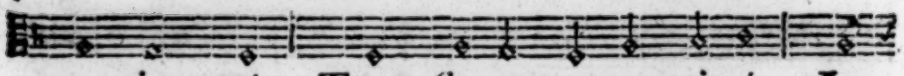
Sur la terre dégouter: Il tire de ſes tréſors,



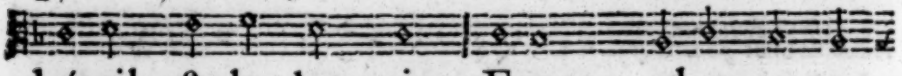
Les vents terribles & forts.



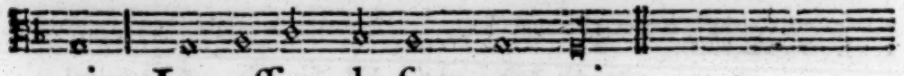
5. On vit périr, par ſes mains, D'Egypte les



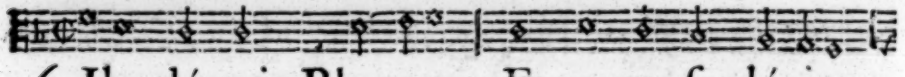
premiers nés; Tous furent exterminés, Le



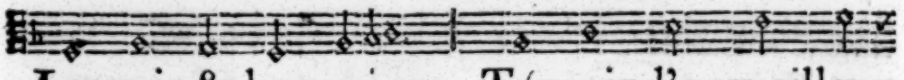
bétail, & les humains. Egypte, alors tu pus



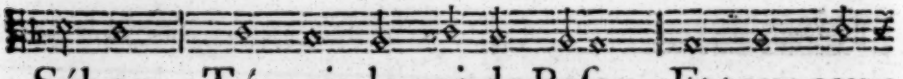
voir, Les effets de ſon pouvoir.



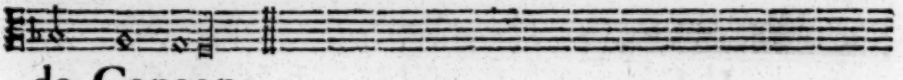
6. Il a détruit Pharaon, Et toutes ſes légions,



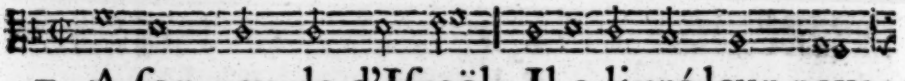
Les rois & les nations: Témoin l'orgueilleux



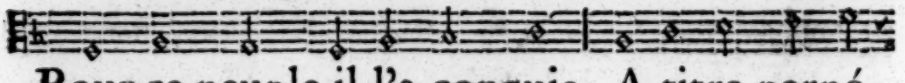
Séhon, Témoin le roi de Baſan, Et tous ceux



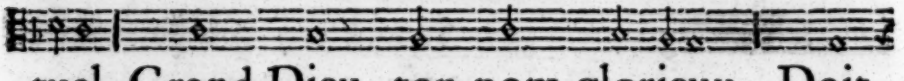
de Canaan.



7. A ſon peuple d'Iſraël, Il a livré leur pays;



Pour ce peuple il l'a conquis, A titre perpé-

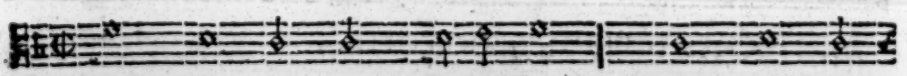


tuel. Grand Dieu, ton nom glorieux, Doit

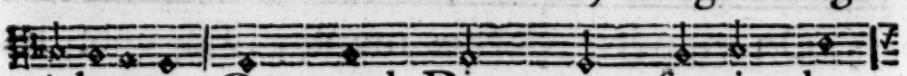


durer plus que les cieux.

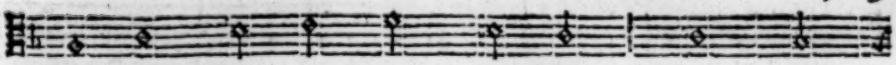
PAUSE.



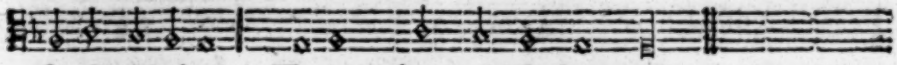
8. De Dieu le nom floriſſant, D'âge en âge



éclatera. Ce grand Dieu nous ſoutiendra,



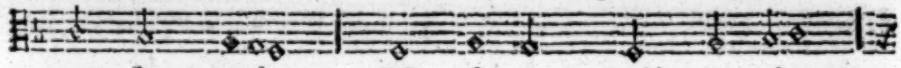
Par ſon bras toujours puiſſant. Pour nous,



ſa ſévérité, Fera place à ſa bonté.



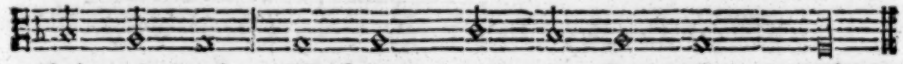
9. Les dieux faits d'or & d'argent, Que ſer-



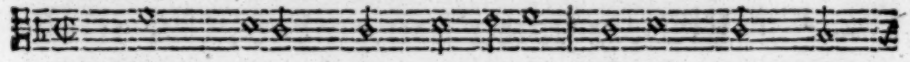
vent les nations, Ne furent qu'inventions,



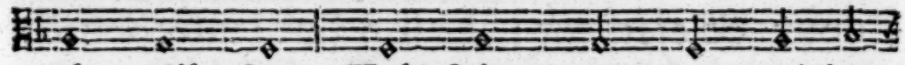
D'un ouvrier diligent : Leur bouche eſt ſans



ſe mouvoir, Et leurs yeux ne ſauroient voir.



10. Sans ouïr, ſans reſpirer, Ils ſe montrent



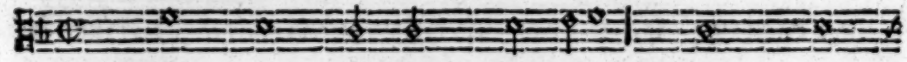
tels qu'ils ſont. Tels ſoient tous ceux qui les



font, Ou qui les vont adorer : Tels ceux qu'on



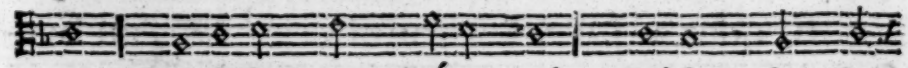
voit arrêtés, A ces folles vanités.



11. Mais vous, enfans d'Iſraël, Vous, pour



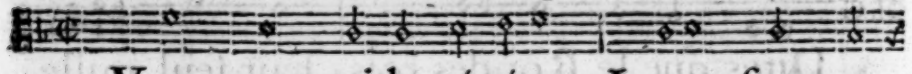
qui Dieu fut ſi bon, Et vous, famille d'A-



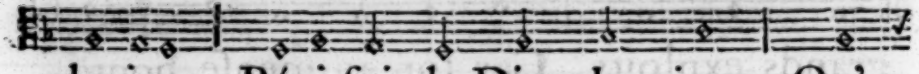
ron, Béniſſez tous l'Éternel. Maiſon des Lé-



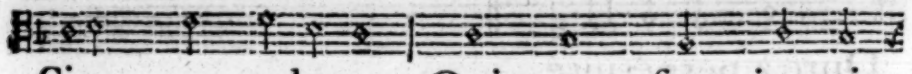
vites ſaints, Montre auſſi que tu le crains.



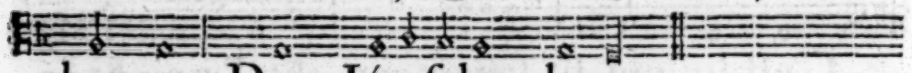
12. Vous tous qui le révérez, Louez ſon nom



glorieux. Béni ſoit le Dieu des cieux, Qu'en



Sion vous adorez, Qui veut, ſans jamais

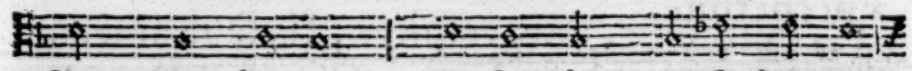


changer, Dans Jéruſalem loger.

PSEAUME CXXXVI.



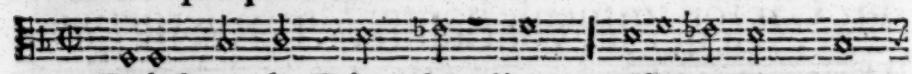
CElébrez Dieu hautement, Car il eſt



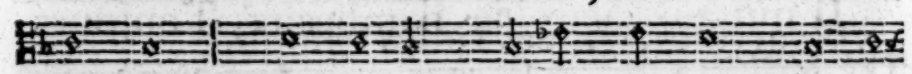
doux & clément; Et ſon immenſe bonté,



Dure à perpétuité.



2. Célébrez le Dieu des dieux, Elevé ſur tous



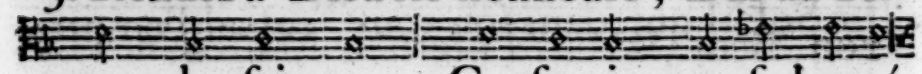
les cieux; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



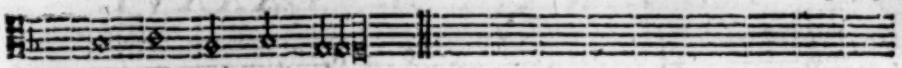
perpétuité.



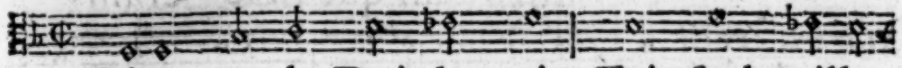
3. Rendez à Dieu les honneurs, Dûs au Sei-



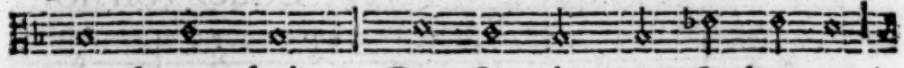
gneur des ſeigneurs; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



Dure à perpétuité.



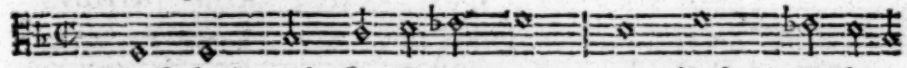
4. Dites que le Roi des rois, Fait ſeul mille



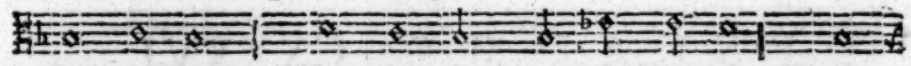
grands exploits, Car ſon immenſe bonté,



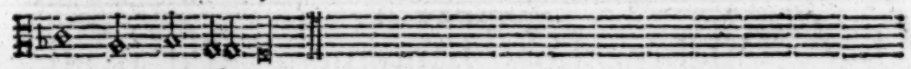
Dure à perpétuité.



5. C'eſt lui qui fit ſagement, Et l'air, & le



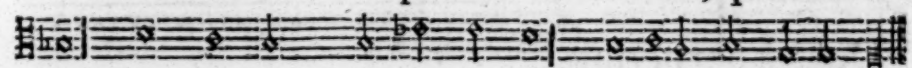
firmament ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure



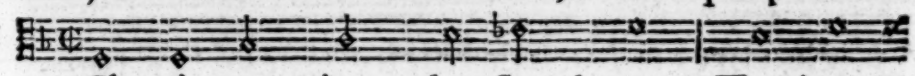
à perpétuité.



6. Sur les eaux il ſuſpendit. La terre, qu'il éten-



dit ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à perpétuité.



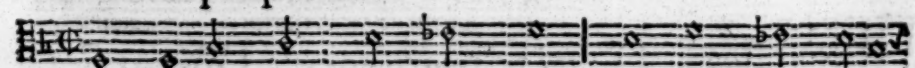
7. Il mit aux cieux des flambeaux, Toujours



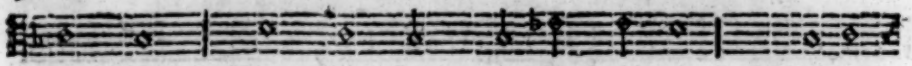
lumineux & beaux ; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



Dure à perpétuité.



8. Le Soleil qui, dans ſon tour, A ſeul l'empire



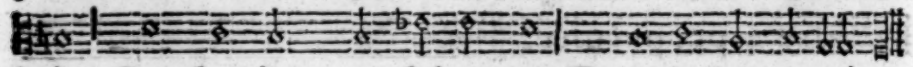
du jour ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



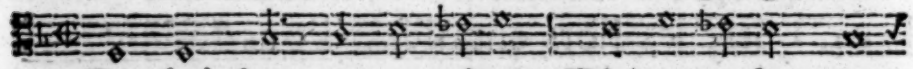
perpétuité.



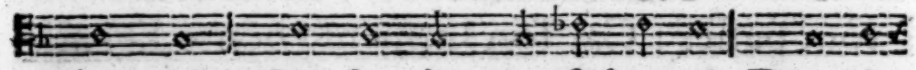
9. La Lune, & ce qui, la ſuit, Avec elle règne &



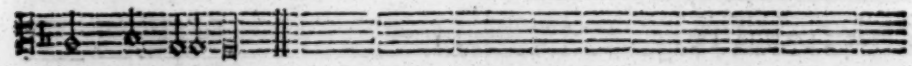
luit ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à perpétuité.



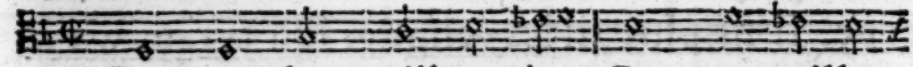
10. Par lui ſont exterminés, D'égypte les pre-



miers nés ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



perpétuité.



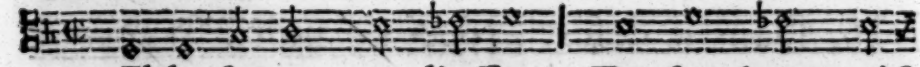
11. Son peuple, qu'il en tira, Ses merveilles



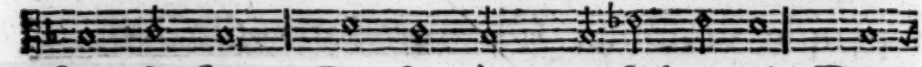
célébra, Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



perpétuité.



12. Il le ſauva, par l'effort, De ſon bras puiſ-

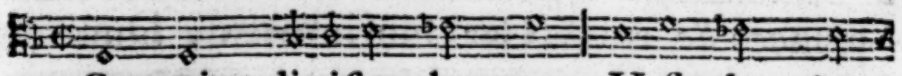


ſant & fort ; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure

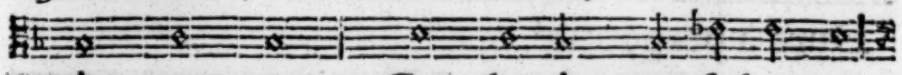


à perpétuité.

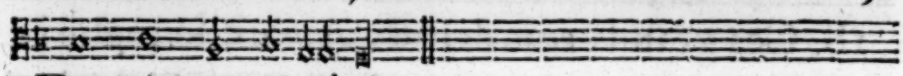
PAUSE.



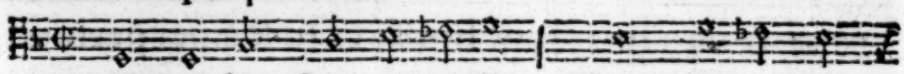
13. Sa main, diviſant les eaux, Y fit des che-



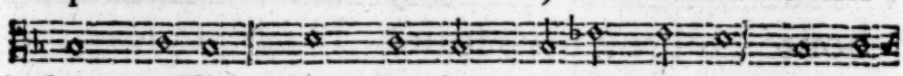
mins nouveaux ; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



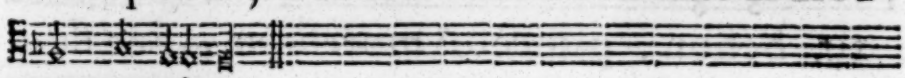
Dure à perpétuité.



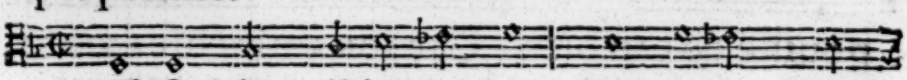
14. Entre les flots entaſſés, Tous ſes enfans



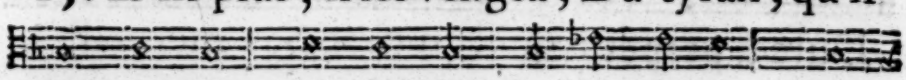
ſont paſſés ; Car ſon immenſe bonté Dure à



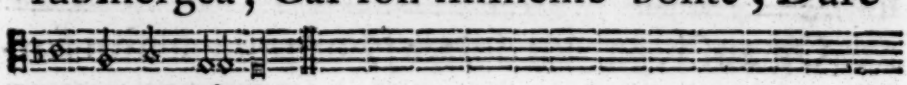
perpétuité.



15. Il fit plus ; il les vengea, Du tyran, qu'il



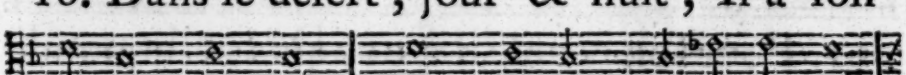
ſubmergea ; Car ſon immenſe bonte, Dure



à perpétuité.



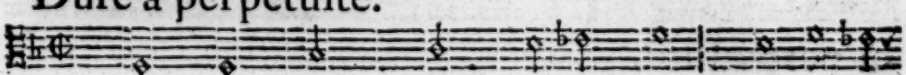
16. Dans le déſert, jour & nuit, Il a ſon



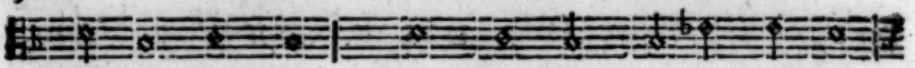
peuple conduit ; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



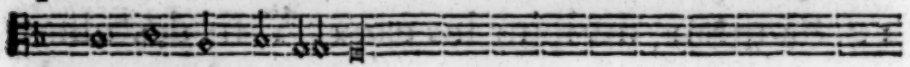
Dure à perpétuité.



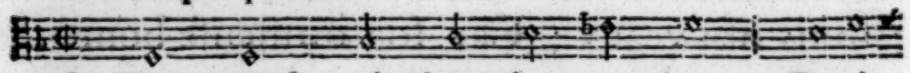
17, Son courroux, plus d'une fois, Renverſa



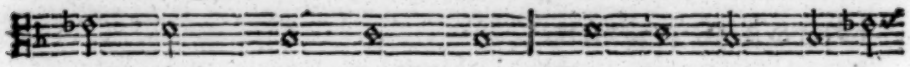
princes & rois, Car ſon immenſe bonté,



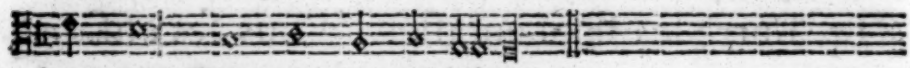
Dure à perpétuité.



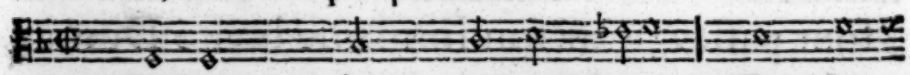
18. Ces grands rois dans les combats, Péri-



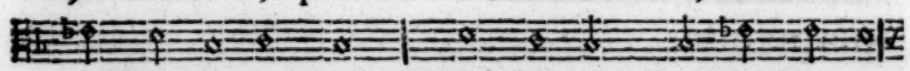
rent tous, par ſon bras; Car ſon immenſe



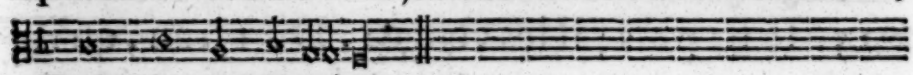
bonté, Dure à perpétuité.



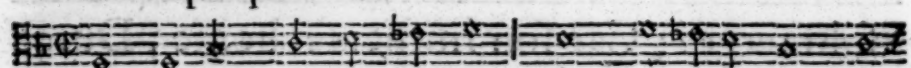
19. Séhon, prince Amorrhéen, Fut dé-



pouillé de ſon bien; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



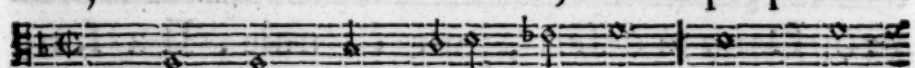
Dure à perpétuité.



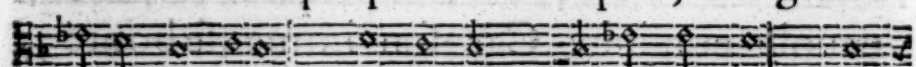
20. Og auſſi, par lui défait, Fut puni de ſon for-



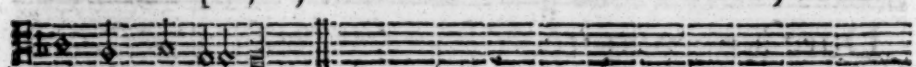
fait; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à perpétuité.



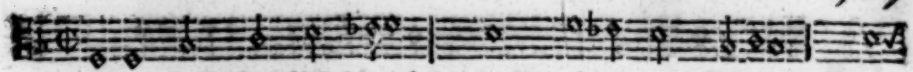
21. Pour ſon peuple il a conquis, Un grand



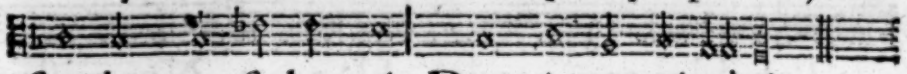
& riche pays; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure



à perpétuité.



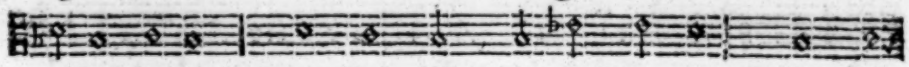
22. Il y fonda d'Iſraël, L'empire perpétuel; Car



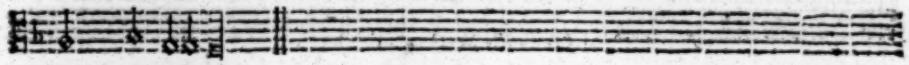
ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à perpétuité.



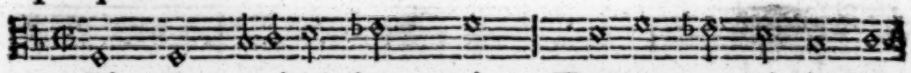
23. Quand nous étions affligés, Sa main nous



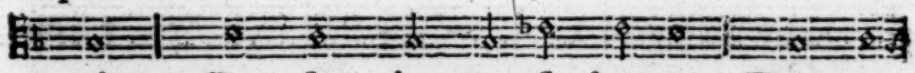
a ſoulagés; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



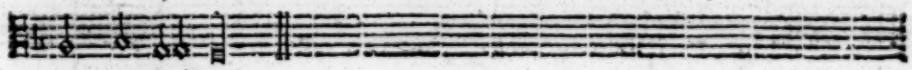
perpétuité.



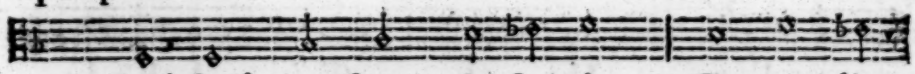
24 Il nous a tiré des mains, Des ennemis inhu-



mains; Car ſon immenſe bonté, Dure à



perpétuité.



25. Lui ſeul conſerve & ſoutient, Ce que l'u-



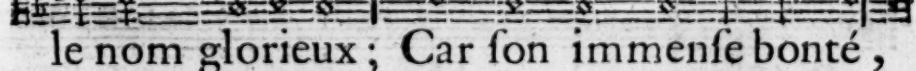
nivers contient; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



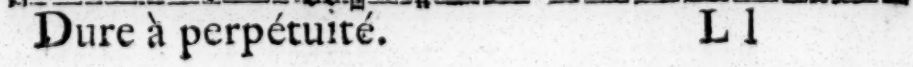
Dure à perpétuité.



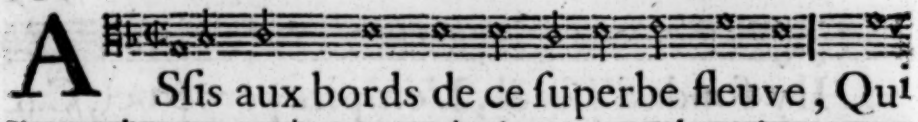
26. Enfin, du grand Dieu des cieux, Louez



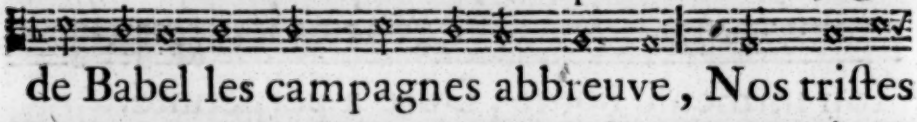
le nom glorieux; Car ſon immenſe bonté,



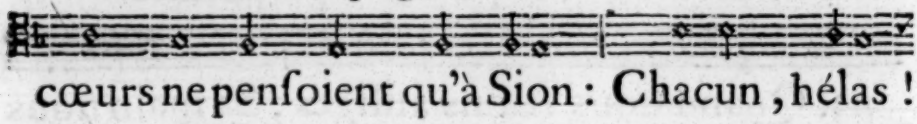
Dure à perpétuité.



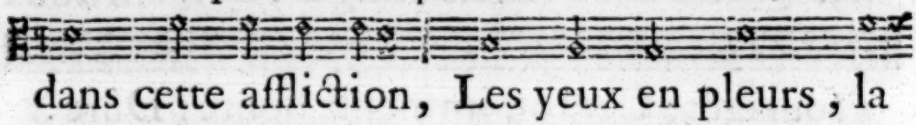
Assis aux bords de ce ſuperbe fleuve, Qui



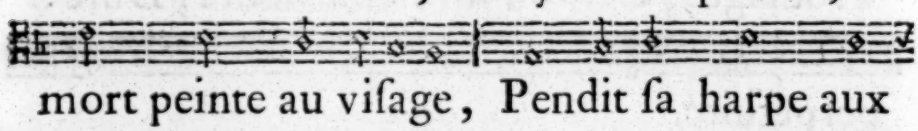
de Babel les campagnes abbreuve, Nos triſtes



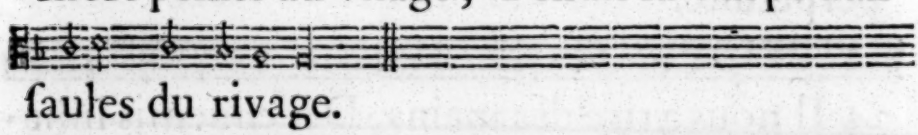
cœurs ne penſoient qu'à Sion : Chacun, hélas !



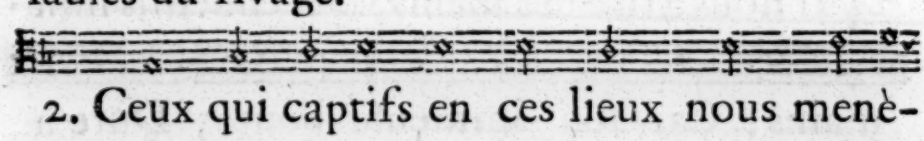
dans cette affliction, Les yeux en pleurs, la



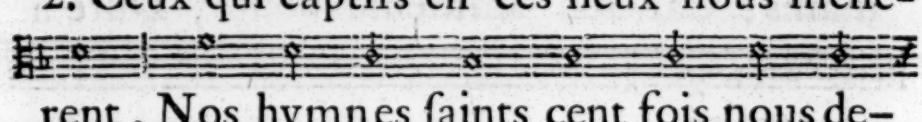
mort peinte au viſage, Pendit ſa harpe aux



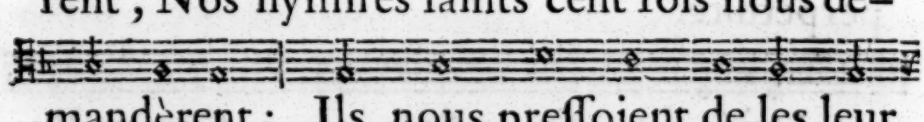
ſaules du rivage.



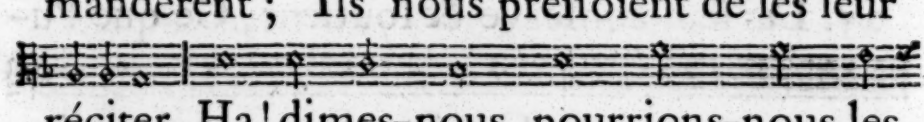
2. Ceux qui captifs en ces lieux nous menè-



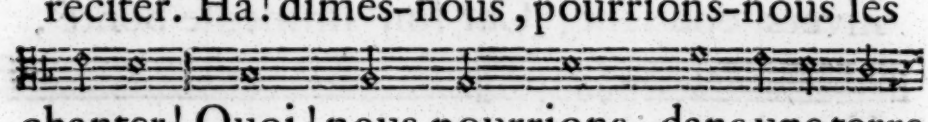
rent, Nos hymnes ſaints cent fois nous de-



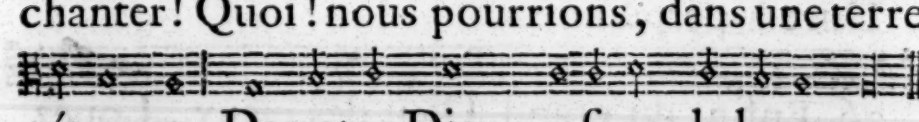
mandèrent ; Ils nous preſſoient de les leur



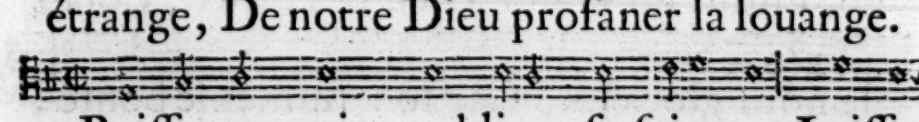
réciter. Ha ! dimes-nous, pourrions-nous les



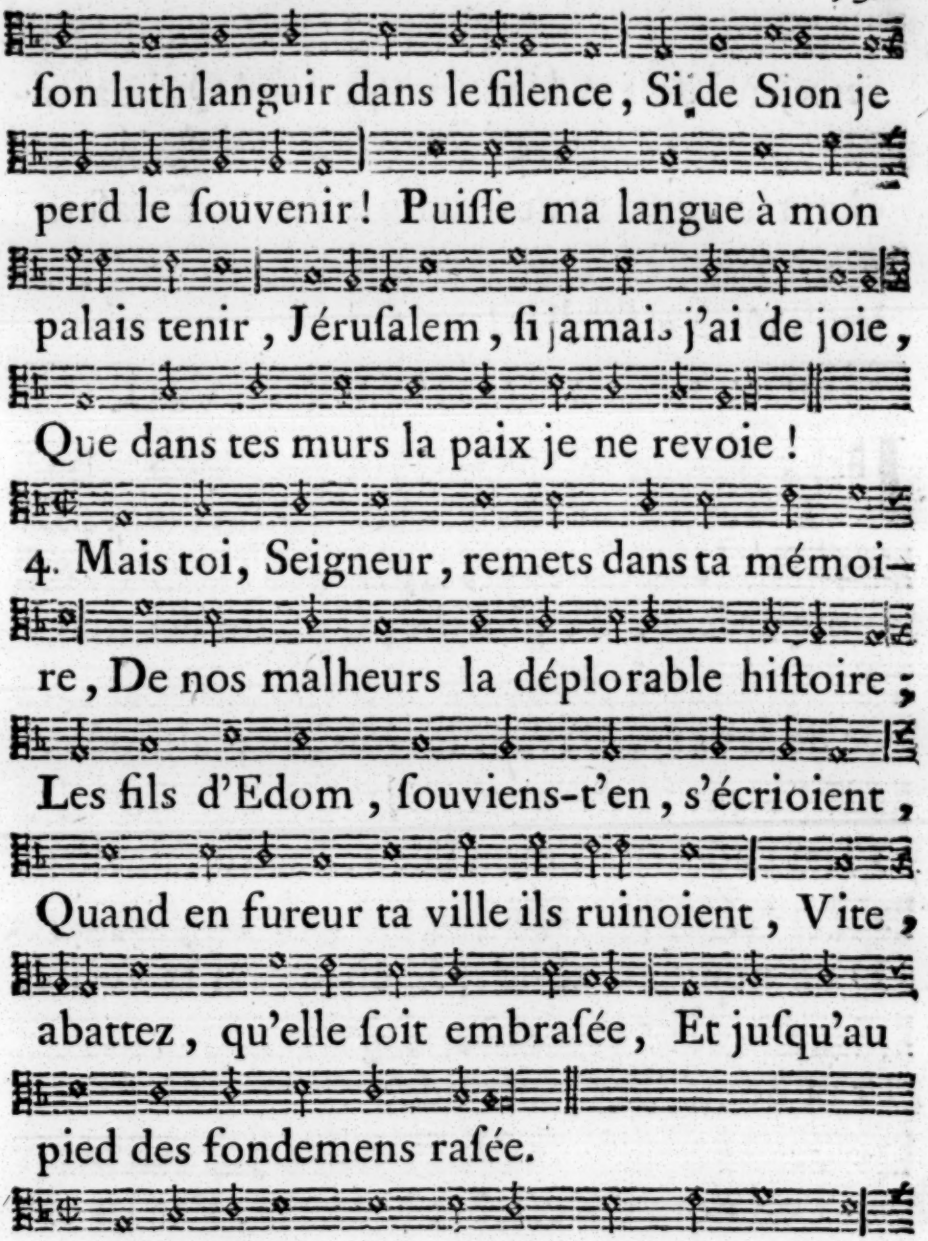
chanter ! Quoi ! nous pourrions, dans une terre



étrange, De notre Dieu profaner la louange.



3. Puiſſe ma main, oubliant ſa ſcience, Laiſſer



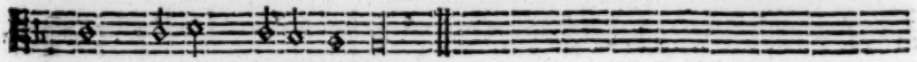
ſon luth languir dans le ſilence, Si de Sion je
perd le ſouvenir! Puiſſe ma langue à mon
palais tenir, Jéruſalem, ſi jamais j'ai de joie,
Que dans tes murs la paix je ne revoie!
4. Mais toi, Seigneur, remets dans ta mémoi-
re, De nos malheurs la déplorable hiſtoire;
Les fils d'Edom, ſouviens-t'en, s'écrioient,
Quand en fureur ta ville ils ruinoient, Vite,
abattez, qu'elle ſoit embraſée, Et juſqu'au
pied des fondemens raſée.
5. Fière Babel, qui réduis tout en cendre,
Heureux celui qui doit un jour te rendre, Les
maux cruels que ta main nous a faits! Heu-



reux, qui doit te détruire à jamais! Qui t'arra-



chant tes enfans des mammelles, Ecraſera

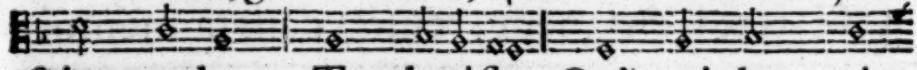


leurs têtes infidelles!

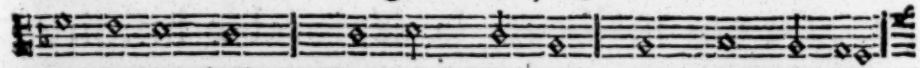
PSEAUME CXXXVIII.



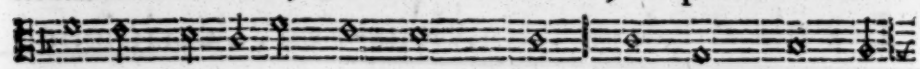
IL faut, grand Dieu, que de mon cœur; La



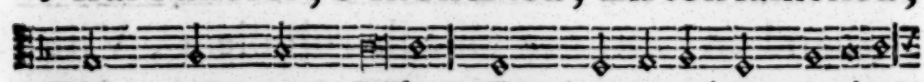
ſainte ardeur, Te glorifie; Qu'à toi des mains



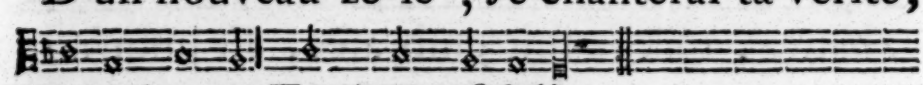
& de la voix, Devant les rois, Je pſalmodie.



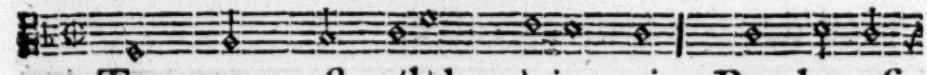
J'irai t'adorer, ô mon Dieu, En ton ſaint lieu,



D'un nouveau zè-le; Je chanterai ta vérité,



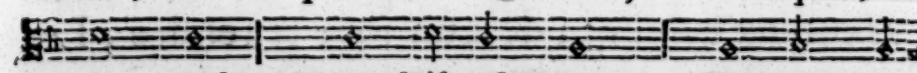
Et ta bonté Toujours fidelle.



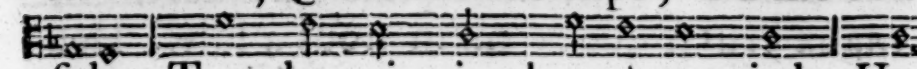
2. Ton nom eſt célèbre à jamais, Par les ef-



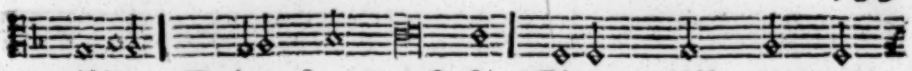
fets, De tes paroles: Quand je t'invoque, tu



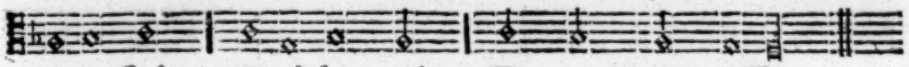
m'entends; Quand il eſt temps, Tu me con-



ſoles. Tous les rois viendront à tes pieds, Hu-



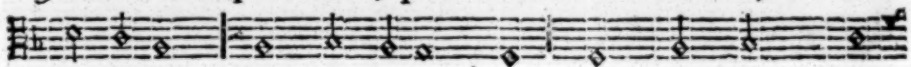
miliés, Prier ſans ceſ-ſe, Sitôt qu'ils auront



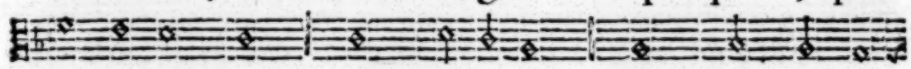
une fois, Oui la voix, De ta promeſſe.



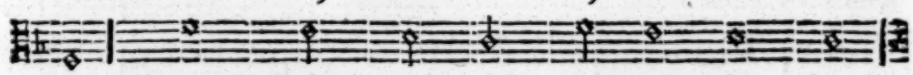
3. Ils rempliront, par leurs concerts, Tout



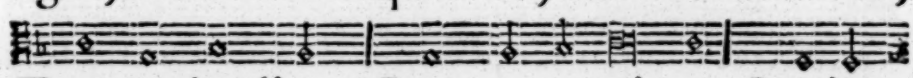
l'univers, De tes louanges. Les peuples, qui



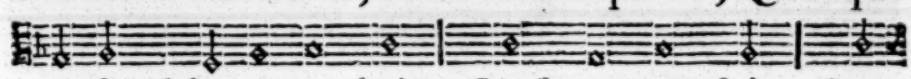
les entendront, Admireront, Tes faits étran-



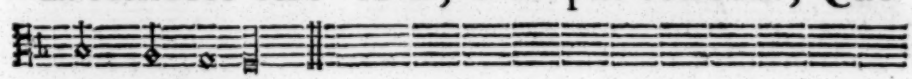
ges, Grand Dieu qui vois, du haut des cieux,



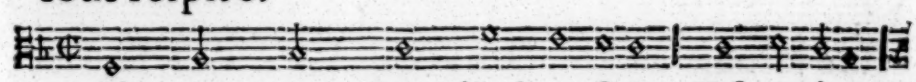
Tous ces bas lieux, Sous ton empi-re, Quoique



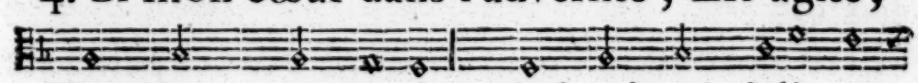
tu ſembles être loin, C'eſt par ton ſoin, Que



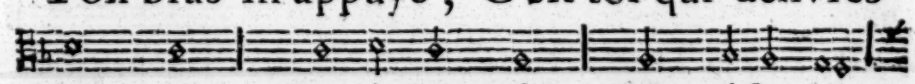
tout reſpire.



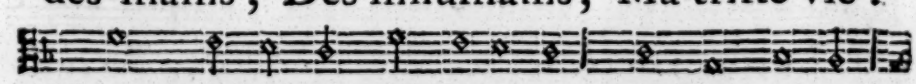
4. Si mon cœur dans l'adverſité, Eſt agité,



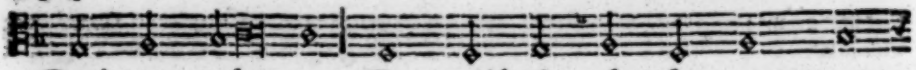
Ton bras m'appuye; C'eſt toi qui délivres



des mains, Des inhumains, Ma triſte vie:



Quand je ſuis le plus abattu, C'eſt ta vertu,



Qui me relé-ve. Ce qu'il t'a plu de commen-



cer, Sans ſe laſſer, Ta main l'achève.

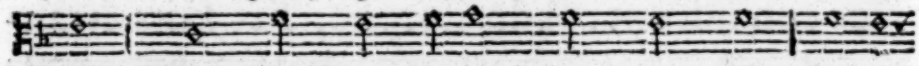
PSEAUME CXXXIX.



GRand Dieu; tu vois ce que je ſuis, Ce que



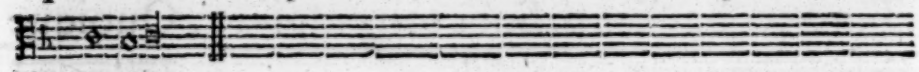
je fais, ce que je puis; Que je ſois aſſis, ou de-



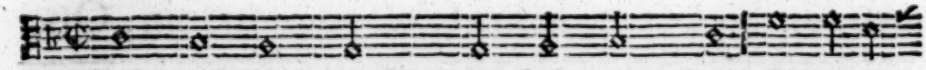
bout, Tes yeux me découvrent par tout; Et tu



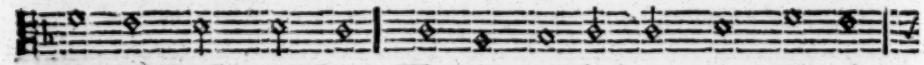
pénètres ma penſée, Même avant qu'elle ſoit



tracée.



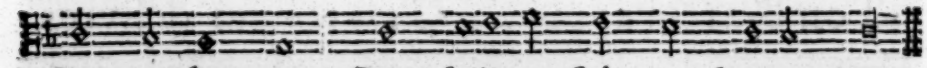
2. Soit que je marche, ou ſois couché, Je ne te



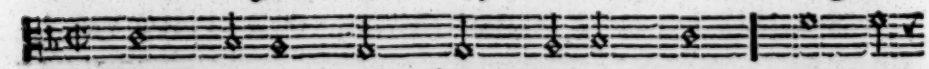
ſuis jamais caché: Ta vue éclaire mon ſentier:



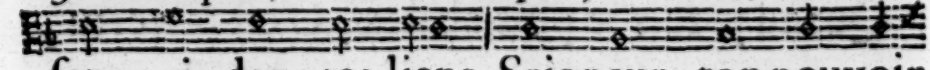
Et tu me connois tout entier: Le mot à peine eſt



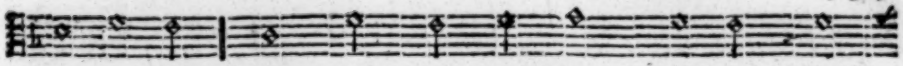
ſur ma langue, Que déjà tu ſais ma harangue.



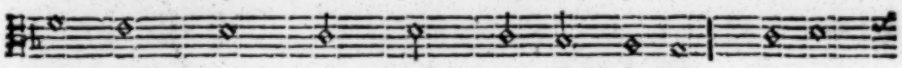
3. Lorſque je vais, lorſque je viens, Je me



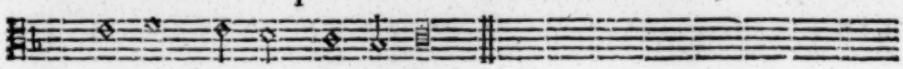
ſens pris dans tes liens. Seigneur, ton pouvoir



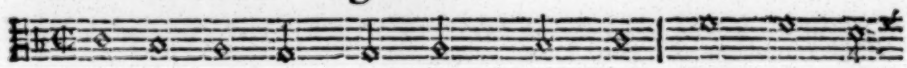
ſouverain, Me mit, en naiſſant, ſous ta main.



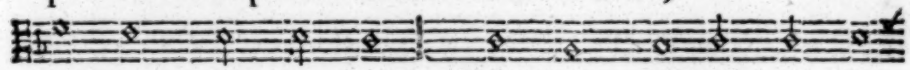
Et comment pourroit ma foibleſſe, Attein-



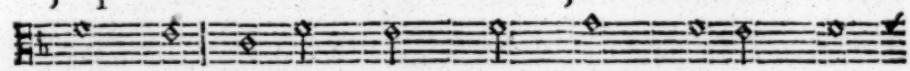
dre à ta haute ſageſſe?



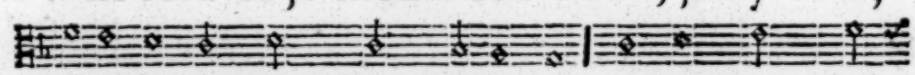
4. Si ton eſprit veut me chercher, Où fuirai-



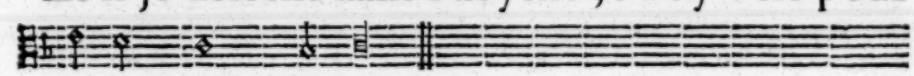
je pour me cacher? Puis-je me ſauver de-



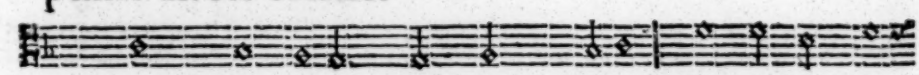
vant toi? Si je monte aux cieux, je t'y vois;



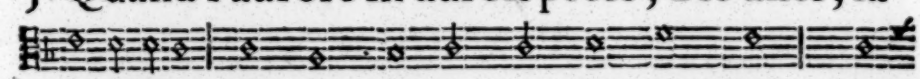
Et ſi je deſcens dans l'abyme, Je t'y vois pour



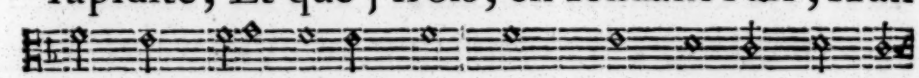
punir mon crime.



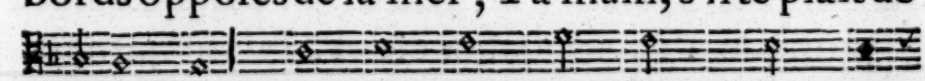
5 Quand l'aurore m'auroit prêté, Ses ailes, ſa



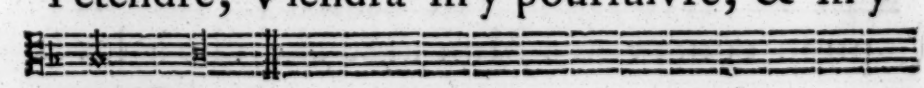
rapidité, Et que j'irois, en fendant l'air, Aux



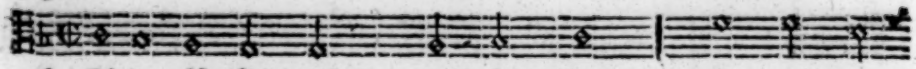
bords oppoſés de la mer; Ta main, s'il te plaît de



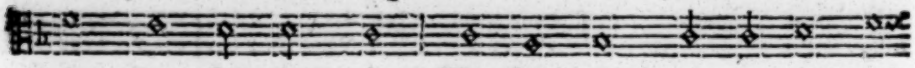
l'étendre, Viendra m'y pourſuivre, & m'y



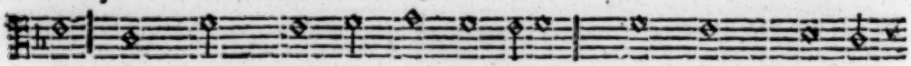
prendre.



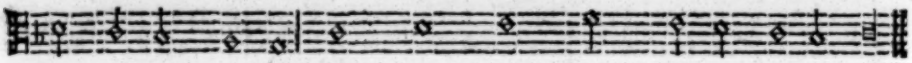
6. Si je dis la nuit, pour le moins, Me cachant



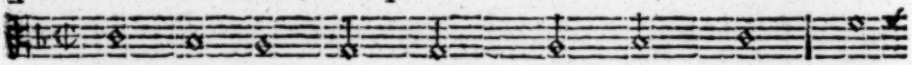
aux yeux des témoins, De ſon ombre me couvri-



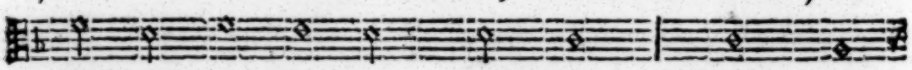
ra ; La nuit même t'éclairera : Car l'ombre la



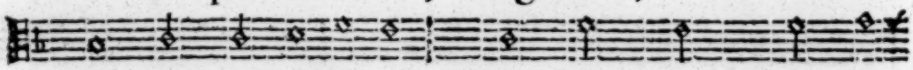
plus ténébreuſe, Eſt pour toi claire & lumineuſe.



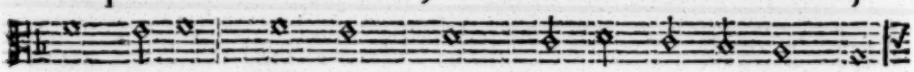
7. Tu ſondes mes reins, & mon cœur ; Et



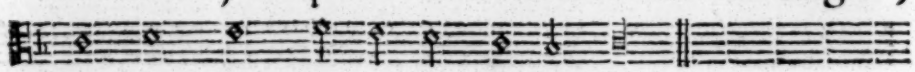
c'eſt toi qui formas, Seigneur, Tout mon



corps ſi bien aſſorti, Dans les flancs d'où je

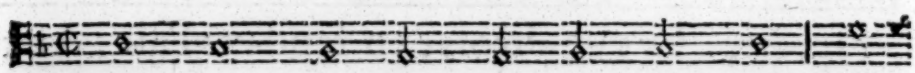


ſuis ſorti ; Et pour ces merveilles étranges,

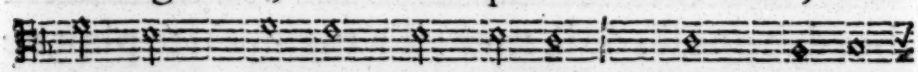


Ma bouche chante tes louanges.

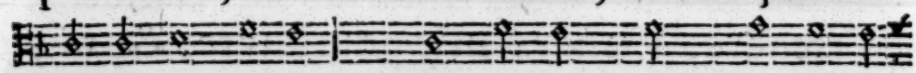
PAUSE



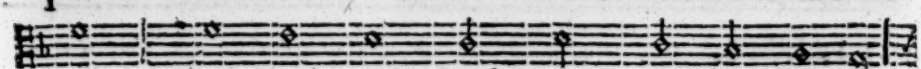
8. Seigneur, les biens que tu nous fais, Ta



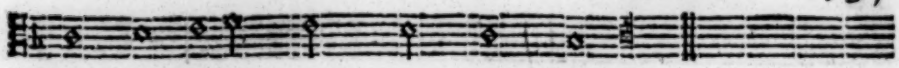
puiſſance, & ſes hauts effets, N'ont jamais



pu ſe concevoir : Mon ame cherche à les ſa-



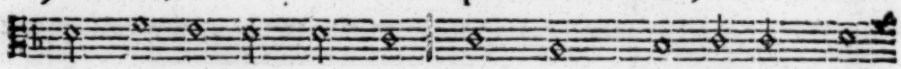
voir ; Mais toi qui ſeul m'as donné l'être,



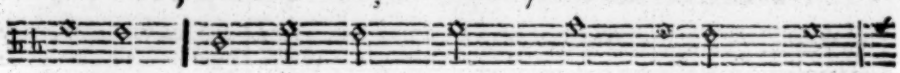
Seul auſſi tu peux me connoître.



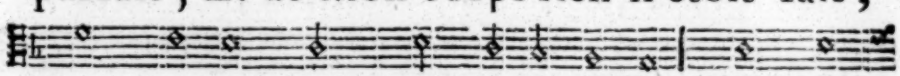
9. Oui, c'eſt ta main qui m'a tiſſu, Dans le



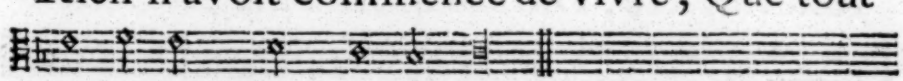
ſein où je fus conçu. Tes yeux me virent im-



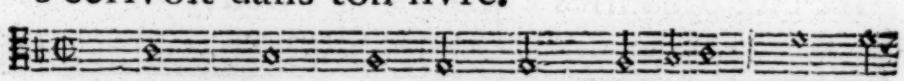
parfait ; Et de mon corps rien n'étoit fait,



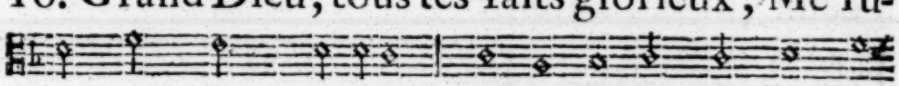
Rien n'avoit commencé de vivre, Que tout



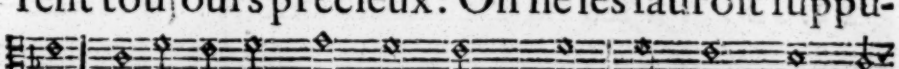
s'écrivoit dans ton livre.



10. Grand Dieu, tous tes faits glorieux, Me fu-



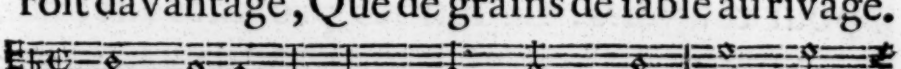
rent toujours précieux: On ne les ſauroit ſuppu-



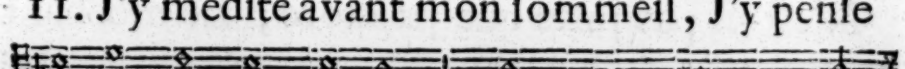
ter; Et ſi je les voulois compter, Il s'en trouve-



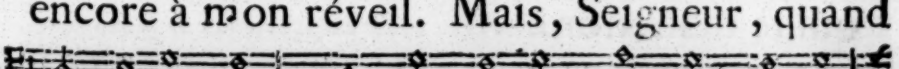
roit davantage, Que de grains de ſable au rivage.



11. J'y médite avant mon ſommeil, J'y penſe



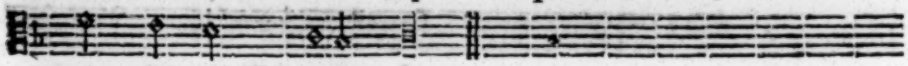
encore à mon réveil. Mais, Seigneur, quand



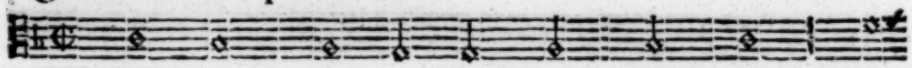
détruiras-tu, Mes ennemis par ta vertu?



Quand viendras-tu, par ta puiſſance, Les éloi-



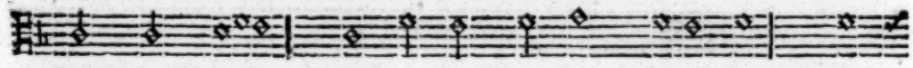
gner de ma préſence ?



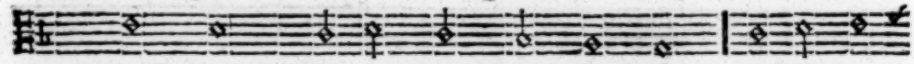
12. J'entends ces orgueilleux, Seigneur, Qui



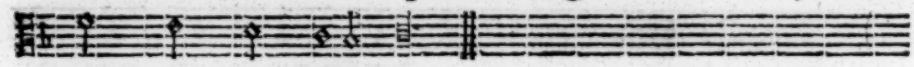
voudroient ternir ton honneur, Et dont la



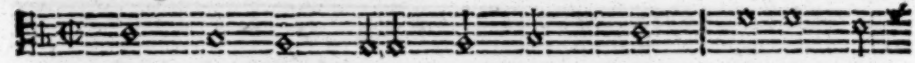
folle impiété, Oſe attaquer ta majeſté : Con-



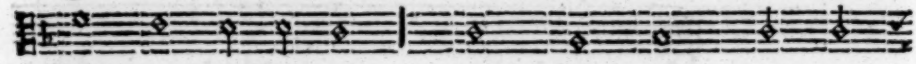
tre eux tous mes eſprits s'aigriſſent, Et je hais



ceux qui te haïſſent.



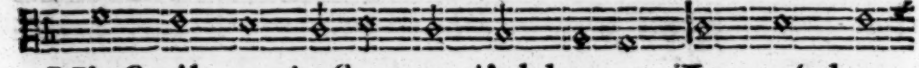
13. Je veux les haïr conſtamment : Je les dé-



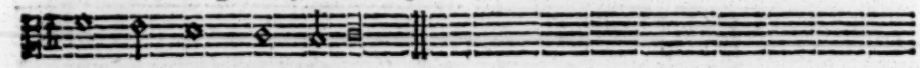
teſte ouvertement ; Oui, Seigneur, je veux,



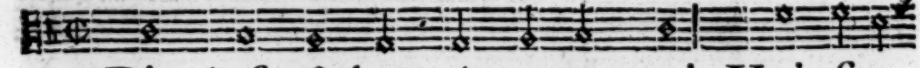
pour toujours, En fuir les profanes diſcours.



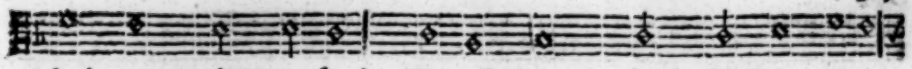
N'eſt-il pas juſte que j'abhore, Le méchant



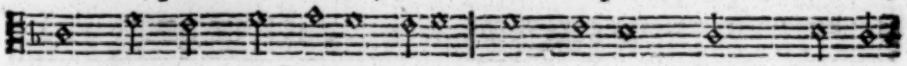
qui te déshonore.



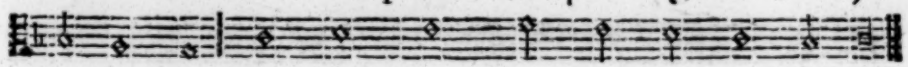
14. Dieu juſte & bon, éprouve-moi ; Vois ſi je



n'aime point ta loi ; Ou ſi mon pied s'eſt arrêté,



Au chemin de l'iniquité : Et que ta grâce, où je

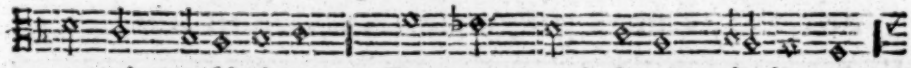


me fonde, Soit toujours ma guide en ce monde.

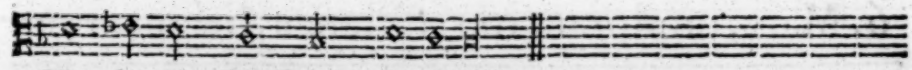
PSEAUME CXL.



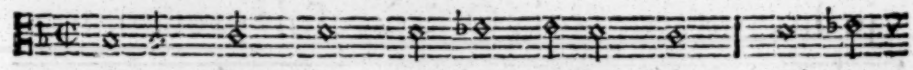
O Dieu, réprime l'inſolence, D'un en-



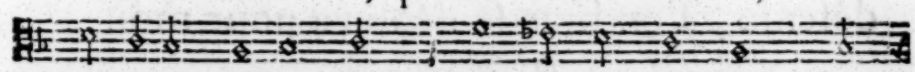
nemi malicieux : Sauve-moi de ſa violence,



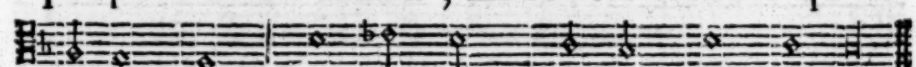
Et de ſes deſſeins furieux.



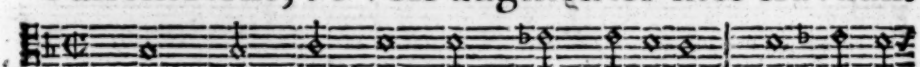
2. Avec d'autres, qui lui reſſemblent, Il me



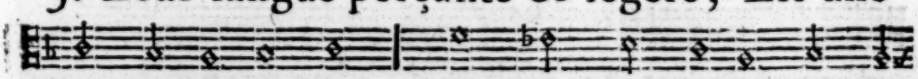
prépare mille maux ; Et toutes les fois qu'ils



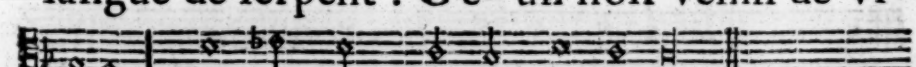
s'aſſemblent, Je vois augmenter mes travaux.



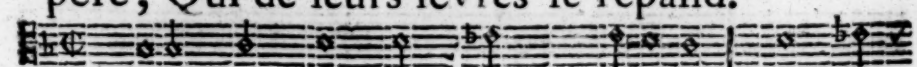
3. Leur langue perçante & légère, Eſt une



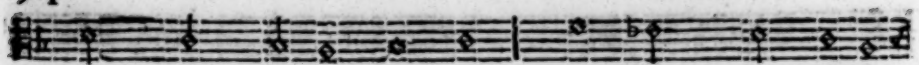
langue de ſerpent : C'eſt un noir venin de vi-



père, Qui de leurs lèvres ſe répand.



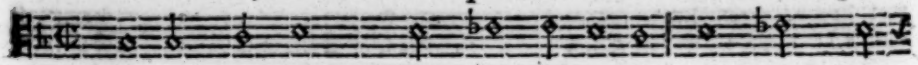
4. Garantis-moi des mains cruelles, Du mé-



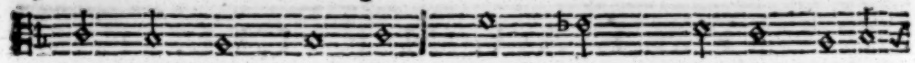
chant, qui guette mes pas; Confonds les ruſes



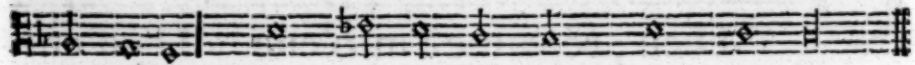
criminelles, De ceux qui veulent mon trépas.



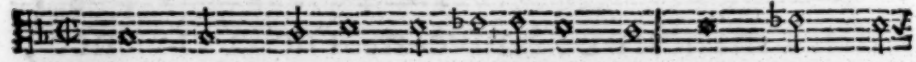
5. Mes ennemis, pleins de fineſſe, Autour de



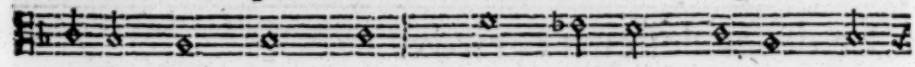
moi s'étoient rendus: Sur mon chemin, avec



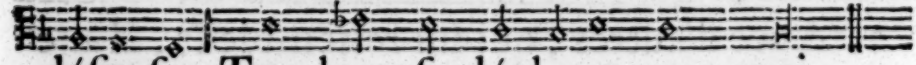
adreſſe, Leurs piéges ſe trouvoient tendus.



6. Mais, implorant ton aſſiſtance, Seigneur, ai-

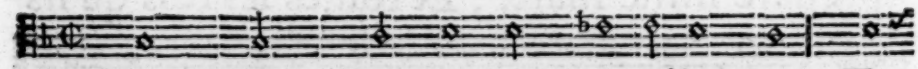


je dit, ſouviens-toi, Qu'autrefois prenant ma

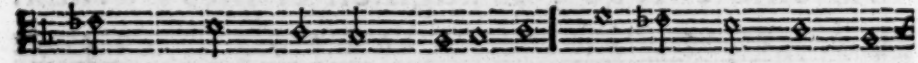


défenſe, Ton bras ſe déploya pour moi.

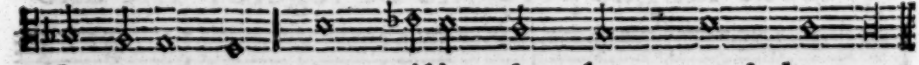
PAUSE.



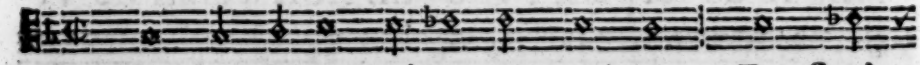
7. Grand Dieu, dans toutes mes allarmes, Tu



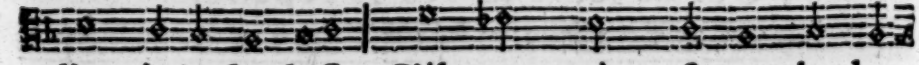
fut prompt à me proteger: Je me vis couvert



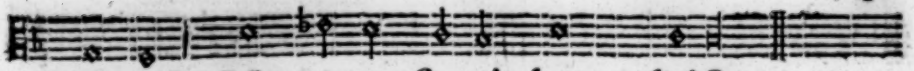
de tes armes, Au milieu du plus grand danger.



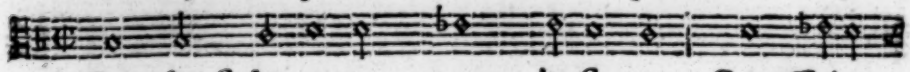
8. N'accorde jamais à ces traîtres, Le fruit



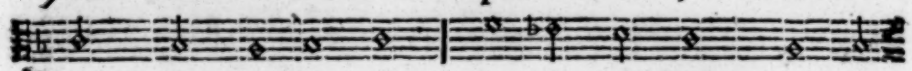
d'un injuſte déſir: S'ils pouvoient ſe rendre les



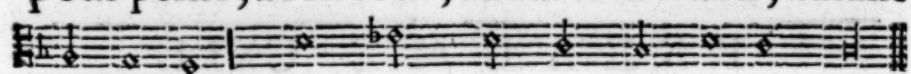
maîtres, Ma perte feroit leur plaiſir.



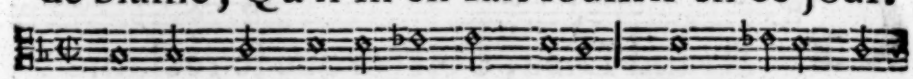
9. Le chef de cette troupe infame, Souffrira



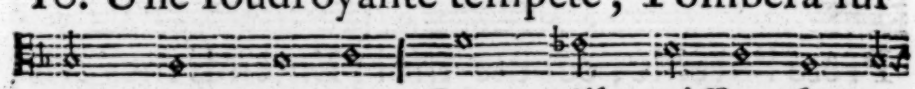
pour peine, à ſon tour, Autant de honte, autant



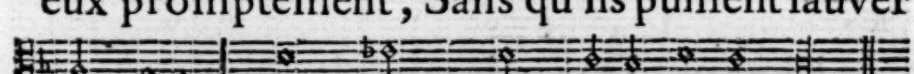
de blâme, Qu'il m'en fait ſouffrir en ce jour.



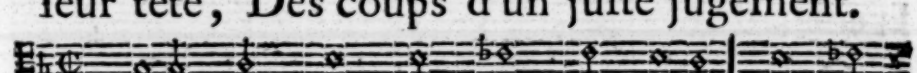
10. Une foudroyante tempête, Tombera ſur



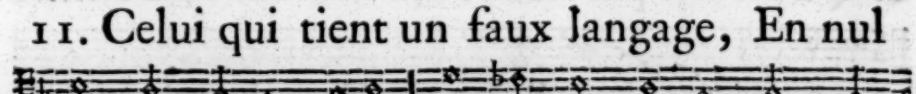
eux promptement, Sans qu'ils puiſſent ſauver



leur tête, Des coups d'un juſte jugement.



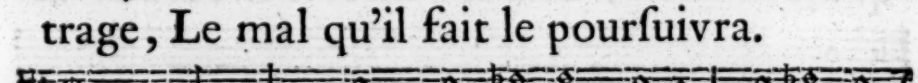
11. Celui qui tient un faux langage, En nul



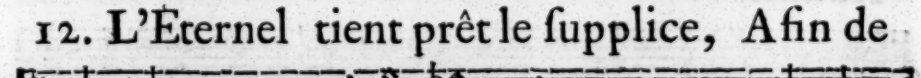
lieu ne s'affermira, Et qui ſe plaît à faire ou-



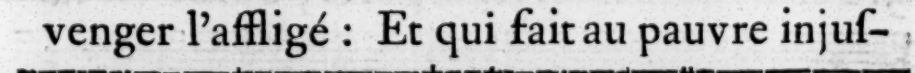
trage, Le mal qu'il fait le pourſuivra.



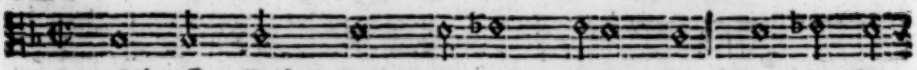
12. L'Eternel tient prêt le ſupplice, Afin de



venger l'affligé : Et qui fait au pauvre injuſ-



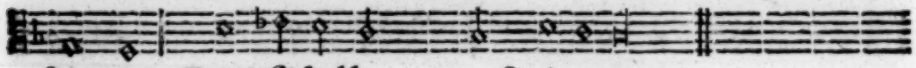
tice, De Dieu même ſera jugé.



13. Ainſi, Seigneur, en ta préſence, Les juſtes

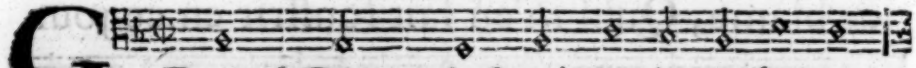


te célébreront ; Et toujours, par ta provi-

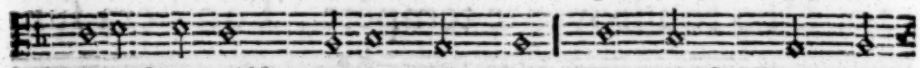


dence, Les fidelles proſpéreront.

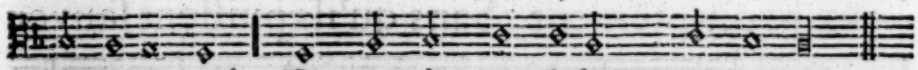
PSEAUME CXLI.



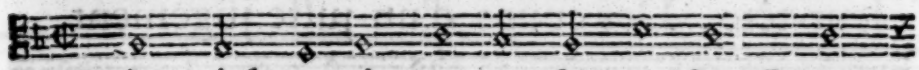
GRrand Dieu, c'eſt toi que je reclame :



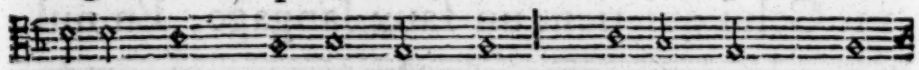
Prête l'oreille, écoute-moi ; Entends mes cris,



& hâte-toi, De venir conſoler mon ame.



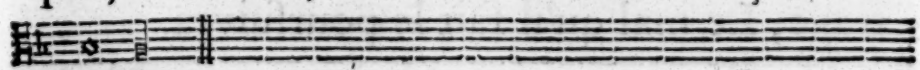
2. Qu'au ciel parvienne ma demande, Comme



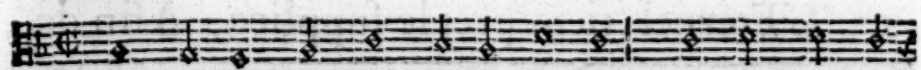
on y voit monter l'encens; Reçois mes mains,



que je te tends, Comme au ſoir tu reçois l'of-



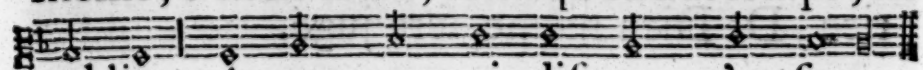
frande.



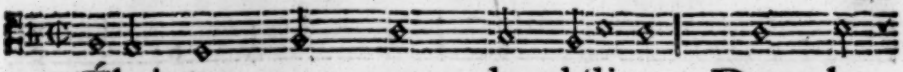
3. Ferme de mes lèvres la porte ; Garde-les toi-



même, ô mon Dieu, Afin qu'en nul temps, en



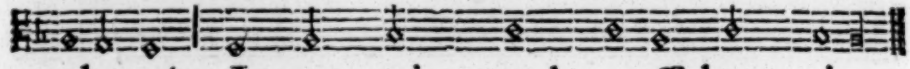
nul lieu, Aucun mauvais diſcours n'en ſorte.



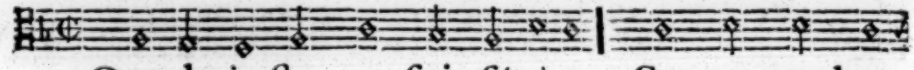
4. Éloigne mon cœur des délices, Dont les



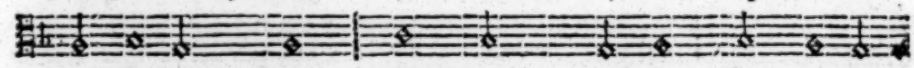
méchans ſont enchantés, Si je goûtois leurs



voluptés, Je pourrois prendre auſſi leurs vices.



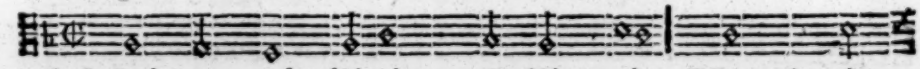
5. Que le juſte me ſoit ſévère; Ses reproches



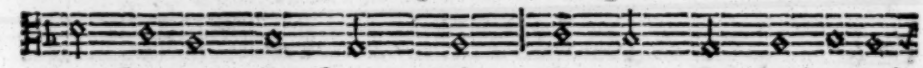
me ſeront doux: Et pour moi ſes plus rudes



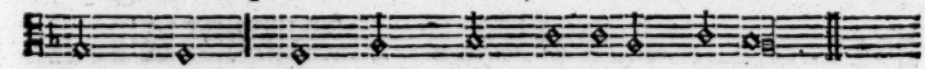
coups, Seront un baume ſalutaire.



6. Mais en vain l'inique & l'impie, Voudroient



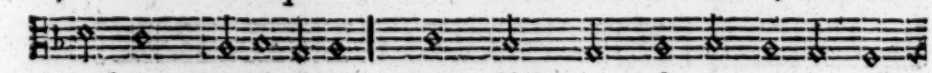
me flatter, par leurs ſoins; Je n'en ſouhaiterois



pas moins, De voir leur audace punie.



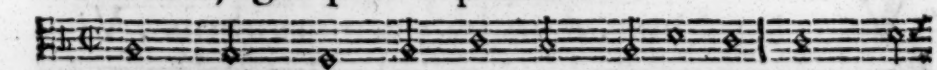
7. Car l'orſque leurs chefs déteſtables, Seront



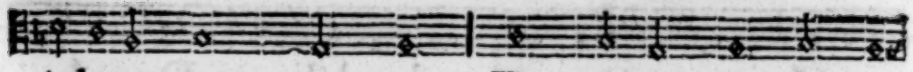
en bas précipités, Mes diſcours ſeront écoutés,



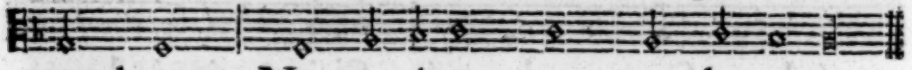
Par des juges plus équitables.



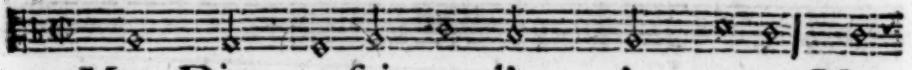
8. Lorſqu'on fend le bois; ou la pierre, On voit



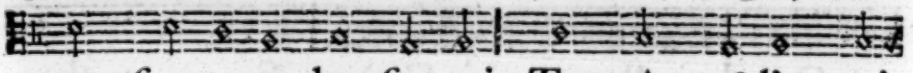
éclater cent morceaux; De même près de nos



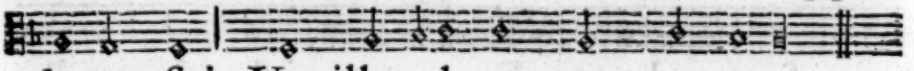
tombeaux, Nos os épars couvrent la terre.



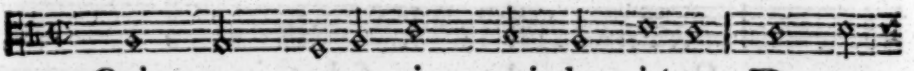
9. Mon Dieu, tu ſais que l'on m'outrage; Mes



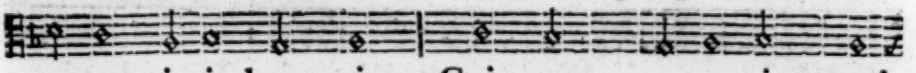
yeux ſont attaches ſur toi, Ta grâce eſt l'appui



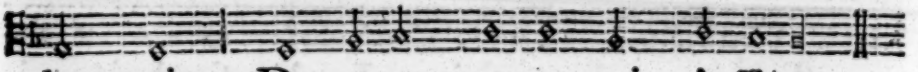
de ma foi, Veuille relever mon courage.



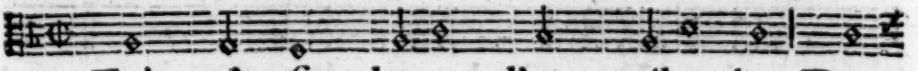
10. Seigneur, garantis-moi du piége, De ces



ennemis inhumains: Seigneur, garantis-moi



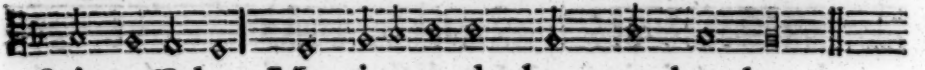
des mains, De cette troupe qui m'aſſiège.



11. Fais qu'enfin chacun d'eux trébuche, Dans

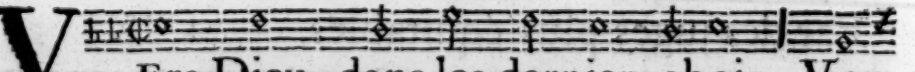


le piége qu'ils m'ont tendu; Pendant que ton

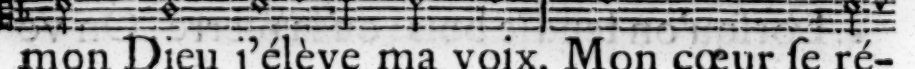


ſoin aſſidu, Me tirera de leur embuche.

PSEAUME CXLII.



VErs Dieu, dans les derniers abois, Vers

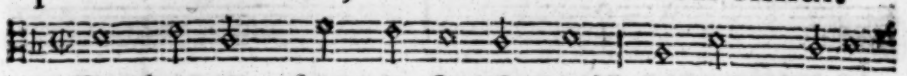


mon Dieu j'élève ma voix. Mon cœur ſe ré-

pand



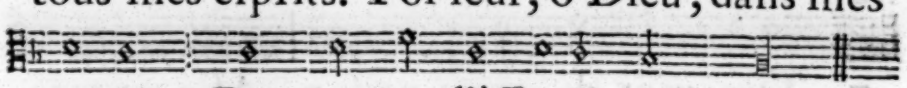
pand devant lui, Et lui déclare ſon ennui.



2. La frayeur dont je fus ſurpris, Avoit glacé



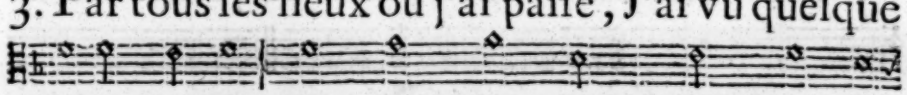
tous mes eſprits. Toi ſeul, ô Dieu, dans mes



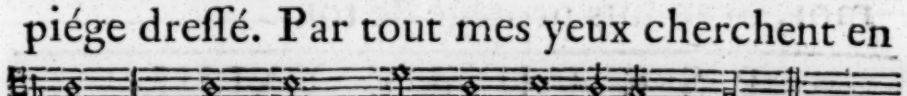
travaux, Pus trouver l'iſſue à mes maux.



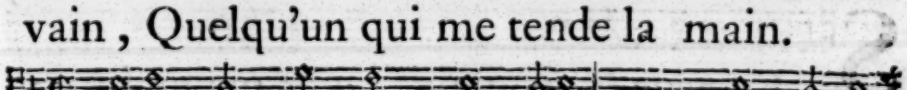
3. Par tous les lieux où j'ai paſſé, J'ai vu quelque



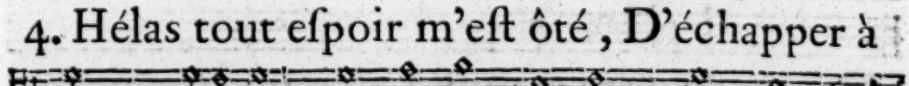
piége dreſſé. Par tout mes yeux cherchent en



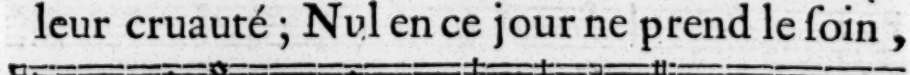
vain, Quelqu'un qui me tende la main.



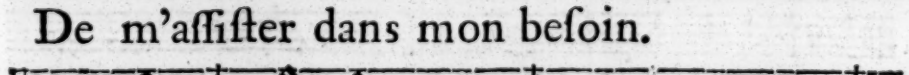
4. Hélas tout eſpoir m'eſt ôté, D'échapper à



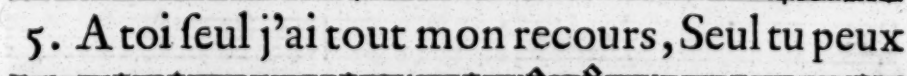
leur cruauté; Nul en ce jour ne prend le ſoin,



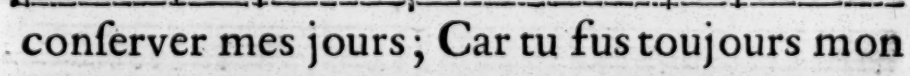
De m'aſſiſter dans mon beſoin.



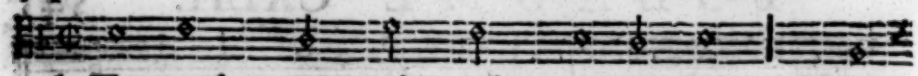
5. A toi ſeul j'ai tout mon recours, Seul tu peux



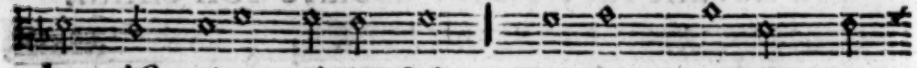
conſerver mes jours; Car tu fus toujours mon



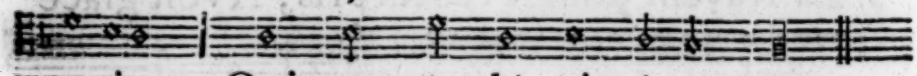
ſoutien, Et tout le reſte ne m'eſt rien.



6. Entends mon cri, vois mes ennuis : Vois



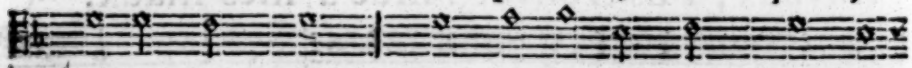
le triſte état où je ſuis : Garde-moi de mes



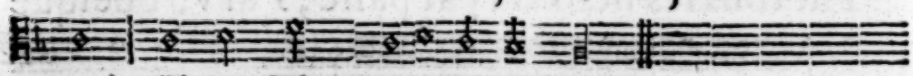
envieux, Qui vont me détruire à tes yeux.



7. Tire-moi de cette priſon, Afin que je

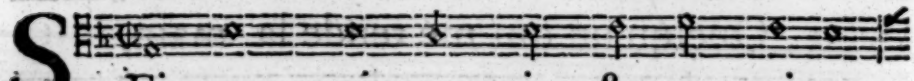


chante ton nom : Les juſtes ſe joindront à

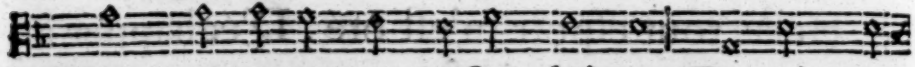


moi, Si je ſuis protégé de toi.

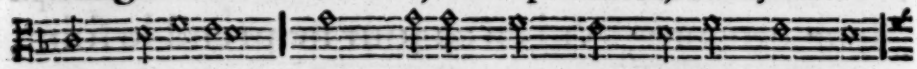
PSEAUME CXLIII.



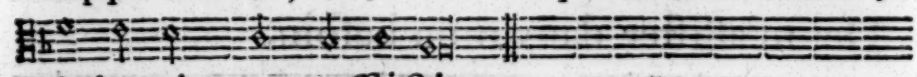
SEigneur, vois ma peine & ma crainte :



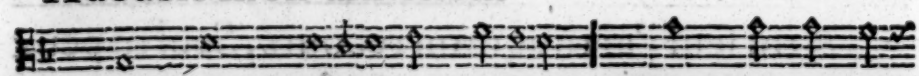
Daigne écouter ma juſte plainte; Reçois ma



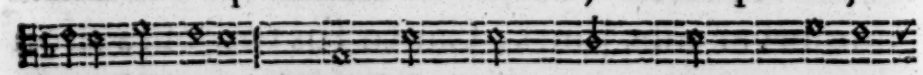
ſupplication; Et, ſelon ta promeſſe ſainte,



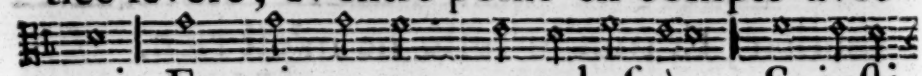
Adoucis mon affliction.



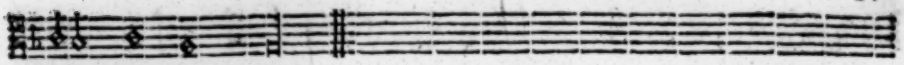
2. J'ai trop mérité ta colère; Mais que ta juſ-



tice ſevère, N'entre point en compte avec



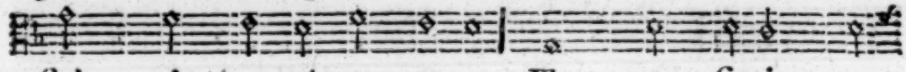
moi : En vain aucun mortel eſpère, Se juſti-



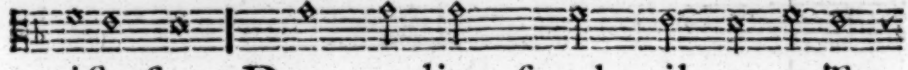
fier devant toi.



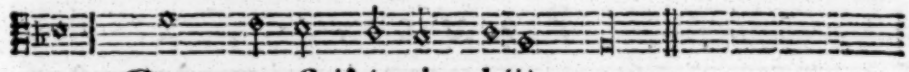
3. L'ennemi qui me fait la guerre, M'a dé-



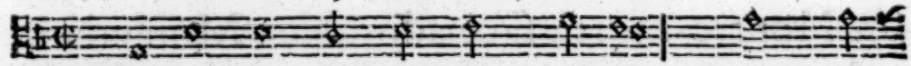
fait, m'a porté par terre ; Et, pour finir mon



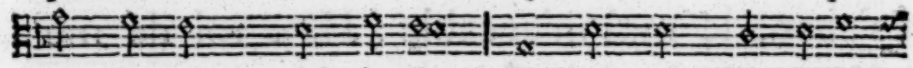
triſte ſort, Dans un lieu ſombre il me reſſer-



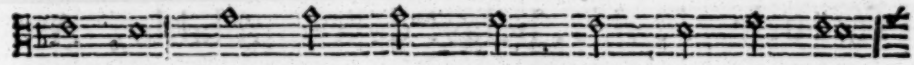
re, Comme ſi j'étois déjà mort.



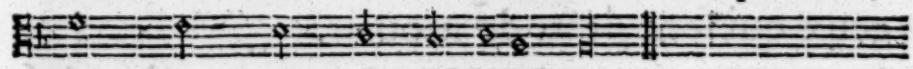
4. Mon ame, de douleur preſſée, Croit que



ta clémence eſt laſſée, Et que tu m'as aban-



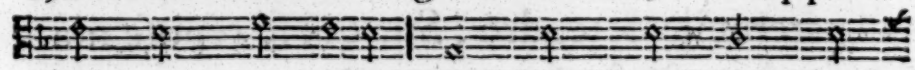
donné. Tant de maux troublent ma penſée,



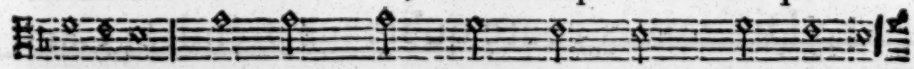
Que mon cœur en eſt étonné.



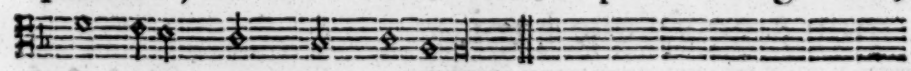
5. Au fond de cette grotte noire, J'ai rappelé



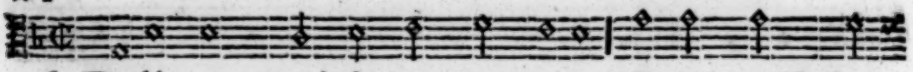
dans ma mémoire, Le temps de mes proſ-



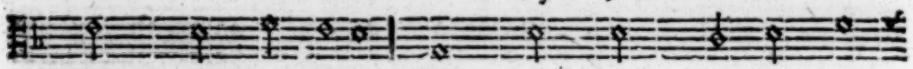
périté ; Et tes hauts faits, ſi pleins de gloire,



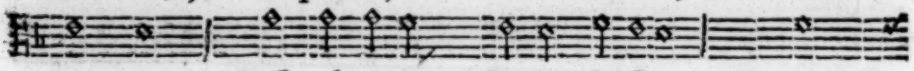
Ont été par moi récités.



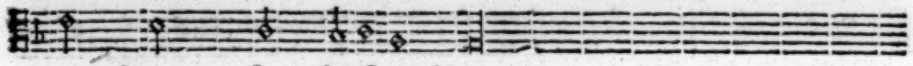
6. Délivre-moi de ce martyre, Je te tends les



mains, je ſoupire; Et mon ame, en ce mal

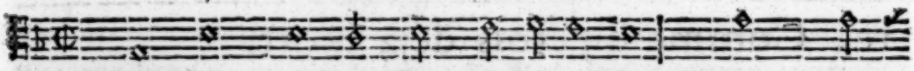


nouveau, Eſt altérée, & te déſire, Comme

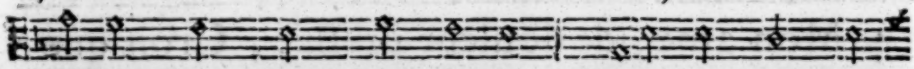


un champ ſec déſire l'eau.

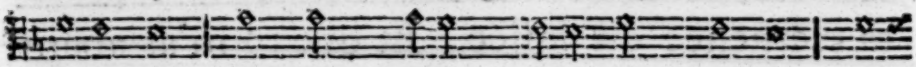
PAUSE.



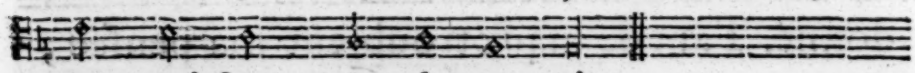
7. Montre-moi ta face adorable; Mon cœur



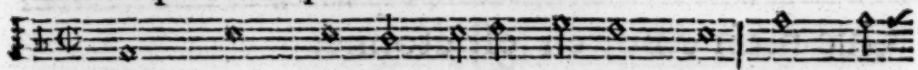
s'abat, le mal m'accable: Hâte-toi de me



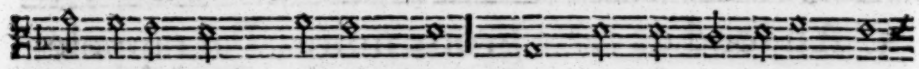
ſécourir. Je ſuis, hélas! déjà ſemblable, A



ceux qui ſont prêts de mourir.



8. Fais-moi, dès le matin, entendre, Ta bon-



té paternelle & tendre, Sur qui ſe repoſe ma



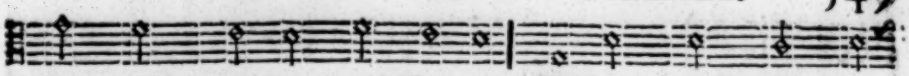
foi: Dis-moi la route qu'il faut prendre; Car



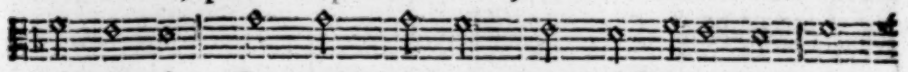
mon ame s'élève à toi.



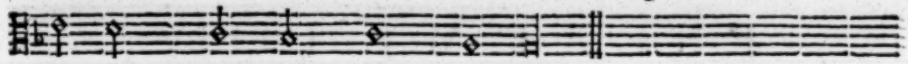
9. Grand Dieu, mon unique défenſe, Garan-



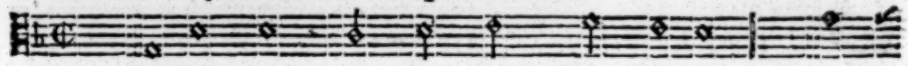
tis-moi, par ta puiſſance, De la main de mes



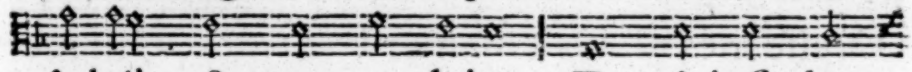
ennemis : Je mets toute mon eſpérance. Au



ſecours que tu m'as promis.



10. Enſeigne-moi ce qu'il faut faire, Pour



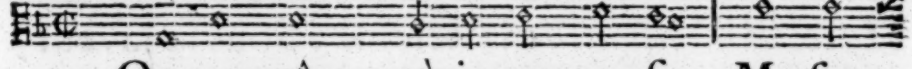
t'obéir, & pour te plaire ; Et qu'ainſi dans



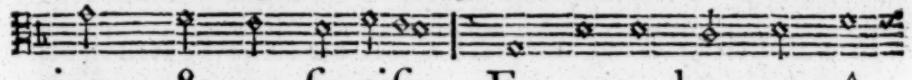
le droit chemin, Ton eſprit me guide & m'é-



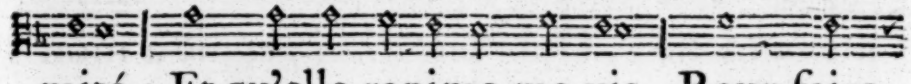
claire, Dès cette heure, & juſqu'à ma fin.



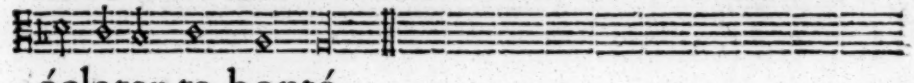
11. Que ta grâce, où je me confie, Me ſou-



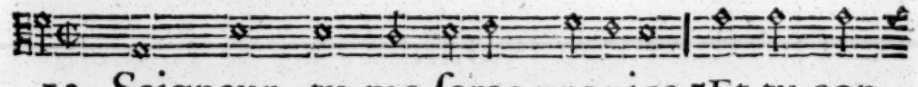
tienne & me fortifie, En cette dure extrê-



mité ; Et qu'elle ranime ma vie, Pour faire



éclater ta bonté.



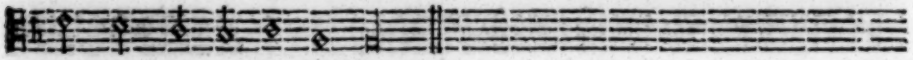
12. Seigneur, tu me ſeras propice Et tu con-



fondras la malice, De mes cruels perſécu-

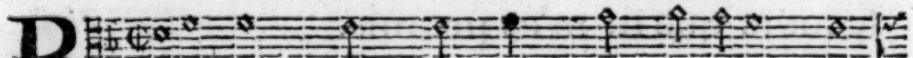


teurs ; J'attends de toi cette juſtice, Comme

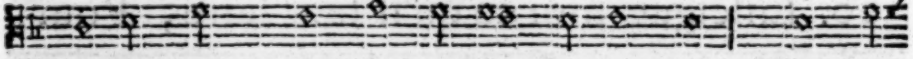


un de tes adorateurs.

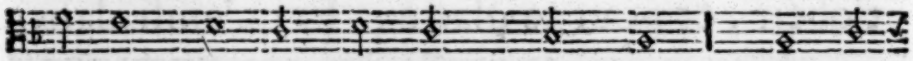
PSEAUME CXLIV.



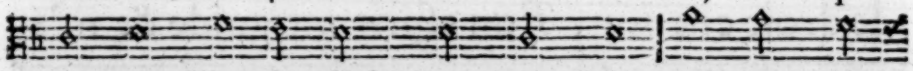
Beni ſoit Dieu, lui qui, dans les alarmes,



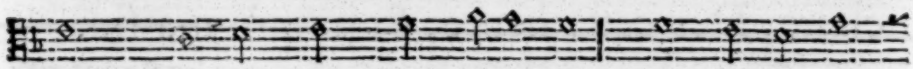
Dreſſe mes mains à manier les armes ; Qui me



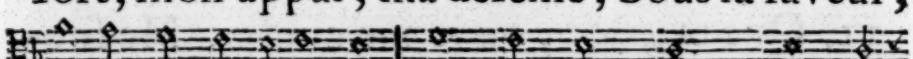
raſſure, & qui ſoutient mon bras ; Lui qui



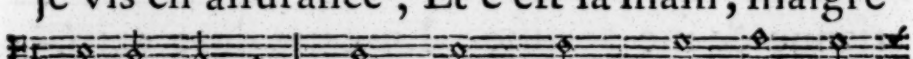
me rend invincible aux combats. Il eſt mon



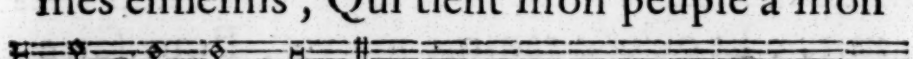
fort, mon appui, ma défenſe, Sous ſa faveur,



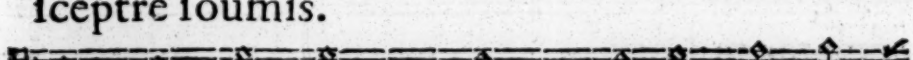
je vis en aſſurance ; Et c'eſt ſa main, malgré



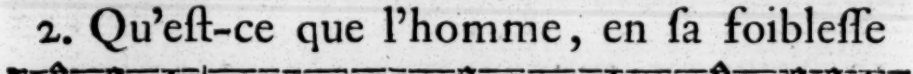
mes ennemis, Qui tient mon peuple à mon



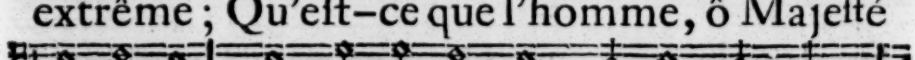
ſceptre ſoumis.



2. Qu'eſt-ce que l'homme, en ſa foibleſſe



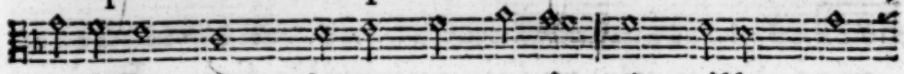
extrême ; Qu'eſt-ce que l'homme, ô Majeſté



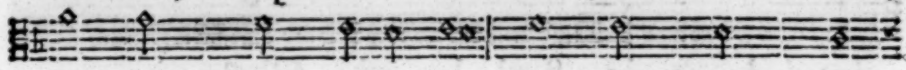
ſuprême, Que ta bonté daigne s'en ſouvenir,



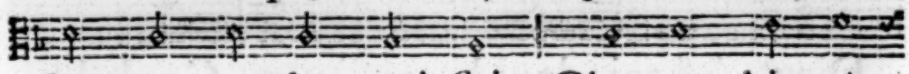
Et que ta main ſe plaiſe à le bénir ! L'homme,



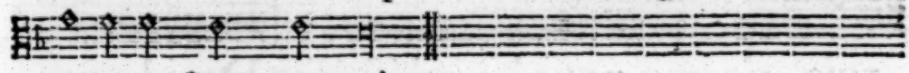
en effet, n'a qu'une courte vie, A mille maux,



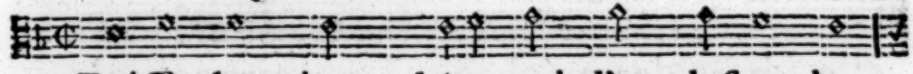
en tout temps, aſſervie; Ses plus beaux jours



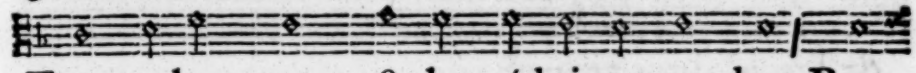
ſont une ombre qui fuit, Changez bientôt



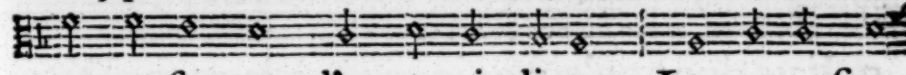
en une longue nuit.



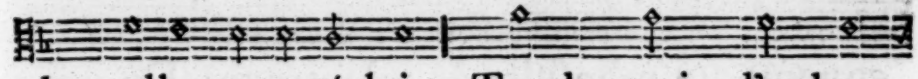
3. Baiſſe les cieux, hâte-toi d'en deſcendre;



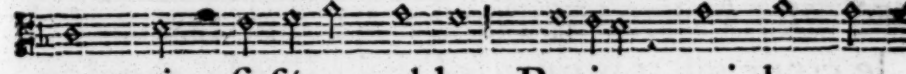
Frappe les monts, & les réduis en cendre; Pour



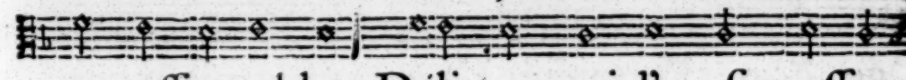
renverſer tant d'ennemis divers, Lance ta fou-



dre, allume tes éclairs. Tends-moi; d'enhaut,



tes mains ſi ſécourables; Retire-moi des tor-

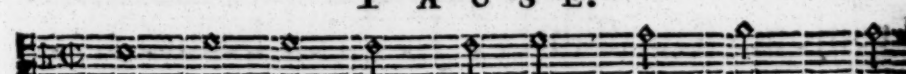


rens effroyables: Délivre-moi d'un ſi preſſant

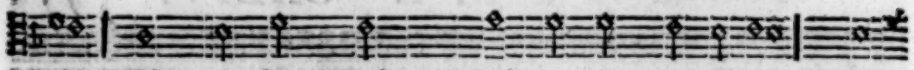


danger, Et du pouvoir d'un cruel étranger.

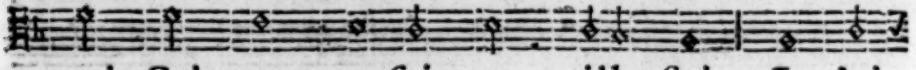
PAUSE.



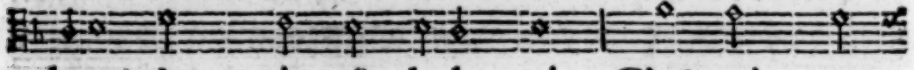
4. Toujours la fraude eſt dans leur bouche im-



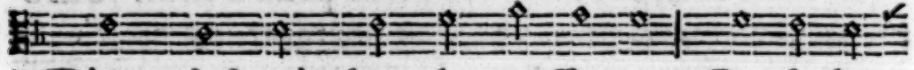
pie ; Ils ont les mains pleines de perfidie. Mais



moi, Seigneur, tu ſais que mille fois, Je t'ai



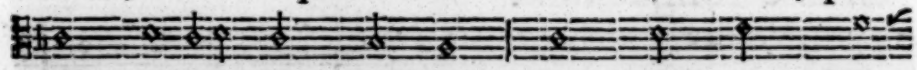
loué des mains & de la voix. C'eſt toi, mon



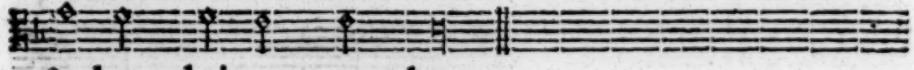
Dieu, c'eſt toi, dont la puiſſance, Garde les



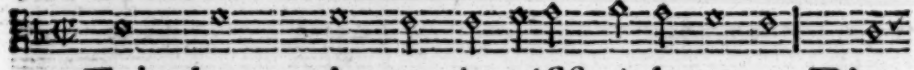
rois, s'arme pour leur défenſe : David, par



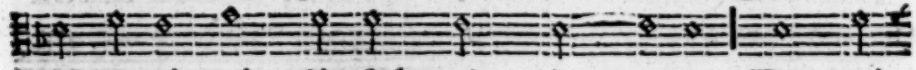
elle, évite des méchans, Les noirs complots,



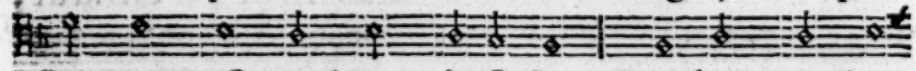
& les glaives tranchans.



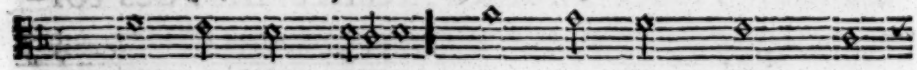
5. Fais donc qu'encor je réſiſte à la rage, D'un



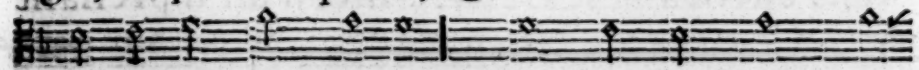
ennemi qui m'inſulte & m'outrage ; De qui



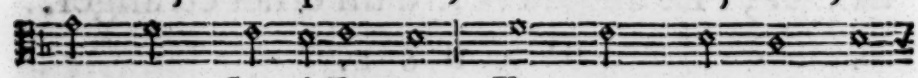
le cœur eſt toujours infecté, Par le menſon-



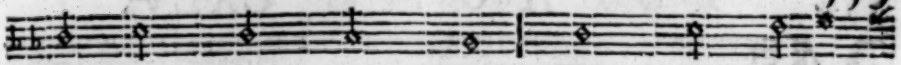
ge, & par l'impiété, Que nos fils ſoient com-



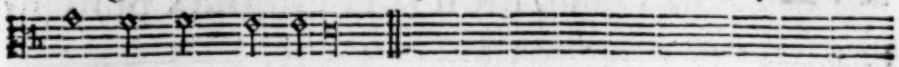
me de jeunes plantes, Fraiches toujours, &



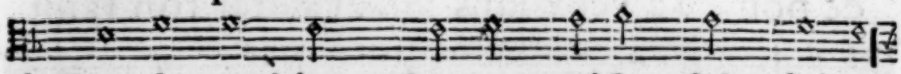
toujours fleuriſſantes ; Et qu'en beauté nos



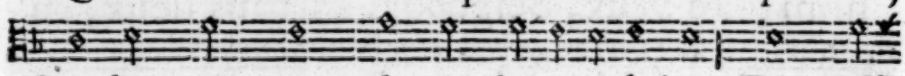
vierges ſoient aux yeux, Des hauts piliers



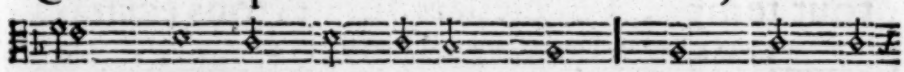
d'albâtre précieux.



6. Que de tes biens chaque maiſon ſoit pleine ;



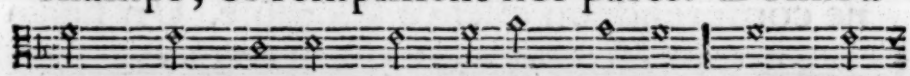
Que les troupeaux de nos bêtes à laine, Par mil-



lions croiſſant de toutes parts, Couvrent nos



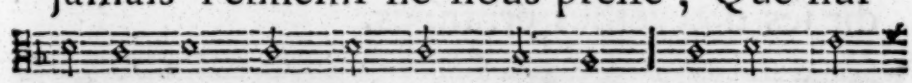
champs, & rempliſſent nos parcs. Donne à



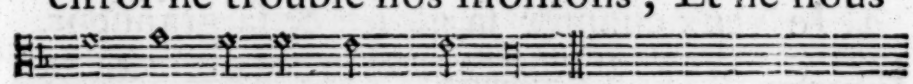
nos bœufs & la force & la graiſſe : Fais que



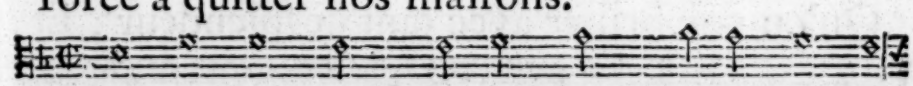
jamais l'ennemi ne nous preſſe ; Que nul



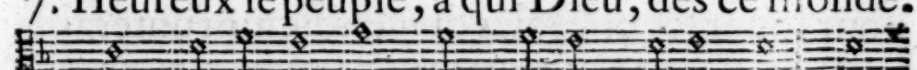
effroi ne trouble nos moiſſons, Et ne nous



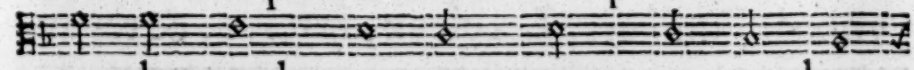
force à quitter nos maiſons.



7. Heureux le peuple, à qui Dieu, dès ce monde.



Donne une paix ſi douce & ſi profonde ! Heu-



reux le peuple, en tout temps, en tout lieu,



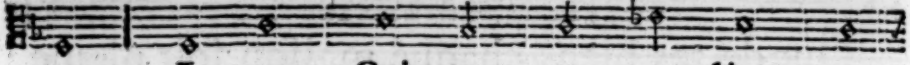
Dont l'Éternel veut bien être le Dieu.



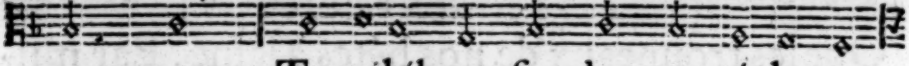
MOn Dieu, mon roi, toujours puiſſant



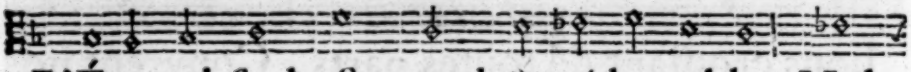
& bon, Je veux ſans fin, exalter ton ſaint



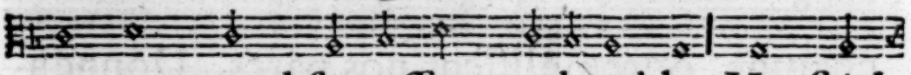
nom; Je veux, Seigneur, en tous lieux, en



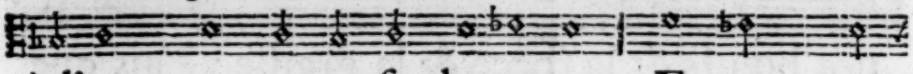
tout temps, Te célébrer ſur des tons éclatans.



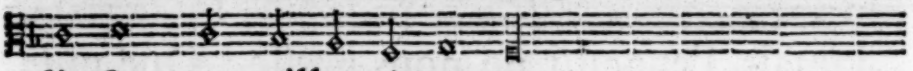
L'Éternel ſeul eſt grand & rédoutable: Nul



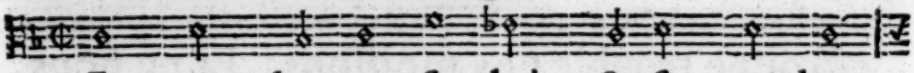
ne comprend ſon eſſence adorable. Un ſiécle



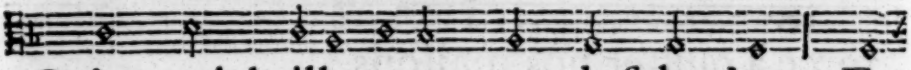
à l'autre annonce ſes louanges; Et tout nous



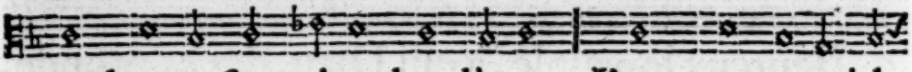
dit ſes merveilles étranges.



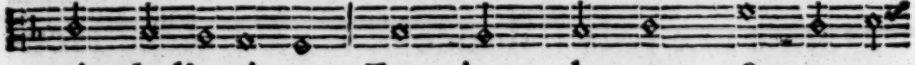
2. Je veux chanter ſa gloire & ſa grandeur.



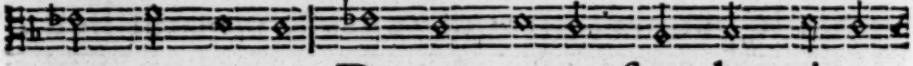
Qu'on voit briller avec tant de ſplendeur; Et



pour louer ſes miracles divers. J'emprunterai la



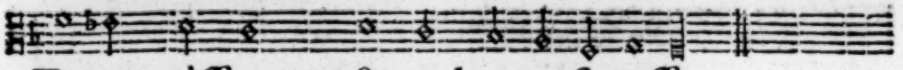
voix de l'univers. Les cieux, la terre, & tes au-



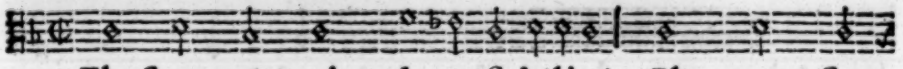
tres ouvrages, De tes vertus ſont les vives



images. J'apprendrai d'eux à publier ſans ceſſe,



Et ta puiſſance, & ta haute ſageſſe.



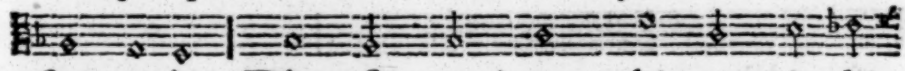
3. Ils ſont témoins de ta fidélité ; Ils nous font



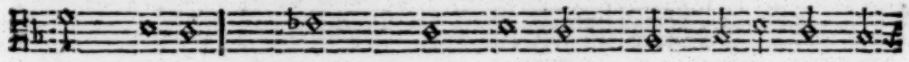
voir ta force & ta bonté ; Prêts à tranſmettre



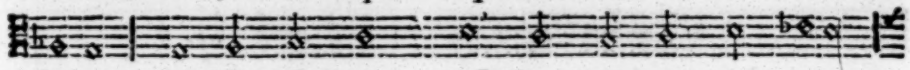
aux peuples à venir, Mêmes leçons & même



ſouvenir. Dieu fut toujours clément & dé-



bonnaire, Prompt au pardon, tardif à la co-

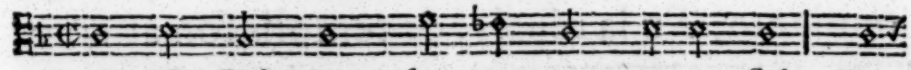


lère ; Et ſes faveurs, ſi ſouvent éprouvées,

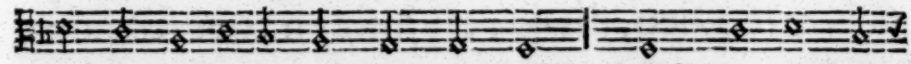


Sont à nos yeux en tous ſes faits gravées.

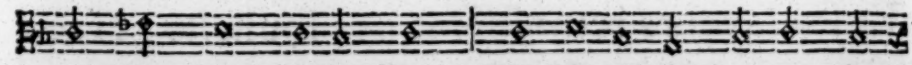
PAUSE.



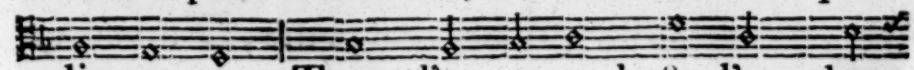
4. Auſſi, Seigneur, les œuvres que tu fais, De



ta bonté ne ſe tairont jamais ; Mais tes enfans,



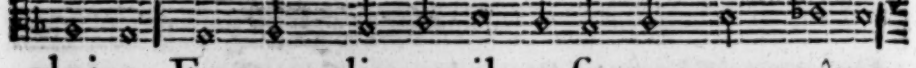
touchés plus vivement, Te béniront auſſi plus



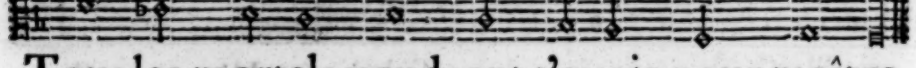
dignement. Tous d'un accord, & d'un chant



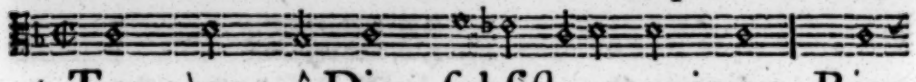
de victoire, De ton empire ils chanteront la



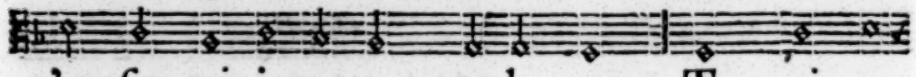
gloire; En tous climats ils te feront connoître;



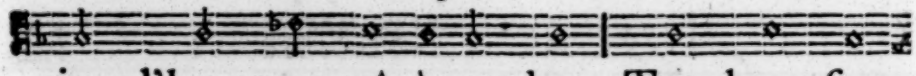
Tous les mortels voudront t'avoir pour maître.



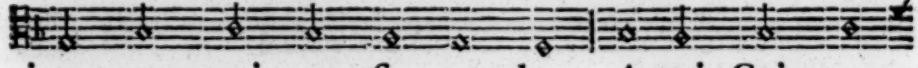
5. Ton règne, ô Dieu, ſubſiſtera toujours; Rien



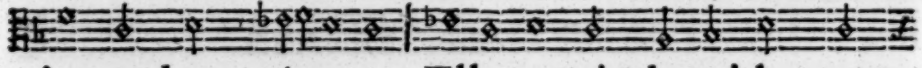
n'en ſauroit interrompre le cours. Ta main re-



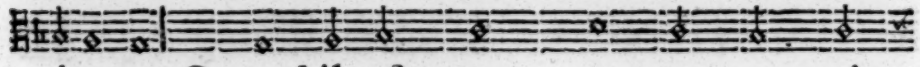
tient l'homme prêt à tomber; Ton bras ſou-



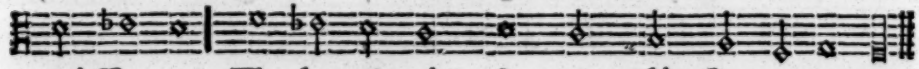
tient ceux qui vont ſuccomber. A toi, Seigneur,



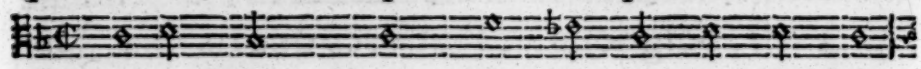
s'attend ta créature; Elle reçoit de toi la nour-



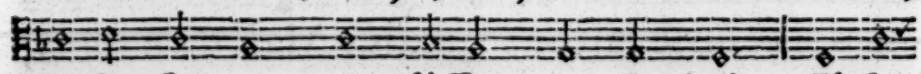
riture: Quand il eſt temps, ouvrant ta main



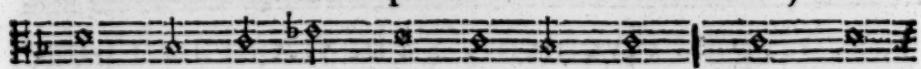
puiſſante, Tu la répais, & remplis ſon attente.



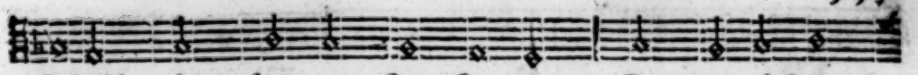
6. Notre Dieu, dis-je, eſt juſte en tous ſes faits,



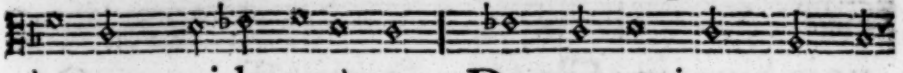
Et ſes faveurs rempliſſent nos ſouhaits; Il ſe



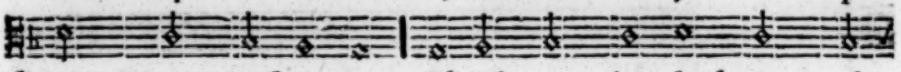
tient près de ceux qui tous les jours, D'un cœur



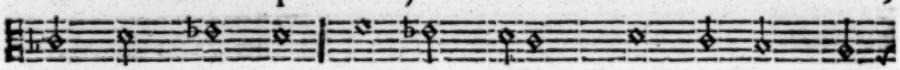
fidelle, implorent ſon ſecours ; Sa providence,



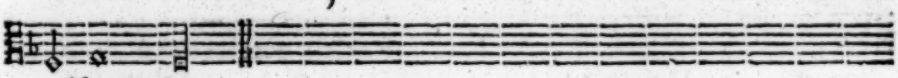
à ceux qui le revèrent, Donne toujours ce que



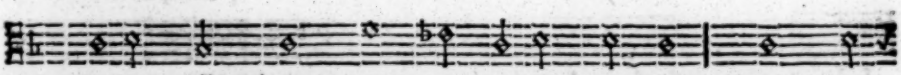
leurs cœurs eſpèrent ; Il eſt touché de leurs cris,



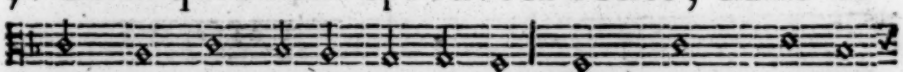
de leurs larmes ; Il les délivre en toutes leurs



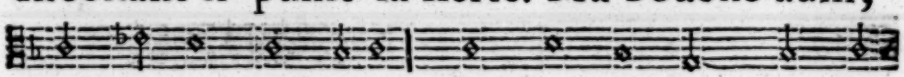
allarmes.



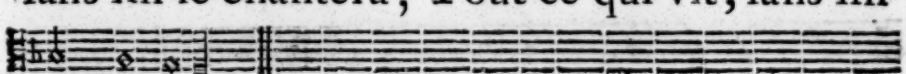
7. Celui qui l'aime éprouve ſa bonté ; Mais du



méchant il punit la fierté. Ma bouche auſſi,

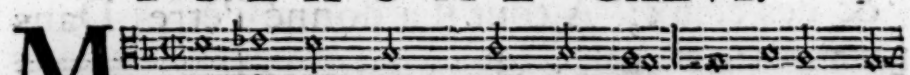


ſans fin le chantera ; Tout ce qui vit, ſans fin

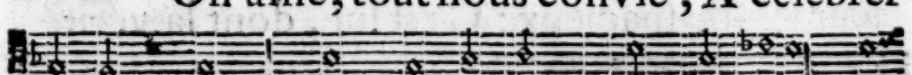


le bénira.

PSEAUME CXLVI.



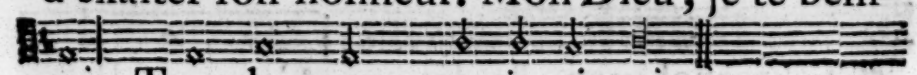
MOn ame, tout nous convie, A célebrer



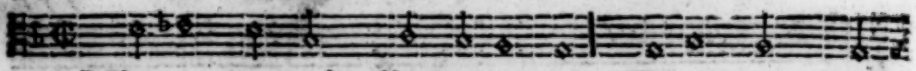
le Seigneur ; Que notre plus forte envie, Soit



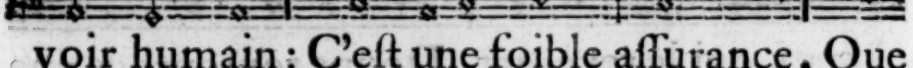
d'exalter ſon honneur. Mon Dieu, je te béni-



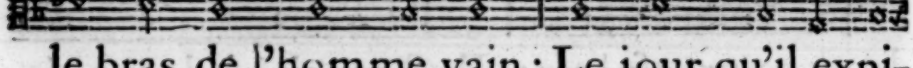
rai, Tout le temps que je vivrai.



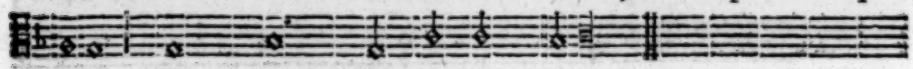
2. N'ayez jamais d'eſpérance, En aucun pou-



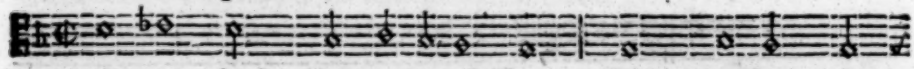
voir humain: C'eſt une foible aſſurance, Que



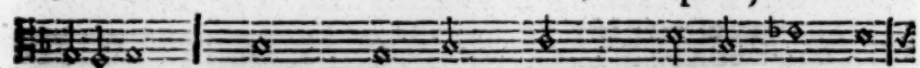
le bras de l'homme vain: Le jour qu'il expi-



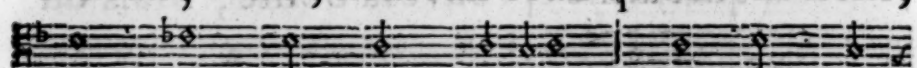
rera, En poudre il retournera.



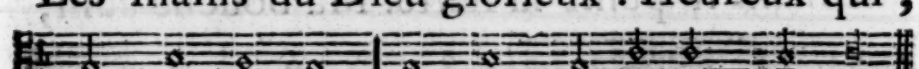
3. Avec lui s'évanouiſſent, Ses projets am-



bitieux; Mais, heureux ceux qu'affermiſſent,



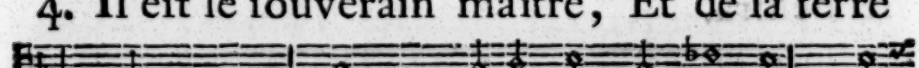
Les mains du Dieu glorieux! Heureux qui,



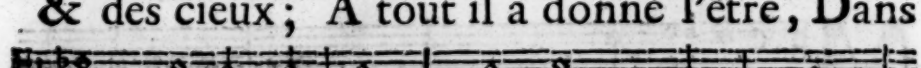
pour tout ſecours, A Dieu ſeul a ſon recours.



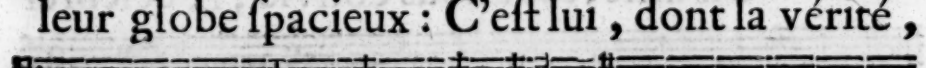
4. Il eſt le ſouverain maître, Et de la terre



& des cieux; A tout il a donné l'être, Dans

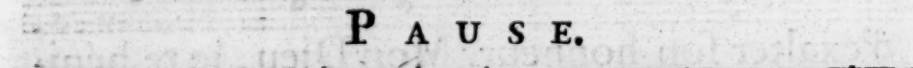


leur globe ſpacieux: C'eſt lui, dont la vérité,

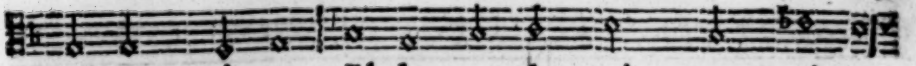


N'a point de cours limité.

PAUSE.



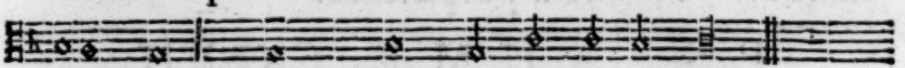
5. L'Éternel juge, & délivre, Ceux que l'on



voit opprimez; Il donne du pain, pour vivre,



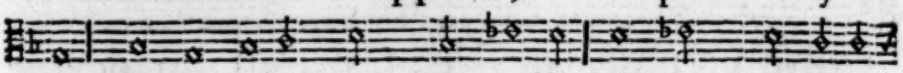
A ceux qui ſont affamés: Par ſa main ſont



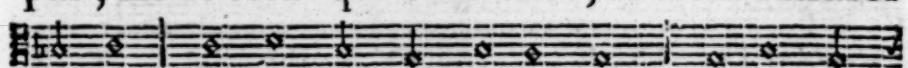
relâchez, Ceux qu'on tenoit attachés.



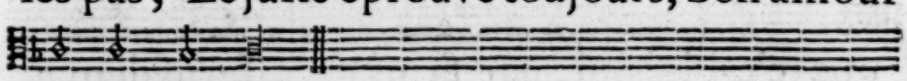
6. A la lumière il rappelle, Celui qui ne voyoit



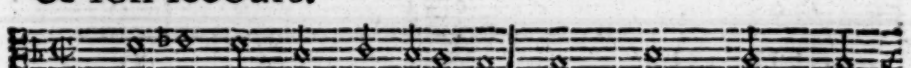
pas; Et de celui qui chancelle, Il vient raſſurer



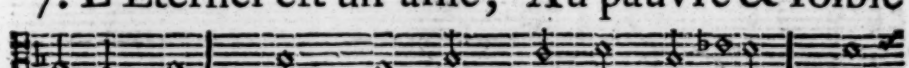
les pas, Le juſte éprouve toujours, Son amour



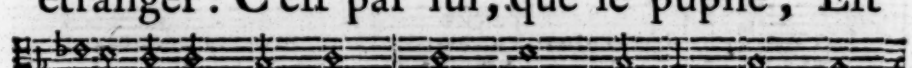
& ſon ſecours.



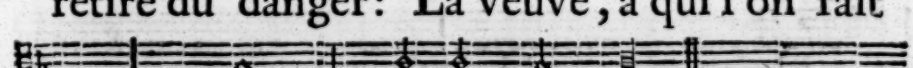
7. L'Éternel eſt un aſile, Au pauvre & foible



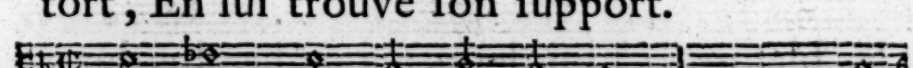
étranger: C'eſt par lui, que le pupile, Eſt



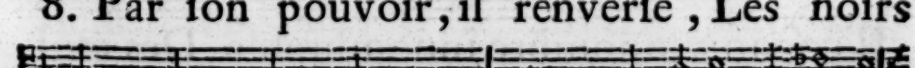
retiré du danger: La veuve, à qui l'on fait



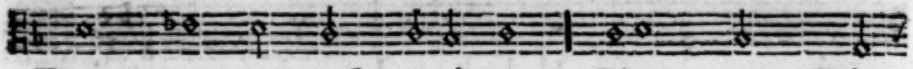
tort, En lui trouve ſon ſupport.



8. Par ſon pouvoir, il renverſe, Les noirs



complots des pervers; Et ſa juſtice s'exerce,

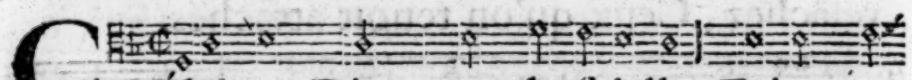


Dans tout ce vaſte univers. Sion, ton Dieu

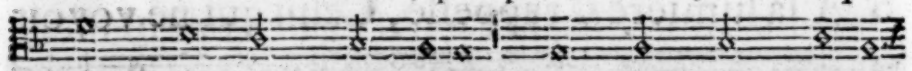


redouté, Règne à perpétuité.

PSEAUME CXLVII.



CÉlébrez Dieu, peuple fidelle, Faites pa-



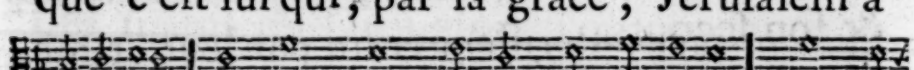
roître un nouveau zèle; Car c'eſt un devoir



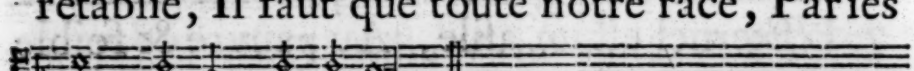
agréable, De louer un Dieu ſi louable. Puiſ-



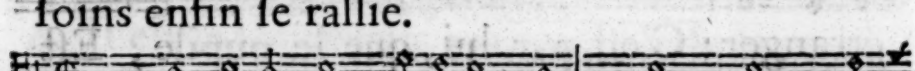
que c'eſt lui qui, par ſa grâce, Jeruſalem a



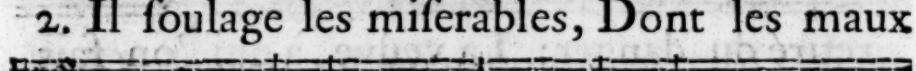
rétablie, Il faut que toute notre race, Par ſes



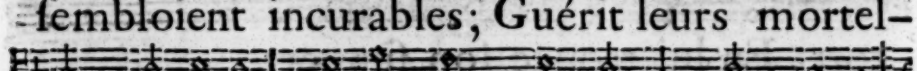
ſoins enfin ſe rallie.



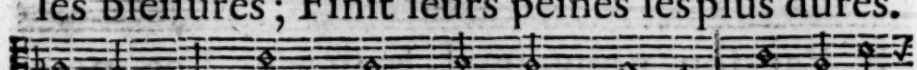
2. Il ſoulage les miſerables, Dont les maux



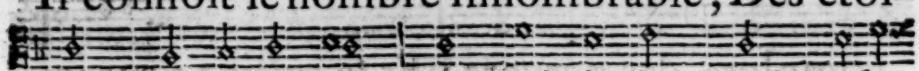
ſembloient incurables; Guérit leurs mortel-



les bleſſures; Finit leurs peines les plus dures.

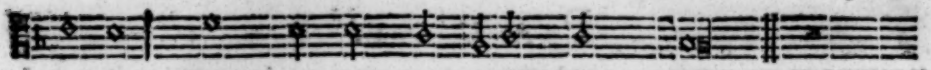


Il connoît le nombre innombrable, Des étoi-

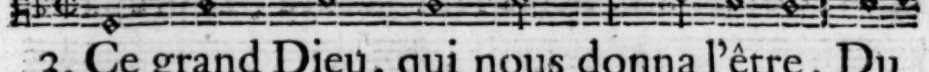


les, qu'il a ſemées; Et c'eſt de ſa bouche ado-

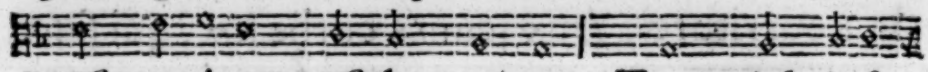
rable,



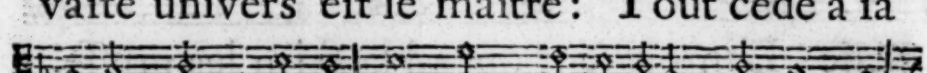
rable, Que toutes ont été nommées.



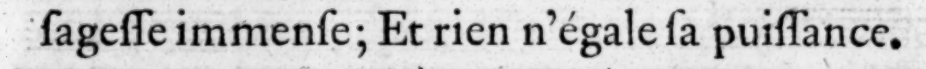
3. Ce grand Dieu, qui nous donna l'être, Du



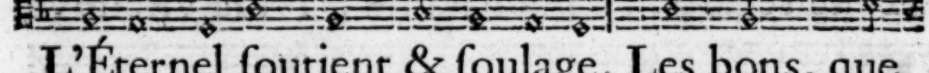
vaſte univers eſt le maître: Tout cède à ſa



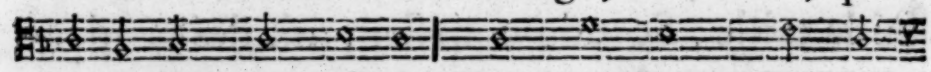
ſageſſe immenſe; Et rien n'égale ſa puiſſance.



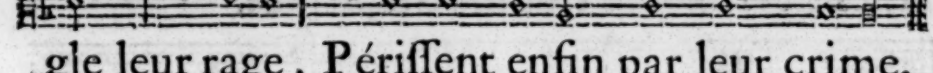
L'Éternel ſoutient & ſoulage, Les bons, que



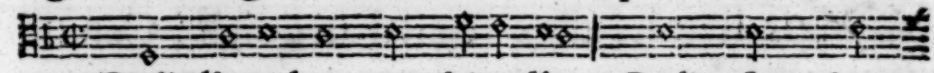
l'injuſtice opprime; Les méchans, qu'aveu-



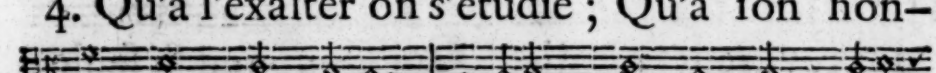
gle leur rage, Périſſent enfin par leur crime.



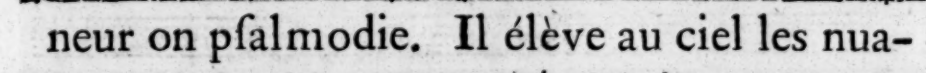
4. Qu'à l'exalter on s'étudie; Qu'à ſon hon-



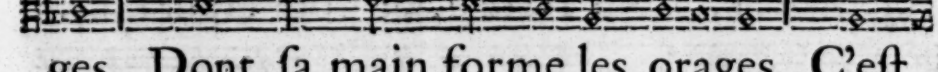
neur on pſalmodie. Il élève au ciel les nua-



ges. Dont ſa main forme les orages. C'eſt



d'enhaut, que ſa providence, Nous verſe une



riche abondance. Il fait croître l'herbe aux

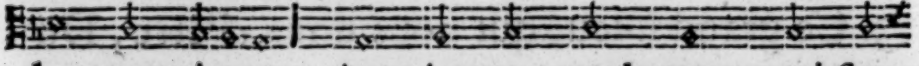


montagnes, Ainſi qu'aux plus baſſes campagnes.

PAUSE.



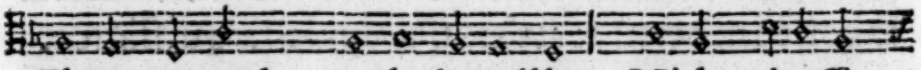
5 Il donne aux bêtes leur pâture ; Il prépare



la nourriture, Aux jeunes corbeaux, qui ſans



ceſſe, L'implorent quand la faim les preſſe.



Il ne regarde, en la bataille, Ni la viteſſe,



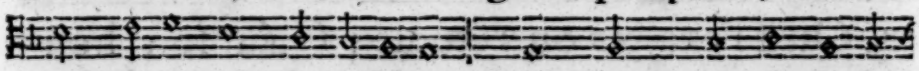
ni la taille, Soit du courſier, ſoit des gendar-



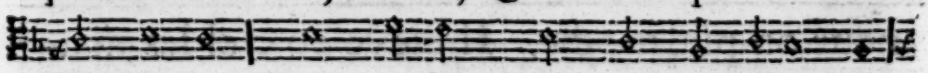
mes, Ni la fine trempe des armes.



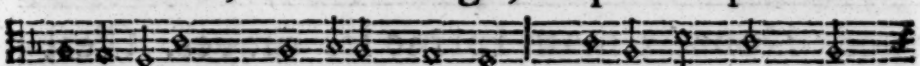
6. Mais il voit, d'un regard propice, Ceux



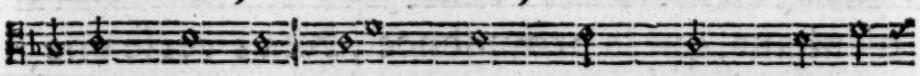
qui revèrent ſa juſtice ; Qui n'ont que ſa ſeule



clémence, Pour refuge, & pour eſpérance.



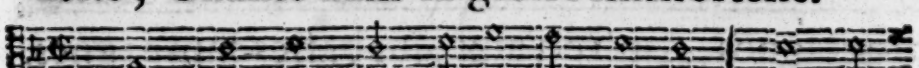
Jéruſalem, ſa cité ſainte, Célébre-le donc



avec crainte ; Sion, d'un cœur tendre & fi-



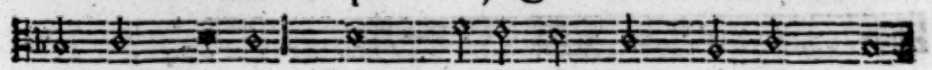
delle, Chante auſſi ſa gloire immortelle.



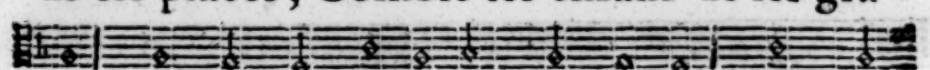
7. C'eſt lui qui rend ſûres & fortes, Et tes



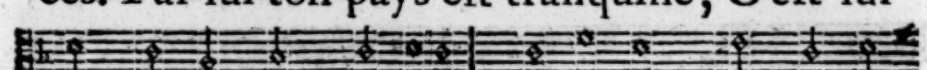
murailles & tes portes ; Qui dans l'enceinte



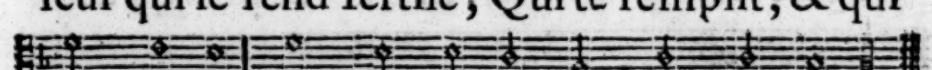
de tes places, Comble tes enfans de ſes grâ-



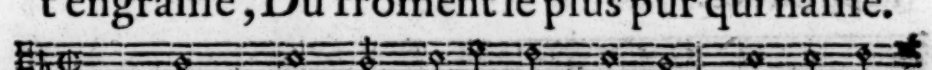
ces. Par lui ton pays eſt tranquille ; C'eſt lui



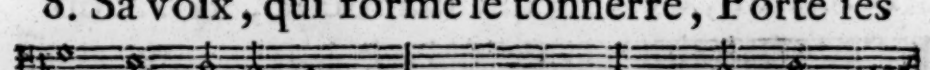
ſeul qui le rend fertile, Qui te remplit, & qui



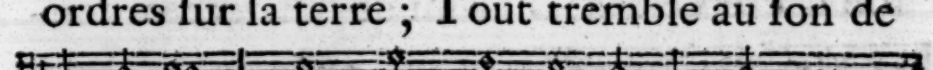
t'engraiſſe, Du froment le plus pur qui naiſſe.



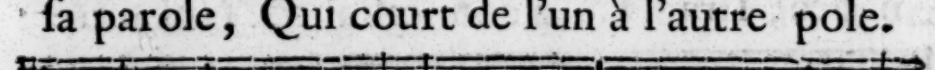
8. Sa voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Porte ſes



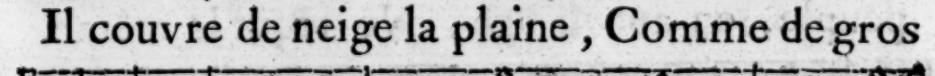
ordres ſur la terre ; Tout tremble au ſon de



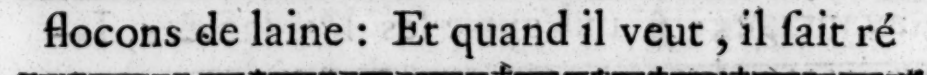
ſa parole, Qui court de l'un à l'autre pole.



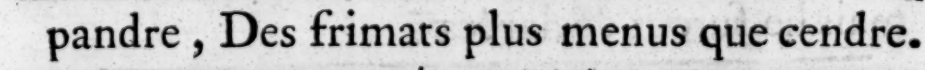
Il couvre de neige la plaine, Comme de gros



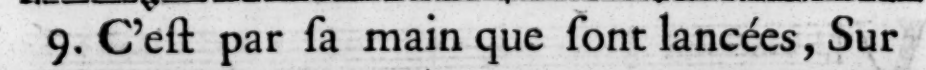
flocons de laine : Et quand il veut, il ſait ré



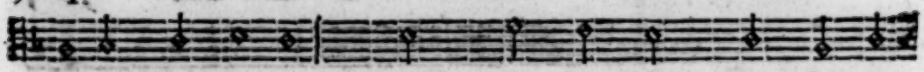
pandre, Des frimats plus menus que cendre.



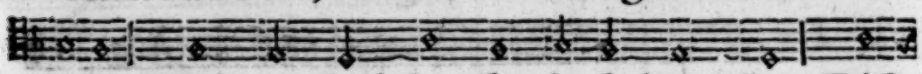
9. C'eſt par ſa main que ſont lancées, Sur



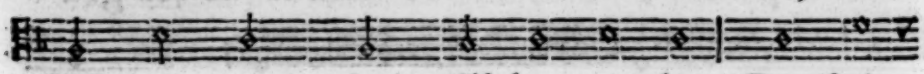
nous des flèches d'eux glacées ; Et tout durant



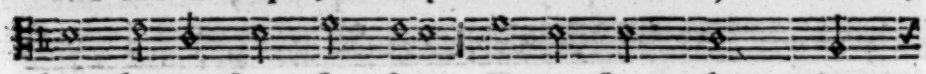
cette froidure, Souffre & languit dans la na-



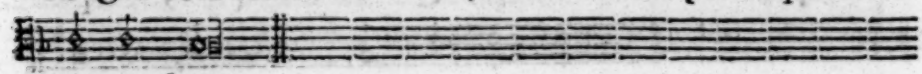
ture: Mais un ſeul ſouffle de ſa bouche, Diſ-



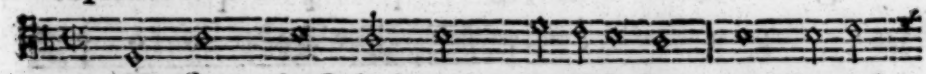
ſout ces corps, des qu'il les touche; Soudain,



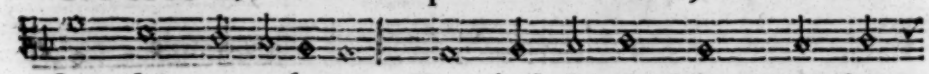
les glaces ſont fondues, Et ne ſont plus qu'eaux



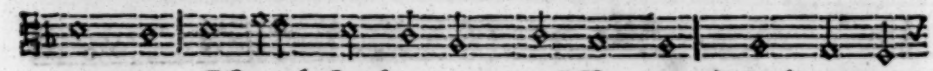
répandues.



10. Enfin, c'eſt lui qui manifeſte, A Jacob



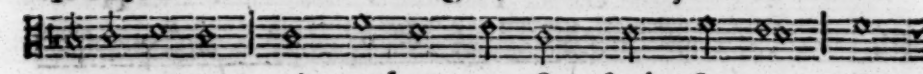
ſon décret céleſte: Par lui de ſa ſainte ordon-



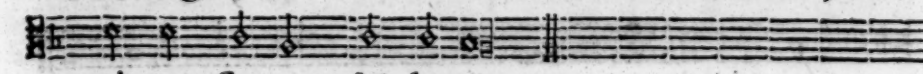
nance, Iſraël ſeul a connoiſſance: Nul autre



peuple, en aucun âge, Ne reçut le même



avantage, A nul autre ſes lois ſacrées, Ja-

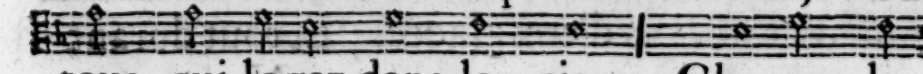


mais ne furent déclarées.

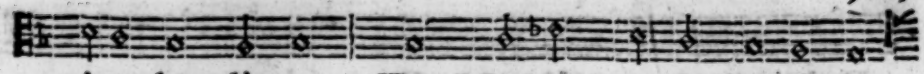
PSEAUME CXLVIII.



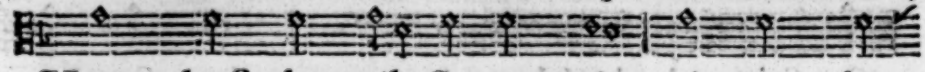
VOus habitans des plus hauts lieux, Vous



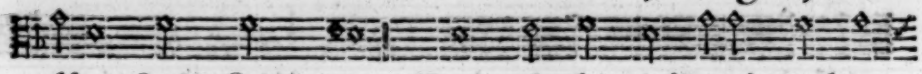
tous, qui logez dans les cieux, Chantez les



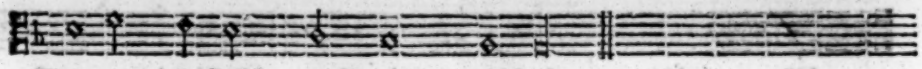
miracles divers, Du Monarque de l'univers ;



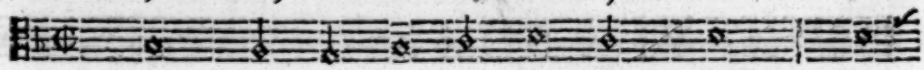
Vous chefs des céleſtes armées, Anges, dont



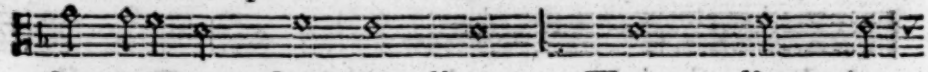
elles ſont formées, Feux de la nuit étincélans,



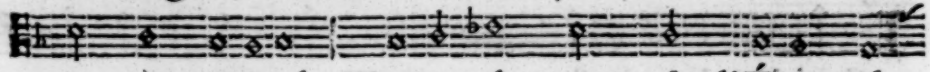
Lune, ſoleil, Aſtres brillans ;



2. Cieux, qui roulez ſur ſes flambeaux, Air



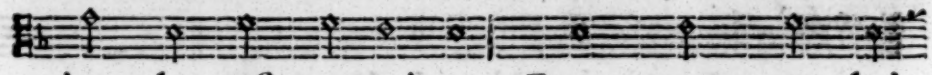
& nuages, ſources d'eaux ; Tous, d'un con-



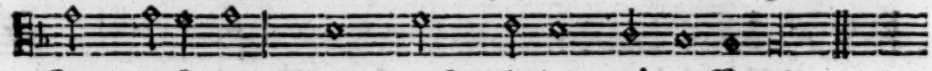
cert perpétuel, Louez le nom de l'Éternel.



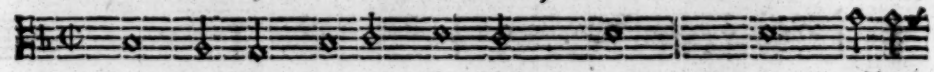
Un ſeul mot de ſa bouche ſainte, Forma des



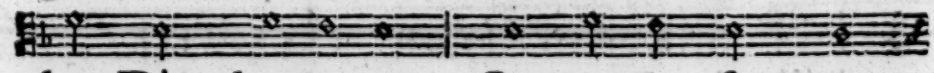
cieux la vaſte enceinte ; Leur cours par lui



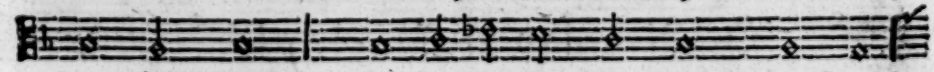
fut meſuré, Leur ordre à jamais aſſuré.



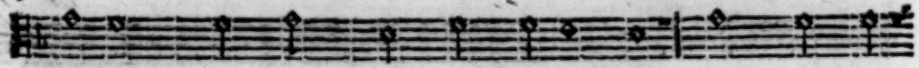
3. Cet ordre dure conſtamment. Qu'on célè-



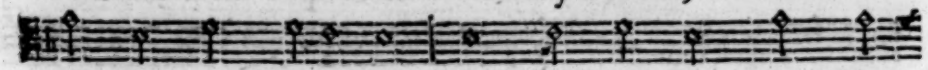
bre Dieu hautement, Sur terre, ſur mer,



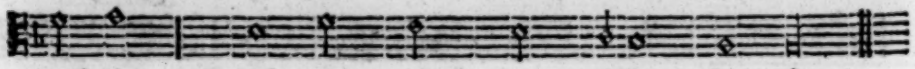
dans les fonds, Des abymes les plus profonds.



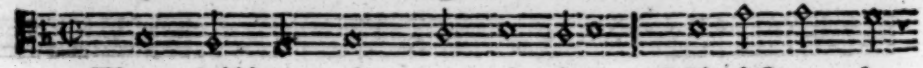
Baleine en ces lieux effroyables, Annonce



ſes faits admirables: Annoncez-les, foudres,



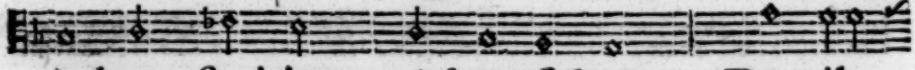
éclairs, Grêle & neige, au milieu des airs.



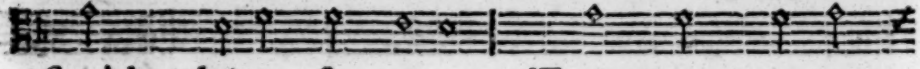
4. Tourbillons de vents irrités, Miniſtres de



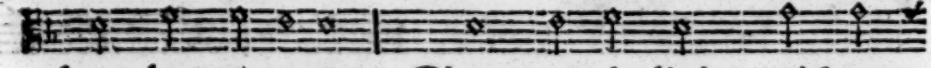
ſes volontés, Montagnes, collines, côteaux,



Arbres fruitiers, cèdres ſi hauts, Reptiles



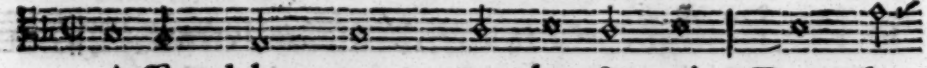
froids, bêtes ſauvages, Troupeaux errans



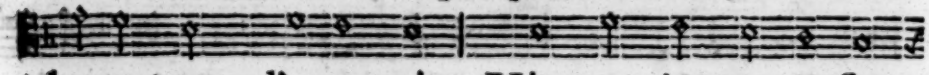
dans les pâcages, Chantres de l'air, oiſeaux



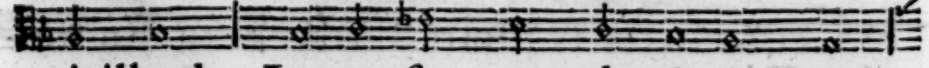
divers, Louez le Dieu de l'univers.



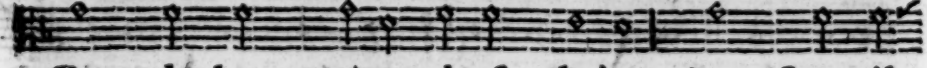
5. Aſſemblez-vous, peuples & rois, Pour le



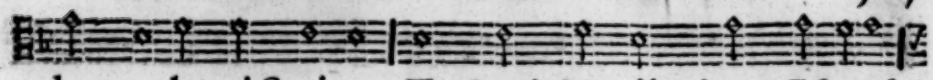
louer tout d'une voix: Vierges, jeunes enfans,



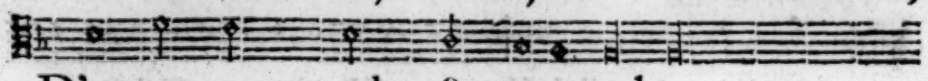
vieillards, Louez ſon nom de toutes parts;



Car, du haut trône de ſa gloire. Aux ſiens il



donne la victoire ; Et toujours il aime Iſraël,



D'un amour tendre & paternel.

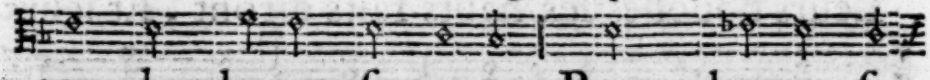
PSEAUME CXLIX.



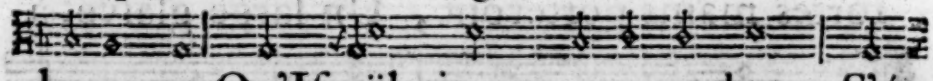
CHantez, par de nouveaux cantiques,



De Dieu les œuvres magnifiques ; Qu'en ſon



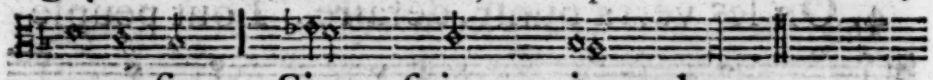
temple chacun ſe range, Pour chanter ſa



louange. Qu'Iſraël vienne, avec ardeur, S'é-



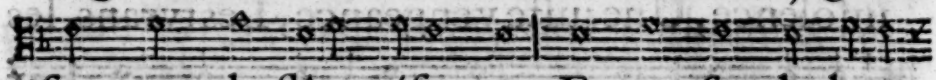
gayer en ſon Créateur ; Et que ſous ce Roi,



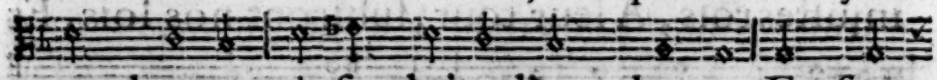
tes enfans, Sion, ſoient triomphans.



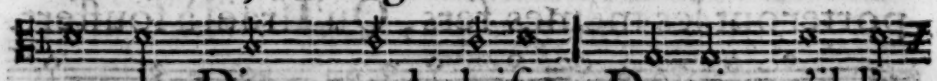
2. Qu'en ſon nom du tambour on ſonne ; Qu'en



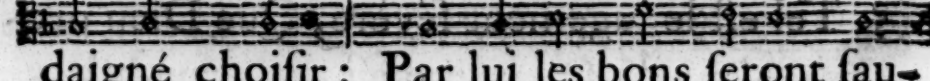
ſon nom la flûte réſonne ; Et que ſur la lyre



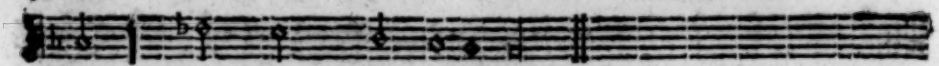
touchante, A ſa gloire l'on chante. En ſon



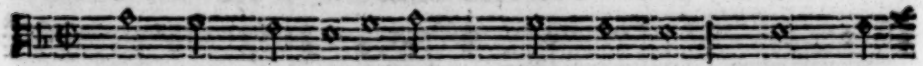
peuple Dieu prend plaiſir, Depuis qu'il l'a



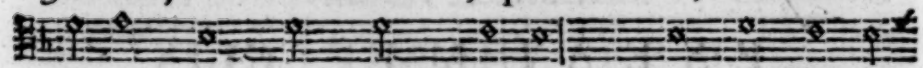
daigné choiſir : Par lui les bons ſeront ſau-



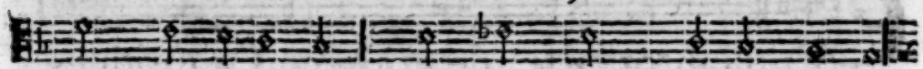
vés, Les humbles élevés.



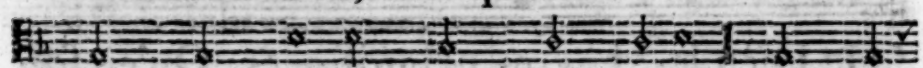
3. Un jour les fidelles, qu'il aime, Pſalmo-



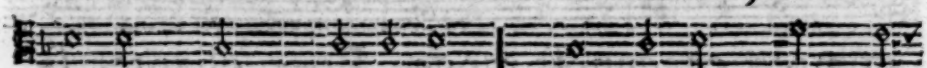
diront ſur leur lit même, Chantant de ce



Dieu favorable, Le pouvoir redoutable.



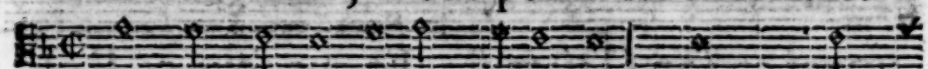
Leurs bouches ſes hauts faits diront, Et leurs



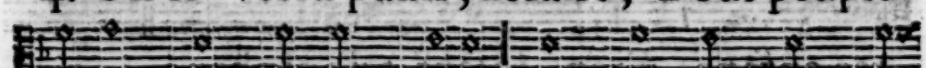
fortes mains porteront, Un large glaive, à



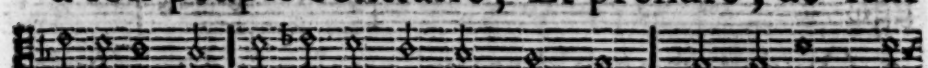
deux tranchans, Pour punir les méchans.



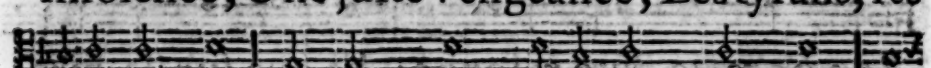
4. On les verra punir, défaire, Tout peuple



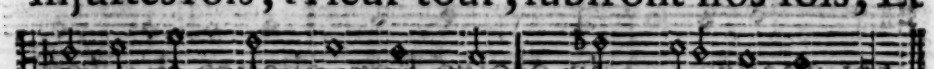
à ſon peuple contraire; Et prendre, de leur



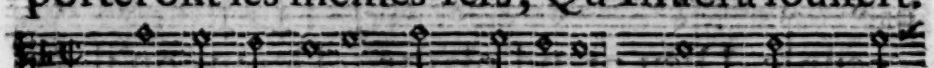
inſolence, Une juſte vengeance, Les tyrans, les



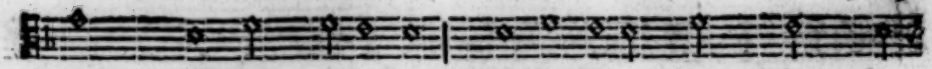
injuſtes rois, A leur tour, ſubiront nos lois, Et



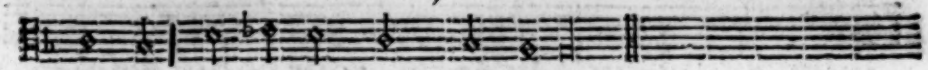
porteront les mêmes fers, Qu'Iſraël à ſouffert.



5. Tel eſt le jugement ſévère, Que Dieu pro-

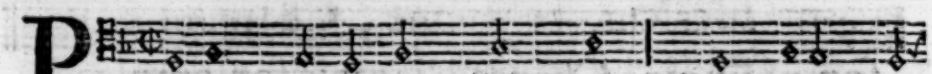


nonce en ſa colère; Telle ſera des ſaints la

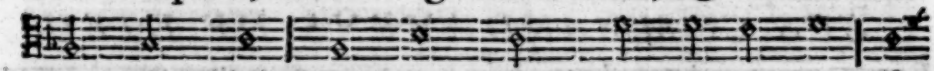


gloire, Et telle leur victoire.

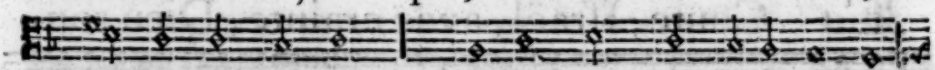
PSEAUME CL.



PEuples, louez le grand Dieu, Qui réſide en



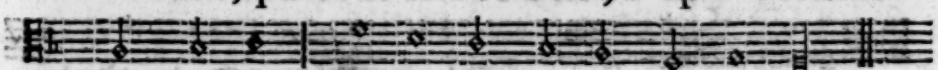
ſon ſaint lieu; Lui qui, d'un mot ſeulement, A



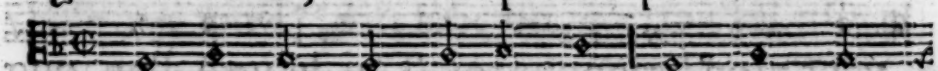
créé le firmament: Louez ſa magnificence:



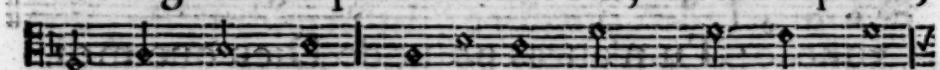
Louez-le, pour ſes bienfaits, Et pour tous les



grands effets, De ſa ſuprême puiſſance.



2. Joignez aux plus belles voix, La trompette,



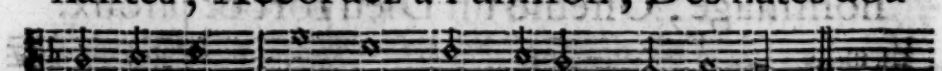
& les hautbois; Faites entendre, à leur tour,



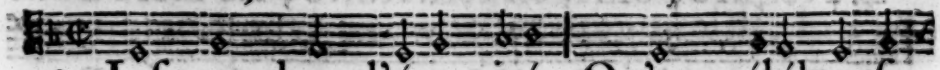
La muſette, le tambour, Et les orgues reſon-



nantes; Accordez à l'uniſſon, Des flûtes dou-



ces le ſon, Et les cimbales bruyantes.



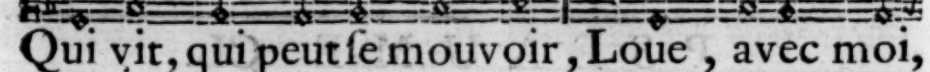
3. Juſques dans l'éternité, Qu'on célébre ſa



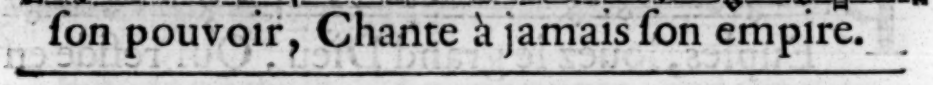
bonté; Et que ſon nom glorieux, Soit élevé



juſqu'aux cieux. Qu'enfin, tout ce qui reſpire,

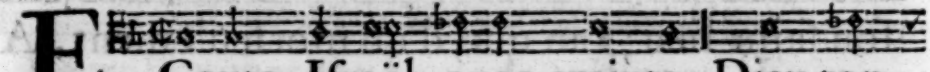


Qui vit, qui peut ſe mouvoir, Loue, avec moi,

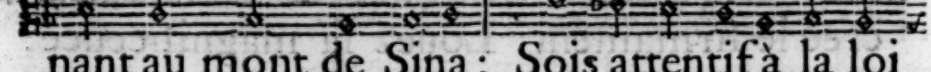


ſon pouvoir, Chante à jamais ſon empire.

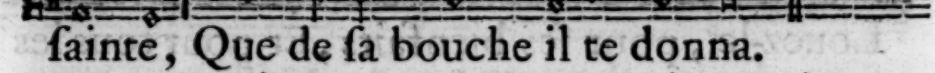
LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU.



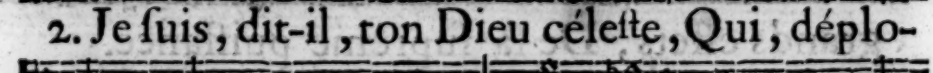
ECoute, Iſraël, avec crainte, Dieu ton-



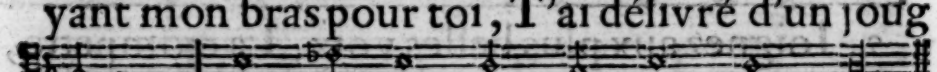
nant au mont de Sina; Sois attentif à la loi



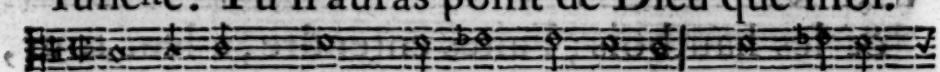
ſainte, Que de ſa bouche il te donna.



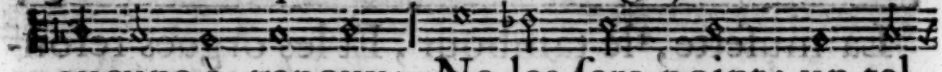
2. Je ſuis, dit-il, ton Dieu céleſte, Qui, déplo-



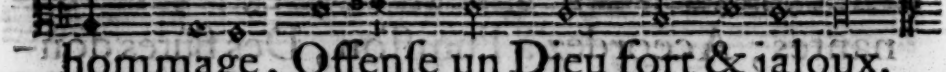
yant mon bras pour toi, T'ai délivré d'un joug



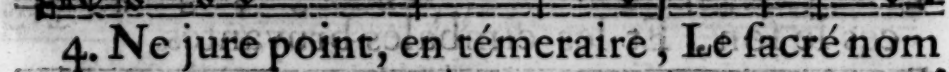
funeſte: Tu n'auras point de Dieu que moi.



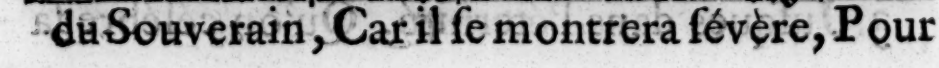
3. Ne te fais point tailler d'image; N'en revère



aucune à genoux; Ne les ſers point: un tel



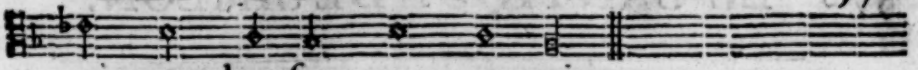
hommage, Offenſe un Dieu fort & jaloux.



4. Ne jure point, en téméraire, Le ſacré nom



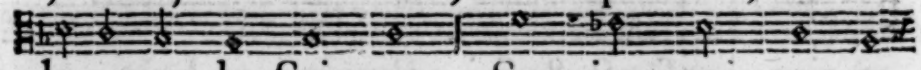
du Souverain, Car il ſe montrera ſévère, Pour



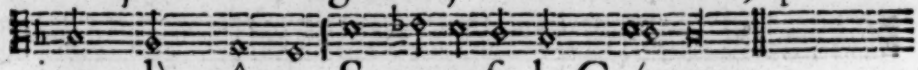
qui prendra ſon nom en vain.



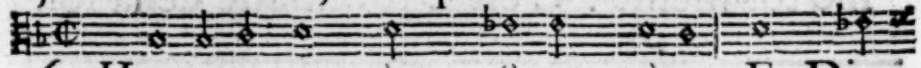
5. Six jours travaille, & le ſeptième, Garde



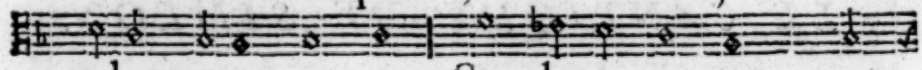
le repos du Seigneur; Souviens-toi, que ce



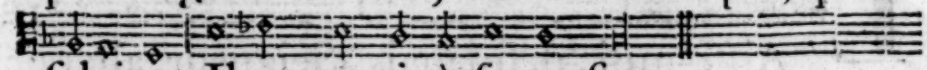
jour-là même, Se repoſa le Créateur.



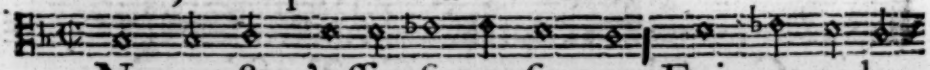
6. Honore ton père, & ta mère; Et Dieu



prolongera tes ans, Sur la terre que, pour



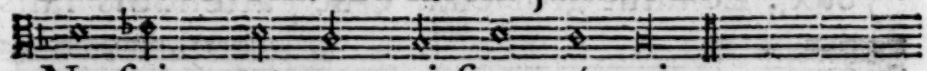
ſalaire, Il a promis à ſes enfans.



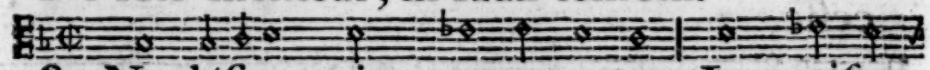
7. Ne tue & n'offenſe perſonne. Fuis toute lu-



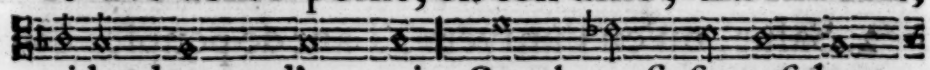
xure avec ſoin. Au larcin jamais ne t'adonne.



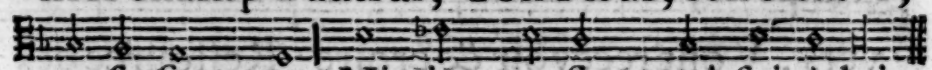
Ne ſois menteur, ni faux témoin.



8. Ne déſire point, en ton ame, La maiſon,



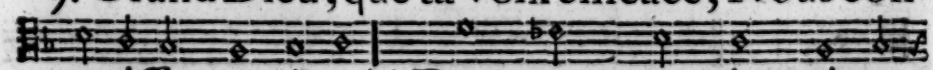
ni le champ d'autrui, Son bœuf, ſon eſclave,



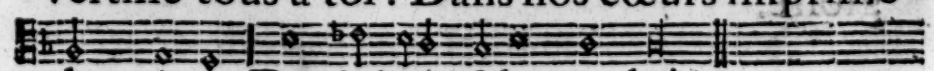
ou ſa femme, Ni rien, enfin, qui ſoit à lui.



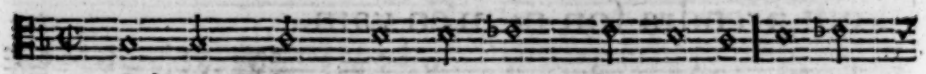
9. Grand Dieu, que ta voix efficace, Nous con-



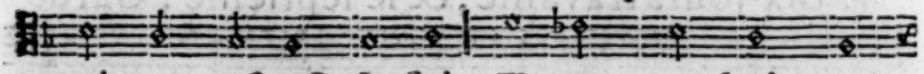
vertiſſe tous à toi! Dans nos cœurs imprime



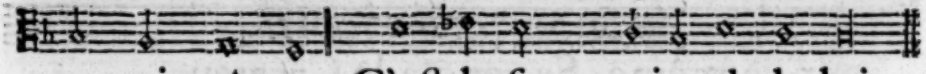
la grâce, De t'obéir ſelon ta loi!



Aime Dieu d'un amour ſuprême, Avec

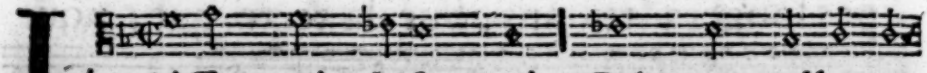


crainte, reſpect & foi ; Et ton prochain com-

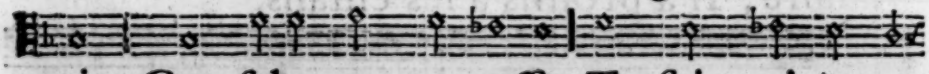


me toi-même : C'eſt le ſommaire de la loi.

LE CANTIQUE DE SIMEON.



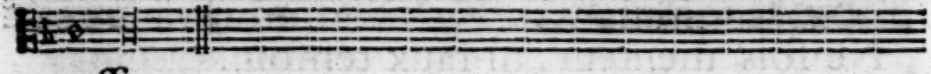
LAiſſe-moi, déſormais, Seigneur, aller en



paix: Car, ſelon ta promeſſe. Tu fais voir à mes



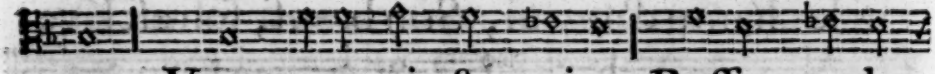
yeux, Le ſalut glorieux. Que j'attendois ſans



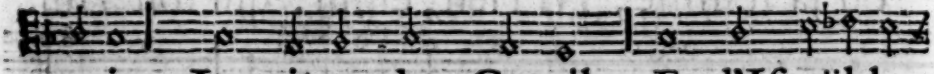
ceſſe.



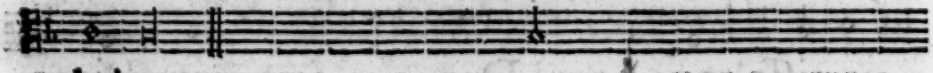
2. Salut, qu'en l'univers, Tant de peuples di-



vers, Vont recevoir & croire ; Reſſource des



petits, Lumière des Gentils, Et d'Iſraël la

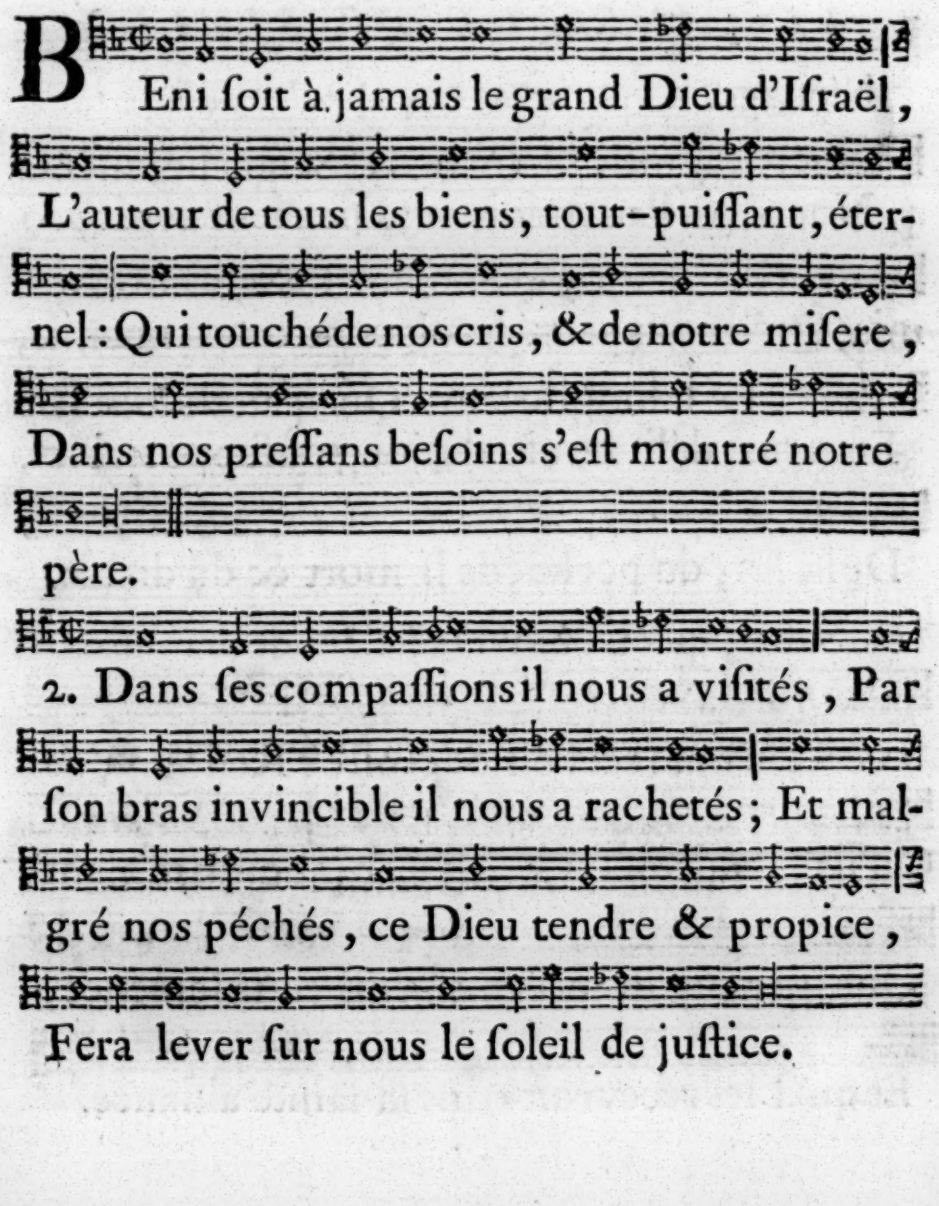


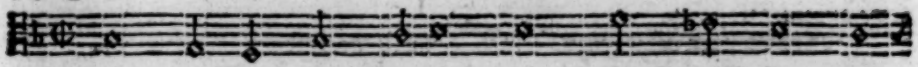
gloire.

CANTIQUES SACRÉS
POUR LES PRINCIPALES SOLENNITÉS.

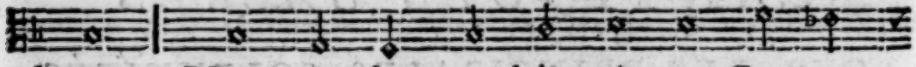
CANTIQUE I.

Le Cantique de Zacharie, pour le jour de Noël,
Sur le Chant de partie du Pſ. LXXXIX.

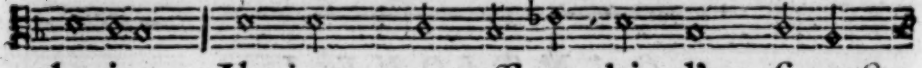




3. La maiſon de David, ce grand roi des Hé-



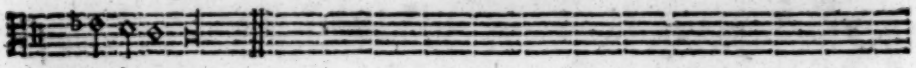
breux, Nous va donner bientôt un Sauveur



glorieux: Il vient nous affranchir d'un funeſte



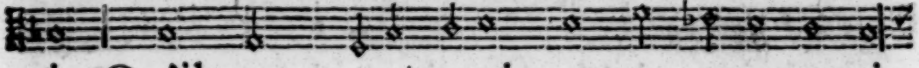
eſclavage, Et nous faire obtenir un céleſte



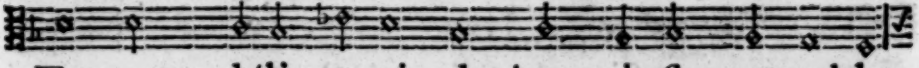
héritage.



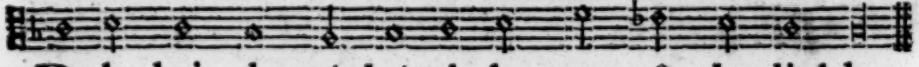
4. Nos pères l'attendoient; Dieu leur avoit pro



mis, Qu'il nous protégeroit contre nos ennemis,



Et nous délivreroit du joug inſupportable,

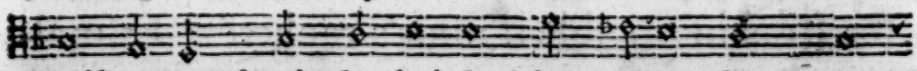


De la loi, du péché, de la mort & du diable.

PAUSE I.



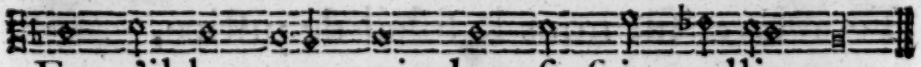
5. Au père des croyans Dieu fit même ſerment,



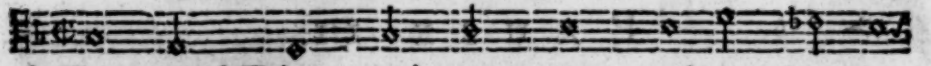
Qu'il répandroit ſur lui ſes biens abondamment,



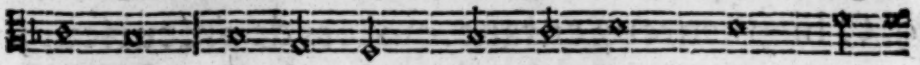
Que les peuples ſeroient bénis en ſa ſemence,



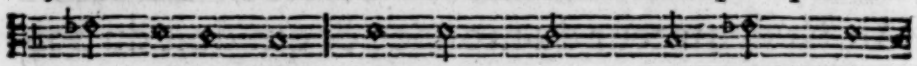
Et qu'il les recevroit dans ſa ſainte alliance.



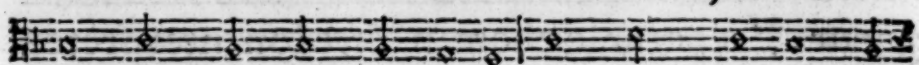
6. Ce grand Dieu, qui peut tout, qui ne change



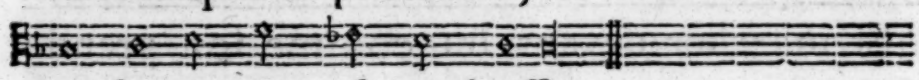
jamais, Se ſouvient des ſermens, que pour



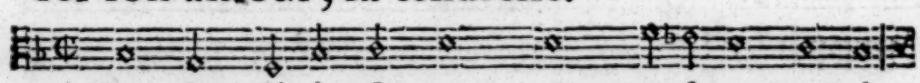
nous il a faits. Il commence aujourd'hui



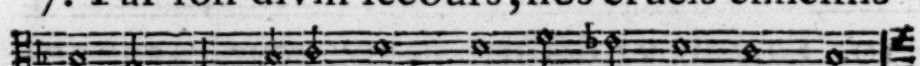
d'accomplir ſa promeſſe, Et nous fait admi-



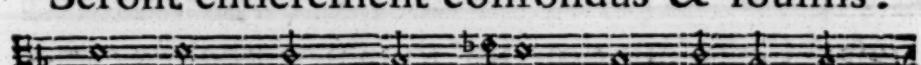
rer ſon amour, ſa tendreſſe.



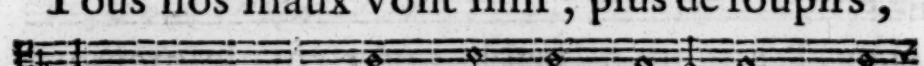
7. Par ſon divin ſecours, nos cruels ennemis



Seront entièrement confondus & ſoumis:



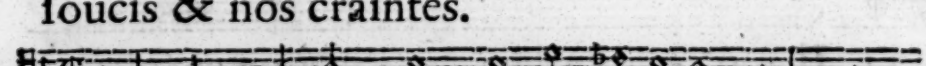
Tous nos maux vont finir; plus de ſoupirs,



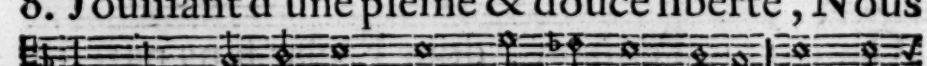
de plaintes; Nos troubles ceſſeront, nos



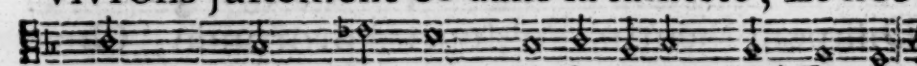
ſoucis & nos craintes.



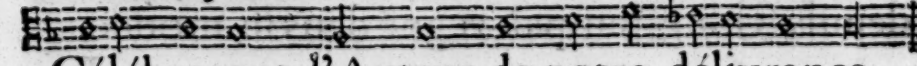
8. Jouiſſant d'une pleine & douce liberté, Nous



vivrons juſtement & dans la ſainteté; Et nos

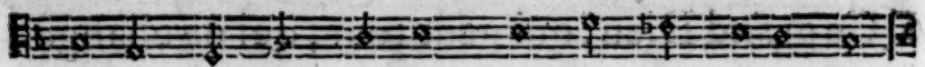


cœurs, pleins d'amour & de reconnoiſſance,

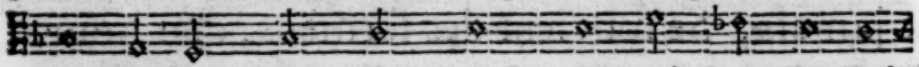


Célébreront l'Auteur de notre délivrance.

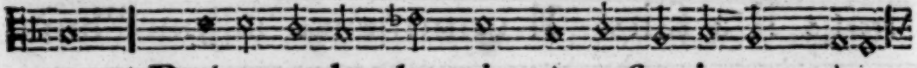
PAUSE II.



9. O bienheureux enfant, qui ſers de précurſeur,



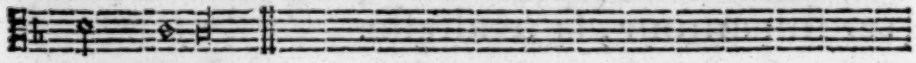
Au Rédempteur du monde, & qui doit du Sei-



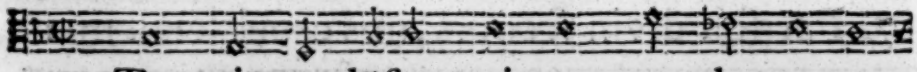
gneur, Préparer le chemin, être ſon interprète,



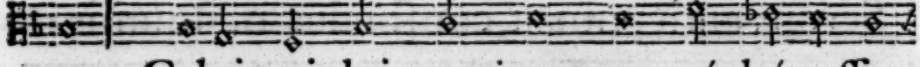
Et marcher devant lui comme ſon grand



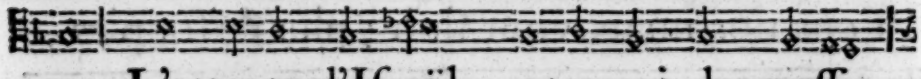
prophète!



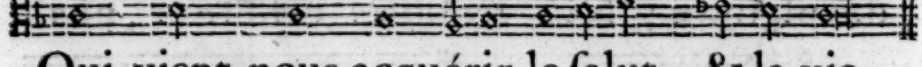
10. Ta voix va déſormais aux peuples annon-



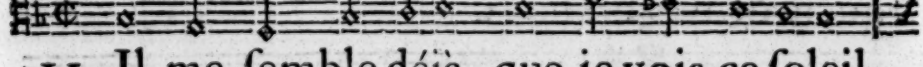
cer, Celui qui doit un jour nos péchés effa-



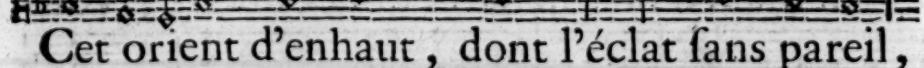
cer, L'attente d'Iſraël, notre roi, le meſſie,



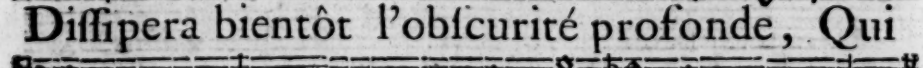
Qui vient nous acquérir le ſalut, & la vie.



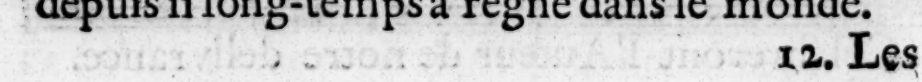
11. Il me ſemble déjà, que je vois ce ſoleil,



Cet orient d'enhaut, dont l'éclat ſans pareil,

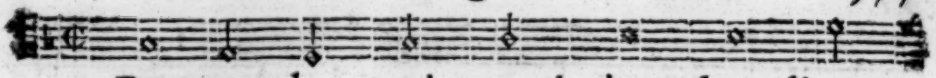


Diſſipera bientôt l'obſcurité profonde, Qui

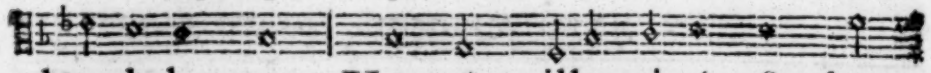


depuis ſi long-temps à regné dans le monde.

12. Les



12. Les peuples, qui marchoient dans l'om-



bre de la mort, Vont être illuminés, & chan-



geront de ſort; Leurs yeux ſeront ouverts,



par ſa vive lumière; Ils connoîtront leur



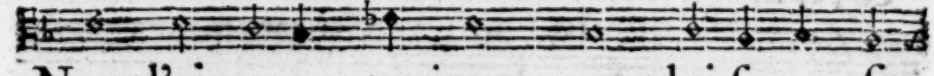
Dieu, leur Sauveur & leur père.



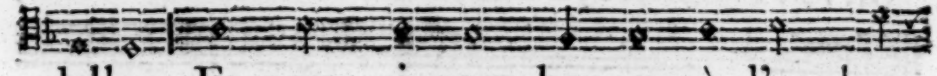
13. Il conduira nos pas au chemin de la paix,



Et ce divin Sauveur remplira nos ſouhaits;



Nous l'aimerons toujours, nous lui ſerons fi-



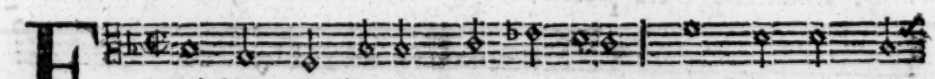
delles; Et nous vivrons heureux à l'ombre



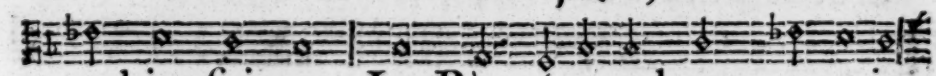
de ſes ailes.

CANTIQUE II.

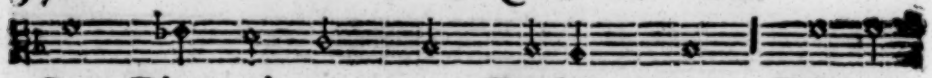
Pour le Jour de Noël. *Sur le Chant du* Pſ. CXVIII.



FAiſons éclater notre joye, Et louons no-



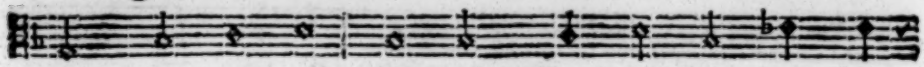
tre bienfaiteur; Le Père éternel nous envoie,



Son Bien-aimé, pour Redempteur. D'une



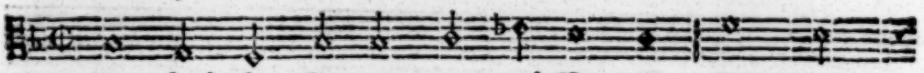
Vierge, & chaſte & féconde, Un Enfant di-



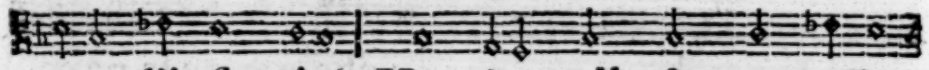
vin nous eſt né: Aujourd'hui le Sauveur du



monde, Le Fils de Dieu nous eſt donné.



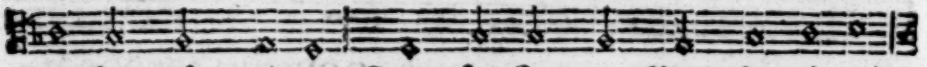
2. En lui la ſuprême puiſſance, Se trouve



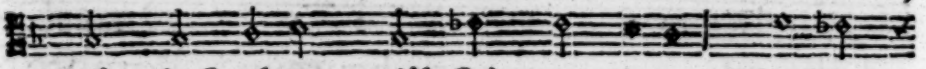
avec l'infirmité; Une éternelle & pure eſſen-



ce, S'unit à notre humanité. Dans la baſſeſſe



on le voit naître, Sous la forme d'un ſerviteur;



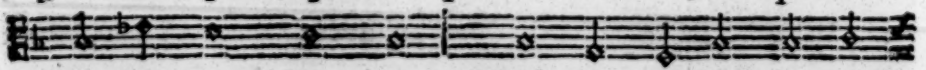
Mais c'eſt alors qu'il fait paroître, Pluſieurs



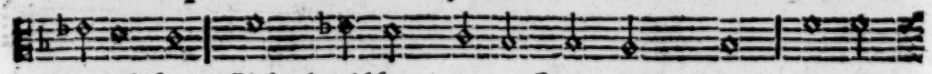
rayons de ſa grandeur.



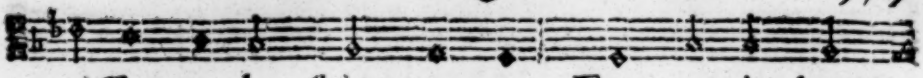
3. Il n'a pour palais qu'une étable, Et qu'une



crèche pour berceau; Mais cet enfant incom-



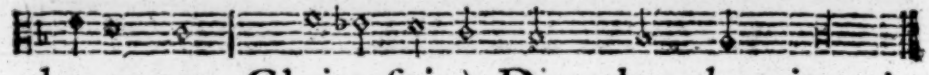
parable, Fait briller un aſtre nouveau. A ſa



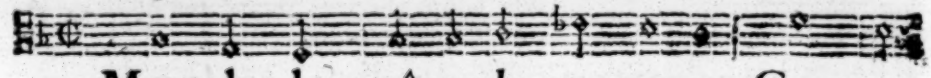
naiſſance, les ſaints anges, Font ouir leurs



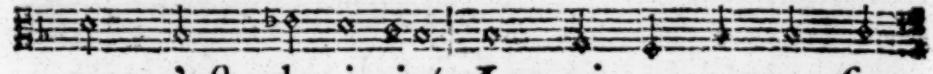
voix dans ces lieux: Ils diſent, chantant ſes



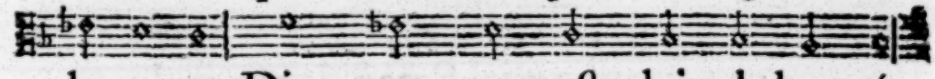
louanges, Gloire ſoit à Dieu dans les cieux!



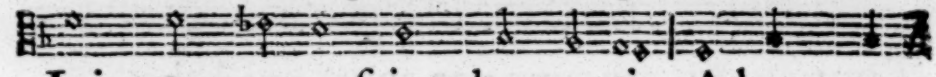
4. Mortels, le maître du tonnerre, Contre



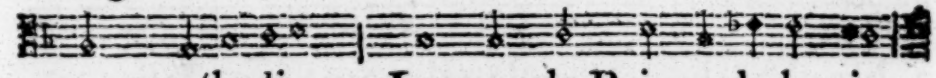
vous n'eſt plus irrité, La paix va regner ſur



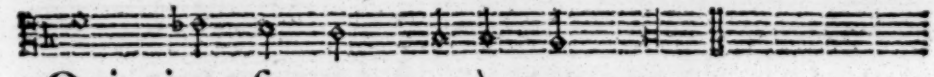
la terre, Dieu pour vous eſt plein de bonté.



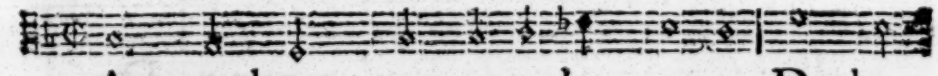
Joignons notre ſainte harmonie, A leurs con-



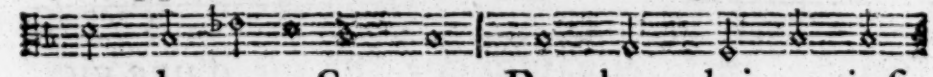
certs mélodieux; Louons le Prince de la vie,



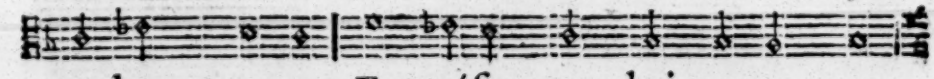
Qui vient ſe montrer à nos yeux.



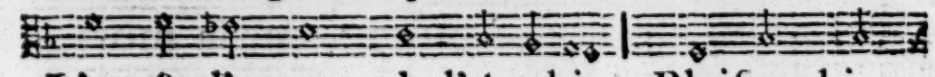
5. Approchons-nous avec les mages, Du ber-



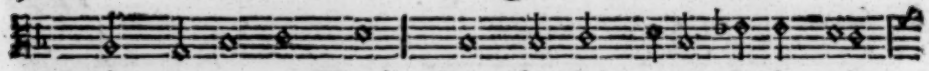
ceau de notre Sauveur: Rendons-lui nos juſ-



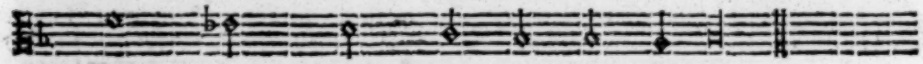
tes hommages, Et préſentons-lui notre cœur.



L'or & l'encens de l'Arabie, Plaiſent bien



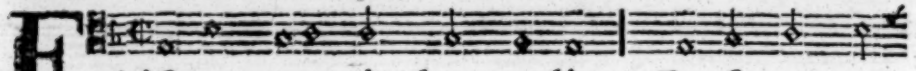
moins à notre Roi, Que la ſainteté de la vie,



Qu'un cœur plein d'amour & de foi.

CANTIQUE III.

Pour le Jour de Pâques. *Sur le Chant du* Pſ. XXIV.



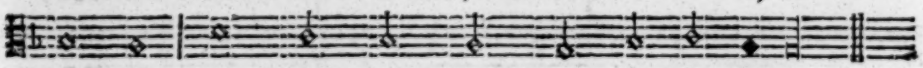
FAiſons retentir dans ce lieu, Le ſacré nom



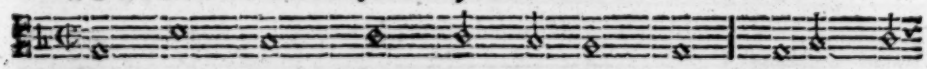
de notre Dieu, Et de Jeſus, le Roi de gloire:



Il a vaincu nos ennemis; Satan, la mort, lui ſont



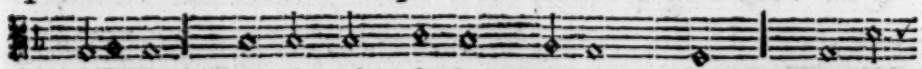
ſoumis: Annonçons par-tout ſa victoire.



2. Ne cherchons plus dans le tombeau, Jeſus, qui



pour ſon cher troupeau, A ſouffert une mort



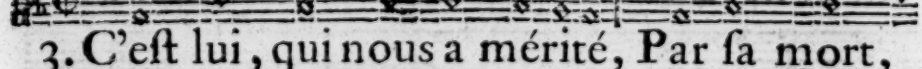
cruelle: Cet invincible Redempteur, Du ſe-



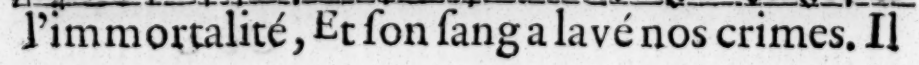
pulcre eſt ſorti vainqueur, Et vit d'une vie



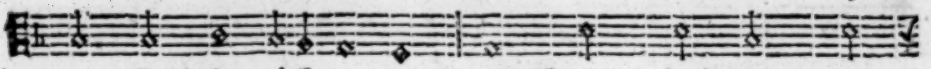
immortelle.



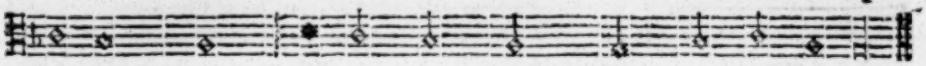
3. C'eſt lui, qui nous a mérité, Par ſa mort,



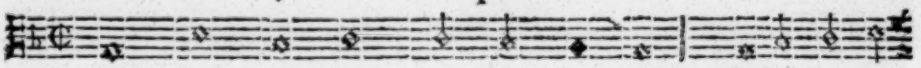
l'immortalité, Et ſon ſang a lavé nos crimes. Il



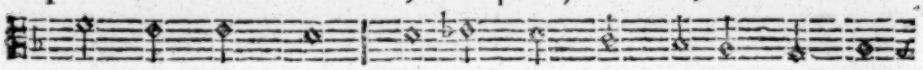
nous fait ſacrificateurs : Offrons-lui nos corps



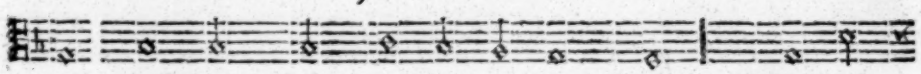
& nos cœurs, Il ne veut point d'autres victimes.



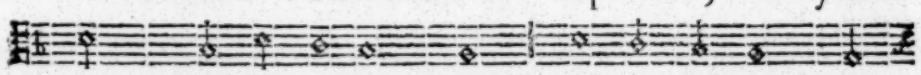
4. Aimons-le tous, & que jamais, Ses ineſti-



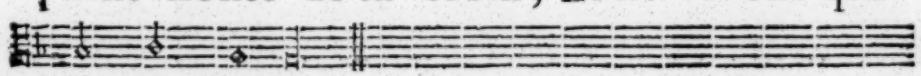
mables bienfaits, Ne ſortent de notre mémoi-



re. Faiſons connoître ſes exploits, N'ayons



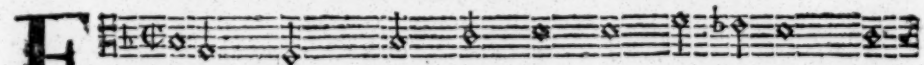
point honte de ſa croix, Et ne vivons que



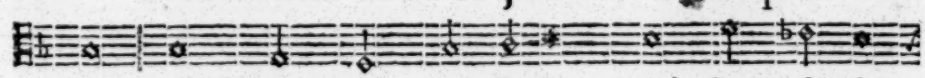
pour ſa gloire.

CANTIQUE. IV.

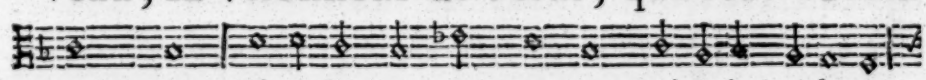
Autre Cantique pour le Jour de Pâques.
Sur le Chant de partie du Pſ. LXXXIX.



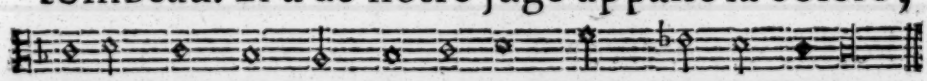
ENtonnons dans ce jour un cantique nou-



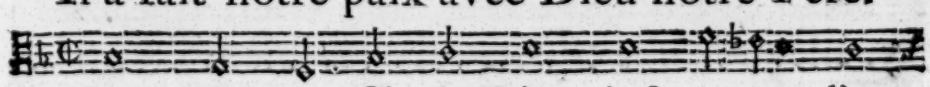
veau, A l'honneur de Jeſus, qui ſort de ſon



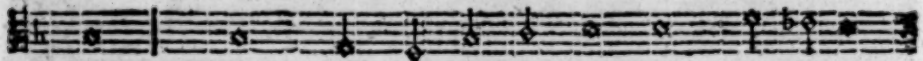
tombeau. Il a de notre juge appaiſé la colère ;



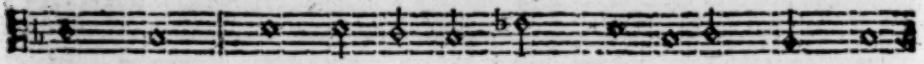
Il a fait notre paix avec Dieu notre Père.



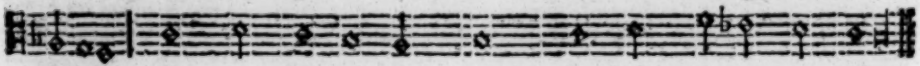
2. Pour nous ce fils de Dieu s'eſt revêtu d'un



corps: Pour nous il eſt entré dans le ſéjour



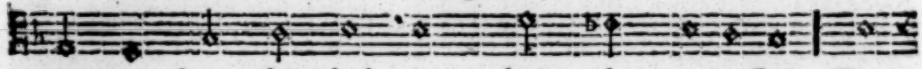
des morts, Après avoir ſouffert une peine in-



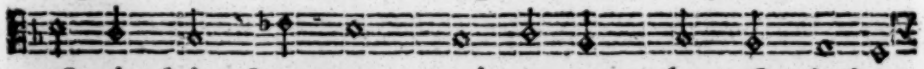
finie, Et perdu ſur la croix ſon innocente vie.



3. Publions ſon triomphe; il eſt reſſuſcité, Il



règne dans le ciel tout plein de majeſté. Les



eſprits bienheureux, qui contemplent ſa gloire,



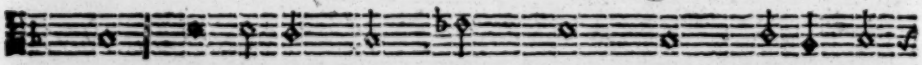
Célèbrent ſes vertus, ſes combats, ſa victoire.



4. Reſſuſcitons, chrétiens, avec notre Sau-



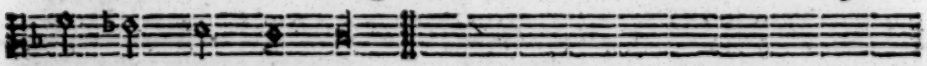
veur: Suivons ce divin chef, ce glorieux vain-



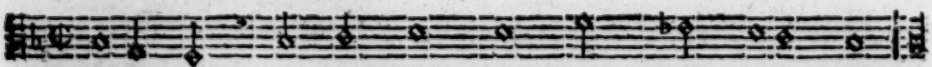
queur; Et détachons nos cœurs des choſes de



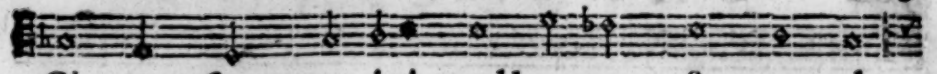
la terre, Dont la gloire & les biens n'ont que



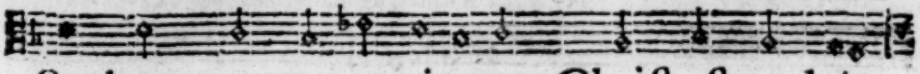
l'éclat du verre.



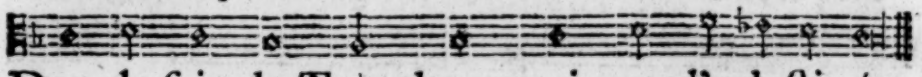
5. Elevons nos eſprits vers les biens éternels.



Si nous ſommes ici malheureux & mortels,



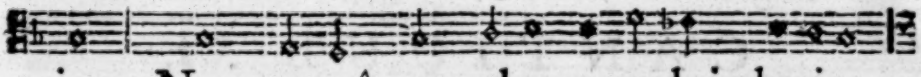
Sachons que notre vie avec Chriſt eſt cachée,



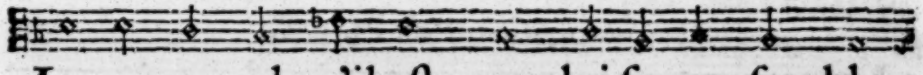
Dans le ſein du Très-haut, qui nous l'a deſtinée.



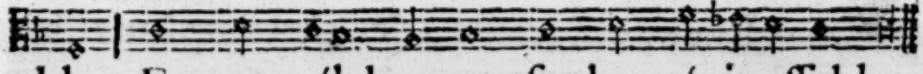
6. Quand notre Redempteur redeſcendra des



cieux, Nous paroîtrons alors avec lui glorieux;



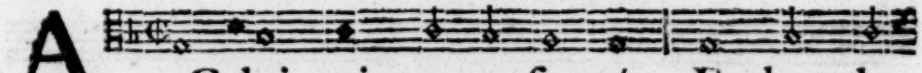
Le voyant tel qu'il eſt, nous lui ſerons ſembla-



bles, Et nous célebrerons ſes bontés ineffables.

CANTIQUE V.

Autre Cantique pour le Jour de la Communion de Pâques.
Sur le Chant du Pſ. XXIV.



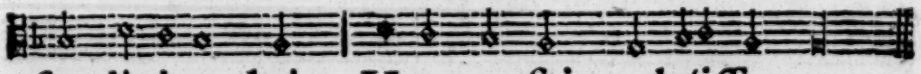
A Celui qui nous a ſauvés, Et dont le



ſang nous a lavés, Soit empire & magnificen-



ce. D'eſclaves il nous a fait rois : Rendons à



ſes divines lois, Une parfaite obéiſſance.



2. Célébrons tous la charité, De ce Sauveur

reſſuſcité! Et diſons avec les ſaints anges, Di-

gne eſt l'Agneau de recevoir, Hommage, hon-

neur, force, pouvoir, Gloire, richeſſes &

louanges.

CANTIQUE VI.

Pour le Jour de l'Aſcenſion de Jeſus-Chriſt.

Sur le Chant du Pſ. CX.

VEnez, chrétiens, & contemplons la

gloire, Du Roi des rois, du Monarque des

cieux, Qui va jouir des fruits de ſa victoire.

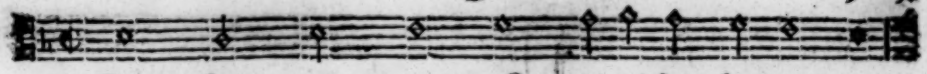
Que ce ſpectacle eſt grand & glorieux!

2. Il monte au ciel porté ſur une nue, Et tout

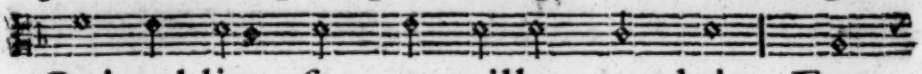
en lui nous marque ſa grandeur. Satan ſoumis,

la mort même vaincue, Sont les captifs qui

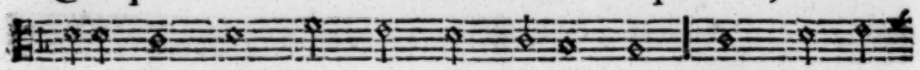
ſuivent ce vainqueur.



3. Son char pompeux eſt précédé des anges,



Qui publiant ſes merveilleux exploits, Font



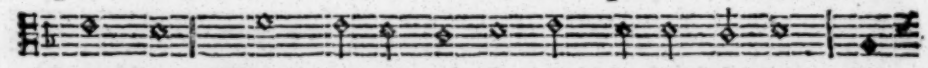
retentir dans les airs ſes louanges, Et vers le



ciel pouſſent ainſi leurs voix.



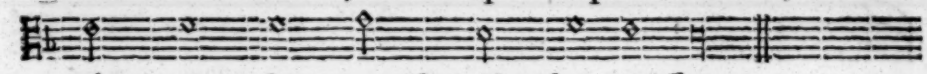
4. Ouvrez-vous, cieux, temple du Dieu ſu-



prême, Pour recevoir le roi de l'univers; Le

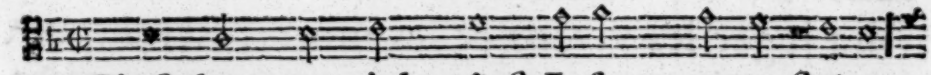


Saint des ſaints, celui que le père aime, Et le

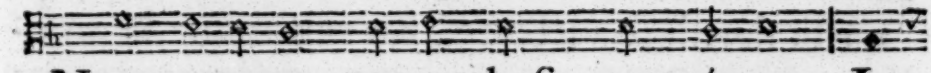


vainqueur du monde, & des enfers.

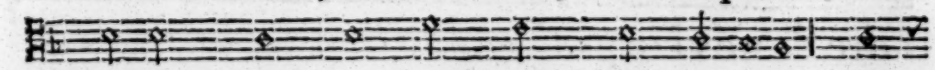
PAUSE.



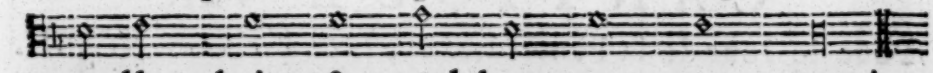
5. C'eſt donc au ciel qu'eſt Jeſus, notre frére,



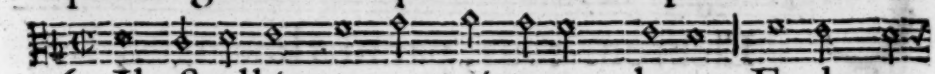
Notre avocat, notre chef, notre époux, Le



Rédempteur, en qui notre ame eſpère. Ah!



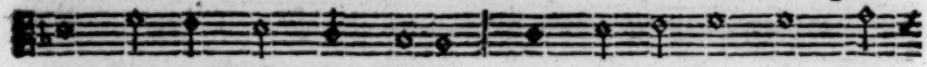
quelle gloire & quel honneur pour nous!



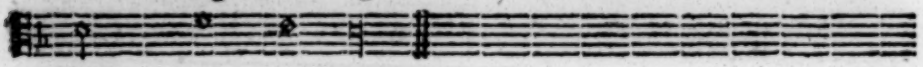
6. Il eſt allé nous y préparer place; Et de ce



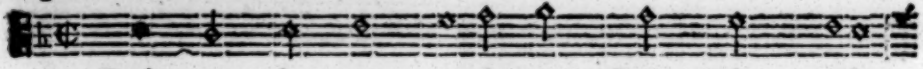
haut & bienheureux ſéjour, Il nous fait part



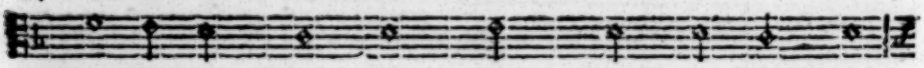
de ſon eſprit de grâce, Et des effets de ſon



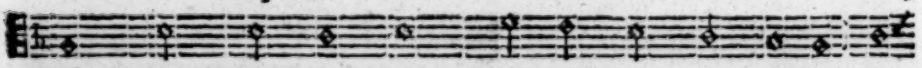
plus tendre amour.



7. Suivons-le tous animés d'un ſaint zèle,



N'arrêtons plus nos cœurs dans ces bas lieux;



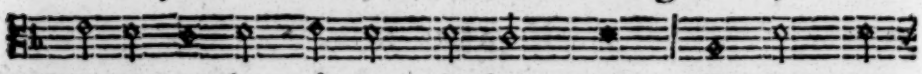
Ce doux Sauveur lui-même nous appelle, Et



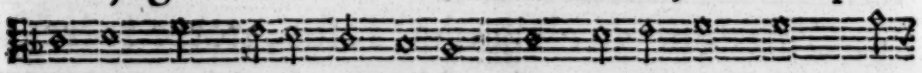
nos vrais biens ſont cachés dans les cieux.



8. Un jour Jeſus, du trône de ſa gloire, Vien-



dra juger les vivans & les morts, Et remporter



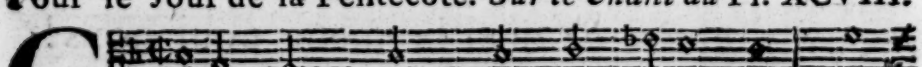
ſa dernière victoire, En ranimant la pou-



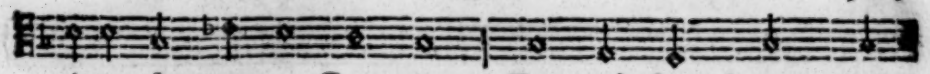
dre de nos corps.

CANTIQUE VII.

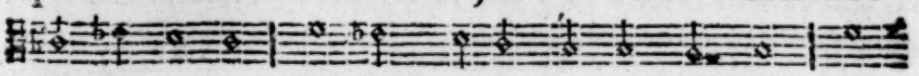
Pour le Jour de la Pentecôte. *Sur le Chant du* Pſ. XCVIII.



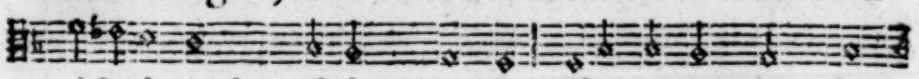
CÉlébrons tous, par nos louanges, Le



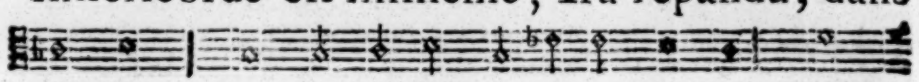
père de notre Sauveur, Le roi des hommes



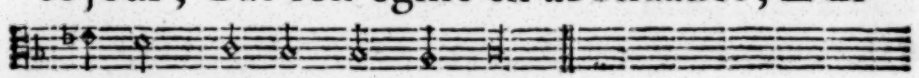
& des anges, La ſource de notre bonheur. Sa



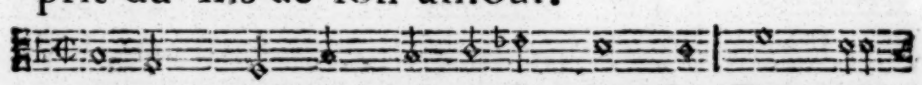
miſéricorde eſt immenſe; Il a répandu, dans



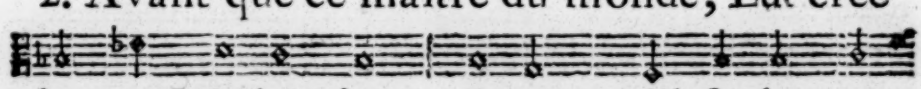
ce jour, Sur ſon égliſe en abondance, L'Eſ-



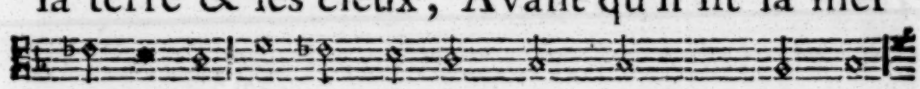
prit du fils de ſon amour.



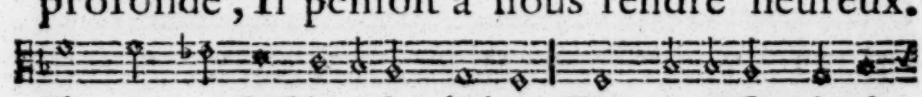
2. Avant que ce maître du monde, Eût créé



la terre & les cieux, Avant qu'il fit la mer



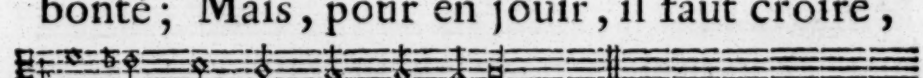
profonde, Il penſoit à nous rendre heureux.



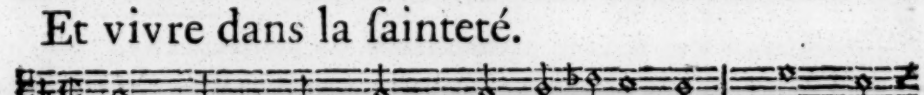
Il nous a deſtiné ſa gloire, Par un effet de ſa



bonté; Mais, pour en jouir, il faut croire,



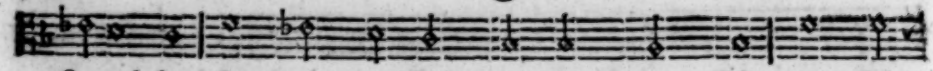
Et vivre dans la ſainteté.



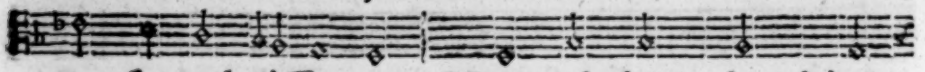
3. Ce Dieu tout bon, tout adorable, Pour ſes



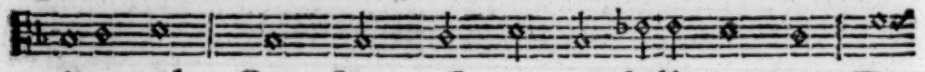
enfans nous a choiſis: Il nous veut nourrir à



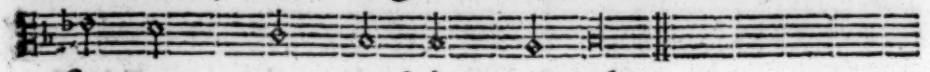
ſa table, Et nous y donner ſon cher fils. Ce fils,



par ſon obéiſſance, Nous obtient des biens



éternels; Son ſang eſt notre délivrance, Et

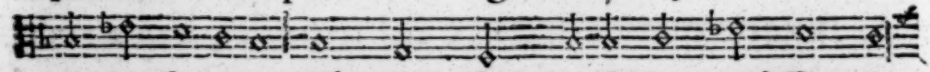


ſa mort nous rend immortels.

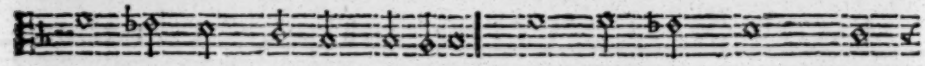
PAUSE



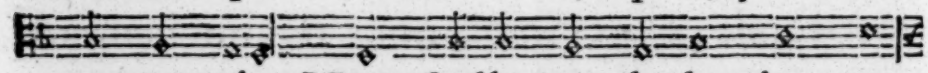
4. Pour diſſiper notre ignorance, Et fléchir



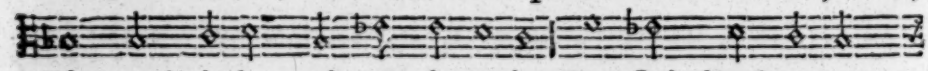
notre dureté, Il nous donne ſa connoiſſance,



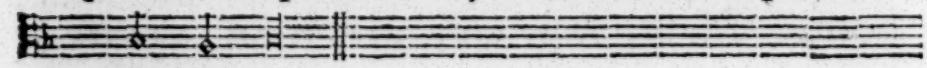
Par ſon eſprit de vérité. Cet, eſprit, que Chriſt



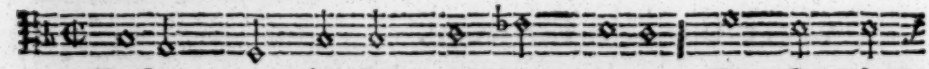
nous envoie, Nous ſcelle pour le dernier jour;



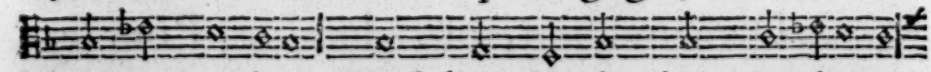
Il produit la paix & la joie, La foi, l'eſpéran-



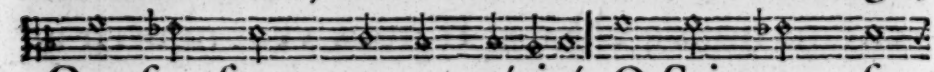
ce, & l'amour.



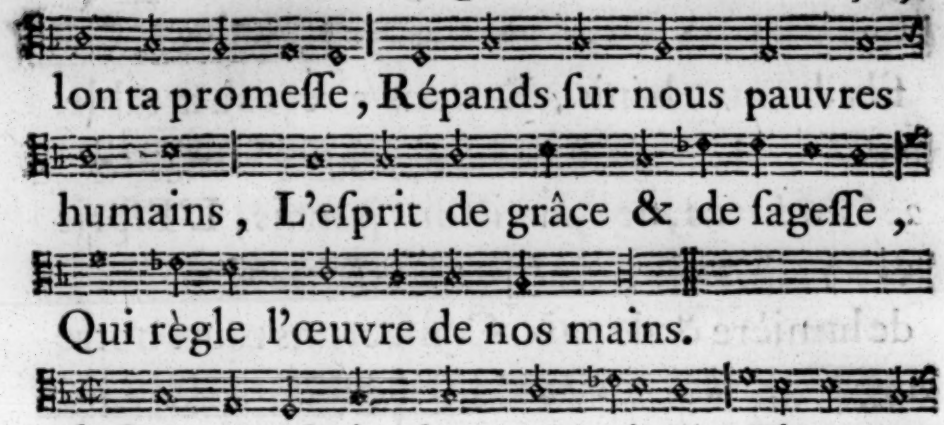
5. Jeſus nous le donne pour gage, De ſon im-



menſe charité; C'eſt l'arrhe du riche héritage,



Que ſon ſang nous a mérité. O Seigneur, ſe-



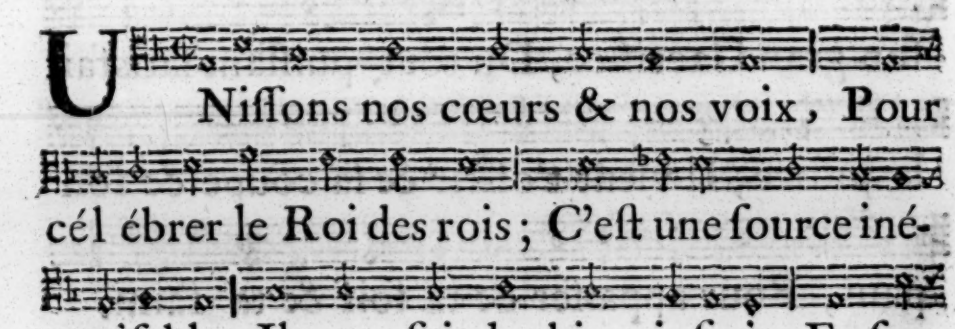
lon ta promeſſe, Répands ſur nous pauvres humains, L'eſprit de grâce & de ſageſſe, Qui règle l'œuvre de nos mains.

6. Que cet eſprit, dans nos prières, Elève nos cœurs juſqu'aux cieux; Que par ſes divines lumières, Cet eſprit éclaire nos yeux. Alors, avec tous les fidelles, Nous comprendrons quels ſont les biens, Et les richeſſes éternelles, Que ta bonté réſerve aux tiens.

CANTIQUE VIII.

Pour le Jour de la Communion de Pentecôte.

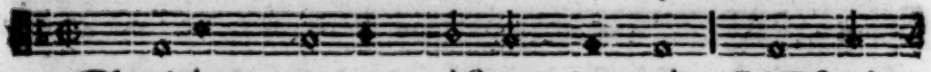
Sur le Chant du Pſ. XXIV.



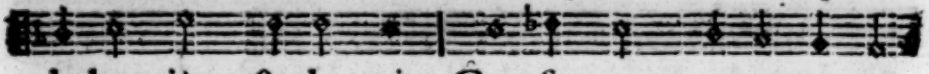
UNiſſons nos cœurs & nos voix, Pour célébrer le Roi des rois; C'eſt une ſource inépuiſable; Il nous fait des biens infinis, En ſon



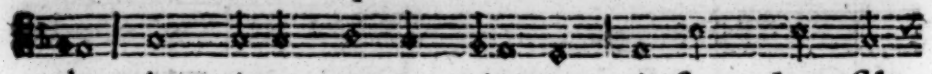
fils il nous a bénis, Et nous a reçus à ſa table.



2. Chrétiens, ne contriſtons jamais, L'Eſprit



de lumière & de paix. Conſacrons toute notre



vie, Au père, notre créateur; A ſon cher fils,



notre Sauveur; A l'Eſprit qui nous ſanctifie.

CANTIQUE IX.

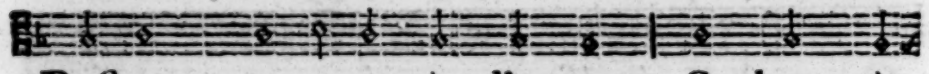
Pour la Sainte Cêne de Septembre. *Sur le Chant du* Pſ. XXXII.



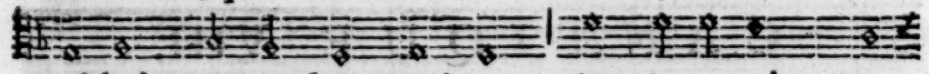
Peuple Chrétien, ton *S*auveur charitable,



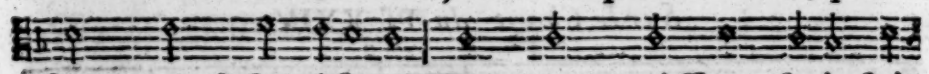
Vient aujourd'hui t'inviter à ſa table; Ce bon



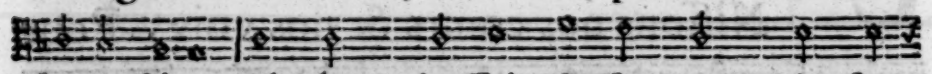
Paſteur, par un excès d'amour, Se donne à



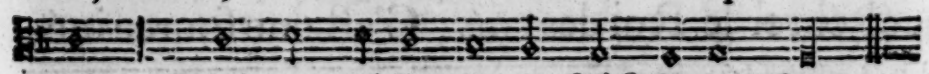
toi lui-même dans ce jour: Après avoir, par



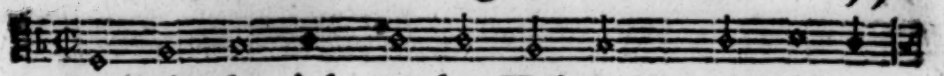
ſon grand ſacrifice, Du tout-puiſſant ſatisfait



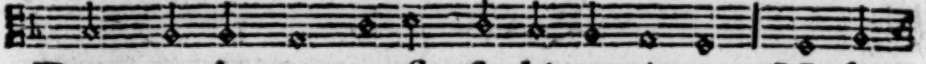
la juſtice, Il vient t'offrir & ſa coupe & ſon



pain, Pour appaiſer & ta ſoif & ta faim.



2. Le pain du ciel, que les Hébreux mangèrent,



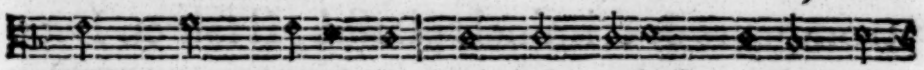
Dont ces ingrats enfin ſe dégoutèrent, Ne les



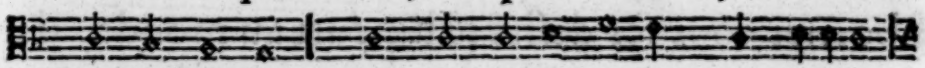
pouvoit garantir de la mort, Du genre-



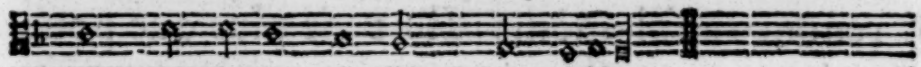
humain l'inévitable ſort. Notre Jeſus aujour-



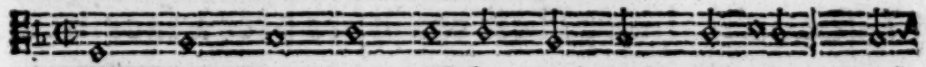
d'hui nous préſente, Un pain céleſte, une man-



ne excellente: Qui le reçoit avec humilité,



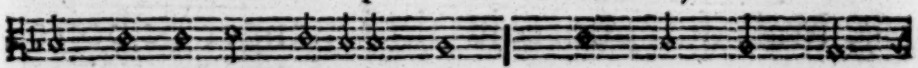
Peut s'aſſurer de l'immortalité.



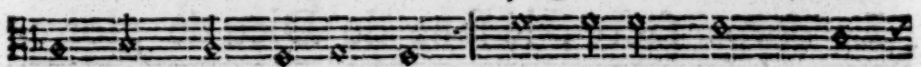
3. Ce doux Sauveur eſt le vrai pain de vie, Qui



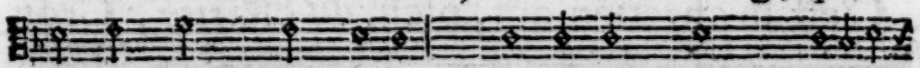
nous nourrit & qui nous fortifie; Sa chair



ſacrée eſt le ſeul aliment, Qui donne à l'ame



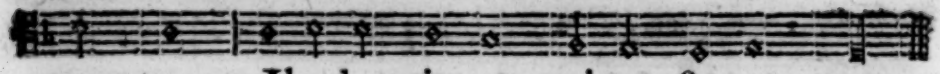
un vrai contentement; Son divin ſang, qu'il



offre pour breuvage, Nous a des cieux mérité

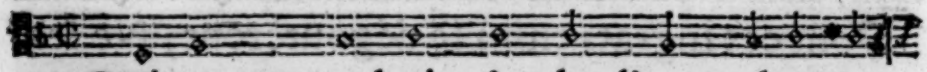


l'héritage. Il nous transforme en des hommes

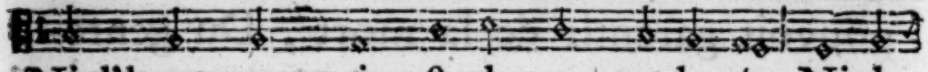


nouveaux, Il adoucit nos peines & nos maux.

PAUSE.



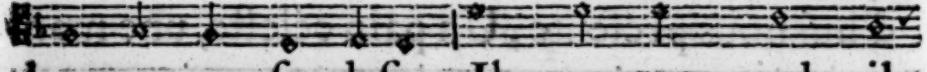
4. Quiconque en boit n'a plus l'ame alterée,



Ni d'honneurs vains & de courte durée, Ni de



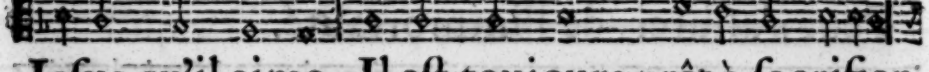
trompeurs & criminels plaiſirs; Il ſait en Dieu



borner tous ſes deſirs; Il meurt au monde, il



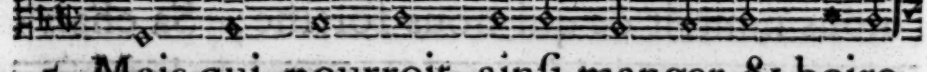
renonce à ſoi-même; Il ne vit plus que pour



Jeſus qu'il aime, Il eſt toujours prêt à ſacrifier,



Ses biens, ſes jours, pour le glorifier.



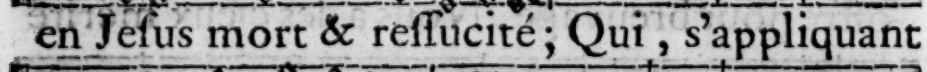
5. Mais qui pourroit ainſi manger & boire,



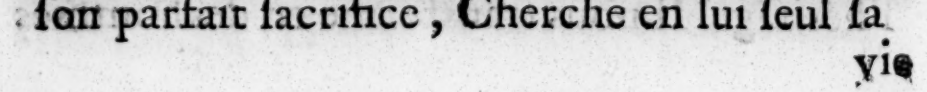
Le corps ſacré, le ſang du Dieu de gloire?



C'eſt le chrétien qui, plein de charité, Croit

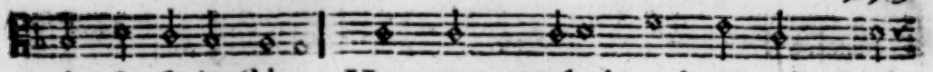


en Jeſus mort & reſſuscité; Qui, s'appliquant

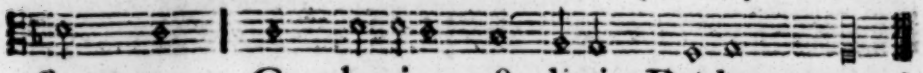


ſon parfait ſacrifice, Cherche en lui ſeul ſa

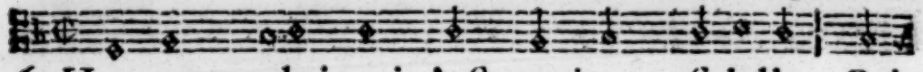
vie



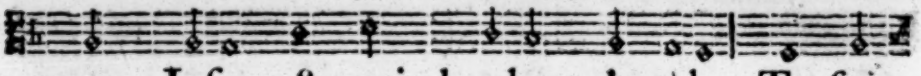
vie & ſa juſtice. Heureux celui qui reçoit dans



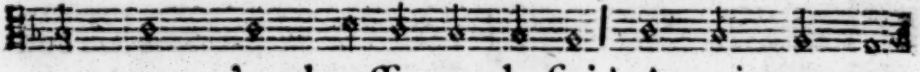
ſon cœur, Ce glorieux & divin Rédempteur!



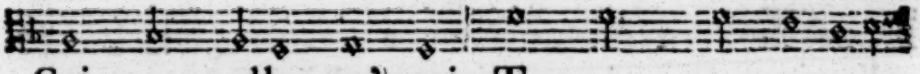
6. Heureux celui qui t'eſt toujours fidelle, Sei-



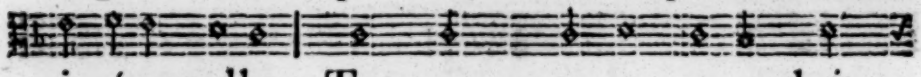
gneur Jeſus, & qui, brulant de zèle, Te ſuit



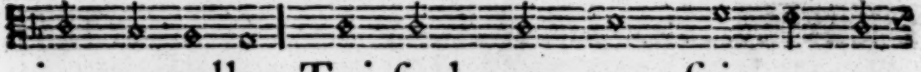
par tout, t'embraſſe par la foi! A qui peut-on



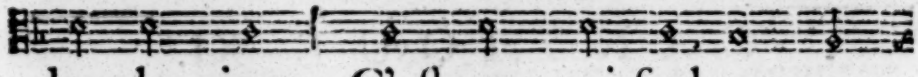
Seigneur, aller qu'à toi; Tu nous promets une



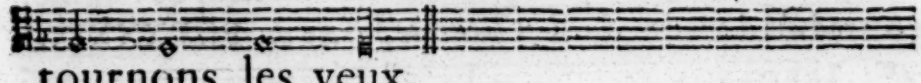
vie éternelle; Tu nous promets une gloire



immortelle: Toi ſeul nous peux faire entrer



dans les cieux: C'eſt vers toi ſeul que nous



tournons les yeux.

CANTIQUE X.

Cantique pour le jour de la Communion de Septembre

Sur le Chant du Pſ. XXIV.



TEs biens, ô Dieu ſont infinis; Tu nous



as donné ton cher fils, Ton fils unique, ton

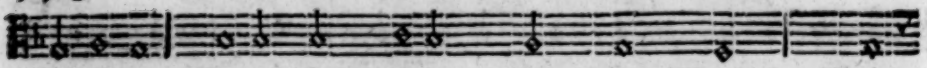
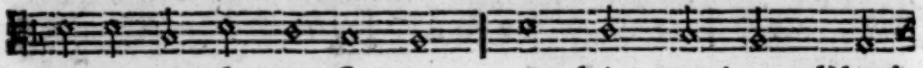
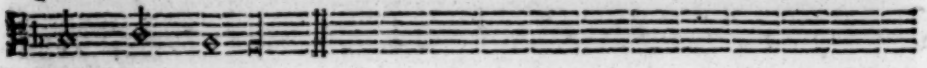


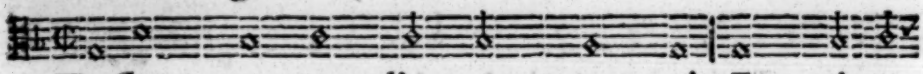
image. Père de grâce, tous nos cœurs, Sont



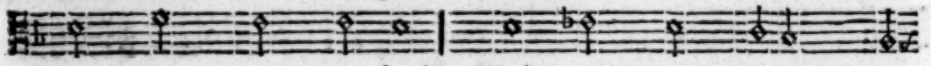
pénétrés de tes faveurs : Achève aujourd'hui



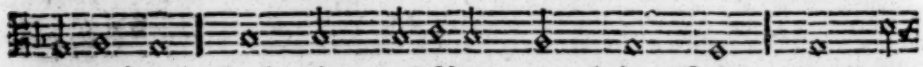
ton ouvrage.



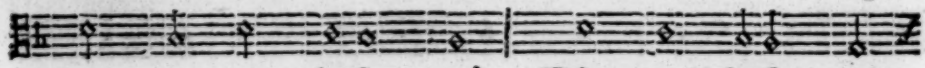
2. Enflamme-nous d'amour pour toi ; Imprime



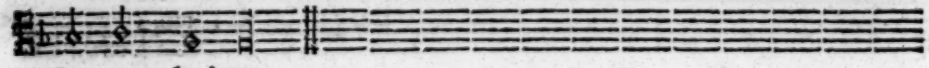
dans nos cœurs ta loi ; Fais que notre étude or-



dinaire, Soit de méditer tes bienfaits : Et que



nous n'ayons désormais, D'autre désir que



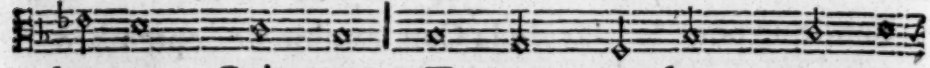
de te plaire.

CANTIQUE XI.

Pour louer Dieu, composé par un ancien Docteur de l'église, & traduit du latin. *Sur le Chant de partie du* Pſ. LXXXIX.



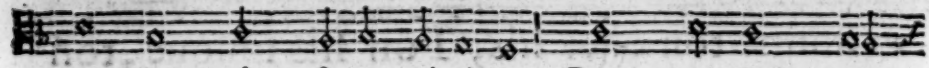
GRand Dieu, nous te louons, nous t'a-



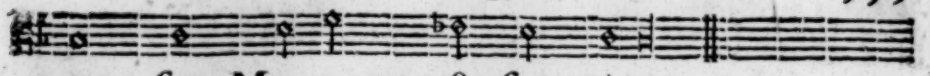
dorons, Seigneur, Et nous voulons chanter



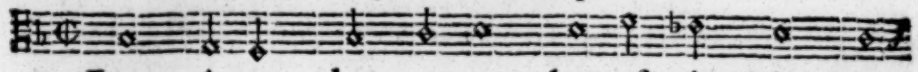
un hymne à ton honneur. Eternel, l'uni-



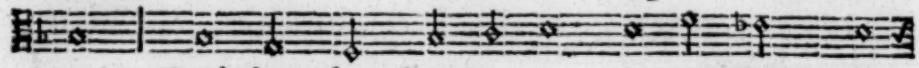
vers te craint & te révère, Comme ſon créa-



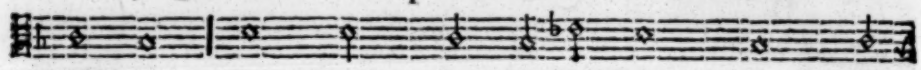
teur, ſon Monarque & ſon père.



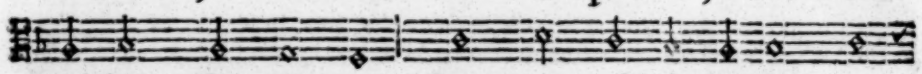
2. Les trônes, les vertus, les eſprits bienheu-



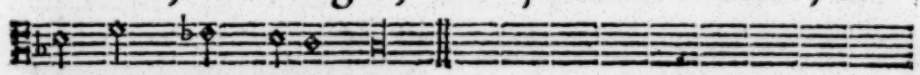
reux, Qui ſont les ſpectateurs de tes faits mer-



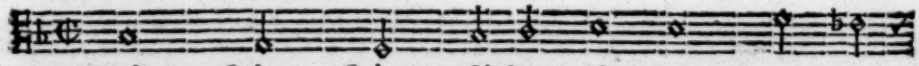
veilleux, Le chœur des Séraphins, des Ché-



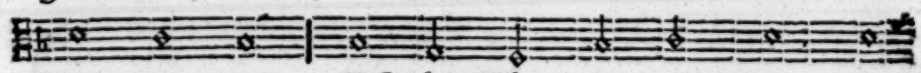
rubins, des Anges, Sans jamais ſe laſſer, cé-



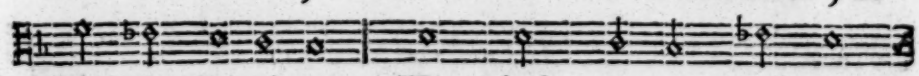
lébrent tes louanges.



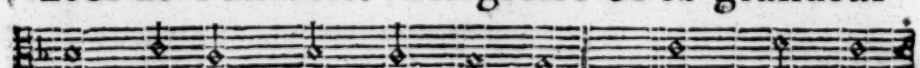
3. Saint, ſaint, ſaint! diſent-ils dans leurs ſa-



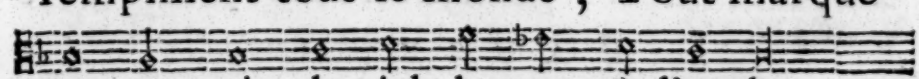
crés concerts, Eſt le Dieu des combats, le



Roi de l'univers. Ta gloire & ta grandeur

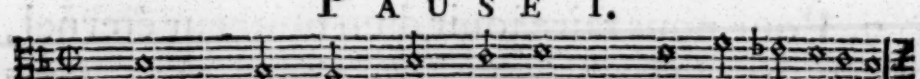


rempliſſent tout le monde; Tout marque

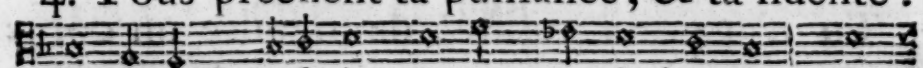


ton pouvoir, le ciel, la terre & l'onde.

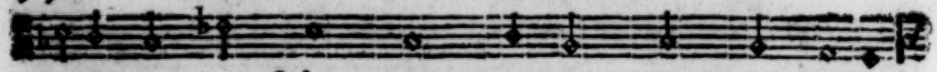
PAUSE I.



4. Tous prêchent ta puiſſance, & ta fidélité:



Ta ſageſſe infinie, & ta grande bonté: Tes



apôtres, tes ſaints, tes martyrs, tes prophètes,



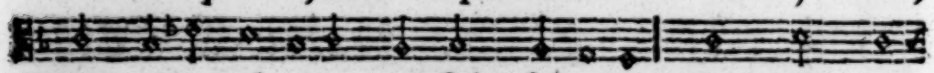
Tes miniſtres ſacrés, tes divins interprètes.



5. L'égliſe qui combat, répandue en tous lieux,



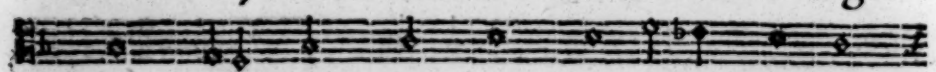
Et celle qui déjà triomphe dans les cieux; A toi,



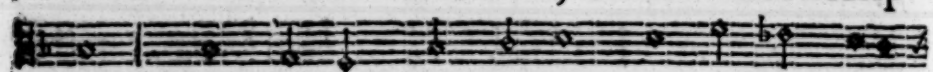
Père éternel, à ta parfaite image, Ton fils, ton



bien-aimé, tous viennent rendre hommage.



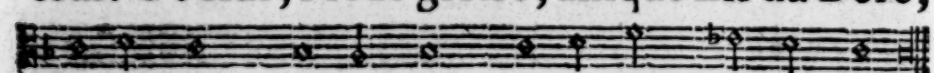
6. Tous célèbrent ton nom, ô notre Rédemp-



teur, Tous louent ton Eſprit, notre Conſola-

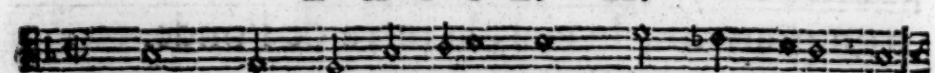


teur. O Jeſus, roi de gloire, unique fils du Père,



Tu t'es fait notre époux, notre chef, notre frère.

PAUSE. II.



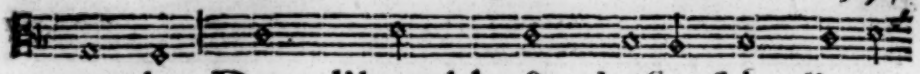
7. Pour nous faire jouir d'un bonheur éternel,



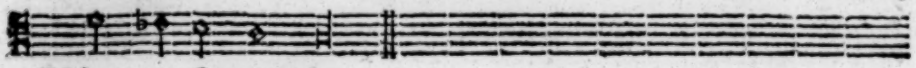
Tu n'as point refuſé, de prendre un corps



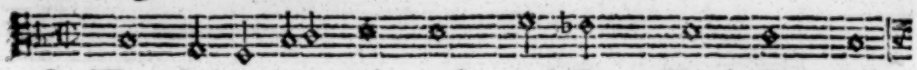
mortel, Et tu t'es incarné, pour ſauver tout le



monde, Dans l'humble & chaſte ſein d'une,



Vierge féconde.



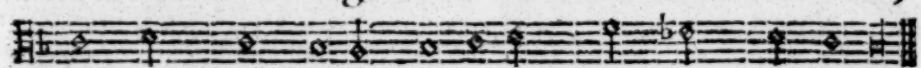
8. Tu t'es anéanti, toi, puiſſant Roi des rois,



Juſqu'à ſouffrir la mort ſur un infame bois:



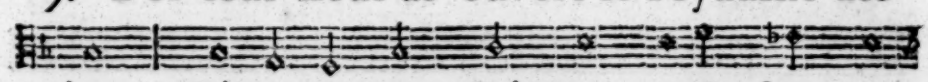
Mais briſant l'aiguillon de cette mort cruelle,



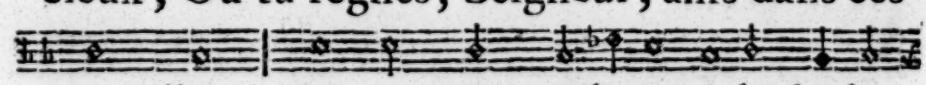
Toi ſeul nous as acquis une gloire immortelle.



9. Toi ſeul nous as ouvert le royaume des



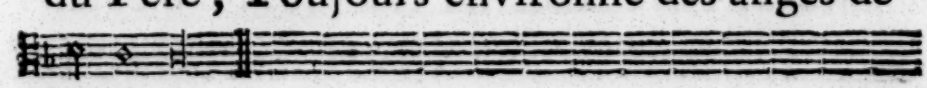
cieux, Où tu regnes, Seigneur, aſſis dans ces



hauts lieux, Sur un trône éclatant à la droite



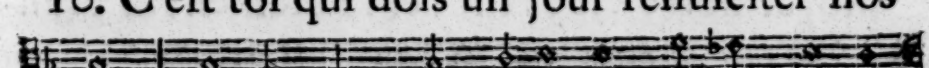
du Père, Toujours environné des anges de



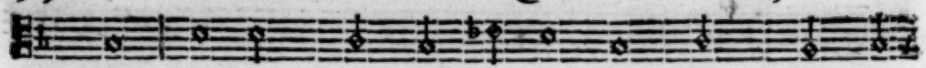
lumière.



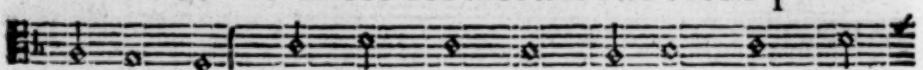
10. C'eſt toi qui dois un jour reſſuſciter nos



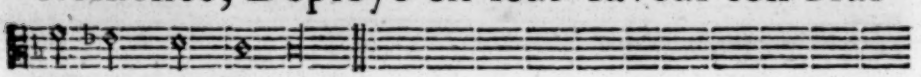
corps, Et tu viendras juger les vivans & les



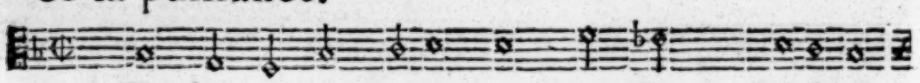
morts. A tes chers ſerviteurs ſubviens par ta



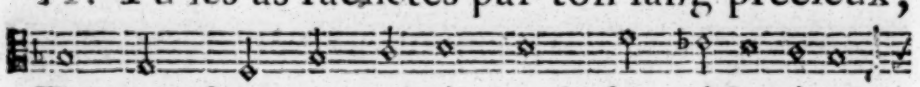
clémence, Déploye en leur faveur ton bras



& ta puiſſance.



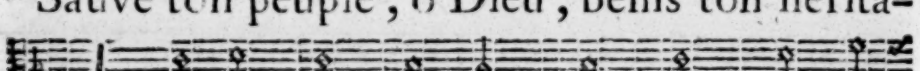
11. Tu les as rachetés par ton ſang précieux;



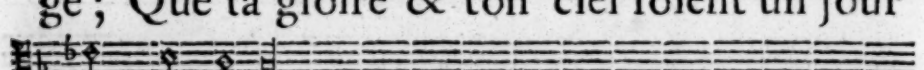
De tous leurs ennemis rends-les victorieux :



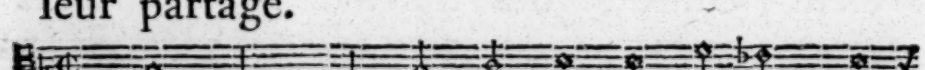
Sauve ton peuple, ô Dieu, bénis ton héritage;



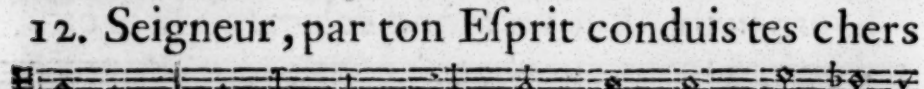
Que ta gloire & ton ciel ſoient un jour



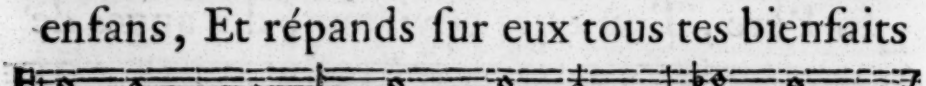
leur partage.



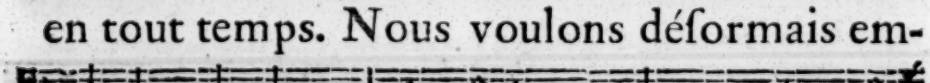
12. Seigneur, par ton Eſprit conduis tes chers



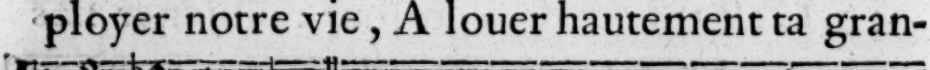
enfans, Et répands ſur eux tous tes bienfaits



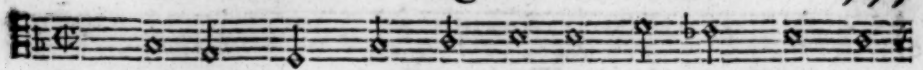
en tout temps. Nous voulons déſormais em-



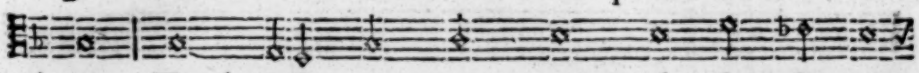
ployer notre vie, A louer hautement ta gran-



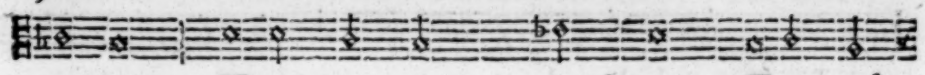
deur infinie.



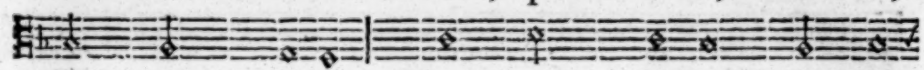
13. Garde-nous contre toi de pécher dans ce



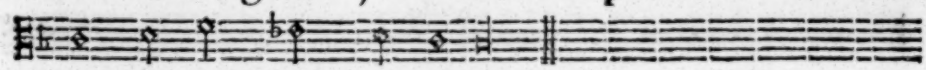
jour: Embrâſe tous nos cœurs du feu de ton



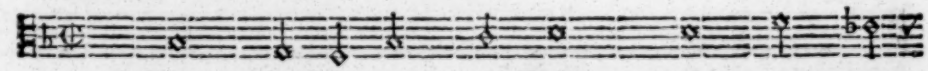
amour: Exauce-nous, pardonne, Eternel,



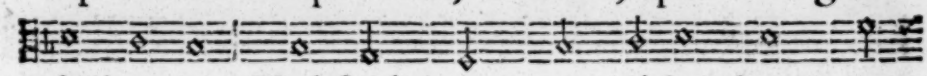
fais-nous grâce; Dans nos preſſans beſoins



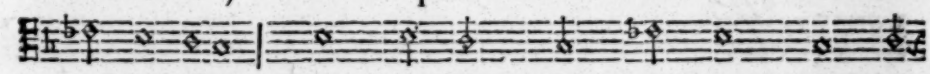
tourne ſur nous ta face.



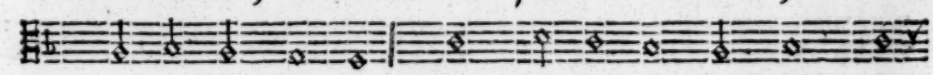
14. Nous n'eſpérons, ô Dieu, qu'en ta gran-



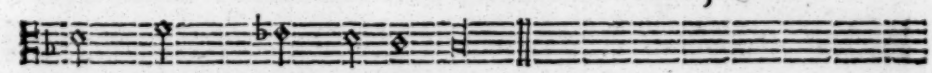
de bonté; Toi ſeul peux nous aider dans notre



adverſité, Rendre nos jours heureux, & no-



tre ame contente: Nous ne ſerons jamais con-



fus dans notre attente.

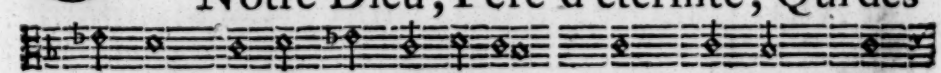
CANTIQUE. XII,

Pour le prèmier Jour de l'Année.

Sur le Chant du Pſ. CXXIX.



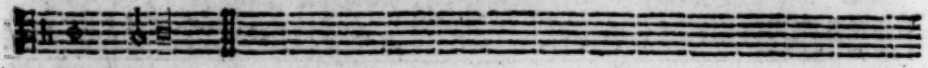
O Notre Dieu, Père d'éternité, Qui des



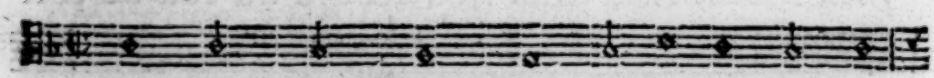
mortels règles la deſtinée, Nous venons tous,



avec humilité, Te conſacrer cette nouvelle



année.



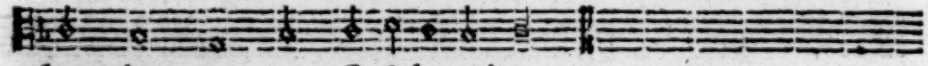
2. Le grand flambeau, qui règles les ſaiſons,



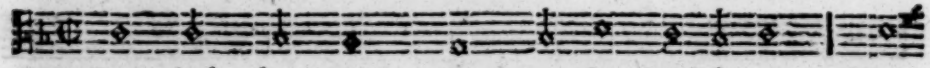
En éclairant l'un & l'autre hémiſphère, Te



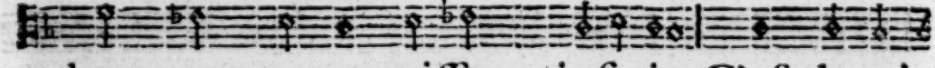
doit, Seigneur, ſa chaleur, ſes rayons, Et ſa



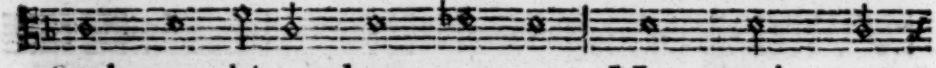
lumière à tous ſi ſalutaire.



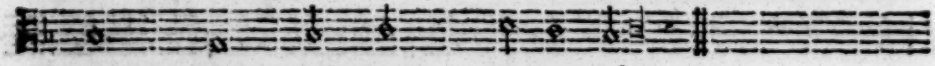
3. Le ciel, la terre, & tous ſes habitans, Prê-



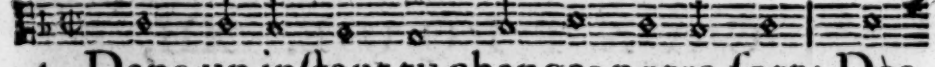
chent par tout ta puiſſance infinie. C'eſt de toi



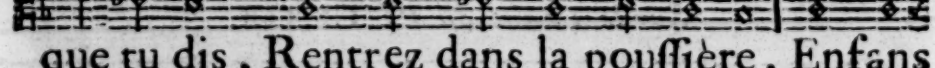
ſeul que dépendent nos ans, Nos mois, nos



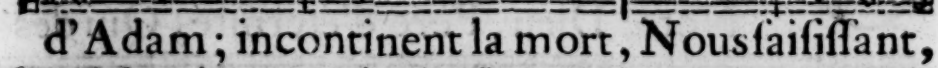
jours, nos momens, notre vie.



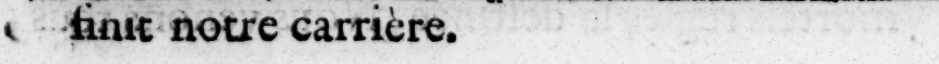
4. Dans un inſtant tu changes notre ſort; Dès



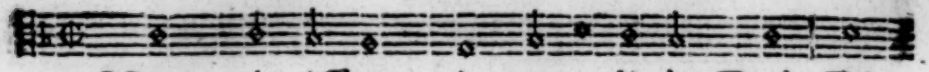
que tu dis, Rentrez dans la pouſſière, Enfans



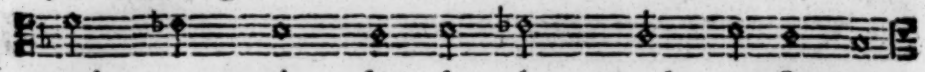
d'Adam; incontinent la mort, Nous ſaiſiſſant,



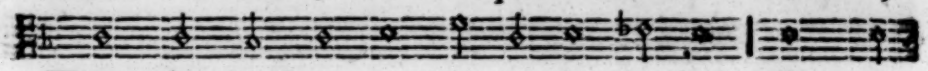
finit notre carrière.



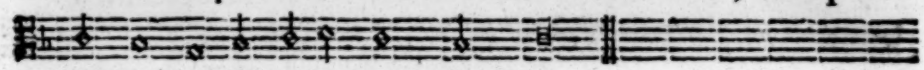
5. Nous gémiſſons, ô notre divin Roi, D'a-



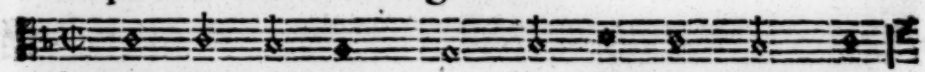
voir commis, dès la plus tendre enfance,



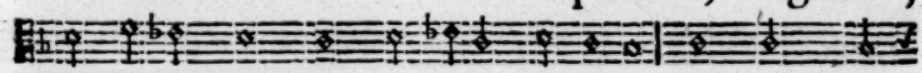
Tant de péchés contre ta ſainte loi, Et pro-



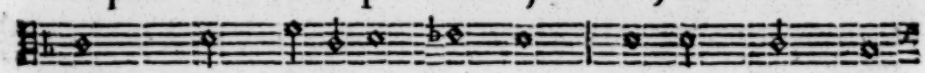
voqué ta ſévère vengeance.



6. Pardonne-nous tous ces péchés, Seigneur;



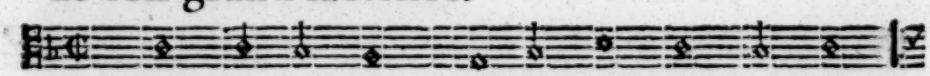
Impute-nous la parfaite juſtice, De ton cher



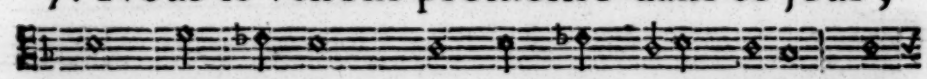
Fils, notre unique Sauveur, Et ſouviens toi



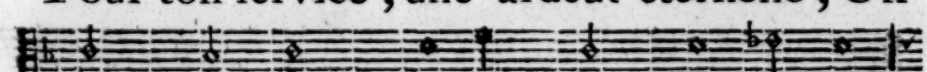
de ſon grand ſacrifice.



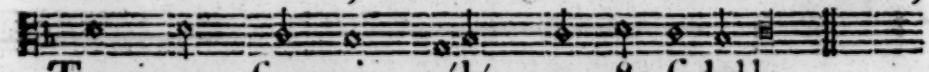
7. Nous te venons promettre dans ce jour,



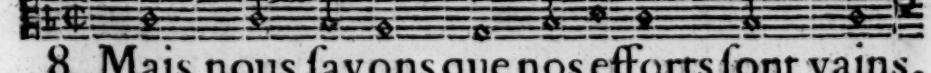
Pour ton ſervice, une ardeur éternelle, Un



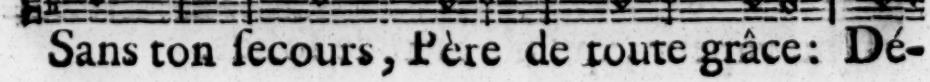
cœur nouveau, brulant d'un ſaint amour,



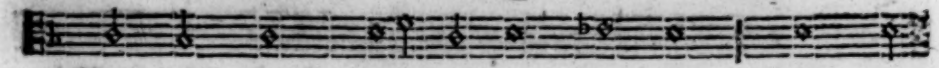
Toujours ſoumis, zélé, pur & fidelle.



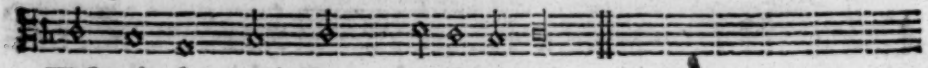
8. Mais nous ſavons que nos efforts ſont vains,



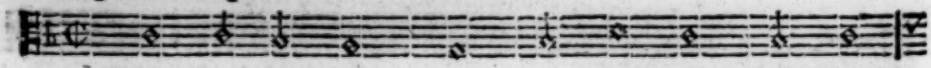
Sans ton ſecours, Père de toute grâce: Dé-



ploye en nous miſérables humains, De ton



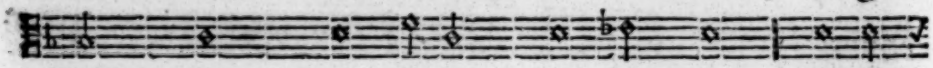
Eſprit la puiſſante efficace.



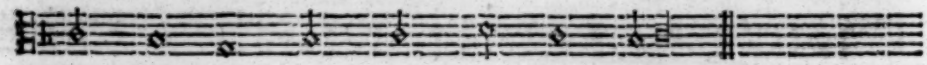
9. Que cet Eſprit, nous conduiſant toujours,



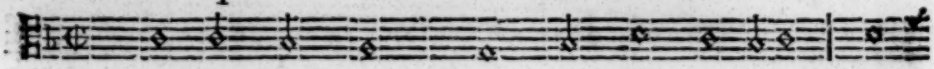
Pendant le cours de toutes nos années, Règle



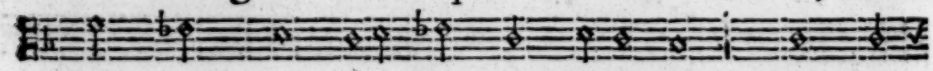
nos mœurs, nos déſirs, nos diſcours, Selon



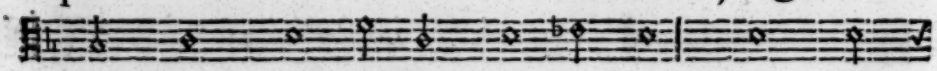
les lois que tu nous as données.



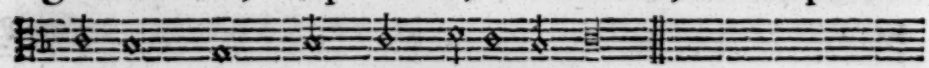
10. Enſeigne-nous que tout eſt vanité, Et



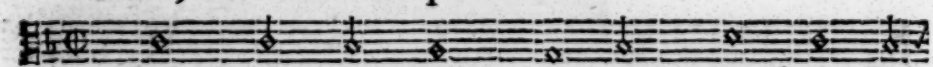
qu'il n'eſt rien ici-bas de durable; Que les



grandeurs, les plaiſirs, la beauté, Tout paſſe



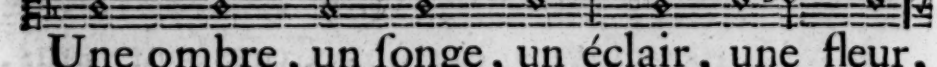
enfin, & tout eſt périſſable.



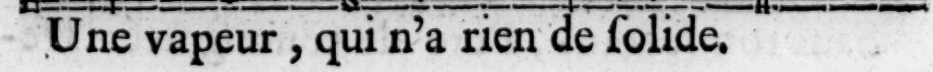
11. Fais-nous connoître, & comprendre, Sei-



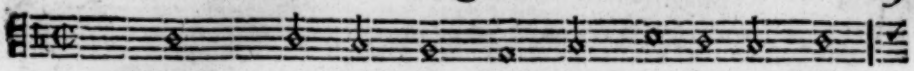
gneur, Que notre vie eſt un torrent rapide,



Une ombre, un ſonge, un éclair, une fleur,



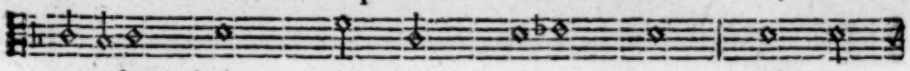
Une vapeur, qui n'a rien de ſolide.



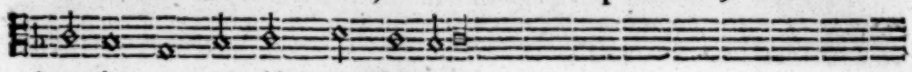
12. Rends cette année heureuſe à tes enfans,



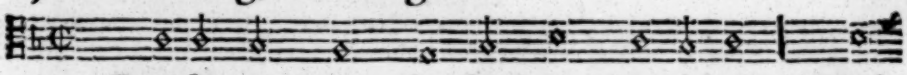
De mille biens qu'elle ſoit couronnée, Que



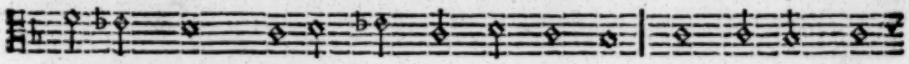
tes élus ſoient toujours triomphans, Et ré-



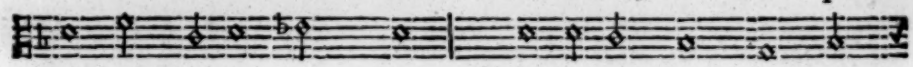
jouis ton égliſe affligée.



13. Préſerve-nous de fâcheux accidens; Mais



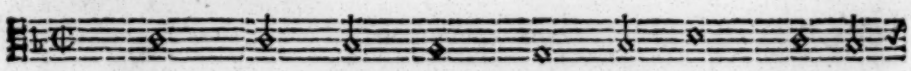
ſi tu veux finir notre carrière, Et s'il te plaît



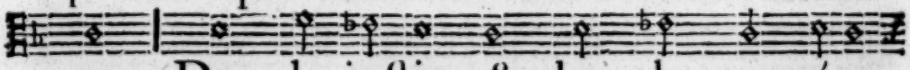
de terminer nos ans, Prépare-nous à notre



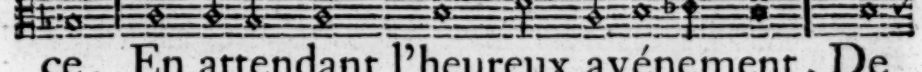
heure dernière.



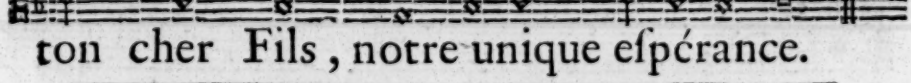
14. Fais que t'aimant nous vivions ſainte-



ment, Dans la juſtice & dans la tempéran-



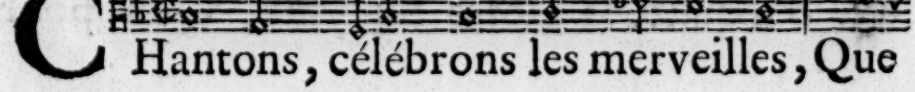
ce, En attendant l'heureux avénement, De



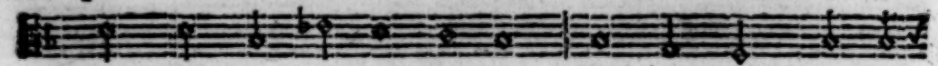
ton cher Fils, notre unique eſpérance.

CANTIQUE. XIII.

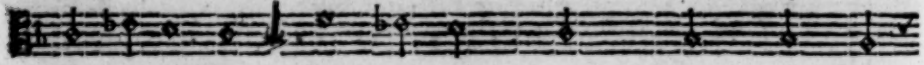
Pour le Jour de Noël. *ſur le Chant du* Pſ. CXVIII.



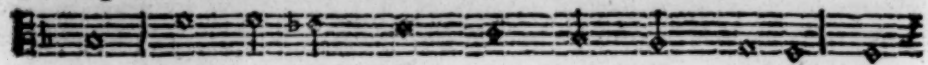
CHantons, célébrons les merveilles, Que



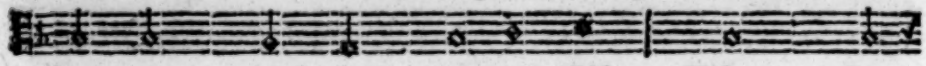
Dieu fait en notre faveur, En vit-on jamais



de pareilles? Son amour nous donne un Sau-



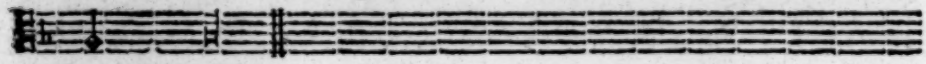
veur. S'il ne l'eût dit, qui l'eût pu croire? Ce



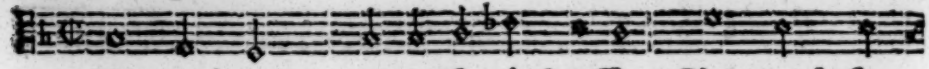
Sauveur, c'eſt ſon propre Fils: Dieu, dans



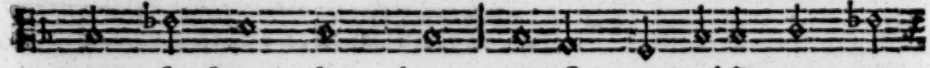
les tréſors de ſa gloire, Avoit-il rien d'un ſi



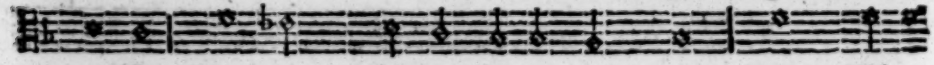
grand prix?



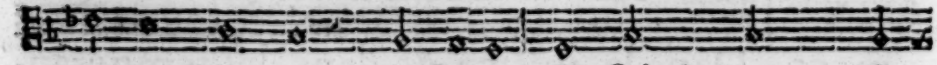
2. En ce jour, toute ſa richeſſe, S'épand ſur



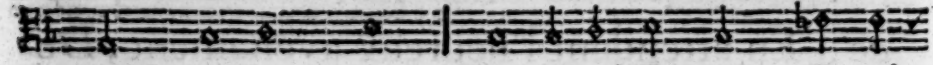
nous du haut des cieux; Et ſa magnifique pro-



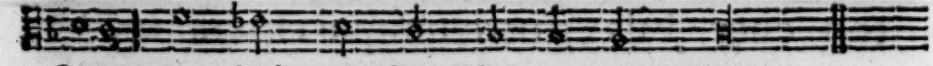
meſſe, S'accomplit enfin à nos yeux. Son Fils,



par un heureux myſtère, Se fait homme, &



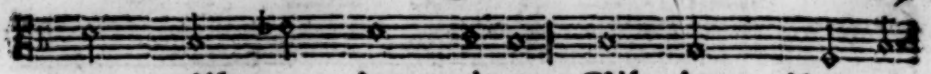
prend nos langueurs: Son abaiſſement, ſa mi-



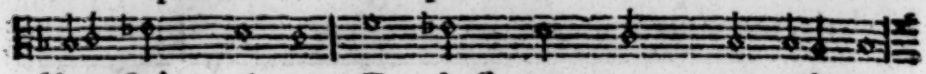
ſère, Le doit rendre cher à nos cœurs.



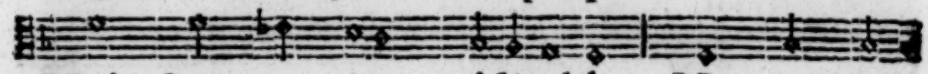
3. S'il quitte ſa gloire ſuprême, C'eſt pour



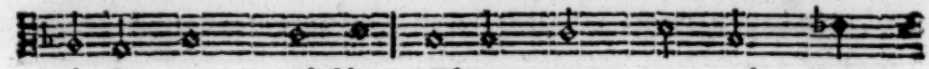
nous qu'il veut s'en priver : S'il vient s'humi-



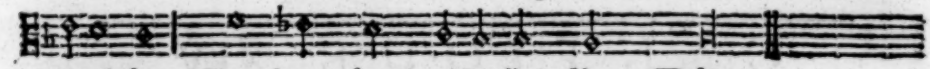
lier ſoi-même, Ce n'eſt que pour nous élever.



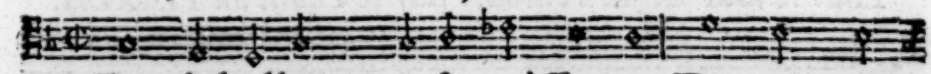
Mais dans cet état miſérable, Ne trouvant



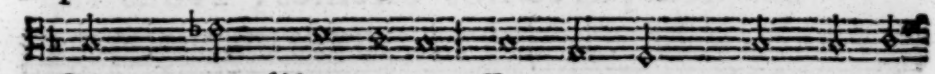
ni ſecours, ni lieu, Il ne peut, au coin d'une



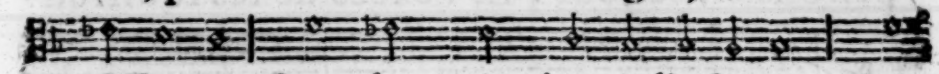
étable, Cacher la majeſté d'un Dieu.



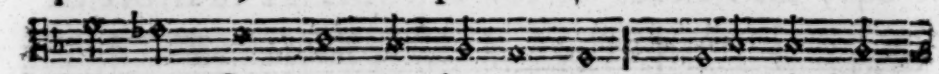
4. Le ciel allume, à ſa naiſſance, De nouveaux



feux, pour l'honorer : Les Anges, chantent ſa



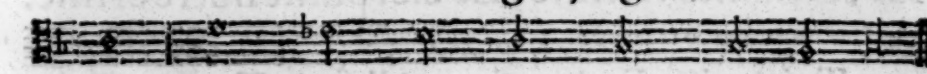
puiſſance, Sont les prèmiers à l'adorer. Les



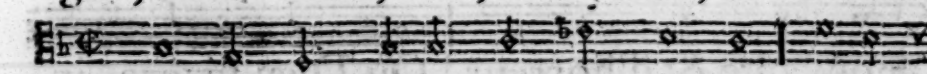
bergers font, après les anges, Retentir l'air



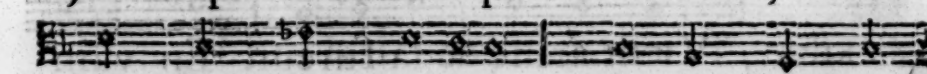
de leurs accens : Les mages joignent aux louan-



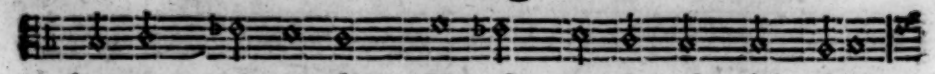
ges, Leurs dons, l'or, la myrrhe, & l'encens.



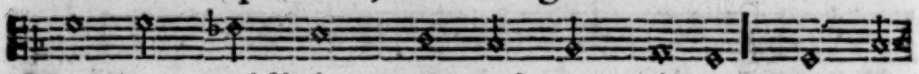
5. Puiſque le Monarque du monde, Avec



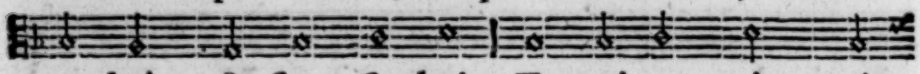
nous veut bien habiter, Qu'à cet honneur



chacun réponde, Et ſe garde de l'irriter.



Heureux qui l'aime, & qui veut vivre, Sous ſa



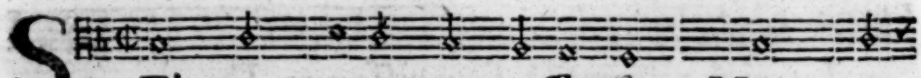
conduite, & ſous ſes lois; Et qui ne craint point



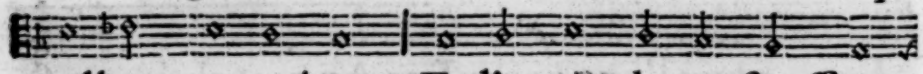
de le ſuivre, De la crèche juſqu'à la croix!

CANTIQUE XIV.

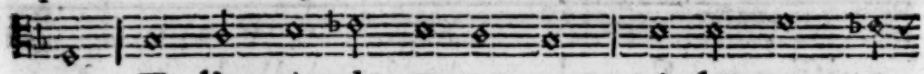
Pour le jour de la Paſſion. *Sur le Chant du* Pſ. XLII.



SEigneur, avec nos offenſes, Nous rap-



pellons en ce jour, Et l'excès de tes ſouffran-



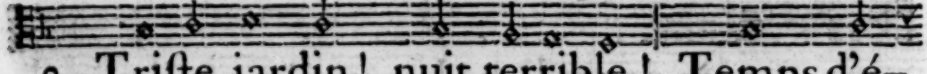
ces, Et l'excès de ton amour. A la mort tu



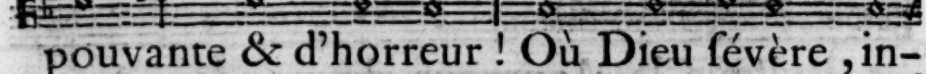
viens t'offrir, Pour nous tu la veux ſouffrir; Et



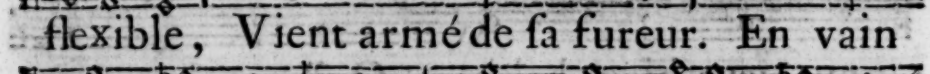
ſur toi, ſainte victime, Le ciel punit notre crime.



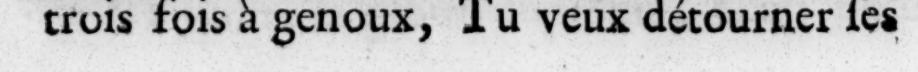
2. Triſte jardin! nuit terrible! Temps d'é-



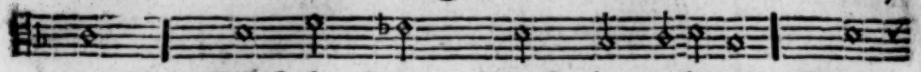
pouvante & d'horreur! Où Dieu ſévère, in-



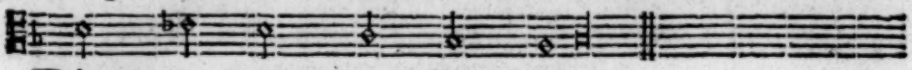
flexible, Vient armé de ſa fureur. En vain



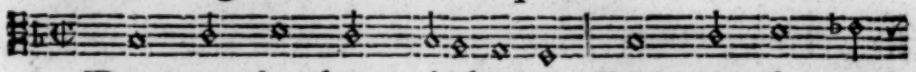
trois fois à genoux, Tu veux détourner ſes



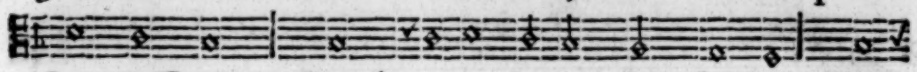
coups : C'eſt le bras, c'eſt la colère, D'un



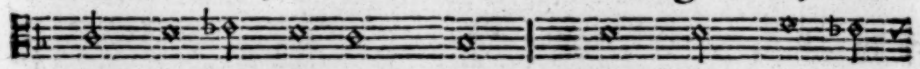
Dieu vengeur, non d'un père.



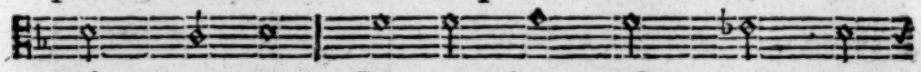
3. Dans ta douleur violente, Par tant de preſ-



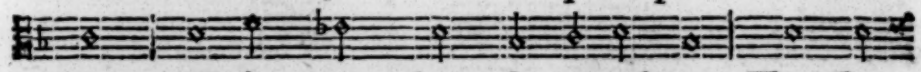
ſans efforts, Coule une ſueur ſanglante, Juſ-



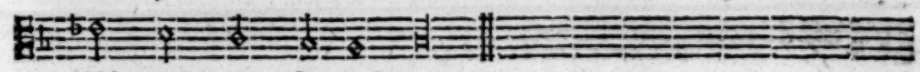
qu'en terre, de ton corps. Ton ame, en ces



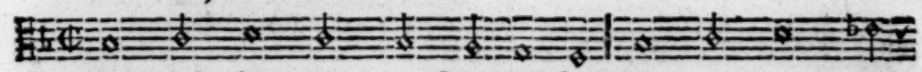
noirs momens, Succombe preſque aux tour-



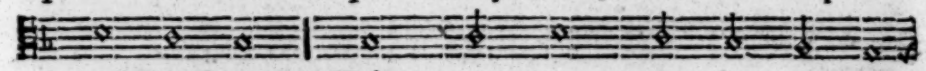
mens, Et la mort dans ſes ténèbres, T'offre



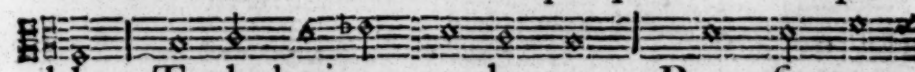
mille objets funèbres.



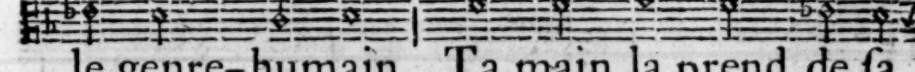
4. Tu vois la coupe effroyable, Et tout ce qu'el-



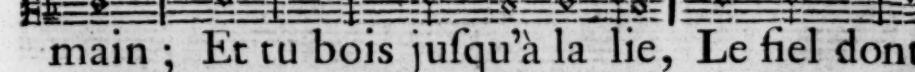
le a d'affreux : Dieu veut que pour le coupa-



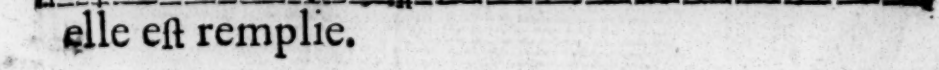
ble, Tu la boives ; tu le veux. Pour ſauver



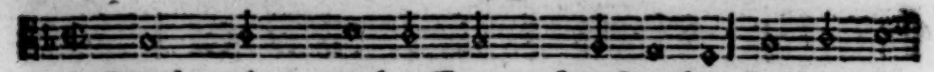
le genre-humain, Ta main la prend de ſa



main ; Et tu bois juſqu'à la lie, Le fiel dont



elle eſt remplie.



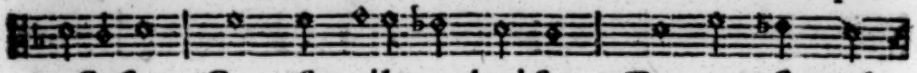
5. Quel noir ! quel affreux ſpectacle ! Judas s'a-



vance à grands pas ; Et ſans y mettre d'obſta-



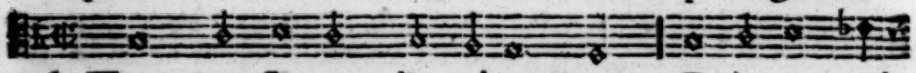
cle, Tu laiſſes venir Judas. Tu ne veux pas



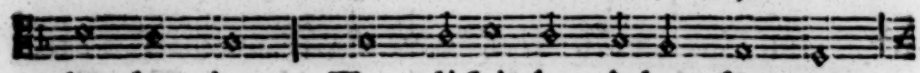
refuſer, Son ſacrilege baiſer : Par ce ſignal,



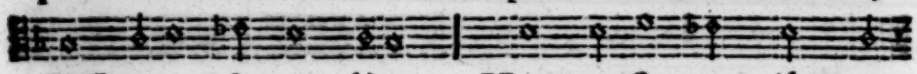
le perfide, Te livre aux méchans qu'il guide.



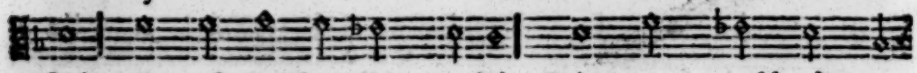
6. Tous en fureur t'environnent, Et je ne vois



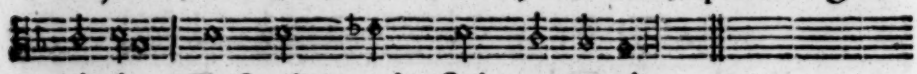
plus les tiens : Tes diſciples t'abandonnent,



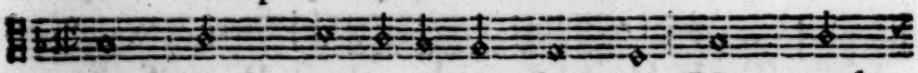
Effrayez de tes liens. Honteuſement ils ont



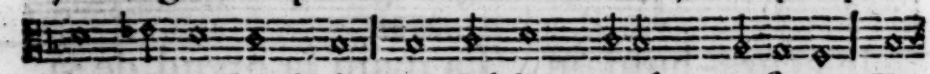
fui ; Et, ſi Judas t'a trahi, Pierre, quelle igno-



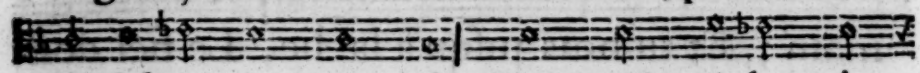
minie ! Juſqu'à trois fois te renie.



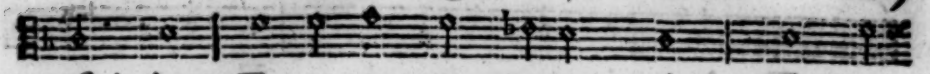
7. Le grand-prêtre te condamne ; Un peuple



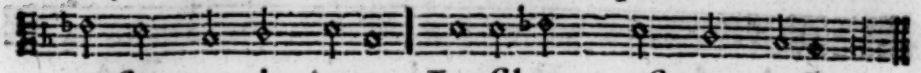
ingrat y ſouſcrit. Le ſoldat cruel, profane, En



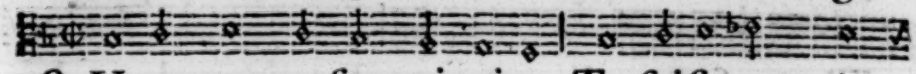
t'inſultant te meurtrit. L'opprobre à la peine



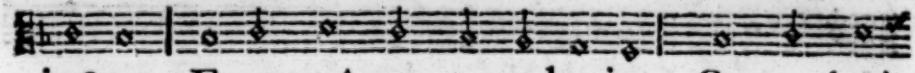
eſt joint, Et tu ne murmures point ! Soumis



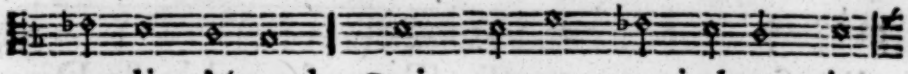
au ſouverain juge, Le ſilence eſt ton reſuge.



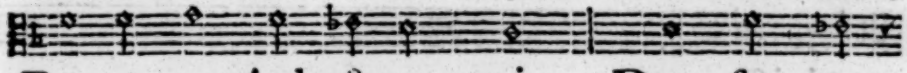
8. Une troupe ſanguinaire, Te ſaiſit au même



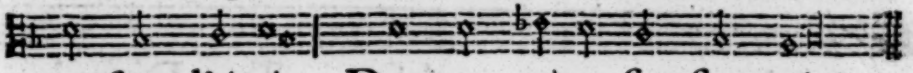
inſtant; Et te traînant au calvaire, Sur un bois



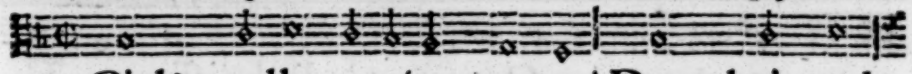
maudit t'étend. Qui, voyant ces inhumains,



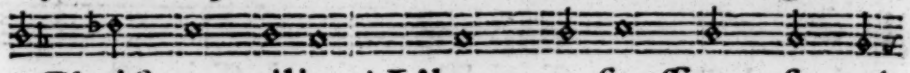
Percer tes pieds & tes mains, Dans ſon cœur



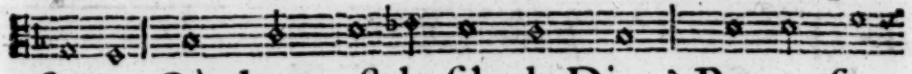
ne ſent l'épée, Dont ta mère fut frappée?



9. Ciel? quelle vue étonnante! Deux brigands,



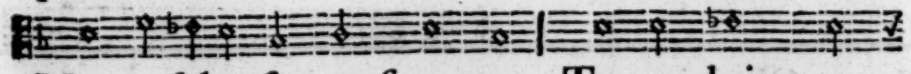
Chriſt au milieu ! L'homme ſouffrant ſe pré-



ſente, Où donc eſt le fils de Dieu? Par ce ſup-



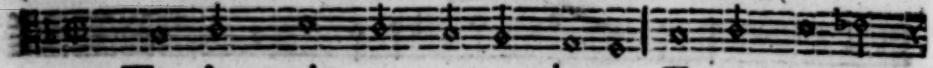
plice honteux, Par tant de maux douloureux,



Notre ſalut ſe conſomme, Tu ne dois mon-



trer que l'homme.



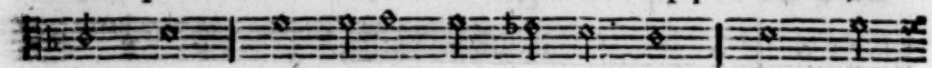
10. Tu t'es mis en notre place; Et ton amour



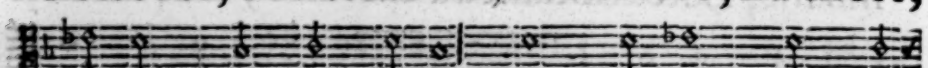
juſqu'au bout, Pour obtenir notre grâce,



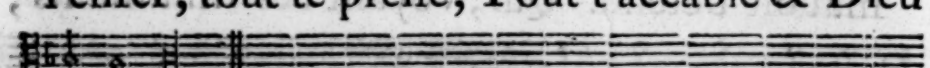
T'expoſe & te livre à tout. Les opprobres, les



horreurs, Les ténèbres, les terreurs, La mort,



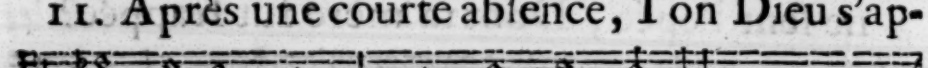
l'enfer, tout te preſſe, Tout t'accable & Dieu



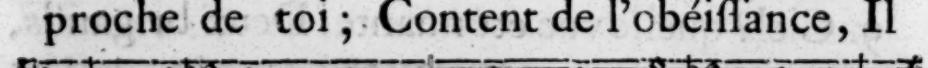
te laiſſe.



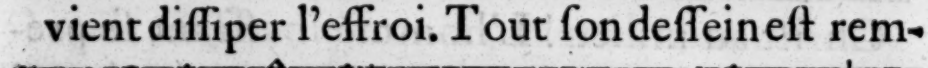
11. Après une courte abſence, Ton Dieu s'ap-



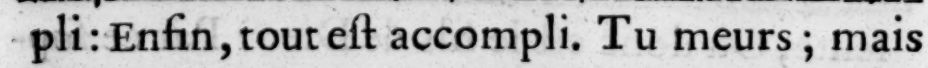
proche de toi; Content de l'obéiſſance, Il



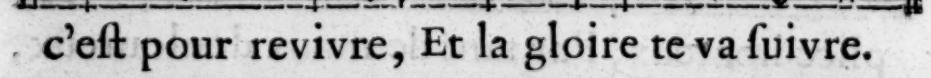
vient diſſiper l'effroi. Tout ſon deſſein eſt rem-



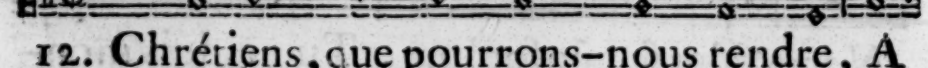
pli: Enfin, tout eſt accompli. Tu meurs; mais



c'eſt pour revivre, Et la gloire te va ſuivre.



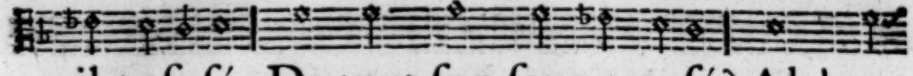
12. Chrétiens, que pourrons-nous rendre, A



ce grand libérateur? Pour prix d'un amour ſi



tendre, Il ne veut que notre cœur. Lui ſera-



t-il-refuſé, De tout ſon ſang arroſé? Ah! que



je ſois anathème, Mon Sauveur, ſi je ne t'aime;

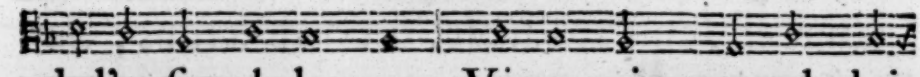
CANTIQUE XV.

Pour le Jour de la Réſurrection.

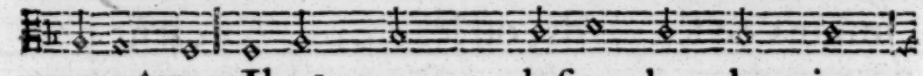
Sur le Chant du Pſ. LXXXIV.



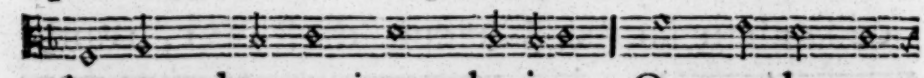
JEſus, par un ſuprême effort, Vainqueur



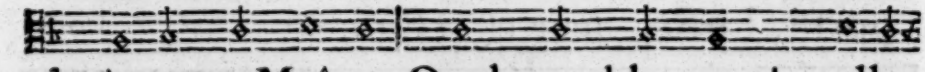
de l'enfer, de la mort, Vivant, immortel, doit



paroître. Il eſt temps, deſcendez des cieux,



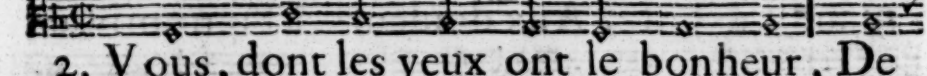
Anges, dans ce jour glorieux, Ouvrez la tom-



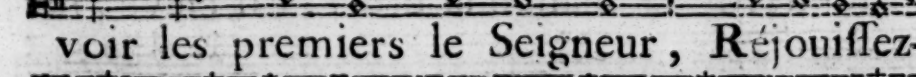
be à votre Maître. Quel tremblement! quelle



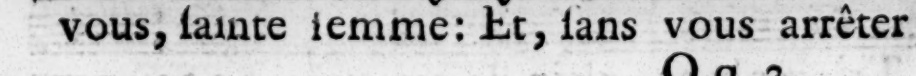
clarté! Le Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



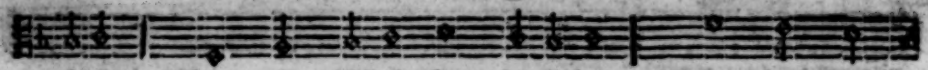
2. Vous, dont les yeux ont le bonheur, De



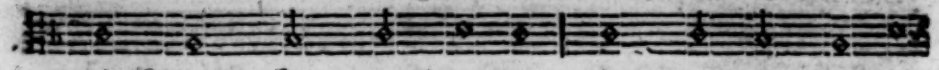
voir les premiers le Seigneur, Réjouiſſez-



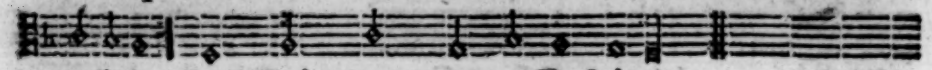
vous, ſainte femme: Et, ſans vous arrêter,



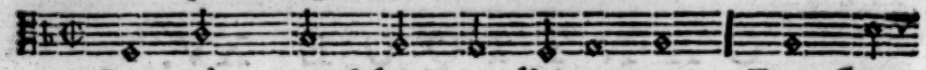
allez, Vers ſes diſciples déſolés ; Dans les doux



tranſports de votre ame, Annoncez cette



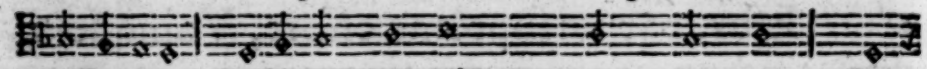
vérité : Le Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



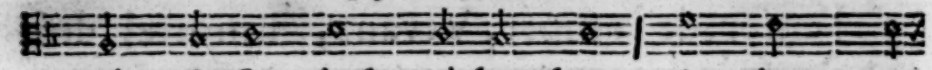
3. Surpris, troublés, en l'écoutant, Les ſiens



ſur ce fait important, N'ont qu'une foi mal



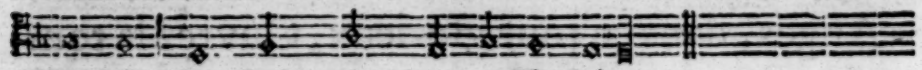
aſſurée. Jeſus apparoit, montre à tous, Ses



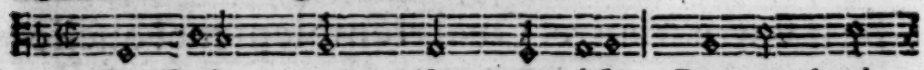
mains & ſes pieds, où les clous, Avoient per-



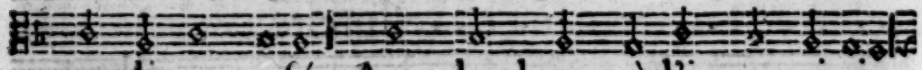
cé ſa chair ſacrée. Chacun dit, ravi, tranſ-



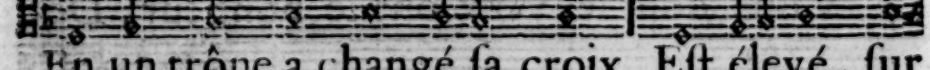
porté, Le Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



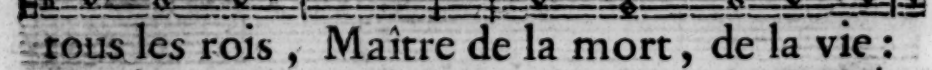
4. Ce Jeſus pauvre & mépriſé, Sur un bois



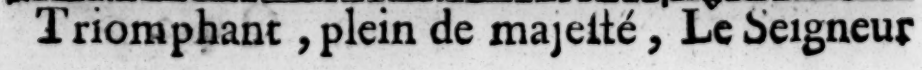
maudit expoſé, Aux douleurs, à l'ignominie,



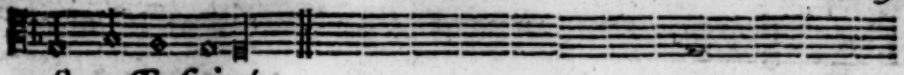
En un trône a changé ſa croix, Eſt élevé, ſur



tous les rois, Maître de la mort, de la vie :



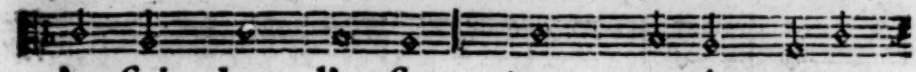
Triomphant, plein de majeſté, Le Seigneur



eſt reſſuſcité.



5. Le démon le prince de l'air, Confondu,



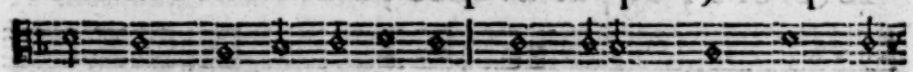
s'enfuit dans l'enfer, Aux premier rayons



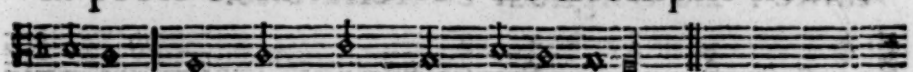
de ſa gloire. Tes noirs efforts ſont ſuperflus,



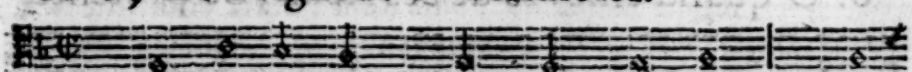
O mort! tes traits ne portent plus, Tu perds



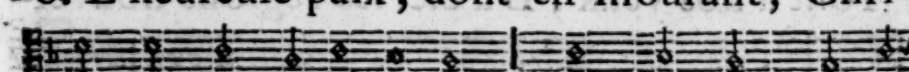
ta proie & la victoire: Le triomphe nous eſt



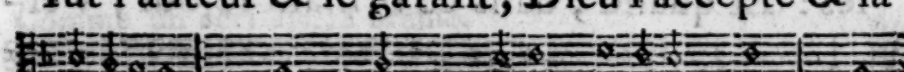
reſté, Le Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



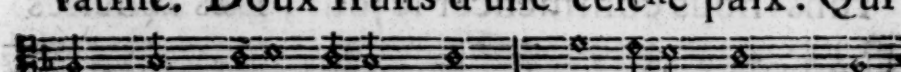
6. L'heureuſe paix, dont en mourant, Chriſt



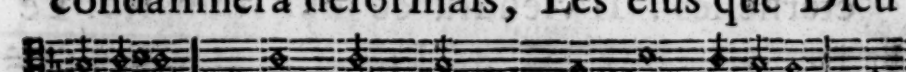
fut l'auteur & le garant, Dieu l'accepte & la



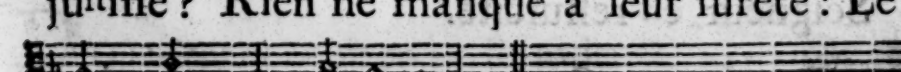
ratifie. Doux fruits d'une céleſte paix! Qui



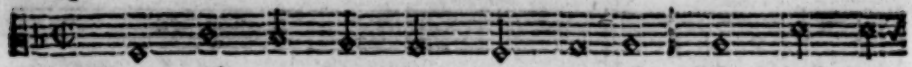
condamnera déſormais, Les élus que Dieu



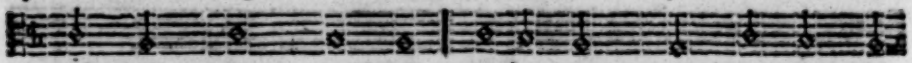
juſtifie? Rien ne manque à leur ſureté: Le



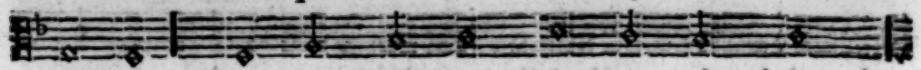
Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



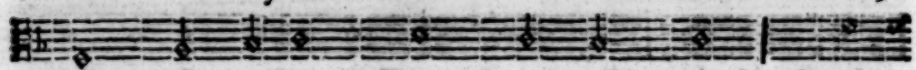
7. Tout eſt pardonné, tout remis; Le ciel ou-



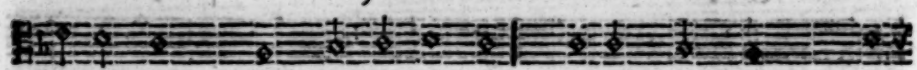
vert ſes biens promis, A la foi jointe à l'inno-



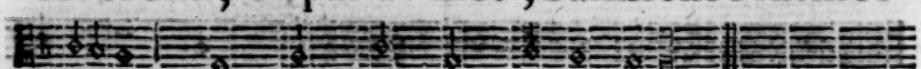
cence. Croyons: ſortons de nos tombeaux,



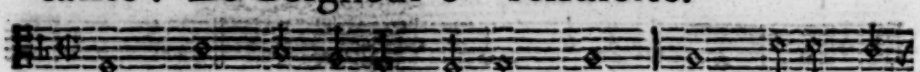
Hommes vivans, hommes nouveaux; Per-



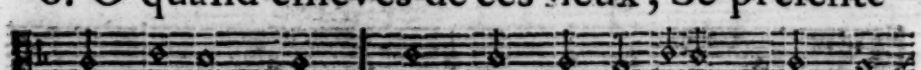
ſévérons; & par avance, Saiſiſſons l'immor-



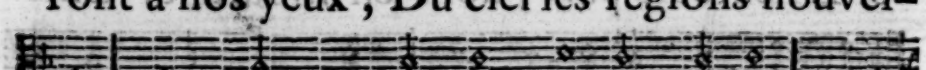
talité: Le Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.



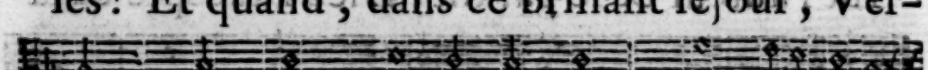
8. O quand enlevés de ces lieux, Se préſente-



ront à nos yeux, Du ciel les régions nouvel-



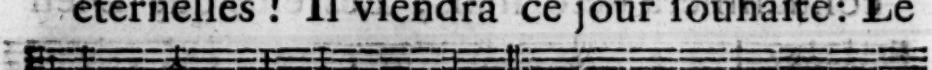
les! Et quand, dans ce brillant ſéjour, Ver-



rons-nous commencer le jour, Des félicités



éternelles! Il viendra ce jour ſouhaité: Le



Seigneur eſt reſſuſcité.

Fin des Cantiques sacrés.

TABLE
DES PSEAUMES
DE CETTE NOUVELLE RÉVISION.

A

Pſeaumes.

A Toi ; mon Dieu, mon cœur monte. 25
Après avoir conſtamment attendu. 40
Accorde-moi, Seigneur, un prompt ſecours. 69
Aux tiens, Seigneur, tu redonnes la paix. 85
A mon Seigneur, l'Eternel dit lui-même. 110
A ton nom ſaint, à ta bonté, Seigneur. 115
Au fort de ma détreſſe. 130
Aſſis aux bords de ce ſuperbe fleuve. 137

B

Béniſſons Dieu, mon ame, en toute choſe. 103
Béni ſoit Dieu, lui qui, dans les alarmes. 144

C

C'Eſt à toi que ma voix s'adreſſe. 5
C'eſt ſur Dieu ſeul que toujours je m'appuye. 11
Comme un cerf altéré brâme. 42
C'eſt dans la fidelle cité. 48
C'eſt en Judée, oú proprement. 76
Chantez du Seigneur. 81
Chantez à Dieu, peuple fidelle. 96
Célébrez Dieu hautement. 136
Célébrez Dieu, peuple fidelle. 147
Chantez par de nouveaux cantiques. 149

D

D'Où vient ce brutit parmi les nations? 2
D'où vient, Seigneur, que ton peuple abattu. 10
Dieu me ſoutient par ſon pouvoir ſuprême. 23

Pſeaume.

Dieu fut toujours ma lumière & ma vie. 27
Du méchant le train déréglé. 36
Du haut des cieux l'Eternel parlera. 50
Dieu juſte & bon, délivre-moi. 54
Dieu nous veuille être favorable. 67
Donne tes lois, Dieu juſte & ſage. 72
Dieu parmi les juges préſide. 82
Dieu règne ſeul, de ſplendeur revêtu. 93
Dieu tout-puiſſant, Dieu des vengeances. 94
Dieu règne, & règne en roi. 97
Dieu tout-puiſſant, à mes vœux ſi propice. 101
De tout mon cœur, dans tous les lieux. 111
Dès ma jeuneſſe, ils m'ont fait mille maux 129

E

ÉTernel, quel homme pourra. 15
Eternel, le roi te bénit. 21
Eternel, tu m'as dégagé. 30
Ecoute, ô grand Dieu, ma prière. 55
Ecoute-moi, je te prie. 61

F

FAis-moi juſtice, ô Dieu. 26
Fier ennemi qui te confies. 52
Faut-il, ô Dieu, que nous ſoyons épars? 74

G

GRand Dieu, je m'abas ſous tes yeux. 70
Grand Dieu tu vois ce que je ſuis. 139
Grand Dieu, c'eſt toi que je reclame. 141

H

HEureux celui qui, dès ſes jeunes ans. 1
Heureux celui, de qui Dieu, par ſa grâce. 32
Heureux celui, par qui fut ſoulagé. 41
Heureux qui révere avec crainte. 112
Heureux celui qui, par un juſte choix. 119
Heureux l'homme fidelle. 128

I

	Pſeaume.
JUſques à quand, ô Dieu des cieux.	13
Je t'aimerai, Seigneur, d'un amour tendre.	18
J'ai mis en toi mon eſpérance.	31
Je l'avois dit, que tant que je vivrois.	39
J'eſpère en ta bonté ſuprême.	71
Je chanterai, Seigneur, ſans ceſſe.	89
Il faut, mon ame, il faut avec ardeur.	104
J'aime mon Dieu, qui par un prompt ſecours.	116
Il faut, grand Dieu, que de mon cœur.	138

L

L'Homme inſenſé dit au fond de ſon cœur.	14
Les cieux, en chaque lieu.	19
La terre appartient au Seigneur.	24
Lorſque ſouvent, tu vois dans cette vie.	37
Le méchant dit en ſon cœur follement.	53
L'ame de douleur atteinte.	77
Les nations ſont dans ton héritage.	79
Louez Dieu, louez ſa bonté.	106

M

MOn Dieu, mon unique eſpérance.	7
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, pourquoi m'as-tu laiſſé.	22
Mon cœur, rempli de choſes magnifiques.	45
Miſéricorde & grâce, ô Dieu des cieux.	51
Malheureux juges que vous êtes.	58
Mon Dieu, l'ennemi m'environne.	59
Mon ame en tout temps, en tout lieu.	62
Mon Dieu fort, mon unique eſpoir.	63
Mon Dieu, prête-moi l'oreille.	86
Mon Dieu, mon unique Sauveur.	88
Mon cœur eſt tout prêt, ô mon Dieu.	108
Mon Dieu, ma force & ma défenſe.	109
Mon Dieu, daigne te ſouvenir.	132
Miniſtres de l'Eternel.	135
Mon Dieu, mon roi, toujours puiſſant & bon.	145
Mon ame, tout nous convie.	146

N

Pſeaume.

NOtre grand Dieu, pour rendre ſes oracles. 87
Nations louez le Seigneur. 117

O

ONotre Dieu, tout bon, tout adorable. 8
O Dieu ma haute fortereſſe. 28
O Seigneur, que ta colère. 38
O Dieu, le bruit de tes merveilles. 44
O Dieu qui nous as rebutés. 60
O Dieu, vois ma peine infinie. 64
O Dieu, c'eſt dans ta Sion ſainte. 65
O paſteur d'Iſraël, écoute. 80
O notre Dieu, réveille-toi. 83
On voit maintenant. 99
O qu'Iſraël peut bien. 124
On a beau ſa maiſon bâtir. 127
O qu'il eſt doux & qu'il eſt agréable. 133
O Dieu, réprime l'inſolence. 140

P

PRends, ô Dieu, ma juſte querelle. 43
Peuples divers qui la terre habitez. 49
Peuples venez, & que l'on donne. 66
Peuples, chantez un ſaint Cantique. 98
Peuples, louez le grand Dieu. 150

Q

QUe de gens, ô grand Dieu. 3
Que le Seigneur tes vœux entende. 20
Quand l'adverſité nous accable. 46
Qu'on batte des mains. 47
Que Dieu ſe montre ſeulement. 68
Que le Dieu d'Iſraël eſt doux. 73
Qui ſous la garde du grand Dieu. 91
Que l'entrepriſe eſt belle. 92
Qu'en tout temps on béniſſe. 107
Quand Iſraël de l'Égypte ſortit. 114
Quand de douleur j'ai l'ame atteinte. 120
Quel tranſport, quel raviſſement. 122

Pſeaume.

Qui met en Dieu ſon eſpérance. 125
Quand Dieu tira, par ſa bonté. 126

R

REveillez-vous, peuple fidelle. 33
Rends confus mes accuſateurs. 35
Regarde, ô Dieu, l'innocent affligé. 56
Roi des rois, Eternel mon Dieu. 84
Réjouiſſons-nous au Seigneur. 95
Rendez à Dieu l'honneur ſuprême. 118

S

SEigneur, à toi ſeul je m'adreſſe. 4
Seigneur, qui vois ma peine. 6
Sans ceſſe je te bénirai. 9
Sois, ô grand Dieu, ma garde & mon appui. 16
Seigneur, écoute mon bon droit. 17
Seigneur, on te bénira. 75
Sois attentif, mon peuple, à ma parole. 78
Seigneur, entends ma prière. 102
Seigneur, je n'ai point l'eſprit vain. 131
Seigneur, vois ma peine & ma crainte. 143

T

TEnds-nous la main, Seigneur, le mal nous preſſe. 12
Toujours je bénirai. 34
Toujours, Seigneur, tu fut notre retraite. 90

V

VOus, que le choix ou le ſang. 29
Viens, Seigneur, viens, & prens pitié de moi. 57
Vous tous qui la terre habitez. 100
Venez, & du Seigneur, ſans ceſſe. 105
Vous qui ſervez le Dieu des cieux. 113
Vers les monts je levois mes yeux. 121
Vers toi, grand Dieu, qui règnes dans les cieux. 123
Vous, ſaints miniſtres du Seigneur. 134
Vers Dieu, dans les derniers abois. 142
Vous, habitans des plus hauts lieux. 148

TABLES DES CANTIQUES.

Cantiques.

LE Cantique de Zacharie. I.
Pour le jour de Noël. II.
Pour le jour de Pâque. III.
Autre Cantique pour le jour de Pâque. IV.
Pour le jour de la Communion de Pâque. V.
Pour le jour de l'Aſcenſion de Jeſus-Chriſt. VI.
Pour le jour de la Pentecôte. VII.
Pour le jour de la Communion de la Pentecôte. VIII.
Pour la ſainte Cène de Septembre. IX.
Pour le jour de la Communion. X.
Pour louer Dieu. XI.
Pout le premier jour de l'année. XII.
Pour le jour de noël. XIII.
Pour le jour de la Paſſion. XIV.
Pour le jour de la Réſurrection. XV.

FIN.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA